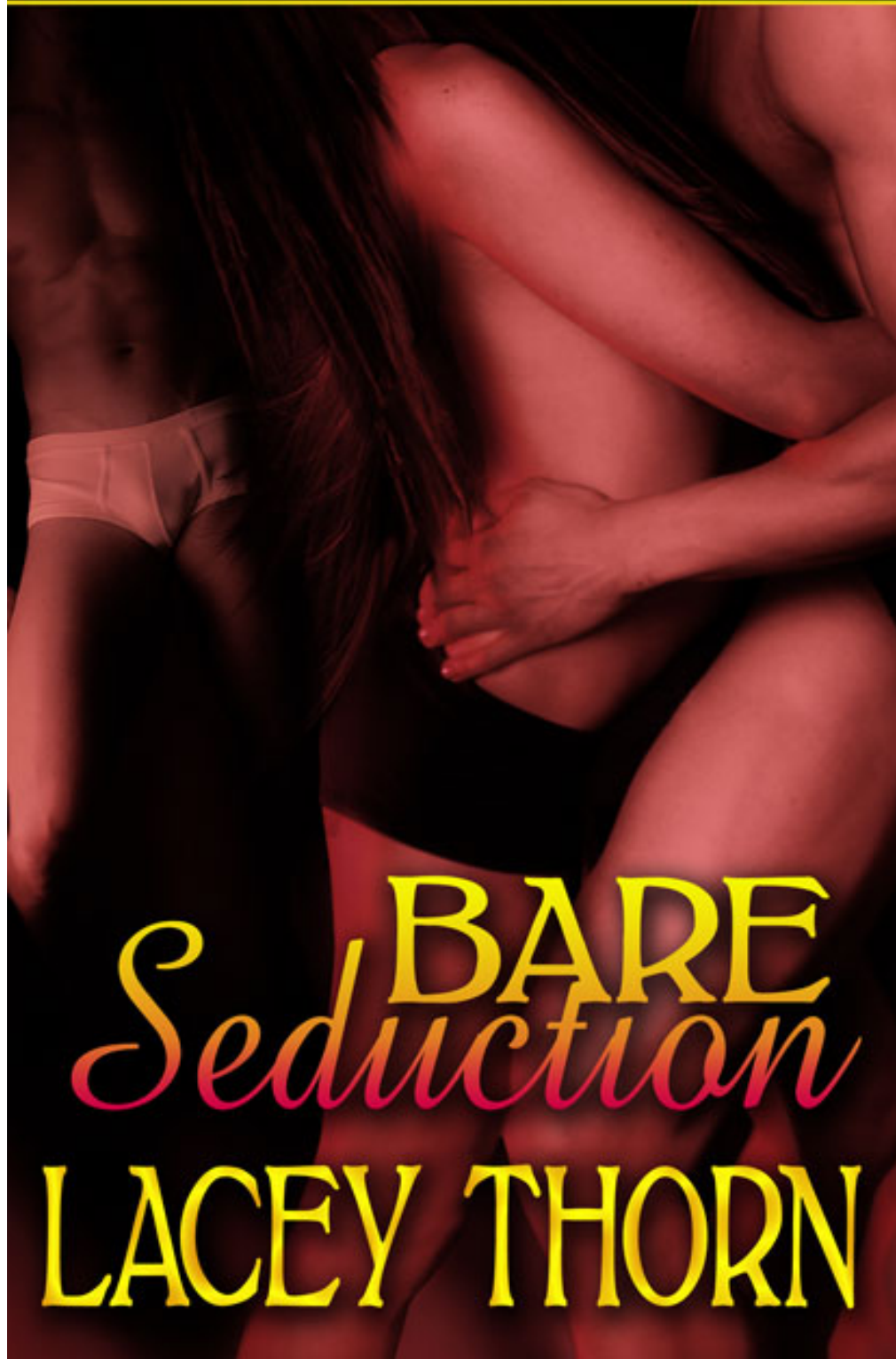


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



**BARE**  
*Seduction*  
**LACEY THORN**

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Bare Seduction

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# ***BARE SEDUCTION***

**Lacey Thorn**

*This book is dedicated to the following people:*

As always this one goes out to my best girl Shell – everyone should be blessed with a friend like you.

And to my mom who struggles daily with the complications of her breast cancer.  
Keep fighting!

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## Chapter One

It was two days before her best friend's wedding and Cass Sinclair was heading back to Legacy. She was supposed to co-host a bachelorette party tonight and she wanted to get there in plenty of time to be familiar with everything. Since she had spent the last four months helping her dad take care of her dying mother she had been dependent on the groom's mom and his sister to take care of local details for her. Cass hadn't even seen the dress she was to wear yet but Catherine, the groom's mom, whom she had met at her mother's funeral had assured her that it would fit fine. It was a beautiful red dress that was fitted to the waist and fell in waves from there to just below the knees. It sounded beautiful and even better it was red, Cass' favorite color.

Cass' best friend Moira Madigan had met Detective Gil Daniels when she and Cass had stumbled onto a murder in progress on their way home one night. Gil and his partner Ben Marcum had been the detectives assigned to the murders of local women in Legacy. When Moira ran into the path of the killer it brought them all together and for Moira and Gil there had been immediate chemistry. Now here they were, Moira and Gil about to be married.

Cass was happy for Moira—heaven only knew that if anyone deserved a little happiness it was Moira. But part of Cass was jealous as well. She wouldn't mind a little happiness as well or at least an opportunity for a little happiness. She gave a snorting laugh. Who was she kidding? She wanted a night of mind-blowing, all-consuming, hot and sweaty, down and dirty sex with a great looking guy who was well-hung and not shy about it. Even better would be two guys who were well-hung and...Whoa! Where had that thought come from? She definitely needed to have sex and soon.

She had thought there might be a chance for something between her and Detective Marcum before she was called home to help care for her mother. But he had hooked up with Gil's sister Katie and now they were married and expecting a baby. So obviously she had read more into that than ever existed. Moira said they were perfect together, Ben and Katie and Cass wished them well. She just wished for a love like that for herself as well. After what felt like hours on the road she saw the sign for Legacy. Finally she was home.

\* \* \* \* \*

The girls were all gathered at Doug's and Damon's house for Moira's bachelorette party. The guys had staked out Ben's house so Catherine had commandeered her middle son's home for the bachelorette party. It was now one in the morning and things had quieted down a lot. The strippers Catherine had shocked them all with were long gone as were most of the guests. Gil had hired a limo for the night so that none of the

women would drive under the influence. Of course Katie wasn't drinking but no one had wanted her carting everyone home in the middle of the night.

Now it was just Catherine, Katie, Moira and Cass who had just arrived back in Legacy this afternoon.

"I should have checked in to a hotel before I came out here," Cass groaned from her reclined position on the futon couch.

"I told you that you could stay in the apartment with us." Moira said from her sprawled spot on the floor.

"I am so not staying with you and Gil. I've heard what goes on in that apartment." Cass laughed as Moira groaned and buried her head in her hands.

Katie spoke up from the doorway. "You're more than welcome to stay with Ben and me."

Cass and Moira shared a look and both started laughing. "I don't think that's a good idea either," Cass said.

Katie wasn't so sure about that look. "Did you and Ben date or something?" she asked pointblank.

Cass smiled and shook her head. "I had only just met Ben and Gil before I left to go stay with my mother." Cass still remembered the veiled looks and words between her and Ben though and didn't feel comfortable enough to stay with him and his new wife, Katie, Moira's soon to be sister-in-law.

Catherine spoke up then. "Do you have a place to stay at all, Cass?"

"No, I hadn't thought about it actually. I'm so used to living with Moira that I just didn't think about how her getting married would change all that."

"I said..." Moira started to say but Cass cut her off.

"Thanks but no thanks. I really don't want to listen to you having sex when I'm not having any." She looked up with wide eyes when she realized she's said that in front of Gil's mom. Cass had drunk way too much.

But Catherine just looked at her and started laughing. Then Katie was giggling. Next thing they were all sprawled out over the enormous living room chatting.

"So what did you study in college, Cass?" Catherine asked.

"Health and physiology." Cass replied.

"Cass went to school on a full scholarship." Moira volunteered.

"Wow. That's impressive." Katie replied. "Was it athletic?" Cass worked at the gym with Moira as an instructor. She had an incredible body. Cass stood about five-foot-three in her bare feet but from what Moira said unless she was at the gym Cass was usually in three-inch heels. She had golden brown hair that fell in waves to her waist and big brown eyes with flecks of gold in them. She had a lush figure with full breasts and hips. She was every man's fantasy and every woman's wish for "what I want to look like when I grow up." Even better was that she was a genuinely nice person. She was sweet, sincere and had a great sense of humor. Katie liked her.

"It was a cheerleading scholarship," Moira said. "And she studied gymnastics as well."

Cass rolled her eyes.

"I took gymnastics while I was in school," Katie volunteered. "I stayed in all the way through high school."

"Cool," Cass replied.

"Why are you reserved about letting people know you went to school on a cheerleading scholarship?" asked Catherine.

Cass heaved a sigh. "I guess I just get tired of people looking at me like I'm an airhead when they find out I was a cheerleader all the way through school including college. Cheerleading is a tough sport. It's not easy being the top of a human pyramid or tossed through the air. It's a very competitive sport that requires a lot of training."

"I bet," Catherine answered.

They sat in silence for a moment before Katie asked, "So can you walk on your hands?"

Cass laughed. "Piece of cake."

Katie shook her head. "I never could do that. I could do all the flips and tumblers you wanted but I could not stay on my head."

Cass bounced up. "It's all about hand placement and body control. Wait, I'll show you." She stood up and looked down at the short red dress she was wearing. "Well, not in this." She pulled the dress over her head and threw it on the futon behind her. She was left wearing a gorgeous in a silk and lace red bra and panty set with red high heels. She moved to the roomy hall that led from the front door to the living room.

Cass bent over and braced her hands on the floor. When she found her balance she eased her body over and up until she was in a handstand position. Slowly she made her way down the hall toward the front door with Moira, Katie and Catherine crowded into the living room doorway behind her watching with avid eyes. Moira muttered, "Shit!" before she realized the front door had opened and closed. The next thing she knew two hands wrapped around each of her legs and when she looked up her now braced body she saw two men standing over her.

They were each holding one of her legs against their far shoulders forcing her legs into a wide "v" shape. Cass caught her breath as she felt a hard sexual pull deep in her belly when she looked up at them. From the way they were looking down at her, the way their fingers were caressing her calves, they were feeling something similar. She wanted them both and could see them all entwined on a big bed naked as the day they were born, flesh to flesh to flesh. It was the most erotic fantasy she had ever had and she might have just acted on it if Catherine Daniels hadn't stepped into the hall just then and shattered the sexual spell.

"Doug, Damon, perhaps you should let go now so Cass can get dressed before anyone else comes in and joins us."

The two men helped her flip back over and gain her feet, their hands running over her thighs and ass as they “helped”. Cass tried to step away. The dark-haired one who looked a little like Gil and was his the middle brother Doug held her arm and kept her beside him.

“The others are right behind us,” Doug told the woman, whom he refused to let go of. “I’ll show you to another room you can use to catch your breath and get dressed. Damon will bring your clothes.”

Moira threw Cass’ dress at the blond that must be Damon and he caught it in one hand while Doug pulled her down the hallway, past the living room where the women all stood and watched until he opened another door. He pulled her inside with him and Damon stepped through after them and shut the door. Cass was immediately caught between the two men’s bodies so tightly that she could feel their large erections against her. She tilted her head back on Damon’s shoulder allowing Doug better access to her throat which he was nipping and sucking at.

Damon leaned down and took her mouth with a kiss so carnal Cass felt singed by it. She had often fantasized about two men at once and she would definitely like to be the filling in this sandwich. But there were people in the other room and no matter how drunk she was she didn’t sleep with men she didn’t know.

Finding strength she didn’t know she had, she pushed away and walked farther into the room away from where they both stood watching her.

“I’m sorry. I can’t do this.”

“But you want to,” Damon said. It was not a question as they all knew the answer to that.

Cass looked up and was snagged by the two sets of blue eyes that met hers. “Yes, I want to but I won’t.”

“Then what’s stopping you?” Doug demanded.

“I don’t know you.” Cass whispered.

“Then when everyone leaves we’ll remedy that,” Damon said before picking up her dress from where he had dropped it on the floor and tossing it to her. “Go ahead and get dressed for now.”

“We’ll wait for you out in the living room,” Doug told her reaching behind him and tugging the door open. “Don’t take too long.”

With that the two men left her alone and Cass took a breath to clear her head, clamping her dress tight against her chest while she struggled to breathe, much less think. What in the world had she got herself into? And more importantly how did she get herself out of it?

Doug and Damon walked past the empty living room and straight to the open front door of their home where Catherine waited on the porch.



"Everyone went on home," Catherine said. "Cass doesn't have any place to stay tonight. I hope that you'll make sure she finds a place and gets there safely. She's a very nice girl." She looked pointedly at her son and his best friend. "I'd hate to see her hurt."

"She'll be fine, Mom." Doug stated before leaning down to kiss his mother's cheek.

"We'll see to that." Damon added kissing her other cheek.

"All right then, I'm going to take the limo home and send the driver on his way. I'll see you both at the wedding," she said, looking down at her watch, which now said two a.m., "tomorrow."

They both stood on the porch and watched until the limo pulled away. Doug and Damon had been friends for years. They had met in college where they played football. Now Damon was co-owner of Doug's family's construction company. Doug had inherited it by default when his Dad died two years ago. Doug was already working there and no one else in the family was interested in taking it on. The members of the Daniels family were all more than happy to sign it over to Doug. Now Damon was buying into it as well and they were working on expanding into other areas. They had talked about changing the name but surprisingly it had been Damon who had vetoed the idea. Daniels Construction was a trusted name and Damon saw no reason to change it.

"I've never seen your mom tipsy before," Damon commented quietly.

"What makes you think that?" Doug asked.

"She said that she would see us tomorrow at the wedding and the rehearsal is tomorrow not the wedding. The wedding is still a couple days away." Damon grinned and shook his head wondering if the beauty in the house was as tipsy. God he hoped not. He didn't want anything to keep them from what he knew they all really wanted.

They both stepped back into the house and while Doug locked up Damon checked the living room to see if anything needed to be picked up or put away. What he found was a tote bag spilled over by the futon. Scattered around it was a wallet, a make-up bag and a paperback book with two men and a woman on the cover in a very telling ménage.

"Need any help?" Doug asked.

Damon turned to him with a big smile. "Well, well, well, look what I found." He held up the book so that Doug could get a good look at the cover.

Doug's eyebrows lifted as he flipped the cover and read the back. "Damn, this might just be our lucky night."

Damon grinned. Right now they were both thinking about placing the sultry brunette in Doug's bedroom in the same place as the woman on the cover of the book still in Doug's hands—on her hands and knees taking hard cock at both ends. Smiling with anticipation they both headed to the door just a little farther down the hall.

Cass was pacing in the bedroom too mortified to go out and face everyone. She had her dress back on but still... How was she ever going to face Catherine Daniels and Katie Marcum again? They had both seen the way Doug and Damon had openly caressed her in the pretense of helping her flip from a handstand back to her feet. Moira on the other hand was probably laughing her head off. Cass smiled at that thought. She would do the same if it were Moira. What else was a best friend to do? But it wasn't Moira and Cass had no idea what to do to get out of this. She had no doubts that if the two gorgeous men who had left her in what she now knew was a bedroom decided to turn up the heat, she would most definitely be putty in their hands. What Cass needed was just a few more precious moments alone to think and plan. What she got was a clear signal that time was up as footsteps stopped outside and the door was gently pushed open. Cass Sinclair was out of time and as her own eyes met and clashed with those of the men stepping into the room she realized with an undeniable certainty that she was theirs for the taking.

## Chapter Two

Doug stepped into the room followed closely by Damon. Doug crossed in front of Cass and sat down on the side of the bed. Damon closed the door and the loud snick of the lock being turned seemed to echo in the room, making Cass watch him closely as he turned and leaned against the door, folding his arms across his chest. Cass had been caught in the middle of the room and now she was firmly trapped between the two very large and obviously horny men.

"I'm Doug Daniels, Gil's brother, Moira's brother-in-law after tomorrow. I'm thirty years old and co-owner of Daniels Construction. I'm financially secure, own my own home," Doug said, waving his hands indicating the house in general, "and have a clean bill of health as of my last check-up, which was six weeks ago. I'm six foot three, twenty and you'll have to let me know if there's anything else you need to know."

Cass stared at him and shook her head. What in the hell was he talking about? And why was he telling her all of this?

Damon spoke from his casual stance against the door. "I'm Damon Roberts, honorary member of the Daniels family since I met Doug in college our freshman year. I co-own the construction company with him now and we share this house which we both designed and built. I'm also thirty, six foot two and two-twenty." Damon moved away from the door and started stalking toward Cass across the room. "Is there anything else you need to know to make it okay for you?"

Cass backed away from him and hit the firm body of Doug who had somehow moved behind her when she was focused on Damon. "What are you talking about?" she whispered when he stopped in front of her. Doug had his hands on her hips holding her firmly in place. Damon reached out and stroked the fingers of one hand down the side of her face.

"You said that although you wanted to be with us you couldn't because you didn't know us. We're trying to help you get to know us." Damon smiled down at her, clear intent in his eyes. He wanted her, they wanted her and God help her she was dripping wet with need for them as well.

Cass couldn't help the laugh that bubbled out but it turned into a groan as Damon moved his hand down her throat and began stroking the side of her breast as Doug moved so that she could better feel his hard cock rubbing against her back. She dropped her head back against Doug's chest, exposing the smooth line of her neck and he quickly bent forward to lick and suck along the smooth column of flesh.

"We want you, Cass. Do you know enough to be comfortable with us? Will you be with us or will you deny yourself?" Doug murmured against her flesh.

She wanted to give in to them and they all knew it.

"Call it a seduction if you want," Damon told her, "just don't say no."

Cass let out her breath with a moan when Damon cupped her breasts and used his thumbs to rub back and forth across her nipples. She was too hungry, too needy, too weak and there was no way that she could walk away from the ultimate fantasy of these two men. "Yes," she moaned, "God, yes, I want you, I want this night."

The next thing Cass knew her dress was being lifted over her head and tossed to the floor; her bra was unsnapped and eased from her body at the same time that her panties were being pushed down her thighs and over her heels. Then she was before them gloriously naked and they were eating her with their eyes. She was lifted and placed gently on her back across the bed. Doug and Damon stood for only a moment stripping quickly out of their own clothes—so quickly that she didn't know where to look and ended up not seeing nearly enough. Too quickly they joined her, Doug moving up to her face and kissing her intensely, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and claiming her with such passion that she felt lost, sucked under, left gasping for breath. Damon was kissing and licking his way across her flat abdomen working toward the wet folds of her gleaming pussy.

Doug worked his way back down her neck and across her collar bone before moving to the aching tips of her swollen breasts. Damon was nipping and sucking at the tender flesh of her inner thighs stroking his tongue closer and closer to where she wanted it. Then as if they had planned it they moved exactly where she needed them. Doug took her nipple in his mouth sucking it hard with firm pulls while Damon used his fingers to spread the lips of her pussy and thrust his tongue inside, feeding on her sweet flesh. It was a perfect seduction of all of her senses and she was an eager participant. Cass screamed and bucked against them in mindless pleasure. They were everywhere, hands, lips, tongues, teeth. There wasn't a part of her that was left alone.

Damon was working two fingers in and out of her tight pussy, sucking and licking her clit, pushing her closer and closer toward an orgasm that scared her with its pending intensity. Her nipples were red and sensitive from the constant attention of Doug, his fingers, his tongue, his lips, his teeth. He spared nothing in his assault. He used them all to pleasure her breasts, torture her nipples. She was there, right there on the edge clinging to a thin wire that suddenly snapped flinging her over, sending her head first into such mindless oblivion that she seemed to float somewhere over her own body.

They were gone she thought vaguely and then they were back. Damon moved between her wet thighs and placed the sheathed crown of his erection against her tight pussy. With one hard thrust, his big cock was buried fully inside her pussy, so deep that Cass felt skewered, so big that her pussy felt stretched beyond its limits.

"Too much," she pushed ineffectually against Damon's chest while he began working in and out of her, "too big." She wanted him so badly, but it had been so long.

"You'll be fine, baby." Damon's voice was pleading with her to agree. Cass smiled up at him and nodded. "I'll be fine. You're just a little more than I've had before." His

grin was pure male pride and Cass felt a smile tug at her own lips. "Plus it has been awhile."

"Relax. I promise that you can handle every inch of me." He hooked his elbows under her knees spreading her wider for his thrusts. "You feel so good," he moaned against her ear.

Cass groaned with each of his fierce thrusts into her pussy. His cock filled her completely, stretching and burning sensitive muscles that hadn't been used in the last three years. She was getting slicker with every thrust though and it was feeling better and better. Damon increased his pounding rhythm thrusting harder, faster, deeper with every stroke. Cass arched her back and screamed. Damon latched onto one of her cherry red nipples and sucked fiercely, biting and nipping it with his teeth sending Cass over the edge. She bucked and cried out her release her pussy squeezing around his cock as he continued to fuck her hard and fast. He lasted five, six, seven more strokes before he threw his own head back and roared with his orgasm. He was buried so completely in her throbbing pussy that it reignited the fading embers of Cass' orgasm sending her over again taking her higher and higher. He fell against her chest burying her tiny body under the bulk of his. He kissed her with an intensity that rocked her, taking her mouth the same way he had just taken her body with firm hard strokes of his tongue that showed her no mercy. Reluctantly Damon pulled back and looked into her glazed eyes swamped by feelings he shouldn't have, had sworn that he would never have, not for anyone. He quickly rolled off of Cass and moved away from the bed.

Cass blinked in surprise and then Doug was there sheathed and ready between her thighs. His cock was just as big as Damon's only thicker and she gasped as he thrust violently into her, powering in and out of her pussy too turned on by watching her with Damon to take things any slower at the moment. He pulled her knees up beside his hips and she wrapped her legs around him, locking her feet in the small of his back. He held his weight on one arm braced by her head and used the other to capture and manipulate her clit. Every stroke of his cock was hard, fast and oh so deep. He possessed her pussy forcing her to take every inch of him with every stroke holding nothing back. She shuddered and screamed as he rode her slamming his thick shaft in and out over and over again. Cass came and still he fucked her, manipulated her clit and pushed her higher, harder, faster.

"I'm not sure that I can take any more," Cass whispered when she could find her breath. "Please, Doug, take it easy with me."

Doug slipped his cock gently inside her again this time stopping to rub his pelvic bone against her mound. "You can take it, Cass." He groaned with pleasure in her ear. "I'll be as easy as I can. You make me lose control baby. I look at you, feel your snug heat surround me, and I'm lost."

He pulled out and drove hard into her again then again then pinched and pulled at her clit making Cass arch her back higher, scream louder. "When you're with me you belong to me. This incredible body is mine to do what I want with. I fuck your pussy the way that I want and you'll enjoy every minute of it." He rubbed his thumb over her

bottom lip, "and I'm going to fuck this gorgeous mouth too, watching my dick stroke in and out of these plump lips. And when you're ready I'm going to fill your tight little ass with every inch of my big boy while Damon fucks your pussy." He leaned close and whispered in her ear, "And you're not only going to let me, you're going to beg me for it."

"Oh God," Cass screamed as his words led her straight into another sharp orgasm. "Oh God! Oh, yes! God yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Doug followed her, slamming his cock as far into her contracting pussy as he could, biting down on her earlobe as he released his control and spilled into the tip of the condom, her pulsing pussy continuing to milk and squeeze around him. It was more than a moment before he could catch his breath enough to say, "You can just call me Doug."

Cass looked at him in confusion until she remembered that she had been hollering "Oh God" at the top of her lungs. She giggled as he smiled down at her then bent and kissed her softly but oh so thoroughly, stroking her tongue with his own. He rolled off her and rested beside her on the bed. Cass closed her eyes and took a shallow breath struggling to slow her frantic pulse down. But they flew open when she felt hands wrap around her legs and tug her down until her bottom rested on the edge of the mattress, her feet dangled over the side. Damon stood there his erection sheathed in a new condom his face wreathed with desire and need. Need for her, desire for her and Cass felt shaken to her core by that look.

Damon thrust gently inside her, his strokes slow and easy this time. Doug stood at the side of the bed watching as he pulled the used condom from his reawakening cock then he murmured something to Damon as he headed to the bathroom. Damon groaned and pulled out of her pussy, his sheathed cock glistening with her juice. He pushed her legs up and over to her side guiding her with his hands into the position that he now wanted her in.

"Hands and knees, sweetheart," he urged her forward so that he could get onto the bed behind her. "Bring that ass back here to me. That's right. Arch that back more and show me what I want. Umm...that's good, sweetheart. So good," and with that he entered her again sheathing his cock back in the tight wet glove of her pussy. His thrusts were slow and steady making her moan as he pulled against the already sensitive inner muscles of her pussy.

Then Doug was back standing before her on the other side of the bed his long thick shaft bobbing and bouncing against his stomach. He eased onto the bed only stopping when his cock was perfectly positioned in front of her mouth. He wrapped his hands in her long hair and nudged the leaking head of his erection against her mouth. "Open wide, darling."

Cass opened her mouth as wide as she could and still he barely fit. She licked and sucked at the bulbous head stroking the drops of pre-cum from the slit with her tongue. She worked her lips around him sucking as much of him as she could into her mouth using her tongue to stroke and rub against the sensitive underside of his penis. Doug

groaned and forced more of his cock into her suckling heat. He held her head exactly where he wanted it and began working his pulsing erection in and out of her mouth with slow strokes forcing her to take more and more until she choked on the big head of his cock as he pushed it into the back of her throat.

Both Doug and Damon groaned as she clamped down on their cocks squeezing her muscles as she fought against her insistent gag reflex. Reluctantly Doug pulled back enough to ease her discomfort. "We'll work on this, darling. Soon, you'll be able to take every inch of me without choking," he moaned as he thrust slowly and easily into her throat again. He worked his cock in and out of the tight wet heat of her mouth going as deep as he could, choking her occasionally as he fucked between the plump folds of her lush lips.

Damon was stroking faster in and out of her wet pussy. She could feel one of his hands resting on the small of her back keeping her angled for his pleasure as well as hers. His other hand was playing with her clit his fingers growing slick with her juices. Then he moved his hand around to her ass and wiped the wetness against her anus. Back and forth he went working her own natural lubrication into her tight back entrance until it was slick enough for him to slip a finger in. Cass moaned and cried out around the thrust of Doug's cock in and out of her mouth.

"God, she's tight. I'll bet she's never had a cock in here before," Damon told Doug as he worked his finger in and out of her ass. "She'll have to be well lubricated before either of us will fit in here."

Doug gingerly removed his erection from Cass' suctioning mouth. "Would you like that, baby? Would you like to have us both at the same time like that?"

"Oh God, yes," Cass moaned thinking of all the times she had fantasized about just that. "I've always wanted to try that."

"We'll fulfill that fantasy for you, baby." Doug smiled at her slowly feeding his big cock back into the tight wet heat of her mouth. "And we'll make sure that you enjoy every minute of it, baby," he added as his gaze locked with Damon's.

Doug groaned as he watched Damon's finger slide in and out of her ass. He looked down at Cass' face enjoying watching his cock tunnel in and out, stretching her reddened lips wide with his girth. She looked beautiful with her skin damp and flushed from the many orgasms she had received from both him and Damon. She looked beautiful on her hands and knees between them one cock buried up her tight pussy and one sliding in and out of her damp lips, almost an exact replica of the picture that he and Damon had seen on the cover of the book she had in her bag. "I'm going to enjoy fucking that tight little ass, Cass. I'm going to enjoy working my cock into where no man has ever been and I'm going to make sure that it is everything you wanted it to be."

Cass moaned with fear and desire, fear at the thought of taking either of the long thick cocks there and a strong desire to experience it with this man in particular. Doug must have seen that desire reflected in her eyes because his eyes immediately dropped

to a half-mast look of intense lust. He thrust faster in and out of her mouth forcing his cock deeper almost choking her with his girth and depth. Damon was riding her hard and fast now, his cock powering in and out of her pussy while he added another finger to the one he was already working in and out of the small pink pucker of her anus stretching her and making the tiny nerves there scream at this new sensation. The sight of his fingers working in and out of her ass was enough to push Damon over the edge. He pushed his throbbing erection violently inside her sopping wet pussy reaching into her as far as he could, shoved his fingers completely into her ass and rubbed them against his cock through the thin membrane that separated the two parts of his body that were buried in the body of this incredible woman.

Cass cried out and convulsed around him squeezing and releasing Damon's cock with her orgasm, milking him for every drop of his own. Doug joined them with a cry of his own pulling his exploding shaft from Cass' mouth and watching as the hot jets of cum shot from his cock to land on her lips and cheeks dripping down her chin and splattering against the dangling globes of her breasts. He groaned as she licked a drop of cum from her lips and then leaned forward enough to lick up and over the still pulsing head of his cock.

Damon was leaning heavily against her back and Doug still had his hands clenched in her hair, his cum thick and white on her face. Cass brought a hand up and used her fingers to catch more of Doug's release and bring it to her mouth. He tasted so good. Her body felt more alive than it ever had. Their seduction was complete. She had lost herself in them, mind, body and soul. Her heart, the one that had felt such pain when she watched her mother laid to rest in the earth, beat with a steady rhythm reminding her that she was still here, still alive. And these two men, Doug Daniels and Damon Roberts, were reminding her of more things as well. Reminding her that she was a woman. Reminding her that she was alive. And just maybe reminding her of the many possible ways to fall in love.



## Chapter Three

Cass woke up sometime later that morning feeling deliciously well loved. She was lying on her side between her two lovers with one thigh pulled up over Damon's hip. She could feel Doug behind her working his lubricated fingers in and out of her ass. Her eyes flew wide open and she locked them onto Damon's baby blues not realizing that she had pulled her body away from Doug's probing fingers until she felt the sharp slap against the cheek of her lush ass.

"Don't pull away from me, darling. I told you before we went to sleep that I was going to take you here and I remember the look in your eyes when I did. You want this as much as I do, as much as Damon and I do." He rubbed his fingers gently over her stinging flesh and thrust his fingers back into her ass scissoring them and spreading her wide preparing her ass for what he intended. "Just hold onto Damon while I work my way in, baby, hold on tight."

Cass felt his fingers pull out but they were immediately replaced with the engorged head of his long, thick cock. It was too big, the pressure too intense and she felt like she would rip open before he would ever get inside. Her hands flew to Damon's shoulders and when she looked up at him again there was no way to hide the tears filling her big golden brown eyes. Damon bent and kissed her softly licking the tears from her face whispering words of comfort as Doug continued pushing against her forcing his way into her virgin flesh.

Cass' breathing was strained as Doug pressed harder against her until finally the thick head of his cock popped through that first tight ring of muscles at her back entrance and her hot, tight ass closed around him with a firm grip. Doug groaned and Cass cried out then beat her fists against Damon's chest.

"It's too big. I don't know if I can take this," she cried out as she clutched at Damon.

Damon caught her close and held her tight to his chest with one arm while he used the other to grasp her thigh and pull her leg higher against his hip opening her wider for Doug. "Shh, sweetheart, the hard part is over. Doug's already inside and it's too late to go back now. We told you that we would want you this way, Cass. Try to relax for him so that he can work that cock all the way into your ass. Then when he's buried inside you I'm going to start working my cock into your sweet little pussy, sweetheart. Then we're going to make you feel so good that you'll beg us to keep going, never to stop." Each of his words were interspersed with kisses, nibbles, licks and sucks at her mouth, her jaw, her ears and all along her arched neck.

Cass hadn't realized how well he had distracted her, relaxed her, until she heard Doug murmur at her ear, "I'm in, darling, all the way in this tight, sweet ass of yours. You feel so good clamped around my cock," he pulled out and slowly, gently eased all

the way in again before suddenly stopping and tensing behind her. "Shit! I forgot a condom. I'll have to get one before we continue, darling, but I promise to be as gentle as I can when I work my way back in here."

"No," Cass yelled clamping the muscles of her ass and trapping him inside her making them both groan. "You said that you have a clean bill of health as of six weeks ago. Have you been with anyone since then?"

"No," Doug whispered in her ear. "Neither of us has been with anyone in six long weeks, baby."

"Then I don't care if you wear a condom or not. I'm on the Pill and have been for quite a long time so I'm protected against pregnancy, as protected as I would be with a condom anyway. Plus, it has been three years for me so I can tell you that I am safe and clean as well." She looked into Damon's eyes then before adding, "Neither of you needs to wear a condom if you don't want to." Cass rubbed her nipples against the smooth planes of Damon's chest reveling in the contrast between his smoothness and the rough hairy texture of Doug's chest against her back. "I've never had an unsheathed cock inside me before."

"I've never had sex without a condom, sweetheart," Damon said.

"Me, either," Doug added before moving in and out of her snug ass again. "But I'm willing to enjoy the experience if you want to."

"I really want to," Cass turned her head so that he could match his mouth to hers kissing her with the same slow thoroughness as he was using to stroke in and out of her ass. She groaned in pleasure enjoying the touch of his tongue, the stroke of his cock. He was doing his best to bring the pleasure through the pain and his efforts were working. She felt Damon move in front of her and felt his lips latch onto her nipple and suck it into his mouth. He worked his fingers in and out of her pussy made all that much tighter by the girth of Doug's erection buried firmly in her ass. It was incredibly sensual, extremely sexual and more intense than she had ever known and that was before Damon began to slowly work his own swollen member into her pussy.

Doug held her close to his chest his cock fully impaled in her ass unmoving while Damon slowly worked his way into her hot little pussy. Finally both men were fully enclosed inside her body and she felt so full, stretched past her limit by these two big men. She couldn't breathe, couldn't move and couldn't focus on any one sensation as her body felt bombarded by an explosion of sexual intensity when both men began sliding in and out of her body—one filling her as the other withdrew. It was more erotic than anything she had ever experienced before.

Doug and Damon took turns kissing her as they made love to her using the slide of a hand or the nudge of mouths to position her exactly how they wanted her. Their breathing was hard and labored, all three of them gasping and moaning at the intensity of the feelings that were coursing through them. Doug was the first to cry out and increase his motions in and out of Cass' ass. He could feel the tingle along his spine and knew that he was close to orgasm. Damon picked up his rhythm immediately and Cass

cried out as the men began fucking her harder and deeper with every stroke. Her orgasm was right there before she realized it, breaking over her in wave after wave. She felt shattered, broken, so overwhelmed by the force of her release that she was temporarily blind and deaf to all else around her. The only thing that she knew and felt was the pure pleasure washing over and through her body in never-ending waves. She knew that she was screaming but it was as if someone else were yelling, "Oh God, Yes! Yes! Yes!" at the top of their lungs. She could feel Doug and Damon exploding in her body, filling her with the hot pulsing jets of their release, marking her with their cum. Cass thought for sure that she must be dreaming that nothing could ever feel this good, this all consuming and this powerful.

Then Doug nipped playfully at her ear lobe and reminded her gently, "I told you that you could just call me Doug, darling."

Damon laughed and said smugly, "Perhaps she was referring to me. You're not the only god in this bedroom."

"Umm..." Doug nipped at her neck licking the sweat from her flesh, "maybe not the only one but certainly the best."

"In your dreams, Daniels," Damon scoffed while he nipped and sucked tenderly at Cass' bottom lip.

Cass laughed at them before finally catching her breath enough to say, "You both were incredible. I've never had an orgasm like that in my life."

"That's just the beginning," Damon said.

"Only the beginning," Doug added and Cass sighed happily as she let her body go boneless between them. The beginning, she thought. She had promised her mother that she would live life to the fullest, no regrets and no what-ifs. Cass had sworn that she would experience life in all its divine glory and with a saucy grin she realized that she couldn't imagine being any fuller than she just was.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doug had made Cass promise to sit with him and Damon at the rehearsal dinner before he would agree to take her into town to Gil's old apartment where Moira had moved Cass' car. Moira and Gil wanted Cass to feel free to stay there since Cass didn't want to stay in her old apartment with them. Gil's lease was paid through the end of the year and Cass was more than willing to stay there for the time being. She knew that all she had to do was let Jack Madigan, Moira's father and a surrogate father to Cass as well when she was away from home, know and he would find something for her in one of the many buildings that he owned, rent free, of course.

Now she stood on the sidewalk dressed once again in the red dress from the bachelorette party the night before and waited for Doug to lift the two big suitcases from the trunk of her car. There was no persuading him to let her carry them up to the apartment herself so she didn't even bother. Instead she followed behind him into the

building pushing the elevator button and riding up to the second floor with him then following him down the hall to his brother's apartment.

It seemed funny to her that she and Gil had switched residences in just five short months. Cass revisited that thought and corrected, five of the longest months of her life actually. The apartment still held Gil's furniture so she was okay for now. Eventually she would want her own bed from what was now Gil and Moira's apartment but this would do for now. She pointed Doug in the direction of one of the guest rooms because Moira had told her that Gil's other brother Griff was staying part time in the apartment as well. She hadn't shared that little bit of information with Doug and Damon, deciding it was in her best interests to get out of their house and into the apartment before they knew. She had only spent one night with them and it was the most incredible night of her life but it was still only in the realms of a one night stand right now.

She wasn't kidding herself though. Both men had made it more than clear to her that they planned on seeing her a lot from now on. She didn't know how long things would last between the three of them but she planned on fully enjoying herself while it lasted. They were already showing signs of being possessive of her.

Doug dropped the suitcases beside the bed and turned and pulled her into his arms flush against his chest. With her three-inch heels, the top of her head just reached his shoulders allowing her enough room to reach her arms up and encircle his neck without putting too much strain on either one of them. He possessed her mouth with his. There was no other word for how he took control of the kiss and her with it. She felt the hard pulse of his erection against her even with the layers of clothing separating them.

Cass groaned with lust but still managed to push him away although reluctantly. "As much as I would love to have sex with you again, Doug, I just can't right now. I will barely have time to shower and get ready as it is. The rehearsal starts in a little over two hours. I need to unpack, iron my dress, shower and find time to make a few calls as well."

Doug smiled down at her before asking quietly, "Feeling a little tender and sore aren't you, darling?"

Cass could feel the heat in her cheeks but couldn't look away from his deep blue eyes. "Yes, I'm a little tender. It's been a long time for me and I spent the better part of the day today, since early this morning, doing nothing but having sex with you and Damon. I'm not used to being this sexually active."

"Especially with two men," Doug added making Cass blush even redder.

"Never with two men," Cass stated.

"Damon and I are very sexual. We like to fuck," Doug said bluntly, "anyway we can, wherever we can. We've been celibate for six weeks but I won't lie to you, darling, we will always be demanding with you in the bedroom. Or wherever we may be when we spread those creamy thighs of yours, on the floor, the table, the wall or a bed. It

won't matter to us. Wherever. Whenever. However. Just as long as our cocks are buried somewhere inside that lush body of yours."

"We've only just met, Doug, and it was only one day..." Cass started to say but Doug cut her off with a very angry sounding growl.

"We may have only just met but you should have taken us seriously when Damon and I told you that this was only the beginning. Things are far from over between us, Cass. We'll be spending a lot of time together, getting to know each other even better. Don't you want the same?" he asked holding her close and rubbing his erection against her belly.

"Yes," Cass managed to whisper before Doug took her under his spell again with a slow thorough kiss that somehow managed to bring both of their bodies into full play. The only thing she could think was that it felt so right. He knew how to kiss, how to use his mouth completely to bring her to the edge of orgasm without ever touching her in more intimate places. He was as reluctant as she was when they pulled apart but they both knew that they had other things to do.

He grabbed her hand and tugged her back down the hall and through the living room to the front door of the apartment. Doug bent and kissed her again just a quick brush of his lips this time before looking into her smoky brown eyes that were now more gold than brown with her desire.

"Lock up behind me and make sure you use the bolt. Katie had someone get into the apartment when she stayed here and she was hurt pretty badly before help got to her."

"Katie told me about that last night when Moira mentioned staying here. She said that she hasn't been back to the apartment since. I can't say that I blame her." Cass smiled up at him and brushed her fingers down his face. "You don't have to worry about me, Doug. I'll be fine here."

Doug caught her fingers and brought her palm up to his mouth for a kiss before saying, "Throw the bolt, darling. I'll see you at rehearsal in just a few hours." With that Doug headed out the door leaving Cass feeling weak in the knees just inside. She locked the door and flipped the deadbolt knowing that Gil's brother Griff would have a key to it if he needed in. Shaking her head she hurried back to the bedroom as she tried to plan the next few hours so that she would have plenty of time to do everything that she needed to. But when she headed to the shower half an hour later after unpacking and ironing the gold gown that she planned to wear to rehearsal it was thoughts of Doug and Damon that accompanied her.

\* \* \* \* \*

They went through the ceremony twice before they were all able to head over to the restaurant Jack had booked for the rehearsal dinner. It didn't surprise Cass that she was linked up with Doug for the walk down the aisle as they were both attendants at the wedding. The only two other attendants were Ben and Katie Marcum, the groom's baby

sister and her husband. Griff, the youngest in the Daniels family, was an usher along with Damon.

She and Doug were making their way down the aisle toward the doors to the vestibule for the last time when he leaned over and commented on her choice of attire for the evening. She had chosen the gold dress because of the way it brought out the golden highlights in both her hair and eyes. The dress was an ankle-length sheath in back but opened up around her legs in the front all the way up to her knees. It was strapless and looked good on her with the strappy three inch gold heels she wore with it. Doug thought so as well.

"I really like that dress you're almost wearing. I'll like it even better on my bedroom floor," he murmured in her ear. "Are you wearing any underwear under that thing?"

Cass' eyes twinkled with humor as she whispered back, "Some things a man should find out for himself." No way was she telling him that the only thing under her dress was her skin, soft and golden from her tinted lotion. The dress had a built-in shelf bra and was way too tight to allow for panties of any kind. Cass had a feeling though that if she told him she was naked under her dress he and Damon would never let her get to the dinner on time if ever at all.

Doug growled low in his throat and Cass suppressed a giggle as they walked out the doors that Damon and Griff were holding open. Ben and Katie were right behind them and of course the bride and groom, Moira and Gil, had preceded them down the aisle. There was no missing the fire in Damon's eyes when he looked at her on Doug's arm. She felt a shiver go down her spine as she thought of all the things the three of them had experienced earlier that day. She was still deliciously sore between her thighs and the cheeks of her ass as well. It still amazed her, the things that she had allowed them to do to her, with her and, hell she had wallowed in every moment of their love play.

Sensing more than seeing Damon heading toward them she quickly released Doug's arm and headed over to Moira and Gil. "Your wedding is going to be absolutely beautiful," Cass enthused as she hugged Moira to her. "I'm so glad that I could be here to see all of this."

Moira hugged her back as well. "I'm glad too." Moira couldn't imagine celebrating so important a day in her life without Cass with her. "If you don't mind I'd like to ride over to the dinner with you. We haven't really had a chance to talk or anything yet."

"I thought you were..." Gil started to say but Moira interrupted him before he could finish whatever he had meant to say.

"I want to talk to Cass and I'll let you know at the dinner what my plans are," Moira told him. "That is if you don't mind me hitching a ride with you, Cass."

"No, that's fine with me," Cass said and hoped no one could see the relief in her eyes that she felt at the temporary escape from Doug and Damon and their overwhelming presence. She was still unsure of where they went from this point on, no matter what they said to her. She knew that they wanted her but for how long and was

it only to be a sexual relationship between the three of them or would they do other things together? These were questions that she had been struggling with since Doug had dropped her at the apartment earlier.

Moira looked over her shoulder and grasped Cass' hand and tugged Cass after her to the outside door. "Let's get going then," Moira said stopping only long enough to give Gil a quick peck on the lips and a mumbled, "Take care of that please."

This prompted Cass to glance behind her and see what Moira was talking about. Doug and Damon were headed right toward where she, Moira and Gil were standing and there was no misreading the looks on their faces. They were looking at her like she was the only edible thing in the room and they were dying of hunger. She headed toward the door and this time she was the one pulling Moira behind her.

By the time the two women made it out to the car Moira was laughing hard and teetering on the two-inch heels that she was wearing with her green dress that perfectly matched her eyes. Moira was a beautiful woman at five foot six with long blonde hair and green eyes slanted at the corners that gave them the look of cat's eyes. The green dress she wore was looser than Cass' own dress and had lovely sleeves that stopped at the edge of her shoulders with ruffles of lace. The dress fell to Moira's ankles all the way around making it appear demure except for the deep v neck that revealed a tantalizing display of her creamy thirty-six D cup breasts.

"You had better quit laughing so hard, Moira, or you're going to pop a boob out of that dress you're wearing," Cass said as she noticed her friend's breasts sway and move closer and closer to the revealing v as Moira laughed.

"I'm sorry," Moira gasped out as she tried to control her laughter. "It's just that you should have seen the looks on Doug's and Damon's faces when we hurried out the door. Not to mention Gil's when he realized what I had left him to deal with. It was just too funny to not laugh."

"Just get in the car," Cass muttered as she pressed the unlock button on the key ring to her red Chrysler Crossfire convertible. Her dad had given it to her before she left to head back to Legacy. It was something that her mother had always wanted and he had bought it for her but Cass' mom had never gotten the chance to ride in it. Her father hadn't wanted to keep it but he refused to sell it so he gave it to Cass stating that she needed a sportier car than her little Neon. He had paid the insurance on it for the entire year in September so it was easy to switch title, insurance and everything to her name. Now all she had to worry about was gas and maintenance between now and next September.

Moira stroked her hand over the leather interior of the little two-seater convertible. "I love this new car of yours. You have to make sure that you really enjoy it for your mother. Let's put the top down and go for a ride on the way to dinner."

"Umm...you are the bride, Moira. Do you really want to be late to your own rehearsal dinner?"

"I prefer to think of it as a grand entrance," Moira added in a regal sounding voice before she broke down and started laughing again as she fastened her seat belt. "Let's just take a drive, okay?"

"No problem," Cass said as she turned the key and listened to the rumble of the motor before buckling her seat belt and putting the car into gear. Cass wasn't taking the time to put the top down though as she saw the men leaving the church behind them. Instead she pulled away from the curb and drove down the street.

"So what is on your mind, Moira?" Cass asked as she drove around Legacy taking the long winding way to the restaurant.

"I was wondering if you wanted to stay the night with me tonight at the apartment. It would just be just the two of us again for one last night together. Gil will spend the night at his old apartment with Griff and Doug and Damon and even Ben will probably drop by at some point. He doesn't want to spend the night without me but he's willing to do it because it's what I want. So what do you say? One more night with just us two girls?"

Cass could feel tears in her eyes and tried her best to blink them away. It seemed like so much time had passed since she had left to go home and help take care of her mother. Now that she was back Moira was getting married and everything would be changing. They wouldn't be roommates anymore. No more late nights with the two of them laughing and falling asleep. Now Moira would be doing those things with her husband. "I would love to, Moira. I'm so excited that you asked me to. It will be so great with it being just the two of us again."

"Yeah, plus I get to grill you about what happened after we all left Doug's and Damon's house early this morning. I have to say that a person would have to be dead not to feel the heat between you three," Moira said with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

"You could say that," Cass said without adding anything else. She didn't know what exactly to share with Moira about them and everything that had happened in such a short time.

"Just answer a few things for me while you drive. You don't have to go into detail yet," Moira emphasized the last word letting Cass know that she wasn't completely of the hook just being given a slight reprieve. "Just a yes or no will do. Okay?" Moira asked Cass.

"Okay," Cass nodded but kept her eyes firmly on the road ahead of her.

"Did you sleep with them? Both of them?"

Cass was startled by that question. "How could you possibly know that, Moira?"

"Let's just say that the whole Daniels family knows that they share their women."

"Women?" Cass asked softly.

"Woman of the moment," Moira corrected. "So I take that to mean that you did sleep with both of them."

"Yes," Cass whispered.



"Wow, woman! I have to admit that Doug's overt sexuality kind of scares me. He seems so intense. More than even Gil and, trust me, Gil is plenty intense for me."

"Yes," Cass replied causing Moira to laugh again.

"So did you like it?"

Cass took her eyes off of the road long enough to give Moira a you've-got-to-be-kidding look before stating, "Yes."

"Did you sleep with them both at the same time?" Moira flushed when Cass just looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "You know what I mean. I'm just curious is all. I'm plenty happy with Gil and I couldn't handle more than him but I'm still a little curious."

"Yes," Cass answered, "and before you ask, it was the best sex of my life."

"That good huh?" Moira murmured. "So was it just a one night stand or what?"

Cass pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant and parked the car shutting off the motor but not getting out yet. Instead she turned to look at Moira. "Doug and Damon both said that it was only the beginning. I had to promise to sit with them at the dinner before either of them would agree to take me to Gil's old apartment without one of them staying." She laughed and shook her head. They were like two little boys with a new toy. It was amusing having them in her life.

"Did you tell them that Griff is staying there for a while until his new place is painted?"

"Hell no!" Cass exclaimed. "As possessive as they are both already acting I decided that it was in my best interest to already be in the apartment before they found that out."

"You do realize that Griff has probably already said something to them about that by now, don't you?" Moira shook her head and grinned.

"Probably," Cass admitted, "but I don't have to admit that I knew anything in advance."

"Oh I'm sure that Doug immediately went to Gil and asked if he had told you about Griff or not. And I'm equally sure that my soon-to-be-husband sold you up river."

"Great, what am I going to do now?" Cass asked just a little desperately.

"Well for tonight you're staying with me so that gives you a little reprieve but, Cass, what do you want to do? Do you want to continue seeing them knowing that they are possessive?"

"Yes, I want to see them for as long as I can, until it's over. I'm just a little confused and scared right now is all," Cass added.

"Scared?" Moira questioned. "If one of them is putting pressure on you then I promise you that..."

It was Cass' turn to laugh this time. "No, no one is putting any pressure on me to do anything that I don't want to do."

"Then what are you confused and scared about?" Moira asked with some confusion.

"I'm afraid that I won't be able to walk away from them unscathed when the time comes. I'm afraid that I'm going to do something stupid like fall in love," Cass admitted.

"With Doug, Damon or both of them?" Moira asked.

"Both of them," Cass confessed then reached for the door handle. "Now let's head in before someone sends out a search party for the bride.

Moira stepped out of the car, shut the door and met Cass by the front of the sports car. "I'm here for you if you need anything."

Cass hugged her and took her hand as they crossed the parking lot to the sidewalk that led to the front door of the restaurant. Cass felt a strange tingle on the back of her neck and couldn't help but glance back over her shoulder. There was no one there but she couldn't shake the feeling as she and Moira continued to the door that someone was watching her.

## **Chapter Four**

Doug watched Cass and Moira walk in the door and had to get a handle on his need to walk over and pull Cass roughly into his arms. The little minx had skipped out on him and Damon at the church leaving as they had headed toward her. He had seen her eyes and Doug knew that she had done it intentionally. He couldn't help but wonder why. Right now though he had a hard cock from looking at her in that dress and planned to get her out of the dinner and back into his bed as soon as he could.

Damon had just headed across from the other side of the room where he had been talking to Moira's father, Jack Madigan, when his gaze met Doug's. Doug nodded at the unasked question in his best friend's eyes and they both made a bee line for Cass just as she was lifted and twirled around by a big blond looking Viking. That was bad enough but when Cass squealed and wrapped her arms around the big guy's neck, Doug and Damon both saw red. No one touched their woman.

The big guy bent his head and whispered in Cass' ear, "Hey, gorgeous I just wanted to welcome you home and tell you how sorry I am about your mom. If she was anything like you then she must have been one hell of a woman."

Cass kissed Shep on the cheek and squeezed him tightly, oblivious to the two men converging on them. Shep had been around since her freshman year of college when she and Moira had hooked up. Shep, Roman and Chetan, all friends of Moira's dad, had always been around checking up on Moira for Jack since Moira refused to speak to her father back then. Chetan, Cass had learned from Shep, came from the Sioux word for hawk and was pronounced chay-than.

Roman was so much like Jack that they could have been brothers. Both stood six feet five inches and had sandy brown hair, but Roman's eyes were an intense shade of grey. He worked mostly with computers and security software. He was quiet for the most part but when he spoke people usually listened.

They were all like older brothers to Cass although she and Shep had gone out once. There was just no sexual chemistry between them though and they were much happier as good friends.

Cass felt the slight tension in Shep's shoulders and heard him whisper, "Well, well, well, what have we here. Seeing anyone interesting, Cass? Maybe two someones?"

Cass glanced back over her shoulder into the dining room behind them and took in the scowls on both Doug's and Damon's faces and couldn't help but mutter, "Oh shit."

Shep, always a troublemaker, just slowly slid her down his body and gave her a kiss on the mouth doing his best to make it look like what it wasn't. When Cass finally felt her heels hit the floor, she tried to turn but Shep patted her on the butt and pulled

her to his side. "You don't know what you're doing, you fool. They're going to kill us both," Cass groaned as she faced the fact that Shep wasn't going to let her go.

"I'll protect you, my sweet little dove," Shep crooned to her just as Doug and Damon reached them making both men scowl even harder.

"Cass," Doug gritted out from between his clenched teeth. "Come here."

Cass tried to step away from Shep's side but Shep kept his arm firmly around her waist keeping her at his side. Cass tried to make the best of it by introducing everyone. "Doug, Damon, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine Donovan Shepard, Shep. Shep, this is Doug Daniels, Gil's brother and Damon Roberts."

Neither Doug nor Damon responded except to nod at Shep. Cass could see the muscle ticking in Doug's tightly clenched jaw and Damon wasn't much better. She wasn't surprised when Doug said her name roughly again and held his hand out to her.

When Shep still refused to release her, Cass did the only thing that she could think of. She stomped on Shep's foot with her three-inch ice-pick heels and prayed that she wouldn't break a toe. Shep cried out in surprise but he released her quickly enough and gave her a hurt look that she wasn't buying for a minute.

"All you had to do was ask," he muttered in a hurt tone before walking with an exaggerated limp into the room.

Doug and Damon immediately stepped up to her and led her down the hall to the first door they came to. It was a small room with shelves along the walls stocked with cleaning supplies and toilet paper and paper towels. Damon stepped into the room and Doug pushed Cass in and followed her closing and locking the door behind them.

"What was the meaning of that little display out there? Is he a boyfriend?" Doug demanded immediately gripping her upper arms and pulling her to her tip-toes against his chest.

"Shep works for Moira's dad. I've known him since I was eighteen, Doug. We're just friends." Cass definitely had no intention of telling him that she and Shep had gone out once. Crazy she was not.

"Why did you leave the church when you knew we were headed for you?" Damon interrupted to question. "Are you afraid of us? Afraid of what we want?"

Cass glanced to her side where Damon stood since Doug refused to let go of her. Doug had relaxed enough to let her feet rest on the floor though. "No, I'm not afraid of either of you or what you want from me. Moira wanted to ride in my car and talk for a few minutes. She is my best friend and we haven't seen each other in roughly five months."

Doug and Damon took that in and decided to let that one go before Doug jumped in again and said, "Why didn't you tell me that my brother Griff was going to be staying at the apartment with you?"

"And don't even try to tell us that you didn't know," Damon added. "We already talked to Gil and he told us that he had personally told you about Griff staying there."

Damn! Cass thought. Moira had warned her that Gil would tell on her. She blinked up at them as she tried to decide exactly what to say without making it worse for her. "I wasn't sure how you would take that little bit of news so I decided to wait and tell you later once we knew each other better."

"That was your first mistake, darling. You should have told us before we heard all about it from my little brother. He was full of how he was going to be sleeping in the same apartment with Moira's hot little friend."

Cass was starting to get good and pissed now. "So?" she demanded. "I'm not going to apologize for not saying anything to you, Doug. We slept together that doesn't mean that you own me."

Cass gasped as Doug slammed her against his chest and Damon moved until he was pressed against her back. "We more than slept together Cass. We fucked and we made love. You were told that it was only the beginning but maybe we didn't make other things so clear to you. While you are with us you are with only us. Damon and I can get very jealous and neither of us likes to see you in some other guy's arms."

"Don't earn a punishment, Cass," Damon whispered beside her ear as he gripped her hips and bent his knees to rub his erection along her buttocks. "Because you will be punished if you do anything like this again."

"Pun...Punished?" Cass stuttered out the question as Damon nibbled and licked along her neck and shoulder.

"Oh, yes, darling," Doug said. "I won't punish you when we get you home later because you weren't forewarned of the consequences yet but next time you will be. While you are with us you are with only us. We know where you are so we can get a hold of you when we need to. Anything comes up you let us know immediately, baby. We won't control what you do but we will know where you are and who you are with. That's what it means to belong to us," Doug told her, "and you do belong to us. Next time, Cass, Damon and I are going to strip you naked and bend you over my knees and take turns turning that lush ass of yours rosy red. Do you understand, darling?" Doug asked as he nipped and sucked at her lips.

"Yes," Cass whispered too lost in the sensations they were causing to focus completely on what he was saying.

"That's good, sweetheart," Damon said as he rubbed against her ass again before adding, "I can't wait to get you back home and into bed."

"Umm...I'm not going home with you," Cass murmured as they continued to caress her.

"What?" both men exclaimed as they pulled back from her neck and shoulders and looked down at her.

"I'm staying the night with Moira tonight," Cass explained. "Just the two of us. Gil's staying in the apartment with Griff for tonight so that Moira and I can have one last night together. We've lived together for six years," she added with a small smile.

"Then we better use this little bit of time wisely," Doug said and that was all the warning Cass got before she was lifted against him and braced against Damon's chest. Damon lifted her dress up out of the way and both men were made aware that Cass was not wearing panties underneath. They both groaned and Doug made quick work of his belt button and zipper while Damon supported her body with his arms and chest hooking his elbows behind her knees and spreading her wide.

Doug groaned as he finally released his engorged cock and slipped it between her wet folds. "I know you're sore, darling, but I can't wait," he whispered tautly and then surged inside the hot confines of her pussy stretching her sensitive inner muscles with his girth and length. He rode her hard pounding into her while Damon held her open for Doug's every thrust. She arched her neck back so that her head rested on Damon's shoulder and keened loudly while Doug fucked her with rapid strokes of his big cock. Doug reached out leaning back a little so he could rub his thumb over her straining clit and she came with a scream just as he did. She could feel the wash of his hot semen all along her pulsing channel and struggled to catch her breath, overwhelmed by sensations she had never known.

While she was lost in the emotions ripping through her Doug put his spent cock away and the two men managed to turn her so that she was in Doug's arms braced against his chest his elbows hooked beneath her knees and Cass was now facing Damon. She wasn't sure exactly how they managed to turn her but before she could comment Damon was pushing firmly inside her already ravaged pussy. He rode her just as roughly as Doug pushing his cock in and out with hard quick strokes that had her panting for breath. Damon took her swollen over-sensitized clit between his thumb and finger and pinched at it bringing her quickly to the edge of another orgasm.

Doug, sensing how close she was pushed his hands up to her breasts lifting her legs higher, spreading her thighs wider and she came with a violent orgasm when he pinched both of her nipples between his fingers and gave them a twist. She must have screamed and may have passed out because the next thing she knew Damon was spewing inside her muffling his cries as best he could in her neck. They stayed that way for a few moments all of them trying to slow their breathing and lower their heart rates. Damon slipped out of her and tucked himself away before turning and grabbing some paper towels from the shelf. He cleaned her up while Doug held her to him placing kisses along her neck and jaw. When Damon was done, Doug slowly released her down his body lowering one leg at a time while Damon helped balance her from the front.

Cass could feel the love bites on her neck and shoulders and reached back to take the clip from her hair letting it fall free in waves all around her. She pulled some over her shoulders hoping to not only hide the love bites but the vivid peaks of her nipples as well. They were just getting ready to leave the room when there was a discreet knock on the door and Shep's voice spoke from the other side.

"Everyone's waiting on you three to start dinner so if you're all through now perhaps you could join us." They listened as he walked away and Cass felt her face flame with color.

"You don't think that anyone heard us do you?" she asked uncertainty in her voice.

Neither Damon nor Doug answered as they escorted her out of the room, down the hall and into the dining room where everyone stared at them. Doug and Damon could tell by the smirks on Gil's, Griff's and Ben's faces that they knew exactly what Damon and Doug had been doing with Cass but it wasn't until they sat down and Griff leaned close to stage whisper in Doug's ear, "Some acoustics this place has, huh?" that all doubt was removed. It was more than apparent that at least some of the people around the table had heard Doug, Damon and Cass making love in the closet. Doug and Damon just shrugged and ignored the whispers and stares of the people around them.

Cass was mortified. She would have loved nothing more than to slide beneath the table and disappear. No such luck for her though as she sat through two and a half hours of dinner and celebration before she and Moira left to head over to Moira's apartment for the night. Cass still had some clothes there in the bedroom that had been hers so she didn't need to head back to Gil's apartment. As soon as they were in the car Cass groaned and tapped her head against the steering wheel.

"I can't believe that happened to me. I could just die," she moaned.

Moira laughed and managed to get out between peals, "That was nothing. Wait till we get back to the apartment and I'll tell you about how I met Doug and Catherine for the first time."

Cass groaned and said emphatically, "It couldn't have been worse than this."

"You have no idea," Moira told her as Cass started the car and pulled out heading to the apartment they had once shared. "Trust me, you have no idea."

Cass just shook her head thinking that there was no way Moira could have been through anything as embarrassing as this.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Totally naked!" Cass shrieked from her seat on the couch a little while later. The girls had opened a bottle of wine and Cass had filled Moira in on all that had happened with her mom while Cass was home with her. Moira and Cass had spoken often on the phone but it wasn't the same and some things could only be shared in person. Now the wine bottle was empty and added to what they had both consumed at the rehearsal dinner they were now feeling very good and moving on to more interesting topics.

"I swear to God," Moira laughed. "I walked out of the bathroom still wet with my robe thrown on but wide open in the front and there in front of me were Griff, Doug, Katie and Catherine. I was mortified," Moira laughed even harder at the memory doing her best to cross her fingers over her heart. "I swear. Then Gil stepped out behind in nothing but a towel and yelled at me for meeting his family naked before making them all leave so that we could have sex."

"He didn't," Cass sounded shocked but she could tell from Moira's face that he had.

"Oh, it gets even better. You see I had already met Griff prior to that at the club. I had fallen asleep in the women's sauna and ran into Eric in there," Moira shuddered as she said the name of the man who had stalked her and raped and killed several other women in Legacy. "Anyway, I ran out of there stark naked screaming at the top of my lungs. Gil was there and Griff was with him. Needless to say he saw me completely naked, front and back. That was the very first time that I met Griff."

"Oh, my God," Cass laughed, "how in the world do you still face them all?"

Moira smiled widely. "Honestly that was rather tame compared to my crowning moment of glory. Gil and Ben came over after work and I was dancing around with Griff while Doug danced with their mom and Katie looked on laughing. When Gil walked in he just swept me off my feet and into the bedroom where we had some very kinky sex. At the top of our lungs. With everyone in the living room able to hear."

Cass went off into peals of laughter rolling off the couch to land on the floor where she continued to roll around holding her sides. "Oh that is a crowning moment, Moira."

"Especially when I was yelling for him to fuck my ass at the top of my lungs," Moira added dryly, sending Cass off into peals again.

"At least I was only screaming 'Oh God,' and 'yes'," Cass uttered as she tried to catch her breath.

"Yes but everyone could hear the grunts and groans of both of the men in there with you," Moira added with a devilish grin.

"Oh Lord," Cass moaned, "who all heard me?"

"Let's see," Moira started counting on her fingers, "Me and Gil, Katie and Ben, Catherine, Dad, Chetan, Shep and Roman, Kit and Kat and all the rest of the staff, so roughly about twenty people."

"I will never be able to show my face in public again," Cass said matter-of-factly. "Everyone knows that I'm having sex with two men at the same time."

"Everyone would have known sooner or later anyway, Cass," Moira informed her. "They didn't exactly leave any doubt the way they both rushed to you when we hit the door. Does it really bother you?"

"To have everyone know that I'm sleeping with them both?" Cass asked. "I'm not sure. Everything is so new right now. I'm not really sure about how I feel about anything."

"Even Doug and Damon?" Moira questioned.

Cass couldn't stop the smile that bloomed on her lips. "No I'm sure about them. I want them so much. I've never experienced the things that they make me feel. It's incredible every time."

"Then what do you have to hide?" Moira asked bluntly. "Don't you teach the women who come to your stripper-cize classes to embrace the woman they are and to not allow others' opinions to bother them?"



Cass smiled at Moira, "Yes, I do. Thanks for reminding me of that. I refuse to act ashamed of being with both Doug and Damon. As long as we're happy, then who cares."

"Plus, it's not like the people who know and love them aren't already aware that they share," Moira added.

Cass shook her head and laughed again. "If they didn't before the dinner, they sure do now."

"It seems to be a family thing, so don't worry so much about it."

"What do you mean a family thing?" Cass demanded. "You've heard them have sex before?"

"No, not them. So far it's just been me and Gil, Katie and Ben and now you, Doug and Damon."

"You heard Katie and Ben have sex as well?" Cass said with shock on her face.

Moira shook her head. "Yes, Katie had just been released from the hospital after Butch, he was Jessica's boyfriend at the time..." Moira added.

Cass interrupted to question, "Now who is Jessica again?"

"She's one of the girls in Women's Group that Katie leads at the gym," Moira answered, "you'll meet her when you head back to work on Monday."

"Okay," Cass said, "now go on."

"Anyway Ben took Katie back to his house from the hospital and they got sidetracked in the bedroom and Ben forgot to tell her that he had invited all of us over."

"Who is all of us?" Cass interrupted again.

"Me and Gil, Doug and Damon and Catherine," Moira answered before continuing. "Anyway the back door was open so we came on in when no one answered and were just in time to hear Katie screaming at Ben how much she loved him fucking her ass."

Cass laughed uproariously at that revelation. "How in the world did she survive that?"

"She had just found out she was pregnant at the time so any time someone started to say something around her she would just mention the baby. That worked every time."

"That is a good one but it won't work for me," Cass moaned. She was still lying on her back on the floor and Moira was now lying on her stomach on the couch above her. Cass held her head between her hands and moaned again. "I think I drank too much wine. I don't think I can move."

Moira snorted but didn't move either. "Who cares? It's just the two of us so we can sleep out here if we want to."

"Yeah, we can," Cass agreed and started laughing again. Moira joined her and they both laughed so hard that they didn't hear the key in the door or even realize that anyone was there until a throat cleared from the doorway.

Both Cass and Moira glanced at the doorway and stared at Griff who was grinning at them. "I just left your husband to be," he told Moira as he headed over to them, "and your boyfriends," he added to Cass, "passed out at the apartment. I thought maybe I better head over here and check on you girls." He sat on the end of the sofa folding Moira's legs up to make room. "I could hear you two laughing through the door and since you didn't answer my knock I thought that I would just let myself in. I must say that I always pictured girls dressed differently at slumber parties," Griff said as he shook his head in mock disgust. "You've really let me down, ladies."

Moira snorted as she got gingerly to her feet. "You've already seen me naked, Griff," she said, "twice as a matter of face. I'm not providing a peep show tonight." With that she stumbled down the hall toward her bedroom with Griff following after her. He helped her into the room and eased her onto the bed fully clothed. He wasn't stupid. He knew big brother was very possessive of this woman he was marrying.

"Go away, Griff," Moira murmured her eyes already drifting shut, "I'm sleepy..." and just like that she was sound asleep.

Griff grinned as he tugged her shoes off but left her dress on. He didn't have a death wish and Gil would definitely kill him if he undressed Moira, no matter what the reason. He pulled the quilt over her and left the room shutting the door quietly behind him before heading down the hall to the living room where Cass was on the floor. Only she wasn't there.

Griff checked the kitchen and glanced into the open door of the bathroom before opening the next door down. "Sweet mother of God," Griff croaked as he took in the naked woman passed out on the bed in front of him. Cass had managed to drop her dress and shoes before she crawled up on the bed and went to sleep. She lay on her back one knee bent giving him a sweet view and her full breasts were high and firm. Her golden brown hair lay all around her and she looked better than any *Playboy* centerfold he had ever seen.

Griff had to swallow twice before he managed to step forward to tug a quilt up over her. Doug would kill him if he ever found out about this. He couldn't stop himself from taking one more look before he dropped the quilt over her and stepped away. He was definitely not prepared for the man standing in the open bedroom door.

"What the hell do you think you're doing little brother?" Doug asked as he stepped all the way into the room.

Griff shook his head and thought, "Why me, Lord?", before answering. "I was just checking to make sure she made it in here okay. She and Moira were both three sheets to the wind when I got here. I didn't know that she was naked, Doug."

"You sure looked your fill though didn't you?" Doug said.

"Well, duh," Griff said with a grin. "Any man would, heterosexual, homosexual, old or young. The woman has an incredible body. And I am a young heterosexual male with twenty-twenty vision."

Doug shook his head but felt a smile tugging at his lips. Griff was one of a kind and few could stay upset with him. "Just haul your ass out of here."

"No problem," Griff promised as he passed Doug and stepped into the hall. "By the way I thought I left you guys passed out at the apartment. How did you get in here?"

"You did leave Gil and Damon passed out. I didn't drink that much but I must have dozed off. I found your note when I woke up just a little bit ago that said you were headed over here to check on the girls and thought that I would head over as well. I found Gil's spare key and let myself in. Good thing I did too," he added.

Griff just grinned wider. "Guess I'll take off then. You make sure the ladies are up in time to get ready for the wedding and I'll take care of Gil and Damon." Griff started down the hall with Doug right behind him. "Wait till I tell Damon you snuck out and spent the night with Cass all by yourself," he laughed at Doug's scowl. "You're going to owe him one, big brother."

Doug shoved him out the door and locked it behind Griff before heading back down the hall to the bedroom that held the very naked sleeping woman he desired. He shut the door behind him and pulled off his clothes before slipping beneath the quilt with Cass. Cass automatically moved closer to his warmth and Doug pulled her even closer until her head was resting on his chest. She stroked the fingers of her hand through the thick black curls on his chest and nuzzled her face against him. Even in her sleep Cass recognized that chest and moaned Doug's name as she snuggled even closer. Doug's heart seemed to stop at the sound of his name in the silence of the bedroom then pounded in his chest like a freight train. Just the sound of his name on her lips set his blood on fire and had his cock growing long and thick with lust. He turned to his side and clasped her more firmly against him realizing that this was the one woman he had searched his entire life for and he was determined to never let her go.

## **Chapter Five**

Cass came wide awake at the startled shout of Moira in her bedroom doorway but it took a few moments to clear her mind and compute Moira's words.

"Jesus, Doug, warn a girl would you," Moira scowled at the bed where Cass was now sitting straight up and Doug was still reclining back. At some point in the night the quilt had been kicked to the bottom of the bed leaving them both exposed and Cass gasped as she realized Doug was sporting a pretty impressive morning hard-on and that Moira was getting an eyeful of it. Doug didn't seem the least bit bothered by being caught naked and made no move to grab the quilt and cover himself.

"Next time maybe you'll knock," he said from his sprawled position on the bed.

"If I had known that you were here then maybe I would have," Moira retorted sharply.

Cass leaned over pressing her breasts against Doug's thigh and using her face and hair to block the view of his cock making him hiss with surprise and clench a hand in her long locks. "Could we finish this conversation later please?" Cass insisted. "Moira, if you'll excuse us I'd like to find out how Doug got in here without me knowing it."

"Sure, Cass," Moira stated before glaring once more at Doug and tugging the door closed. "Just hurry up, would you. We have about three hours before the wedding and you were going to help me with my hair and stuff," Moira called through the door then walked down the hall toward the front of the apartment.

Cass lifted her head as far as Doug's hand allowed and hissed at him, "What are you doing here? It was just supposed to be me and Moira."

Doug nudged her head back down toward his straining erection and promised, "I'll tell you everything—just don't torture me, darling. It's been hell lying beside you all night and not taking advantage of you. Have mercy on me, Cass."

Cass felt a smile tugging at her lips. The man was truly incorrigible expecting her to give him a blowjob before they talked. Then again who did she really think she was kidding anyway? She licked her lips and felt the saliva pool in her mouth as she eyed that perfect cock just inches in front of her face. She could already taste him on her tongue and she knew she wanted him in her mouth just as badly as he wanted to be there.

Leaning forward she swirled her tongue all around the pulsing head of his thick morning wood licking off the drop of pre-cum that glistened there before kissing and licking her way down the shaft to his tightly drawn balls beneath. She spent some time licking and sucking them laving the taut skin just under them while she used a portion

of her hair wrapped around her hand to slowly work up and down his long length. She could hear Doug groaning above her and took pleasure in his every sound.

Doug tugged her mouth back up to his weeping cock and ordered huskily, "Just suck it, darling, and quit teasing me. I need you to suck it nice and deep into the back of your throat for me."

Cass used both hands to brush her hair aside and stretched her lips around the large girth of the bobbing head of his cock. She sucked greedily at it carefully working more and more of him into her mouth until she could feel him at the back of her mouth. She worked him in and out licking and sucking his flesh, scraping her teeth gently against the long length of him.

"All the way, Cass," Doug moaned, "into the back of your throat, darling. You can do it for me."

Cass eased her mouth down his cock pressing him firmly into the back of her throat and felt her gag reflex kick in as her throat constricted around his rigid flesh. She fought against her reflex as Doug palmed her head and held her firmly on him tilting his hips up to fuck in and out of her mouth with short rapid strokes that had him breathing harder and harder. Cass clamped her lips and sucked harder while she used her finger to rub against the thin skin that lay just under his taut balls. Doug came with a loud groan filling her mouth with the hot wet jets of semen again and again until he was finally completely spent and empty.

He released his hold on her head and relaxed back against the mattress allowing Cass to pull gently off his slowly softening cock. She took a few moments to gently lick the head cleaning any tiny drops of his release that she had spilled before moving up to rest her head on his chest and play with the black curls there.

"So how did you get here? When? I remember Griff showing up after Moira and I polished off a bottle of wine and saying that he had left you, Damon and Gil passed out at the apartment," Cass murmured as Doug ran his fingers through her hair.

"I didn't pass out, only fell asleep. I woke up just after Griff left and found Gil's spare key and followed. It's a good thing I did too, darling," Doug added with disgust.

"Why's that?" Cass queried.

"When I walked in I found Griff in this bedroom looking at you, baby, naked and sprawled on top of the bed."

Cass groaned, "Please tell me that you're kidding."

Doug actually laughed, "No such luck. He was checking to make sure you made it to the bedroom all right and wasn't expecting to find you naked. He looked and covered you with a quilt."

"He told you that he looked at me?" Cass squeaked.

"I caught him gawking at you," Doug corrected. "And as he informed me, 'What young heterosexual male with eyes wouldn't check you out?'"

"This just gets better and better," Cass groaned against his chest. "I think your mom actually liked me to start with. I can't imagine what she thinks of me now."

"I'm sure she probably thinks that if you can survive the dinner then you must be a keeper. It seems to be a thing in my family."

Cass giggled as she remembered all that Moira had told her. "I heard about that. I guess Moira is even with you now."

"Even with me?" Doug asked confused.

"You saw her naked and now she's seen you naked," Cass grinned saucily up at him before adding, "naked and aroused."

"I'd say that puts her one up on me," Doug declared dryly.

"Oh, no," Cass insisted. "One aroused cock equals two fantastic boobs any day. Not to mention you saw her everywhere."

"Where the hell did you come up with that comparison?" Doug demanded before shaking his head and easing away from her and off the bed. "Never mind, I'm sure that I don't want to know," he said as he grabbed his pants and started dressing. "I'll just get out of your hair so you and Moira can start getting ready." He looked down at her uninhibited naked sprawl on the bed. "I hope you're not sore tonight, Cass, cause I want to fuck you really bad and I'm sure that Damon does too."

"Umm...I want it too, Doug," Cass said. "But I have work tomorrow so I'm not sure if I can see you guys tonight."

Doug frowned down at her before replying. "We'll fit in somewhere. You can either come spend the night at our house or we'll end up at the apartment with you. We all have to work tomorrow so what difference does that make?"

"I was just saying..." Cass started to say then thought better of it. "Never mind. The bed at the apartment doesn't look big enough for all three of us so how about I just grab a bag after the reception and meet you guys at your place?"

"That sounds better, baby," Doug sat down to pull his socks and shoes on leaning over to kiss her when he was done. "We've got something special here, Cass, just give it a chance okay?"

"I will, Doug, I promise," Cass answered then shook her head. "But I can't always stay the night with you and Damon and you both can't stay at the apartment with me. There will be nights when I don't get home from the gym until late and I won't feel like heading out to your place. You have to be okay with that too."

Doug frowned but didn't say anything for a moment. "We'll see how things go, Cass. One day at a time."

Cass smiled even though she realized he would do everything he could to make sure she did what he wanted. "One day at a time," she agreed and with a nod Doug kissed her again and was out the door and gone. She had a feeling that he would have her moved in with him and Damon as soon as he could manage. Cass wasn't sure how she felt about that but she would have to decide pretty soon she was sure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wedding was beautiful and Cass couldn't help but shed a few tears when Moira and Gil exchanged their vows. A person would have to be blind to miss the love that was reflected their eyes as they repeated the traditional vows to love and honor and cherish each other till death parted them. Of course everyone laughed when Gil did a very thorough job of kissing his bride and then swept her up into his arms and carried her back down the aisle to the sounds of their family and friends cheering. It was a perfect beginning to forever for Moira and Gil, and Cass was very happy for her best friend.

As they headed down the aisle after Moira and Gil Doug squeezed Cass' fingers and smiled gently down at her and the tears reflected in her eyes. He felt his heart constrict as he took in the breathtaking beauty of Cass and was stunned anew by his deep feelings for her. They had only just met really but somehow it was as if he had always been looking for her. Being with her just felt right on so many levels.

They led Ben and Katie and the rest of the guests outside where Gil and Moira were already getting in the limo to head to the reception across town. The minister had already been paid and Doug had already taken care of having the flowers delivered to the reception hall so all that was left was for them to follow. He grabbed Cass' hand and headed toward his truck.

"I don't think so, big guy. I've got my own car here and I'm not going to try and get in that truck of yours with this dress and heels on," Cass laughed as she tugged him back toward the direction where her own car was parked.

They met up with Catherine, Katie, Ben, Damon and Griff in the parking lot. Damon stepped right up to them and took Cass' other hand in his. "I rode with Doug so I'd be happy to ride over with you, sweetheart."

Cass laughed as Doug scowled at Damon. She knew that they would never really fight over her but it was fun to watch them try to one up each other. Doug had scored major points on Damon last night by spending the night alone with Cass and Doug knew it.

"Yeah, Dougie," Griff taunted with a grin. "You had her all to yourself last night anyway so let Damon ride her, I mean with her, to the reception."

Doug and Damon both reached out and smacked Griff on the back of the head for his deliberate mistake but Griff just ducked and hid behind his mother, which was an amusing sight to see with him standing six foot six and his mother a diminutive five foot one. "Mom, Doug and Damon are hitting me again."

Catherine just shook her head and Cass had to bite her lip to keep from laughing at the "Why me?" look on Catherine's face. "That will be enough, boys. Damon, you and Griff can ride with Doug while I ride with Cass to the reception. I've always wanted a little red sports car," Catherine added just to rile her sons.

"A sports car!" Griff exclaimed. "That can't possibly be safe, mom. Besides your car's only a few years old."

Catherine smiled at Griff and shook her head. "Sometimes a woman just needs to break free and live, baby," she murmured as she grabbed Cass' arm and guided her away from the three speechless men and to the car. Cass pressed the button to release the locks and she and Catherine settled into the car without delay. Cass firing the engine and pulling away from the curb before saying, "You sure shocked them, Mrs. Daniels."

"Just gave them a little food for thought," Catherine murmured, "and it's still Catherine, Cass, especially in light of the fact that you're sleeping with my son."

Cass choked on what she had been about to say and sputtered and coughed making Catherine laugh gaily.

"Perhaps I should warn you, dear, that there are very few secrets in this family. I find myself often thinking that we are entirely too close but honestly I wouldn't change a thing. Well except for the fact that I keep hearing my children having sex," Catherine added dryly. "That can be a little uncomfortable for a mother, let me tell you. Anyway, I'm still the woman who has come to know and love you, Cass, the woman who held you after your mother's funeral while you cried. I couldn't be more delighted that you and Doug are together."

Cass took a deep breath and asked before she lost her courage, "And Damon? How do you feel about him?"

Catherine smiled and patted Cass' hand on the gear shift. "I love Damon just like he was one of my own and really he has been since he and Doug met in college. Damon was alone for a long time before then and he was so hungry for family and love. But that's not the point I'm trying to make. My point is that I know all about Damon and Doug or at least as much as I feel that I need to, or even want to, know. I've never judged my children and I don't intend to start now. What is between you and Doug and Damon is just that, between you. However, I will ask you not to hurt them."

Cass seemed surprised by this request. "I would never hurt either one of them. In fact I'm a little afraid of them hurting me."

"You're afraid that you may fall in love with them," Catherine replied.

Cass wasn't even startled that Catherine knew that. "Yes well, that is, I think I'm already starting to fall in love with them. Honestly I'm not sure how I feel about that. Don't get me wrong. I've always wanted to fall in love, get married and have children one day. I'm just not sure how that will all work with two men."

Catherine smiled and answered, "You'll figure it out, dear, together. I know that I'm not your mom but I do want you to know that I'm here for you if you need to talk to someone, a maternal figure if you will."

Cass felt tears mist her eyes again. "Thank you, Catherine. I may just take you up on that."

Cass pulled into the lot and parked toward the back away from other cars. She wasn't surprised when Doug's truck pulled in next to her. Before she or Catherine could even release their seat belts, all three men were spilling out of the truck and heading



toward the little car. Catherine grinned at Cass and whispered, "I'll take Griff and head on in so you can have a few minutes with Doug and Damon. Just remember not to take too long."

With that Catherine was out the door and, latching onto her youngest son's arm, herded him across the lot to the door of the reception hall. Doug pulled Cass' door open and Damon held out his hand to pull her out of the low-slung Crossfire and away from the door. "I see you made it here safely," he murmured as he pulled her into his arms for a slow rapacious kiss. Doug slammed the door closed and Damon pressed her back until she rested against it. "I missed you, sweetheart. I would have loved to have woken up beside you as well this morning," Damon whispered as he nibbled his way along her jaw to her earlobe.

"Umm..." Cass moaned, "You can wake up beside me tomorrow morning." She could feel the heat of Doug's body at her side and reached her hand out to caress his chest. "Both of you can."

Damon grinned down at her and said, "I think we should make him sleep on the couch or lock ourselves alone in my room since he spent last night with you."

Cass giggled as Doug tugged her to him and grunted, "Not going to happen, buddy, you snooze, you lose."

Her giggles turned to moans as the two men maneuvered her between them so that she rested against Doug's solid chest with Damon pressed to her back. Damon rubbed his cock against her lower back while Doug's rested against her belly and she wondered just how much sleep any of them would get tonight. Before they could do more than nibble and kiss her lips, jaw and neck Cass pushed back and slipped from between them.

"We should get inside, guys. Doug and I both have speeches to give and I don't want to miss the first dance between the bride and groom." She held her hands out to them and walked between them across the lot. "We have the whole night ahead of us."

Doug and Damon both grinned at Cass and she laughed up at them. She was startled to feel that uneasy sensation at the back of her neck again and glanced back over her shoulder. She couldn't see anyone but still felt like someone was watching her.

"What's wrong?" Doug asked while Damon looked behind them as well trying to see what she was looking at.

Cass pushed away the odd feeling and shrugged her shoulders. "Just anticipating the evening," she said making both men groan with frustration at the long hours that lay between then and now.

Cass was anxious when she, Doug and Damon managed to follow behind the exiting bride and groom a few hours later, until she caught sight of her car across the lot. She was furious then. They were all hurrying across the lot toward the back where they had left Cass' car and Doug's truck when suddenly Cass let out a shriek and started running. Doug and Damon hurried after her having no idea what was wrong

until they got closer to her car. Cass was already bending over checking out where someone had used paint, probably a spray can, to write obscenities across Cass' paintwork. Both men could tell she was getting madder and madder as she took in each new word boldly painted on her car. *WHORE* was on the hood, *SLUT* on the driver's side, *CUNT* was on the back and the passenger side was graced with the rather tame insult of *BITCH*.

Damon pulled Cass into his arms while Doug dragged his cell phone out to call Ben and see if one of the many cops still at the reception could come out or get someone on duty to come out. While he talked quietly into his phone Damon did his best to soothe their very pissed off lover.

"I'm sorry sweetheart," Damon murmured. He was feeling guilty for their very public displays of affection with Cass. He and Doug hadn't even tried to be discreet and Damon was pretty sure that they were somehow to blame for the damage to Cass' car.

"Why?" Cass demanded. "You didn't do this to my car."

"No but still..." Damon started to say but Cass interrupted him.

"I felt like someone was watching me earlier but I didn't see anyone so I ignored it," Cass muttered angrily. "That was the second time I felt that way in the past two days."

"What!" Damon said sharing a look with Doug before Doug headed across the lot to meet with Ben. "Why didn't you say something earlier? Doug or I could have checked it out."

"I don't know," Cass cried out. "I wanted to get into the reception and I did check but there was no one behind us. You looked too. Did you see anyone?"

"No," Damon admitted as Doug headed back to them with Ben and one of the other police detectives in Legacy, Charlie Tate. "But then, I didn't know exactly what I was looking for either."

By then Doug, Ben and Charlie were there and looking at the slow trickle of people following them across the parking lot Cass exploded. "Oh, great, let's just invite everyone out to take a good look at my car. Let's take a poll and see who agrees with it."

"That's enough, baby," Doug gritted out. "I know that you're upset but that's no excuse to take it out on people who care about you."

Cass took a deep breath and tried and failed to smile. "I'm sorry, everyone, Doug's right." Cass admitted to the crowd now gathered. Besides Doug and Damon and Ben and Charlie, there was Griff and Catherine, Katie, Jack, Roman, Shep and Chetan. "It's just that this was my mom's dream car and look at it," she managed to whisper trying like mad not to burst into tears in front of everyone.

"Oh, sweetheart," Damon pulled her to his chest and Cass let go and cried. She was oblivious to the looks that passed between the two men in her life over her head.

Doug passed his keys to Damon and helped him get Cass into the truck. "Go ahead and take her home. I'll take care of this and get a ride to the apartment and get a bag together for her. I'll meet you when I'm done. Keep an eye on her."

Damon nodded and let Doug lift Cass up into the cab of the truck. "I'll take care of this for you, baby," he whispered as he kissed some of her tears away but they were quickly replaced by more. "I promise, baby."

Cass nodded and didn't object when Damon pulled her across the seat and belted her in beside him. She laid her head against his shoulder and continued to cry quietly, breaking Damon's heart with every silent tear.

Doug watched them pull away and turned to those around him. "What needs to be done?"

Ben and Charlie were looking at the car and sighing. Finally Ben shook his head and said, "We could haul it in to the police lot and fingerprint it but there is no way to know if we'll get anything especially taking into account all the people who may have touched it in passing. The best bet would be to tow it to a shop and have it repainted. I'd have an alarm put on it as well so that nothing worse happens to it without someone being alerted."

"Shit, Ben, I was afraid you'd say that," Doug groaned.

"I'll put a Crime-stoppers blurb in the paper and on the radio," Charlie added. "This is a pretty public lot so maybe someone saw something."

"Cass said she felt like someone was watching her earlier when we were headed in," Doug told them. "She said that it was the second time she'd had that feeling in two days."

"That's not a good sign," Charlie looked at the car again and shook his head in disgust that someone could defile such a car. "Any ideas on who could have done this?"

Doug took a deep breath and grunted out, "Our house was broken into a while back. Nothing stolen that we could place but we thought it might have been a woman we had seen a few times."

"Think she could have done this?" Ben asked.

"Maybe," Doug said. "She didn't take it to well when we called it quits."

Charlie pulled a pad of paper and pen from the inside of his suit jacket, "What's her name and we'll check it out."

"Nikki Damato," Doug said.

Shep stepped up then and asked in a deadly calm voice, "Do you think Cass could be in any danger from your psycho ex?"

"I'll take care of Cass. I don't need your help," Doug informed him before looking back to Ben and asking, "Any ideas on where to take the car?"

"I can take care of the car," Shep snapped out. "I know where she goes for service and can take care of everything."

"I'll do it," Doug snarled. "I said I don't need your help."

"You don't have exclusive rights to caring about her," Shep snarled back. "Cass is like a little sister to me and I'm not going to walk away just because you're seeing her now."

Catherine stepped up with Roman right beside her and informed them both, "That's enough, boys. Cass doesn't need you two fighting over her this way. Ben, you and Katie take Doug and Griff back to the apartment to pack a bag for Cass. Katie, you'll know better what she'll need for work tomorrow. Then Griff can take Doug home. Roman, you'll help Shep take care of the car?" Catherine asked the tall man beside her.

"No problem, R...Catherine," Roman corrected his almost slip.

"Good," Catherine said turning to take Doug's arm and pulling him toward Ben's SUV. "What is more important right now, Doug, getting home to Cass or fighting over who takes care of her car?"

"You're right, Mom," Doug sighed.

"Can I get that in writing?" Catherine queried her son with a smile making everyone laugh as they reached the big Durango that Ben had bought when they found out Katie was pregnant. "I'll see you all later. Give Cass a kiss for me," Catherine said before giving Griff and Ben a hug and kiss. She stopped in front of Katie and hugged her only daughter tightly. "You're ready, baby," she whispered in Katie's ear. "It's time to face it and lay it aside. I know that this may be hard for you. You haven't been back there since you were attacked and almost raped. But it's time to face your demons and lay them aside once and for all. You can do this." With that Catherine waved to her children and walked to her own car trying to discreetly look at the man still standing in the lot by Cass' car, the man she feared she was in love with.

## Chapter Six

Ben held tight to Katie's hand as they rode up in the elevator to the second floor of the apartment building. "You don't have to do this if you don't want to," he whispered into his wife's ear. Katie had not been back to the apartment since her attack. Instead she had gone straight to Ben's house and never left.

"Yes, I do," Katie smiled up at her husband. "Mom's right. It's time to settle my demons."

"If you're sure," Ben said.

"I'm sure," Katie murmured but she could feel her heartbeat speeding up as the elevator doors slid open and they headed down the hall. It took every ounce of willpower she had to force herself to follow Griff and Doug over the threshold and into the apartment that had often haunted her dreams since that last afternoon she had spent there. She knew that it was Ben's solid presence behind her that helped her face it. She almost faltered when Doug headed down the hall to the very room that Katie had used when she stayed there, the very room where she had been hit and almost raped.

"Come on," Doug called, lost in thoughts of Cass.

"Damn it, Doug, give her a minute," Ben snarled at him holding his wife's hand in his while she gathered her courage.

Doug turned at that and one look at his sister's face was enough to remind him of what she had lived through here in this apartment, in the room he now stood in. "God, Katie, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. You don't have to do this. I'll take care of it."

"I'll do it," Katie snapped as she took a deep breath and stepped into the room. "I'm sure Cass would appreciate having the things that she needs in the morning instead of what you might pick out."

"Thanks," Doug told her as she pulled a gym bag from the closet and began to open drawers her racing pulse calming as she pulled out more clothes than Doug would have ever thought of. "Does she really need all that?"

"Yes," Katie laughed, "she does. She teaches spin, step aerobics, kick-boxing and tomorrow is stripper-cize as well. She'll change a few times during the day and each class requires a different shoe..."

Doug tuned his sister out after he heard the words "stripper-cize". "She teaches stripper-cize?" he mumbled making Ben grin.

"Gil watched Moira teach that class as I recall and he said it was quite stimulating," Ben declared roguishly while Katie laughed. "Perhaps you should check it out, Doug."

Doug just gritted his teeth and waited patiently for Katie to finish putting the bag together for Cass. "Thanks, Katie," he said as he took the bag from her and headed out of the bedroom to get Griff. "I'll see you guys later."

Ben took Katie in his arms and held her close to him, "All right, baby?" he asked.

"I'm okay," Katie told him as Griff hollered down the hall to them to lock up when they left. Katie had been given a new key to the apartment when the locks were changed like the rest of the family since this apartment had become a stopping place for them all so locking up wouldn't be a problem.

Ben eased out of the room and Katie sat down on the bed overcome with memories. Ben was back quickly and shut the bedroom door and flipped the lock when he came back in.

"What are you doing?" Katie asked her husband.

"I made sure the front door was locked and headed back to ravish my beautiful wife," he said as he began pulling his clothes off.

Katie giggled, "You can't wait until we get home?"

Ben smiled as he stopped beside where she sat on the bed and reached for his zipper. "Sometimes the easiest way to conquer old memories is to create new, better ones," he said as he released his swollen cock from his tux pants.

"Umm..." Katie purred and licked her lips with anticipation. "I'm all for that," and she leaned forward and sucked his stiff erection into the back of her throat making him as weak in the knees as he always made her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Damon carried Cass from the truck through the garage and into the house. She had stopped crying and was silent in his arms. That worried him more than her tears had. "We're home, sweetheart," he whispered to her. He carried her through to the big bedroom and set her down on the closed toilet lid while he turned the water on in the big Jacuzzi tub. He turned and began helping her out of her heels and then her dress like she was a doll instead of a full-grown woman. When she was completely naked, he sat her back down and began stripping off his own clothes. By then the water was high enough and he turned off the faucets and turned on the jets before lifting Cass into his arms and stepping into the foaming water with her.

Damon eased them both into the water and settled her between his legs, pulling her back against his chest and stroking his hands down her arms. "I'm really sorry that happened to your car, sweetheart."

"It's not about the car, Damon," Cass murmured. "Not really anyway. I guess I just connected it to my mom and it felt like someone was doing that to her to the only piece of her I have left."

"Oh, sweetheart," Damon hugged her close. "Your mom will always be with you whether you can see her or not. Trust me," he took a deep breath. "My mom died when I was just a kid but I've always felt like she was with me, watching over me."

"How old were you?" Cass asked.

"I was twelve when she died." Damon ran his fingers up and down her arms absently as he spoke of his past. "She caught pneumonia and since we didn't have health insurance she didn't go to the doctor and ended up dying of complications."

"I'm so sorry Damon," Cass whispered. "Did you go to your dad?"

"No," the answer was short and sharp and she could feel the tension in him. "I went into foster care until I turned eighteen. I lucked into a really great family. Mark, my adoptive father, was a teacher and the high school football coach."

"Ahh...Catherine mentioned that you and Doug played football together in college," Cass commented.

"Yeah, Mark was the best thing that could have happened to me at that point in my life," Damon confided. "He taught me to love the game of football which gave me a diversion, something to focus my attention on. I owe him a lot."

"Was he a single parent or married?" Cass questioned thinking that most foster parents had to be married to be certified by the state.

"He was married and had a little girl, Sheila, but his wife didn't care much for me so..." he let his voice trail off and Cass got the feeling that he had already shared more than he had intended to. She was surprised when he added, "Sheila was great though, followed me around whenever she could. I think she fancied herself in love with me and Doug too when I went to college. She was so mad when I wouldn't let her tag along with Doug and me when we visited for a few days for her mom's funeral. She sure had the temper to go with her red hair back then." He shook his head and gave a strained laugh and Cass could tell he was uncomfortable for having shared so much.

"You don't see them any more?" she couldn't keep from asking.

"Not in years," he replied vaguely and she knew there was so much more that he wasn't saying but she wouldn't press him now.

She turned slowly in the tub moving her legs to the outside of his so that she faced him and took his face into her hands. "I'm glad that you were there for me today. I may not have shown it at the time but I really appreciate you and Doug taking care of me," Cass whispered as she brushed her hands over his smooth chest and shoulders.

"You're our woman, Cass," Damon said. "Of course we took care of you."

Cass smiled as she leaned forward to nip along his jaw. She could feel the long, hard length of his erection nudging her stomach and it felt so good. Too good to waste. "You know when I woke up with Doug this morning I gave him a blowjob," she murmured against his lips. "Maybe I should give you the same treatment?" she questioned as she rubbed her nipples along his chest.

"Umm..." Damon murmured, "I'd rather you slid that slippery little pussy over me and took me all the way to your core, sweetheart."

"I can do that," Cass moaned as she suited words to action and slipped a hand into the water to guide him to her opening. He was thick and hard and felt so good as she slid slowly down his length taking him all the way into her. They both moaned with pleasure when he was fully seated in her pussy and Damon leaned forward to take her mouth in a kiss that was both sensual and erotic, filled with slippery tongues meshing and mating. He helped her to glide up and down his swollen member in a slow and easy rhythm that was like savoring a slice of euphoria, moaning as each new layer was uncovered and explored. They reached orgasm together, her pussy tightening around him and greedily milking him of every drop of cum.

Damon looked her in the eye and said from his heart, "I'm falling in love with you Cass."

Cass smiled and kissed him tenderly on the lips before divulging, "I think that I know just how you feel, Damon."

They took their time washing off, each taking turns soaping the other with the large loofah sponge on the shelf. It was a slow sensual massage of flesh against flesh filled with an eroticism that had them both wanting, no needing more. By the time they were squeaky clean they were both panting for breath and Damon's cock was tall and proud begging for attention again. They barely made it to the bedroom before the towels were dropped to the floor.

Cass pushed Damon back to the bed until he sat down on the side and then she pushed him until he was reclined on his back. "I've been looking forward to wrapping my lips around your big cock all day, Damon. So why don't you just lie back and enjoy while I take care of you."

Damon groaned as she braced her palms on his thighs and leaned down nuzzling her face in his groin. "Have mercy, sweetheart, I'm already on fire here," he told her.

Cass took her time licking and sucking and nipping every inch of his luscious cock. "I love the taste of you," she whispered against the head "so salty and sweet at the same time." She ran her tongue all around and under the sensitive head of his shaft sucking it but never taking it all the way into her mouth. "I wish Doug was here with us sharing this moment."

"You're really okay with the three of us together?" Damon managed to get out between his teeth.

Cass laughed against his flesh bouncing it on her jaw making him clench his hands in the bedspread and gritted his teeth harder. "It's a little late to worry about that now," she told him. "I am with you both and I like it. No, that's wrong. I love it. I'm afraid that you two will spoil me for anything else."

She was startled by the sharp slap on her rear that Doug gave her. He had entered the room so quietly while they were involved that she hadn't even realized he was there. "There won't be anyone else, Cass. You belong to me and Damon now and



neither of us intends to give you up.” He held her hips firmly in his hands preventing her from moving from her position bent over Damon’s legs with her face in his lap. She heard the rasp as Doug lowered his zipper and shoved his pants down his legs and off. His cock was thick and hot on her back as he palmed and squeezed her ass.

“Move up the bed, Damon, and give me some room, would you,” he told his best friend and waited till Damon was all the way on the bed before helping Cass move to straddle Damon. He moved away and she could hear him opening a drawer while he told her what he wanted her to do. “I want you to slide your pussy onto Damon’s cock and sit there with him inside you not moving.”

Cass took Damon in her hand and rubbed him along her folds lubricating him before sliding her pussy down his long length. They both groaned and Damon grabbed her hips and held tight to help keep them both from moving while they waited on Doug. She felt Doug get onto the bed behind them and move up into position behind her straddling Damon’s legs as she was. When Doug reached her he nipped and sucked at her neck before pressing her shoulders forward and having her lay her upper body down on Damon’s.

“Now hold still, baby, while I get you ready for me,” he told her and used his fingers and the tube of lubricant he must have taken from the drawer to prepare her for his hard cock. It was erotic torture to lie there unmoving with Damon’s cock buried deep in her pussy and Doug working his well-lubed fingers in and out of her ass.

“Hurry, Doug,” Cass implored. “I can’t take much more.”

Doug groaned and replaced his fingers with his cock pressing firmly against her until he gained entry and slid slowly into the hot, tight vice of her ass. She gripped him like a tight fist squeezing him with every breath she took. “That’s so good, baby, so good. I love the way you grip my cock with your hot little ass sucking me in as far as I’ll go.”

Finally he was all the way in and they all managed to stay still for one long moment each enjoying their own extreme pleasure—Doug in her ass, Damon in her pussy and Cass filled full of long, hard cock. They all sighed with pleasure and Doug and Damon began moving in a gentle glide in and out of her filling her at the same time instead of taking turns. She was filled then empty repeatedly and it was slowly driving her crazy driving her past her breaking point. The erotic pinch of pain that Doug brought with every stroke set fire to her blood leaving her teetering on the sharp edge between pleasure and pain. It was too much, then not enough, and all she could do to hold on. Then she couldn’t as she felt like she was flung over a cliff and free falling into nothing. Pleasure rolled through her in flames of fire making every nerve scream from sensory overload and her fingers clenched tightly around Damon’s shoulders.

Doug and Damon were still gliding in and out of her moving faster and going deeper with every stroke keeping her there, just there, consumed by pleasure, tortured with pain, until she was screaming with each new, more intense wave of orgasm that crashed over her through her. Then they were with her, both men yelling their own

release as her body was bombarded with thick, creamy jets of cum released in hot pulses into her ass and pussy burning her with new pleasure.

They all three collapsed on the bed in a tangled mess and Cass never knew when they moved her, cleaned her up and eased her under the sheets and between them in the big bed that still smelled of the erotic sex they had shared. She never heard another sound until the alarm went off the next morning.

The alarm was on Doug's side of the bed and Damon took advantage of that small fact when Doug leaned away to turn it off. Damon reached for her tugging Cass and moving between her thighs burying his morning erection in her pussy with one sharp thrust. He rode her hard catching her knees in his elbows and spreading her wide for his every thrust. Doug turned back and watched with passion-heavy eyes stroking his palm up and down his own hard-on while he watched her and Damon. He lifted his other hand to his mouth and wet his thumb with his tongue before moving it to her clit and rubbing her with slow circles. Cass came with a cry just as Damon pulsed and spilled his own release inside her.

Damon lowered her legs and kissed her softly on the lips before moving away and letting Doug take his place. Doug entered her violently pounding in and out of her juicy pussy. Cass lifted her legs and pressed her heels into his shoulders arching her back and taking every hard thrust he threw at her. Doug rose up to his knees and cupped her ass in his hands filling her with his hard cock with rough strokes that had them both on the edge of orgasm in a matter of minutes. It hit them both at the same time and Cass panted for air as she came and came and came.

Doug eased her legs down and bent down to kiss her while he was still buried inside her. "Morning, darling. Flexible little thing aren't you."

Cass grinned up at him as she replied coquettishly, "I'm a gymnast and was a cheerleader all through school including college."

"My fantasy comes to life," Doug murmured as he coaxed her mouth open and teased her tongue with his. "I like waking up to you in the mornings."

"I could get used to waking up this way myself," Cass agreed.

Doug eased out of her and rolled off the bed unabashedly naked and stretching. "Why don't you hit the shower in here while I start coffee and then I'll jump in after you? Damon's got to head in early so I'll give you a ride into work today and one of us will pick you up later. We can grab dinner in town and see where things go from there."

"I forgot about my car," Cass said amazed. "I can't believe that I forgot about my car."

"Shep had it taken to the place you always use and it won't be ready till the end of the week," Doug told her. "Damon and I will play chauffeur this week."

"You actually let Shep take care of my car?" Cass asked him not even trying to disguise the shock in her voice.

"I wanted to get home to you." He shrugged not telling her of the pissing match he and Shep had engaged in at the time.

Cass eased out of bed and walked up to him hugging him tight thoroughly enjoying the feel of his hairy chest against her still sensitive breasts. "Thank you, Doug. That means a lot to me." With that she headed to the shower in the adjoining bathroom leaving Doug to watch the sway of her lush ass before he shook his head clear and headed naked to the kitchen to start the coffee.

## **Chapter Seven**

Cass was sore and tired and she still had four classes left before the day was over. It took a lot out of a woman to have two such vigorous lovers at the same time. She had aches on top of aches on top of aches with no relief in sight any time in the near future. She headed down the hall toward Moira's office and the little fridge they kept there to get a bottle of water. Cass kept her personal things in the fridge in Moira's office instead of the one in the employee lounge. Usually she and Moira spent their limited down time together anyway either going over club business or personal plans.

Moira was off for the entire week on her honeymoon with Gil. They were spending a week alone in a cabin in the mountains in Tennessee and Cass sincerely doubted if they would ever leave the cabin. Gil had originally planned to take Moira to a beach somewhere but Moira hadn't wanted to be around anyone else so Gil had booked a secluded cabin in the middle of nowhere for them. The cabin came fully stocked with a hot tub and sauna with plenty of trails nearby if they wanted to hike and explore. No television, no phone and no one around for miles and miles. It had sounded perfect to Moira. It sounded perfect to Cass as well.

"Hey, Cass," Kat called, snapping her out of her thoughts, "Can I get you to look at this for a minute?" Cass turned and Kat was holding a catalogue with new workout equipment in it.

"I'm not ordering anything while Moira is gone unless it's absolutely necessary, Kat," Cass informed her.

"We're going to need to order some more balance balls and medicine balls," Kat told her. "The classes are filling up so fast now that I've had to limit the number because of lack of equipment for everyone. Plus we need some more bands for Pilates."

"If you'll make me a list, I'll make it priority one," Cass told her falling easily back into her role as assistant manager after all her time away.

"I'll put it in this catalogue and leave it at the front desk for you," Kat said. "They have some pretty good deals in here if you buy in bulk quantities, which we probably should so that we have some spares on hand."

"I'll take a look this week, Kat." Cass nodded at her. "Thanks."

Cass headed back down the hall to the office and actually made it inside this time before someone else stopped her.

"Hey Cass," Kip followed her into the office. "Here's today's mail."

"Just toss it on the desk," she replied as she finally opened the fridge and took out the coveted bottle of water. She opened it and tilted it to her mouth and took a long cool refreshing drink.

"So," Kip said, "Two guys huh?"

And water spewed every where while Cass coughed and heaved trying to catch her breath. She tried to glare at him but he just grinned unrepentantly.

"Don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm cool with that. You should know that Kat and I don't care about that stuff." His face softened when he spoke about his wife and coworker at Knowledge Is Power. Kat had been attacked by the same killer, Eric, who had stalked Moira. Luckily she had been saved from whatever he had planned for her by the arrival of a stray dog that attacked Eric and protected her. Unfortunately that had put Eric into Kip's path and Eric had used Kip to gain access to Moira and then knocked Kip out. Kat and Kip had survived though and the experience had made them realize just how much they loved each other and the two of them had married shortly afterwards. Kat and Kip had even gone back and found the dog, adopting him and naming him Warrior for his bravery.

Kip's next words showed how great a guy he really was. "We just want you to be happy, Cass, that's all." Then he spoiled it by adding, "and if what we overheard at the dinner is accurate then I would have to say that you are one happy woman."

Cass couldn't help it. She laughed out loud as he bobbled his eyebrows up and down and grinned at her. "Yes, Kip, they keep me very happy," she turned to the desk but tossed over her shoulder, "and satisfied as well."

Kip laughed and headed down the hall back to the nautilus room where he was personal trainer to many of their members and just a helping hand to others, leaving Cass to sort the mail and open anything that couldn't wait. She was surprised when she saw an envelope addressed to her. Her mail was sent to a PO Box at the Post Office and she still needed to go stop the forward she had put on it. She glanced at the letter noting almost absently her typed name with the club's address. She pulled the contents out and felt her heart stop as she realized what it was.

The letter was a cut-and-paste job with words and sometimes letters cut from what appeared to be newspapers and magazines and pasted onto the sheet of paper. Whoever had sent it was quite clear about what they thought of her and what they wanted to happen to her. But what chilled her most were the pictures that had been sent with it. They were of her with Doug and Damon in the parking lot at the restaurant where the reception had been held and even a few of her and Doug outside the apartment building where she was now staying. Her face had been smeared with something red in all of the pictures. It was chilling to look at and terrifying to know that someone felt that way about her.

Cass picked the phone up and called the first person she thought of. "Hey, Roman this is Cass. Is Jack there? Can you get ahold of him? Yeah, I need him to come take a look at something for me. Someone sent me some hate mail at the club and I don't know what to do."

Cass thought about calling Doug and Damon but there wasn't really anything they could do about it and she didn't have their cell numbers or their business number

anyway. She would see them soon and would just wait and let them know about it then.

\* \* \* \* \*

The men arrived in force. Jack, Roman, Shep and Chetan arrived with Ben and Charlie. Ben wasted no time in telling her that Doug and Damon were on their way as well.

"You called them?" Cass asked incredulously.

"You'll learn this family soon," Ben replied as he and Charlie pulled on gloves to look at the letter.

It was vicious in its content and explicit as well. Her name was placed at the top, each letter cut out in capitals and bold red in print. Following this were words cut and pasted in a vast display of colors, fonts and capitalization from the tame like "bitch" and "jezebel" to the more harsh like "cunt", "slut" and "whore". Then the threats began. Threats that Cass would die by burning like the witch she was. Whoever had sent the note was clearly disturbed.

Charlie was the first to notice that there was no postmark on the envelope which could mean any number of things, including that the person had been in the building and slipped it into the pile of mail collected on the receptionist desk. So at some point that day between the time the postman delivered the mail and the time that it had been brought to Cass, the letter was added. This meant that whoever was sending the threat felt confident enough to come into Knowledge Is Power and not fear being noticed. That or it was someone who was already a member. Not comforting thoughts either way for Cass.

Shep had his arm around Cass' shoulders while Jack and Roman discussed safety precautions to take with Ben and Charlie. Security had been updated with the whole stalker incident with Moira but no one had thought about the mail as a threat. Now they were talking about bodyguards and posting a guard at the front desk.

"You can't post anyone at the front desk," Cass said. "This is a place of business first and foremost. According to Moira we had plenty of members who were scared after the shooting in the building who are just now feeling comfortable and secure enough to return. I won't have them scared again."

"We're talking about your safety here, Cass," Shep informed her. "I don't think that there is a single person in this room who will risk that for anything."

"Moira would put you first Cass and you know it," Jack reminded her.

"I know that," Cass said, "but there's no need to. There are enough cops who come here now to work out when they're off duty that they could keep a discreet eye open while they were working out. Most of them probably already do anyway. If one of you four wanted to stay during the day and shadow me, then that would be fine as well." She looked to Jack, Shep, Chetan and Roman. "I'm not going to hide though. I've got a

job to do, a bigger one with Moira on her honeymoon and quite frankly I've missed it. I love what I do and I plan to continue doing it for a long time."

"Not if someone stops you," Shep said, "permanently."

"So far it's only threats, words painted on my car and now the letter," Cass returned. "How do we know that's not all they have in mind?"

"We don't," Charlie said, "but you should be prepared either way. One of you stay with her at work." He turned to look at Shep, Jack, Roman and Chetan. "And we'll put word out so that the cops who work out here will keep their eyes and ears open as well. We don't want to scare whoever this is off by going overboard. If this person does plan something it would be better if it occurred here instead of elsewhere. We can keep on top of things here a lot more easily."

"Thank you, Charlie," Cass said. "I knew I liked you."

Charlie cursed under his breath as he felt the deep flush heat his face and neck. Sometimes it sucked being so light skinned with his vivid red hair and pale blue eyes. At only six feet he was one of the shortest people in the room along with the one they called Chetan but Charlie didn't have Chetan's physique so that left him feeling odd man out. He had always been more of the brain type than the brawn which made Charlie both good and feeling challenged at his job. "No thanks needed," he mumbled, "Just doing my job."

Thankfully a commotion outside distracted everyone from him and Charlie was able to relax. He was no good in social situations.

Doug burst through the open door and scowled at the crowd of men around Cass who looked far too naked for his taste in her sports bra and tight leggings. He scowled even more darkly as he realized that this was probably how she dressed for her job every day. He didn't like it. Not one bit. It was probably a good thing that Damon was still at work. Only one of them could leave right now with things in full swing at the housing addition they were building and Doug was more dispensable right now since most of his stuff was on foundations and structural support while Damon was in charge of all the wiring and making sure everything inside was completed above code.

He walked around the desk and pulled Cass from Shep's side into his arms dropping a kiss on her head before looking at Ben and Charlie. "How bad is it?" he asked without preamble.

Ben held the letter up in his gloved hands so that Doug could get a look at it. Doug flushed redder with every word that seemed to jump off the page at him. He squeezed Cass closer to him and only loosened his grip when she pushed against his chest in protest. She was a lot shorter in her tennis shoes than her usual three-inch heels and the top of her head only reached the middle of his chest. Looking down he had a perfect view of her voluptuous breasts displayed in the sports bra she had on. "I'll take you home for the day," he told Cass.

She looked startled, "I'm not going anywhere. I have more classes today before I can leave. Actually the next one starts in half an hour so I really need to wrap this up, gentlemen," she said to the room at large.

"You can't stay after this," Doug said.

"I can and I will," Cass fired right back. "Ben and Charlie agree with me. Shep will stay the rest of today until I'm done." She looked over to Shep for confirmation.

"Sorry, no can do, love." Shep shook his head at her. "I left Griff alone on a job we're on and I should get back and check on him soon."

Before Doug could take issue with what his little brother was into, Roman spoke up. "I'll stick around for the rest of today and we'll work out a schedule among us for the rest of this week. Does that sound all right with everyone?" he looked pointedly at Doug, which irritated Cass.

"That sounds fine with me," Cass replied, "now if you'll all excuse me I need to get ready for my next class."

She didn't make one step before Doug pulled her up short and hauled her back up against him. "That sounds fine, Roman. If you guys wouldn't mind, I'd like a few minutes alone with Cass."

Cass was really pissed when she watched them all leave trailing out one after the other including Shep who closed the door behind him only taking the time to glance at Doug and say, "Take care of her," before exiting as well.

Doug sat in the chair behind Moira's desk and pulled Cass onto his lap. "Now, darling, before you take your punishment do you want to tell me why you chose not to call either Damon or me?"

"Punishment?" Cass gulped. He didn't look like he was joking in the least so she hurried to add, "I didn't have any numbers for you. You can't be angry with me for something that was out of my control."

"Not buying it, baby," Doug told her. "Katie is in the building and Moira has all of our numbers in this lovely little planner book that she keeps on her desk. So you had plenty of access to finding them if you really wanted to."

"I didn't even think to look in the planner and I honestly forgot about Katie being downstairs," Cass tried to explain.

"Then we'll just have to make sure that you don't forget again." He stood up and headed over to the door where he flipped the lock then turned back to face her. "Take off your clothes, Cass," he ordered her while he stood there with his legs braced apart his arms crossed over his chest.

"Wh-What?" Cass demanded.

"You heard me," he said and just stood there. "Take off your clothes, Cass. Now."

Cass took one look at his face and saw the hurt there. Hurt she had caused by not turning to him and Damon first no matter how much she hadn't meant to. She slowly pulled off her clothes and shoes until she stood naked in front of him.



"Turn around and bend over the desk. Brace yourself with your arms." He told her still just watching. Cass reluctantly did as he said. "Spread your legs," he said, "Wider." Cass complied and felt flushed not with fear as she would have expected but if she were honest, excitement and longing.

She could feel Doug move behind her, heard the pop of the button on his jeans and the slow rasp of the zipper as he lowered it. She felt his hand caress the silky smooth flesh of her ass and just when she started to relax he gave her a sharp smack that made her cry out and her pussy moisten. "From now on, the first call that you make will be to either me or Damon," he gave her a sharp smack on the other cheek. "Do you understand?" he asked her softly.

Cass nodded vigorously, lost in pleasure but he smacked her again and demanded. "Answer me!"

"Yes," she cried out as quietly as she could as another smack landed across the burning cheeks of her ass. He had told her how he liked to be in control, to know what was going on with her and where she was. He was dominant and possessive but she knew that it was because he cared for her. There wasn't a mean bone in his body and although the smacks to her ass stung and left her cheeks reddened from his palm, she knew exactly what they were. Foreplay.

Doug held his hand over her red cheeks keeping the burn on her flesh. "You are with Damon and me now Cass. That means that you no longer turn to any other man to help you. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, yes," she hastened to answer him not wanting any more smacks on her ass. She could feel her juices spilling down her thighs from her pussy and was startled at how excited she was by this. No, she didn't want anymore smacks. She wanted him. Now. Taking her just as hard and fast as he could.

"I don't like seeing you so undressed in a room full of men, Cass. It makes me crazy with lust," he moved behind her and pulled her up on her tiptoes so he could line his cock up with her wet opening. "It makes me want to stake my claim in a very public way. Do you know how close I was to laying you out on this desk and fucking you while they watched? Don't push me that way ever again, Cass. Don't defy me or I'll do just that. I don't care who watches me fuck this pussy or this ass," he punctuated this last with another sharp smack to her buttocks. "You are mine." He rammed his cock into her dripping cunt and started a violent pounding that had her struggling to stay on her feet. "Mine," he grunted as he slammed in and out of her, his cock hitting deeper with every stroke. "Mine," he whispered again and Cass knew that he spoke with awe and not possession. The truth was she was his just as he and Damon were hers and she liked it that way.

She was keening and moaning her own pleasure struggling to keep from screaming, confused by how his dominance was arousing her to the point of orgasm so quickly. She loved him like this, loved his loss of control and his all-consuming need to claim her in so primitive a manner. She was so close to release she could feel the knot tightening in her womb as the slow burn filled her blood.

Doug smacked her ass just then, sending her over with a deep throaty moan, "You're mine," he grunted. "Say it! Say who you belong to," he demanded of her.

"You," Cass panted. "I belong to you, Doug. I belong to you and Damon." She glanced back at him over her shoulder and added, "And you belong to me. Only me. You and Damon. Mine. All mine."

Doug came inside her with a low groan that vibrated through his chest and collapsed against her back struggling to catch his breath while Cass did the same beneath him. He pulled out and turned her to him tilting her chin up so he could see into her golden brown eyes. "I love you, Cass. Don't ever forget that. I want to be the man you turn to. I need to be that man."

Cass was stunned by the sheer emotion on Doug's face. He was always so strong, so invincible that she hadn't realized just how much he had come to care for her so quickly. She and Damon had discussed it. She knew that Damon was falling for her and she had admitted that she was falling for them as well. But it was in this one unguarded moment that she realized that it was already too late for her. She had fallen head over heels in love and there could be no going back for any of them.

Cass cupped Doug's face in her hands and smiled with all her newfound feelings shining brightly for him to see. "I love you too, Doug. I love both you and Damon. I will never lose sight of that again."

"Was I too rough on you, baby?" Doug asked her softly reaching his hand around to rub her ass gently.

Cass grinned up at him and shook her head. "Never, big boy. You could never be too rough for me."

"I'm glad to hear that. I know that I can be aggressive during sex especially when I'm afraid," he added.

"You have nothing to be afraid of," Cass replied.

"Someone is sending you letters, damaging your property," Doug told her. "And I've never been more afraid in my life. I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to you. That's why I want to know where you are. I can't protect you if I don't know."

Cass smiled up at him realizing maybe for the first time just how much he did love her.

Doug pulled her close and bent to kiss her. It was the most beautiful kiss of her life magical, melting her, a perfect blending of two souls. In it lay the promise of forever. One eagerly given and wholeheartedly accepted.

## Chapter Eight

Cass walked into her bedroom at the apartment and pulled her suitcases from the closet. Roman had spent the rest of the day with her and then brought her home where he had searched the apartment before finally leaving her safely locked inside to wait for Doug and Damon to arrive. She knew they would demand that she go home with them. She figured that she would save everyone time by already being packed and ready to go.

Thanks to her afternoon delight with Doug she had been pressed for time to reach her next class which happened to be a spin class. She usually took it easy on Mondays especially since she was just getting back into the groove of things herself. Thanks to Doug though, her ass was sore and the seat felt uncomfortable prompting her to initiate a lot of hovering over the bike seat and the ever unpopular popcorn jumps that had you sitting down on the bike only to hop back to a standing position. It was a hell of a workout though, a high intensity exercise that burned calories as well as making the muscles in your thighs and glutes scream for mercy.

All Cass had wanted was to spend half an hour in the sauna to de-stress and unwind but Roman had forbidden it since Moira was attacked and almost raped in the sauna. It was in the woman's center and Roman wouldn't be able to go with her and protect her. Cass had understood even if she did wish otherwise. So here she was hurrying through a shower so that she could repack clothes she had just unpacked instead of taking the long hot soak her body was begging her for.

When she was dried, dressed and had everything packed though, no one had arrived yet. It was already seven thirty and Cass who hadn't had dinner yet was getting hungry. She was ready to walk down to the corner to the pizza shop when she heard a key in the door and Griff walked in. His clothes were rumpled and stained and he smelled like week-old garbage.

"What in the world happened to you?" Cass asked as she tried to discreetly cover her nose.

Griff grimaced as he looked at her. "I know... I know... I stink. I had a little run-in on the job."

"No offense, Griff, but maybe you should think of doing something else then," Cass spoke through her hand which she was now holding completely over her nose and mouth, her need to not smell the stench outweighing her need not to hurt his feelings.

Griff just shook his head and grinned. "Nah, I really like it." At her raised eyebrow he clarified, "The job. I would have been fine but the damn stairs gave out when I tried climbing onto the balcony of an apartment building and I fell into the Dumpster ripe with garbage." He looked down at himself and grimaced with distaste.

"Maybe you should stay away from Station Street," Cass managed to get out. "Please, Griff, go take a shower and burn those clothes."

"How did you know I was on Station Street?" he asked.

"That's the only place I know of in Legacy where you would find a building with faulty balconies and Dumpsters filled with over-ripe garbage. God, Griff, take a scalding hot shower and literally burn those clothes. You have no idea what could have been in those Dumpsters. Count yourself lucky that you didn't get cut or jabbed with a dirty needle."

"I'm going, I'm going," he mumbled as he let her shoo him down the hall toward the bathroom. "I'm starved though. Can you order some dinner? Or are you heading out the door?"

"I was just thinking about heading down to the pizza place on the corner. Any favorites?"

"Umm...I'll take a large with every thing. If you're expecting Doug and Damon, you better get a few. Plus Shep is heading over too," Doug told her. "My wallet is in my back pocket," he nodded at his hip. "There should be a couple of twenties in there."

"Thanks, Griff, but I've got it this time," Cass told him as she grabbed her purse and headed for the front door. There was no way she was touching him right now. "Just have that smell gone before I get back or no one will have an appetite."

Cass hurried out of the apartment building and turned to walk the short distance down the sidewalk to the pizza parlor on the corner. Griff was in the apartment and she was only walking a few feet. It was broad daylight still. She was lost in thought and didn't see the car pull away from the curb behind her and begin slowly following her. Cass was just planning to enter the busy pizza parlor when her cell phone rang. She moved farther out on the sidewalk to answer the phone not surprised to hear Doug's voice.

"Where are you?" he asked without preamble.

"Well, hello, Doug. I miss you too," Cass said. "The day has just dragged on without you."

Doug chuckled, "Okay, sorry. Hi, baby. I've missed you. Now where are you? Damon and I are at the apartment and no one's answering."

"Griff's in the shower. Please do not get him out too soon. He fell into a Dumpster of ripe garbage and he smells of it," Cass told him. "I'm right on the corner getting ready to order some pizza for dinner. Griff and I are both starving."

"We'll meet you down there in a few, babe."

"Okay," Cass sighed as Doug disconnected on her. She turned to enter the pizza parlor to place their order planning to come back out and wait on Doug and Damon. She ordered four large with everything and one small cheese lovers for her and was told that it would be about twenty to thirty minutes. She had just stepped out onto the

sidewalk when she heard the squeal of tires and looked up to see a car speeding down the road. *What an idiot*, she thought as the car barreled toward her. She just had time to make out a woman behind the wheel when the car swerved toward her without slowing down.

Cass jumped back on the sidewalk trying to seek shelter behind a parked car. The car careening toward her jumped the curb, sideswiped the car beside Cass and jerked back onto the road disappearing in a squeal of tires and brakes around the other corner. Cass was shaking so hard she thought she might literally shake apart when suddenly she felt arms grab her from behind and jerk her roughly back into a hard chest. She shrieked until the soothing sound of Damon's voice made it through to her.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Damon was saying. "We're here now. We're here."

Cass turned in his arms and burrowed against his chest. Damon held her closely soothing her with his hands and voice. "Doug's calling Ben on his cell. If we don't want a big public scene, we better calm you down before he gets over here," Damon whispered in Cass' ear as he placed kisses along her cheek.

*Too late for that*, Cass thought as she heard someone approaching. She felt Doug even before he wrapped his arms around her and pressed against her back. People were pouring out of the pizza parlor and other places of business and Cass knew they were the center of attention. It wasn't every day that a woman was caught in the arms of not one but two men on the streets of Legacy. Cass knew they were causing a sensation but realized that she just didn't care. She needed to feel their arms around her. If not for the car parked at the curb, she would have been hit and possibly killed by whoever was driving that car. She was almost positive that it had been a woman but it had happened so quickly that she couldn't be one hundred percent sure.

Doug and Damon held her close between them both running their hands over her body to assure themselves that she was unharmed, both placing kisses on her face and hair. Cass reveled in their touch, feeling safe and secure in the shelter of their arms. She didn't care that people watched, didn't care what anyone thought. She felt Damon start to pull away and grabbed his shirt with her hands holding him close.

"Don't leave me," she begged.

"I'm not, sweetheart," he tried to soothe her. "I just don't want to cause you any embarrassment. People are watching us, Cass."

"I don't care. Let them watch. I love you and Doug and I need you both to hold me for just a moment, please," Cass looked deeply into his eyes watching Damon's soften with emotion at her words of love. "Just for a few minutes I want you both to hold me."

Doug and Damon tightened their arms around her, glad to fulfill her request regardless of their curious audience. They were still together when Ben arrived followed by a blue and white Legacy police car with two uniformed officers inside. Ben came to them while the two officers immediately split up. One went to canvass the crowd to see if anyone had seen anything. The other tackled the irate man who was

yelling about his car. Ben must have spoken to the officers over the police radio on the way to the scene filling them in on what had occurred.

Doug and Damon stayed close, standing on either side of her like quiet sentinels while Cass went over what she had seen. She explained to Ben that she was just hanging up from talking to Doug when the car came down the street and swerved toward her hitting the parked car instead. She thought it was a dark blue four door but wasn't sure what make or model since it had all happened so fast. Doug and Damon had seen the car speed down the street but hadn't realized what had happened and didn't pay close attention to it. They all agreed that it was a four-door sedan and all agreed it was a dark blue. The paint transferred to the parked car appeared dark blue and Cass noticed one of the officers scraping some off into a little baggie.

"We'll check the paint and see if we can't get a dealer match on it. Most car companies have their own particular shades of color so we might be lucky and find out what four doors were painted with that particular color. We'll get it to the lab and hope," Ben said as one of the officers approached them.

"What did you get, Simons?" Ben asked the young officer. Cass couldn't help but take notice of the young cop, how beautiful his ebony skin was and how he had the most startling green eyes she had ever seen. He was shorter than the other men, maybe five foot seven or eight but he was stunning. When he spoke it was in a deep baritone that sent shivers down her spine. No one that beautiful should have that incredible a voice as well. It just wasn't fair.

"Let's see," Officer Teddy Simons answered. "The car was blue, black, dark green and one lady swore it was dark brown. The driver was a black, white, Mexican man/woman with blondish brownish ebony hair." He shook his head in frustration. "Basically we got squat."

Ben shook his head and grinned when he noticed Cass staring so intently at Simons making Doug and Damon notice this as well. Doug nudged her and Ben laughed.

"Cass Sinclair, this is Officer Teddy Simons of the Legacy Police Department. Simons, this is Cass, Damon Roberts and Doug Daniels, Gil's brother." Ben introduced them.

"You can quit staring at any time, Cass," Doug said dryly making Teddy grin showing perfectly straight blinding white teeth.

"It should be a sin for a man to be so beautiful," Cass said, making Ben, Damon and Doug shake their heads and Teddy laugh.

"Why thank you," Teddy told her still grinning big. "I have to say that you're quite beautiful as well."

"And quite taken as well," Doug said with a fierce frown at the flirting policeman.

Teddy laughed. "I can tell you're Gil's brother. You're too much alike not to be, same fierce expression, same black hair, same blue eyes, same height, same possessiveness. Where do you Daniels hide these beauties?"

"Knowledge Is Power," Cass told him. "It's a gym here in town where a lot of cops have started coming to work out." She looked at his bulging muscles. "You look like you work out. You should come check us out."

"I'll be sure to do that." Teddy grinned at her shaking his head as Doug pulled her closer to him. "Possessive," he murmured.

Doug just grunted but Damon, Ben and Cass all laughed. Cass cuddled close and whispered to Doug. "I love your possessiveness," she told him making Doug smile softly down at her.

Ben sent Teddy back to the station with the paint chips and assured them that he would personally follow up on this incident. He urged Cass to be careful and not to go anywhere by herself again then headed back out. Damon went in to retrieve their pizza order and then they all three headed back to the apartment. Griff was thankfully cleaned up and smelling better when they got there and Shep was sitting on the couch flipping through the channels on the television. They all sat around the living room while Cass and Damon and Doug explained what had just happened to Griff and Shep.

"You okay, sugar?" Shep asked Cass.

"Yeah, I'm fine now," she assured him. "Thankfully Doug and Damon were there exactly when I needed them." She placed her hands on the thighs of the men who sat on either side of her on the smaller sofa in the room diagonal to both the television and the couch that Shep and Griff were seated on.

"Chetan will be with you tomorrow and Wednesday at the club. Griff and I have Thursday and Friday." Shep told them all. "Someone will be with you the whole day while you're at work. Your car won't be ready till the beginning of next week so Griff can take you to work in the morning and whoever is watching you will make sure you get back here after work."

"She'll be staying with us from now on so Damon or I will get her to work in the morning and then pick her up here or at the club before we head home," Doug said and Cass could feel the tension in him and knew that he was just waiting for her to argue with him.

"My bags are already repacked and waiting in the bedroom," she said instead, surprising him and Damon both. "I'm ready whenever you guys are."

Doug stood and pulled her to her feet. "I'm ready to head home for a shower," he said. "I'll get your bags and we'll go." He placed a quick kiss on her lips and went down the hall to gather her stuff.

Damon slipped his arm around her and hugged her close bending to place a kiss on her lips as well. "I'm glad you didn't argue, sweetheart," he whispered for her ears only.

"I've already been punished once today," Cass whispered back rubbing her bottom. "Once was enough."

Damon's eyes fired with lust letting Cass know how much it turned him on to think of Doug spanking her. Cass knew that she was in for another night of slippery erotic sex when they got her home. She was looking forward to it.

They barely made it in the door before Damon had her against the wall and was pulling her shirt over her head and unfastening her bra. He immediately latched onto her nipple and sucked it vigorously flicking it with his tongue, nipping it with his teeth. Cass felt Doug pulling her skirt and panties down her legs and stepped out of them at the prompt of his hand. He was on his knees in front of her and when he had her completely naked he placed one of her legs over his shoulder and tasted her pussy with a slow glide of his tongue. He licked and nibbled at her flesh savoring her like a much loved dessert. The contrast of Damon's harsh suckling and Doug's slow savoring was an aphrodisiac in itself.

Cass bucked and cried out but neither man was ready to release his hold on her. Damon moved from nipple to nipple until both were swollen red and throbbing before moving up her throat with soft nips and bites marking her with his need. Doug continued to slowly explore her quivering pussy with soft laps of his tongue and gentle nips at her wet folds and throbbing clit. He continued to bring her to the brink but would not allow her to go over. After three near orgasms that were so close Cass could almost touch them Doug finally relented sucking her clit while stroking two fingers in and out of her sweet pussy letting her crest over that edge into oblivion.

Cass cried out her pleasure sagging against the hands that held her as she grew weak from the intensity of her release. Damon swept her up into his arms as Doug stood and then followed her and Damon down the hall to Doug's big bedroom. Damon placed her gently on the bed and she watched with hooded, passion-glazed eyes as they disrobed and made to join her. Cass stopped them at the edge of the bed lying flat so that their long thick cocks bobbed in her face. She took them in her hands and stroked each with a slow glide of her palm down their length.

She leaned forward and took Damon deep into her mouth sucking and licking his willing flesh while she continued to stroke Doug with her hand. Damon palmed the back of her head and fucked slowly in and out of her suckling mouth moaning at the pleasure she was giving him. Doug placed his hand over the one she had wrapped around his erection and pumped both up and down his cock squeezing her fingers tighter around him. Both men were moaning and Cass was enjoying every touch, stroke of hand and tongue and taste she was given. Both men pulled away and Damon joined her on the bed while Doug opened the bedside drawer and removed a large tube of lubricant.

Damon reclined back on the bed and pulled Cass astride him lifting her until his cock was pushing against her slick pussy begging for entrance. Cass took him in her hand and guided the large head of his cock so that it was pushing into her forging the way for the long length of his staff to follow. He lifted and lowered her a few times



before taking a deep breath and pulling her down to him leaving her ass up and ready for the lubricant Doug was squeezing onto his fingers.

Doug pushed two fingers into her ass making her cry out at the unexpected invasion. She knew that he was going to take her there but he usually took time preparing her, lubing her until she fairly dripped. This time he seemed beyond the slow buildup. Gone was the slow exquisite torture of before. He thrust his fingers fully inside her working the lube deep before removing his fingers and applying more. His fingers disappeared and she could hear him slathering more lubricant onto his cock before he placed the plum-shaped head against her ass and pushed his way inside.

It was torture for a woman to feel so full, so complete, so desired by two such well-endowed and talented lovers. Their cocks were fully seated inside her and she was already close to orgasm. They started a hard fast rhythm gliding in and out of her in synchronicity filling her and emptying her with every quick stroke. Damon popped a nipple still swollen and red from his earlier attention into his mouth and nipped softly at it while Doug reached a hand down between her and Damon's bodies as Damon leaned back a little and plucked her clit between his thumb and forefinger.

Cass broke with a sharp keening moan not knowing what to scream, whose name to cry out as her orgasm ripped hard contractions through her belly and the inner muscles of her pussy and ass bit down on the cocks sheathing in and out of her body. Doug and Damon both joined her crying with their own releases as they pumped hot jets of creamy cum into her body. Slowly Doug and Damon turned so that they all lay together side by side by side on the bed. They lay joined for a long time lying on their sides with Cass still speared on their softening cocks struggling to catch their breaths. It was several minutes later before anyone made it to the shower.

## Chapter Nine

Cass received another letter in the mail the next day at the club. This one had been mailed locally and was just as descriptive. The words *WHORE* and *CUNT* jumped off the patched-together page at her but she had to laugh when she saw the phrases *SEXUAL DEVIANT* and *GANG BANGER*. Doug and Damon were pretty awesome in bed but they weren't actually a gang. Someone was really taking exception to her new – and in her opinion improved – sex life.

Cass sighed and waited in the office with Chetan for Ben and Charlie to arrive and take charge of the letter. Chetan had been careful not to touch it with his bare hands instead using a pair of gloves he pulled from the pocket of his low-slung jeans and a pen from the desk to open and lay the letter out for them to read. Cass enjoyed having Chetan with her. He was unobtrusive, just there always in his quiet way keeping constant watch over everything around him.

She had known Chetan as long as she had known Shep but really knew very little about him. He was of Native American descent but she didn't know any specifics. His skin was a warm toffee color, his hair a jet black ponytail hanging down his back but his eyes were a smoky gray, deeper and darker than Roman's. He was the shortest of the group of men he worked with at only six feet but he was toned and muscular and his eyes dared anyone to think they could take him. Shep had told her once of how good Chetan was with his hands in a fight and the man could wield a blade like no one else. According to Shep there was always a Ka-bar knife on Chetan somewhere.

Cass sat back in the chair behind Moira's desk and looked over Chetan from head to toe. He was wearing low-slung jeans that cupped his ass and molded to his hard, well-muscled thighs. He had on a gray pullover t-shirt that almost matched the color of his eyes and on his feet were sneakers. She had no idea where he could have hidden a knife on his body. Chetan just smiled at her which made Cass flush when she realized how intently she had been checking him out.

"It's a good thing your guys aren't here now," Chetan spoke softly, his natural voice low and sexy. "I don't think they would appreciate just how hard you're eyeing me, sweet stuff."

"I was just looking for your knife." Cass told him bluntly. "Shep says you never leave home without it."

"Shep talks too much," Chetan said and nothing more.

"What are Shep and Griff working on that they couldn't be here today?" Cass asked just to fill the silence.

"Don't know," Chetan said.

"Griff fell into a Dumpster yesterday," Cass laughed as she remembered. "He reeked so badly that I begged him to burn his clothes."

"That right," Chetan said.

Cass huffed out a breath and tried again. "So, Chetan, how long have you known Jack?"

"Long time," Chetan answered.

"Where are you from originally?" she asked and flushed again when Chetan raised an eyebrow at her. "I mean that you're not originally from Legacy."

"Nope," Chetan replied.

"So where are you from?" Cass was getting irritated.

"Here and there," Chetan told her with a smile that let her know that he knew exactly how he was aggravating her.

"Anyone ever tell you that you talk too much?" Cass fired at him.

"All the time, sweet stuff, all the time," he answered as Ben and Charlie finally arrived at the open office door.

"So you got another one," Ben said as he and Charlie pulled gloves on and looked over the letter and envelope.

"Same typing, same cut-and-paste job." Charlie spoke softly as he looked over everything. "Who opened it?"

"I did." Chetan reclined back in his chair and watched. "Used gloves."

"Good, good," Charlie muttered. The pure viciousness of the letter's contents upset him. "No prints found on the last one except Cass' which makes sense since it was stuck in the middle of the pile of mail. This time I'm afraid that there are going to be too many prints since it went through the mail. We'll take it in anyway and see what we get." He sounded frustrated.

"Thanks, Charlie," Cass spoke and touched him softly on the arm.

Charlie flushed bright red again and glared when Ben laughed at him. "You're welcome, Ms. Sinclair. I only wish that we could figure out who's sending these to you. I hear that you were almost involved in a hit and run last night."

"Yeah, thank God there was a car for me to jump behind or I would have been road kill at the rate the car was coming at me." Cass shuddered as she remembered the car speeding toward her.

Ben reached out and put his arm around her giving her a friendly hug. "You're safe now, Cass, and we're going to do all that we can to make sure that you stay that way."

"Thanks, Ben." Cass smiled at him and his attempt to reassure her.

"And here I thought you were my own personal white knight," Katie said from the door making Chetan grin, Cass laugh and Ben jump.

"Damn, woman, you scared me half to death," Ben grumbled as he headed to his wife who was just starting to get a little bump where their baby lay in her tummy. He

immediately reached a hand out and rubbed her with a soft caress of his fingers. "How are you and baby feeling today?"

"Baby is fine," Katie told him. "I'm hungry."

Ben looked at Katie and saw the heat in her eyes realizing exactly what she was hungry for. "What luck," he told her in a low purr, "I was just getting ready to take a lunch break. Why don't I go feed you, sugar?"

Katie laughed and they left the room arm in arm oblivious to everyone else.

Charlie sighed as he watched them head down the hall, "There goes my ride back to the station."

"No sweat," Chetan told him. "Cass doesn't have class for another hour so we can give you a ride back and stop for something to eat on the way. Looks like this is your lunch break."

Cass looked at Chetan with awe prompting him to say, "What?"

"My God, Chetan, that was the most I've ever heard you say. I think it was close to two whole sentences, all at once."

"Careful, sweet stuff," Chetan told her as he clasped her arm above the elbow and led her out to his car with Charlie following behind them.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been another long day for Cass and she was dog tired. She followed behind Chetan down the hall to the apartment door standing back and waiting for him to unlock and take an initial scan inside. He held the 9mm Smith & Wesson handgun loosely at his side taking no chances after two letters and one attempted hit and run. He pulled her in behind him and placed her just inside the door as he searched the apartment for any hidden intruder. He seemed to spend a little extra time in the bedroom she was using and she saw why when he came back out and shut and locked the front door.

"Someone's been here," he told her. "They weren't too happy."

Cass followed him back down the hall and gasped as she took in the state of the bedroom. The few clothes that she had left behind here were older workout clothes and a few odds and ends so that she would be able to shower and change while she waited on Doug and Damon if she needed to. Everything was ripped and the pieces littered the floor. The bed looked as if it had been shredded with a knife. Lamps were shattered on the floor, broken pieces everywhere. Her purse-size perfume and deodorant, body lotion and other odds and ends that she had left were stomped into a mess on the floor. The red lipstick she had left had been used to leave a message on the mirror.

*THE WHORE SHALL BURN* was printed in bold red letters that no one could miss and the rest of the lipstick was smeared into the mirror and top of the dresser.

Cass was devastated as she took it all in. Someone had broken in and done all this damage because they hated her. She heard Chetan talking on his cell phone and knew

that he was probably talking to Ben. This stuff wasn't even hers. This was Gil's stuff and she could only pray that none of it was family heirlooms that would be irreplaceable. The lamps had been pottery pieces that she thought were fairly new but the bed and dresser were older, more solid pieces than could be found today. She would replace everything that she could and pray that Gil would not be too upset with her.

She heard voices heading down the hall toward them and looked up to see Doug standing there. She had no idea how long she had been standing there looking at everything but it must have been a while, at least long enough for others to arrive anyway. Her gaze locked onto Doug's and she was across the mess and in his arms burrowing close, breathing in the reassuring fragrance that was uniquely him. Here was her comfort, her safety assured in the hard clasp of his arms around her body. She shuddered as she wondered for the first time if she could be placing him in danger. The thought of him or Damon being hurt because of her made her eyes widen with new fear.

"I need to find somewhere else to stay," she whispered.

"You already have," Doug told her. "You're with Damon and me now."

"No," Cass shook her head almost choking on the words she needed to say. "I can't stay with you any more. It's not safe."

Doug frowned down at her. "You'll be safe with us, Cass. No one will get you at our house."

"Look at this mess, Doug. Look what this person has already done. She's destroyed your brother's things all because of me." She yelled at him but Doug just shook his head at her.

"They're just things," he spoke quietly, calmly, in direct contrast to her increasing anxiety. "They can be replaced. You can't."

"Neither can you," Cass yelled at him suddenly revealing her real terror. "She followed me here. What's to prevent her from following me to your house?"

Doug gripped her arms and pulled her flush against his hard chest. "I am. Damon is. We'll protect you with our lives if we have to, darling."

Cass looked up at him tears filling her eyes and pouring down her cheeks. "Don't you realize that's what I'm afraid of? I can't lose you. Either of you. I won't risk you."

"You won't have to," he told her softly wiping her tears away with his fingers. "Don't you see that we would protect you anyway? You're everything to us. We would never be the same without you."

"Oh, Doug, I love you so much," she whispered cupping his face in her hands and pulling his lips down for a slow soft kiss.

"I love you too, baby," he murmured before taking her mouth again in a kiss that was erotic in its very simplicity. She let him hold her while they waited for the police and she was still in his arms when the officers left hours later. At some point Shep and Griff had arrived, informed by Chetan of what he had found. The bedroom Cass had

been using was the only room that had been tampered with, but Griff looked through his stuff as well to be sure. Finally when the last of the police left Damon arrived looking stressed and angry.

"I saw all the police cars out front and nearly killed myself rushing up here," he said as he pulled Cass into his arms and squeezed her tight. "What the hell happened here and why didn't someone call me?" He glared at Doug.

"No one called me either," Doug informed Damon. "I found all this when I got here to pick Cass up. I did call you though and leave a voicemail message. Check your phone."

Damon picked his phone up and looked at it. "Damn thing's on silent mode still. I forgot to turn it back on after the meeting I had with the electricians." He cuddled Cass closer and nuzzled his face into her hair. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. It won't happen again."

"I'm fine, Damon," she assured him. "I wasn't here when whoever it was broke in."

"We all done here now?" Doug asked Ben and Charlie who were still there.

"Yeah, for now," Ben told him before turning to Cass. "That's two letters in two days, an attempted hit and run and now this. Be very careful, Cass. Don't go anywhere by yourself. Period."

"Another letter?" Doug asked looking hard down at Cass. "Never mind," he said before she could answer. "We'll talk about it at home." He turned to look at the four other men in the room—Shep and Griff and Ben and Charlie. "I want Cass to stay at the gym from now on until one of us comes to pick her up. No more coming here." He looked at Griff and added, "Get the locks on the door changed and have Mom take care of getting someone to clean the mess up before Gil and Moira get back. We'll see you all later."

Doug and Damon herded Cass out of the apartment, down the hall and into the elevator. Cass could feel the anger pulsing off them in waves and knew that she was in big trouble for not calling them earlier when she had first received the second letter. She had thought about it but then she and Chetan had left to take Charlie back to the station and pick something up to eat. She had hurried to be at class on time when they got back to the gym and in the rush of the day had just forgotten to call them. Once Doug had her in his truck and Damon was following behind them in his Doug confirmed her thoughts.

"You're in big trouble, darling," Doug told her. "You know why?"

"I should have called you earlier when I saw the second letter in the mail," Cass replied.

"You're damn right you should have, baby. When we get home you're going to go straight to the bedroom and strip naked. You'll sit there and wait for Damon and me to come in and give you your punishment." He looked at her hard before asking her, "Understand?"

"But Doug," she tried to say but he interrupted her.

“Understand, baby?”

Cass shook her head and swallowed the fear choking her as she looked at his hard face. “You’re so angry, Doug. Please don’t hurt me.”

Doug looked surprised at her words. “I would never hurt you, Cass, no matter how angry I am. You will be punished though because you disobeyed what I told you. But you have no need to fear me, baby.”

Cass nodded and swallowed again feeling anticipation and fear as well as an erotic hunger for what she knew was coming. She knew his discipline would consist of a spanking, his hand or Damon’s or perhaps both of them smacking her ass and turning it a soft shade of red. Cass could feel her pussy growing wet just from the thought of that punishment and shook her head in disgust at her own eagerness for the feel of a hard palm striking her ass. She was both terrified and amazed at the sexually submissive woman she became when she was with Doug and Damon. How had her life come to this?

## **Chapter Ten**

Cass sat on the edge of the bed stripped completely naked and listened anxiously for the sound of footsteps coming down the hall that would tell her that Doug and Damon were finally coming to her. How had her life come to the point where she was eagerly awaiting her lovers to come and discipline her, craving the sharp smack of their hands on the cheeks of her ass warming them and making them blush red? She had been sitting there for ten minutes but it felt like hours to her. She refused to budge knowing how much this moment meant to all of them. It was a way to deal with the fear and the helplessness that both of her lovers felt. It was a way to reassure everyone that she was alive and well. So she sat and waited her pussy dripping with anticipation and her ass tingling for the first sharp smack it would be given.

The turning of the door knob startled her. She hadn't heard them coming to her and yet now here they were. Damon stepped into the room first. He was dressed in loose stretch pants and one look at her sitting there naked and waiting and his cock was long and hard, tenting the material. He was barefooted and bare-chested, his wavy blond hair showing where he had been running his fingers through it.

Doug stepped in after him dressed in nothing but sweats as well. His cock was thick and hard pushing against the band just below his belly button seeking a way out of its confinement. His chest was covered with the thick mat of black hair that Cass had come to love spreading across his chest and trailing down his abdomen in a straight line that pointed the way to heaven. She licked her lips prepared for anything, for everything, or at least she hoped so.

"Stand up, baby," Doug ordered, stopping only to shut and lock the door behind him before crossing the room to stand beside Damon in front of the bed.

Cass rose hesitantly now that the moment was here unsure of her desire to submit and obey but all it took was one look into their eyes to remind her. Damon sat on the bed where she had been and Doug opened the drawer in the bedside table and removed a tube of lubricant and a very large plug which she had the uneasy feeling was for her ass. Doug's next words removed any doubt.

"I want you to bend over Damon's knees and brace your arms on the floor, baby," Doug told her as he opened the tube of lube and began using it on the plug in his hand.

"What...What are you going to do with that?" Cass couldn't keep the question in.

Doug didn't look at her as he worked the lube onto the plug making it glisten, "You're going to bend over like I told you to and brace your arms on the floor. Then Damon is going to spread those pretty cheeks and lube that tight little ass for me while I get this plug nice and slick." He finally looked at her when he spoke next and there was no missing the desire and dominance in his face. "This is part of your punishment,



Cass. You should have called one of us like you were told to do. *Immediately.*" There was no disguising the fear in his voice, the look of helpless frustration in his eyes. "Now you're going to take this plug in your ass and then you're going to take your spanking. Now bend over and get in position."

Damon patted his knees and pulled her over to him. Cass took a deep breath and slowly lowered her body until she was in the position Doug wanted her to take, stomach balanced on Damon's knees and her hands braced on the floor. She could feel Damon spreading the cheeks of her ass and then the nozzle of the tube of lubricant was inserted and the cooling gel filled her ass. Damon slowly inserted one finger into her, working the gel deep inside her, preparing her for that plug. His finger was removed and replaced once more by the nozzle then two of his fingers plunged into her, stretching and shafting her ass with hard strokes. The fingers were removed and the nozzle filled her again forcing more of the cool lubricant into her ass. Then there was nothing, no nozzle, no fingers. Cass held her breath and waited, her nerves on edge, her body quivering for something she didn't know how to prepare for.

"Brace your body with your hands, baby, and press back into the plug when I push it against your ass," Doug told her and she felt Damon spreading her ass even wider as Doug bent over them and positioned the plug.

It was large and it burned as Doug worked it into her, the hard rubber unforgiving as it stretched and bit at the sensitive tissues of her ass. Cass cried out as it finally lodged fully inside her and both Doug and Damon removed their hands. She could feel their eyes on her ass looking closely at where she was speared on the rubber plug. Every movement made the plug shift inside her, rubbing against the nerves there and making her cry out in pleasure, in pain, in confusion. Her breathing became shallow as she tried to limit her body's movement and accept the hard plug in her body.

Just when she was starting to relax the first blow landed on her right cheek making her clench around the plug and tearing a scream from her throat at the sensations that caused. Another blow fell on the left cheek and she clenched and screamed again.

"You know why you're being punished, sweetheart," Damon told her. "You have to learn to keep us informed of what's happening with this. You could have been seriously injured," and another blow fell on her tingling ass.

Cass cried out as she clenched on the plug begging for release, from the spanking, from the plug, from the fiery need pulsing in her womb and coating her pussy with slick juice. The blows continued to fall like rain and a finger was pushed into her dripping cunt fucking her in rhythm with the spankings pushing her higher and higher toward an orgasm that felt like it would surely rip her apart with its intensity. Cass screamed and bucked as she finally splintered tightening on the fingers fucking her pussy and the plug filling her ass until she felt like she would crush them. Her body wouldn't come down, the large plug keeping her keening as her orgasm whipped through her until every tiny touch sent more small tremors through her.

She felt the plug pulled from her ass and she was turned until she was astride Damon and he was pulling them both back on the bed making room for Doug to join

them. Damon shoved his sweats down out of the way and his hard pulsing cock slammed into her still convulsing pussy spearing her so deeply it felt like he was in her stomach. She was shoved forward so that her arms braced automatically on the bed above Damon's shoulders and he latched onto a rigid nipple violently sucking and biting it with his teeth. Doug rammed his cock into her ass and set in motion a fierce pounding that Damon readily joined in.

Cass didn't recognize herself. It was like she was an animal snarling and rutting with her mates as she gave as good as she got. She pulled her nipple from Damon's mouth and bit down hard on the spot where his neck met his shoulder making him buck beneath her shoving his cock so deep it was a painful pleasure. Doug leaned forward and bit her in the same spot and they all slammed into orgasm with harsh guttural groans.

It was a long time before anyone was able to move and even then it was only to fall to the side so that Cass was cradled between the two men their hands softly stroking her.

"Sweet Jesus," Doug moaned, "I've never had sex that intense before."

"Me neither," Damon replied softly kissing Cass on the lips before asking, "Are you okay, sweetheart? Did we hurt you?"

Cass gave a throaty purr that had both men growing hard again. "You hurt me so good," she leaned forward to give Damon a hard possessive kiss stroking his tongue with hers before turning to give Doug the same treatment sucking his tongue into her mouth and rubbing it with hers. "Hurt me again, Doug. Fuck me like an animal," she begged him her eyes burning with the need to feel her men taking her again.

Doug jumped up from the bed and went quickly to the adjoining bathroom and Cass could tell from the running water that he was cleaning his rock-hard cock so that he could take her pussy this time. He was back instantly his cock shiny and still wet from the bath he had given it and Cass couldn't stop herself from leaning forward and nipping his shaft with her teeth before running her tongue around the bulbous head and sucking him deep into the back of her throat. Doug cried out filling his hands with her hair and fucking his cock into her mouth as she sucked him. Damon was palming and gently slapping her ass with one hand while he fucked her pussy with two fingers of the other hand.

Finally Doug pulled his pulsing cock from the tight wet heat of her mouth wanting to feel the slippery heat of her sweet little cunt around him instead. He shared a look with Damon and then Damon's hands were gone and he was lying on the bed. Cass started to turn and straddle Damon but Doug caught her shoulders and shook his head no. He helped her to place her knees on either side of Damon's hips but she was facing away from Damon looking at Doug instead. She felt Damon positioning his cock between the cheeks of her ass and then she was being filled with his hard length. Doug helped her to lie back against Damon's chest and Damon locked his legs inside hers and spread both of their legs wide.

Doug looked down at her and smiled a predatory look in his eyes. "I'm going to fuck your pussy, baby. I'm going to fuck it hard just like you asked me to and you're going to scream for me."

He rammed his pulsing hard-on violently into her pussy like the animal she wanted him to be. He shafted his large cock in and out of her the motion working her on Damon's rigid length buried so deeply inside her ass. Damon turned her head and took her mouth in a fierce kiss sucking and biting at her lips and tongue while Doug bent forward and bit sharply on her nipple before sucking it into his mouth. Damon left her mouth and bit her on her neck on the opposite side from that already bearing the mark of Doug's teeth. He sucked the flesh against his teeth and Cass screamed at the rough love bite. Doug lifted his head and turned his neck so that he could bite down on the other side of her tender neck. Cass arched and cried out wrapping her arms over Doug's shoulders and lifting up just far enough to bite down on the skin above his nipple.

Doug cried out and slammed hard inside her grinding his pelvis into hers while his cock pulsed and shot load after load of his hot seed inside her clenching pussy. Damon reared beneath her cramming his spurting cock deeper and deeper with each hot load of semen he spent inside her ass. And Cass reveled in every hot blast they gave her taking it all and wanting more. Her own orgasm wasn't as intense this time pulsing through her in soft waves but no less wonderful than the one before. Doug shifted to the side turning her and Damon with him so that they were all on their sides once more their harsh pants and gasps for breath filling the air.

Cass reached a hand back and clasped Damon's fingers and used her other hand to take Doug's hand. "I love you both so much. I'm so glad that I found you, that you wanted me as much as I wanted you."

"I love you too, sweetheart," Damon replied kissing her shoulders. "We'll never let you go now."

But it was Doug's response that took her breath away. "Marry us, baby. Marry us and never leave."

\* \* \* \* \*

Cass was still reeling from those two words as she went through the motions of teaching her classes the next day at the gym. *Marry us* seemed to echo through her head, through her heart and she couldn't seem to focus on anything else. She could still see the way that Doug had shuttered his gaze when she had just lain there not knowing what to say. She had hurt him with her silence and Damon as well though he did his best not to show it.

The truth was that she wanted nothing more than to marry them and live happily ever after but life was never that simple especially when you were talking about one woman and two men. There were laws against that type of arrangement which meant that she would have to choose one of them to marry and leave the other to live with

them and hope that he didn't feel left out or hurt by her choice of the other. How could she do that? How did you choose between two men who meant everything to you? It was like someone telling you that you had to choose which arm to keep knowing that the other would be cut off but still available to use when you needed it. She just couldn't choose and because of that she had hurt them both anyway.

Cass was despondent when the letter arrived again in the mail. She let Chetan call Ben and Charlie at the police department while she called Doug and Damon at their office.

"Daniels Construction," a cheery female voice answered, "How may I help you?"

"Hello, may I speak with Doug Daniels or Damon Roberts please?" Cass asked.

The voice wasn't so friendly this time, "May I ask who's calling?"

"This is Cass Sinclair," Cass answered "they'll know who I am."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Sinclair," the voice stated sounding anything but. "Mr. Daniels and Mr. Roberts are in a meeting right now and cannot be disturbed." Then the woman hung up on her. Cass stared at the phone in surprise. Then she got pissed.

She sat silently stewing while Ben and Charlie arrived and took the letter. Cass hadn't even bothered to open it this time recognizing it from the typing on the envelope. Charlie opened it with his gloved hands and flushed red as he looked at it. Ben and Chetan looked over his shoulder. Ben coughed and looked away and Chetan gave a low whistle before looking over at her.

"What," she demanded beyond pissed and steadily heading to full-blown anger as they continued to look at her.

"Perhaps it would be better if you didn't see this one," Charlie told her as he started to fold the letter up again.

"Oh no you don't," Cass said and grabbed the paper from him not caring that her hands were bare and would leave prints. She gasped when she turned it around and looked at it. Not a letter this time but a picture. The picture showed a very naked woman lying spread-eagle on her back on the floor of a room she didn't recognize, her body outlined in chalk. The head was Cass'.

"That's not my body," was the first thing Cass could think of to say. "How the hell could someone put something like this together?" she demanded.

"It's pretty easy if you know how to cut and paste on a computer. Most come with some version of Photoshop now," Charlie told her. "We already know that she has pictures of you from the first letter she sent."

"You said 'she'," Cass pounced on that admission. "Do you know that for sure or just a guess?"

Charlie looked at Ben for help and Ben shrugged and answered. "The woman made a mistake when she broke into the apartment. We were able to get a shoe impression from the carpet. Not enough to know who but enough to know that she was wearing a woman's athletic shoe size eight. Katie is a six and you are a seven so that leaves you

two out. No other woman has been inside that apartment in quite a while so we're fairly certain that the person doing this to you is a woman."

"A woman," Cass said and her eyes took on a hard sheen. "Then I know just who to ask about this." She held the letter in her hand and looked at Chetan. "Get your keys and let's go."

"Umm," Charlie uttered stammering as he tried to get her attention and get the letter back from her. "Could I get the picture back from you?"

"Hell no," Cass told him. "You haven't made any headway with the first two so why bother with this one? This goes with Chetan and me."

Ben shook his head to cut Charlie off before he could even try to say anything else. "Cass," Ben tried, "this one could be the one with prints on it. Don't let your anger help her to win."

Cass glared at him and turned to eye the copier in the corner of Moira's office. "Can I at least make a copy then before you take it to the station and let everyone see what they'll think is my naked body?"

"Yes," Ben told her seeing no other way to get the original back from her. "Cass, I promise that only the people directly involved in this case will ever see this picture. That's me, Charlie and Officer Simons who's still interviewing people about the attempted hit and run and helping check with the Post Office about the letters. Charlie will run it for prints himself. That's it. No one else will see it." Charlie nodded his head in agreement with this.

Cass held the original back out and Charlie took it in his gloved hand and placed it in a plastic bag with the envelope. Cass pulled the copy from the tray on the printer and turned back to Chetan with fire in her eyes. "Ready to go?" she asked him.

He shook his keys and nodded.

"Maybe you should wait to see Doug and Damon, Cass," Ben tried to say but she cut him off with a hard look.

"What I do or don't do with Doug and Damon is nobody's business but mine. I am to call them and keep them informed when anything happens." She informed them all with a truly evil smile that had all three men stepping back. "Funny thing is though that when I tried, their secretary hung up on me. Imagine my surprise at that. So now I am going to go see them like a good little girl and tell them what I received in the mail today." She turned to Chetan and snapped out, "Let's go. Now."

Ben shook his head as he and Charlie followed Chetan as he followed Cass down the hall to the front desk where she informed the rest of the staff that she would be gone for the rest of the day and that they could reach her on her cell if they needed her. She spoke briefly to Kat making sure that Kat and Kit would take care of closing up for the night before she led the three men out of the building to the lot where their cars were all parked. Ben stood on the sidewalk and watched as Chetan helped her into his truck and shut the door.

"Don't let her kill the secretary," Ben hollered at Chetan watching as he made his way to the driver's door.

"Will do," Chetan told him, "but the boys are on their own."

Ben shook his head and glanced at Charlie. "I'm sure glad that I have Katie."

Cass was still steaming when they pulled up at the site where Daniels Construction was working. The trailer that housed the mobile office was off to the side of the houses they were building and Chetan drove his truck until he could park in the gravel right in front of it. Cass hadn't thought about what she was wearing until she slammed out of the truck and all work stopped as the men gawked at her. Only then did she remember the tight sports bra and tiny shorts she was still wearing from her last spin class. She was too pissed to care and paid little attention as the men hooted and whistled while she walked to the door of the trailer.

She slammed it open not caring who was inside or even if Chetan was following her. She zeroed in on the woman behind the desk but was sidetracked when a door opened and Damon stepped out with another man she didn't recognize. Damon looked surprised to see her and he should.

She walked right up to him and slammed the hand holding the picture against his chest. "I got this in the mail today. Just wanted to let you and Doug know so there wouldn't be any misunderstanding later." She scowled at him oblivious to the curious stare of the other man.

"Sweetheart," Damon tried to soothe her, "you could have just called."

"Funny thing about that," she smiled in a deadly way at him just as an irate Doug stormed in the door behind them. "I tried to."

"What the hell are you doing here dressed like that?" Doug demanded heading straight for her just as oblivious to the others in the room as she was. He grabbed her arm and turned her to him.

"If you don't want me showing up fresh from work dressed like this then make sure you take my calls when I do call," she yelled at him.

Damon stepped up behind her and she found herself trapped between the two men.

"Baby, you better explain yourself," Doug said in a low voice that she recognized as the one he used when he was getting pissed about something. *Well good for him*, she thought.

She shoved away from between them then turned and fisted her hands in their shirts tugging them both down to her. She kissed Damon first, a hard fast kiss that revved his motor and left him wanting more before she moved to Doug and gave him the same fierce treatment. "I don't need to explain myself. Not now. Look at the picture I gave Damon. I received it in the mail today. And don't even start, Doug," she told him when he opened his mouth, "I did try to call."

With that Cass pushed them away and stalked to the desk where she leaned down so that she was face to face with the wide-eyed woman who sat there, giving all three men behind her a glorious view of her lush ass hugged in Spandex. Their secretary was young, maybe twenty-four or -five with short brown hair and big green eyes made to look even bigger by the glasses she wore. Cass made sure she had the girl's complete attention before she spoke. "Next time I call," she glanced down at the name plate on the desk before continuing, "Ms. Sharp, I expect to be put through immediately. They," she indicated Doug and Damon who still stood behind her, "are mine. When I call it is important and I either want to speak to one of them or you damn well better take a message. Do I make myself clear?" she demanded of the cowering girl.

"Yessss," the girl stuttered out never taking her eyes off Cass.

"Good," Cass nodded before turning back to Doug and Damon. "Now give me the key to the house. Chetan's going to take me home and I'm going to relax and spend a nice quiet afternoon by myself. You will not follow me home. You will leave me alone because you love me and you know that I need to be alone right now," she told them as she waited with her palm out for the key she requested.

Damon's lips twitched with a smile but Doug's eyes shot erotic fire and promised payback when he got home. He pulled his keys from his pocket and held them out to her. "Take my truck home and I'll hitch a ride with Damon." He latched onto her wrist when she took the keys and used it to pull her to him. "You go straight home and nowhere else, baby. Not while this psycho is still out there." He pulled her roughly against him and kissed her until she moaned rubbing against his bulging erection like a cat. "You can have two hours, baby. Two hours alone before Damon and I head home."

"Okay," she agreed lost in his touch, his kiss until Damon turned her into his arms and took her mouth in a primal kiss that had her rubbing against him as well. With lust-glazed eyes and nipples so hard with need they were rigid points beneath her sports bra, she turned and left the trailer with Chetan shaking his head in amusement as he followed her.

When Cass left Tyler Andrews turned to Doug and Damon and saying, "That's one hell of a woman you have there." Tyler's cock was a hard bulge straining his pants after watching the display that had taken place in the office. Tyler knew two things at that moment—that discussion on the upcoming project he was working on with Daniels Construction was over for the day and that he was in dire need of a willing woman for a good long fuck. Perhaps he'd look up his old buddy Shep from his Ranger days and see what Legacy had to offer.

Doug and Damon nodded their agreement with his comment and agreed to meet with Tyler again early tomorrow morning for breakfast to continue with plans for the office complex they would all be working on next.

Tessa Sharp couldn't take her eyes off Tyler's lush brown locks and his perfect ass in the tight jeans he wore. She remembered the twinkle in his big brown eyes when he

had actually stopped and chatted with her earlier. Perhaps he would be more receptive to her than others had been. Then again, she thought with a frown, he had kept his eyes glued to the busty brunette as well when she had been in the office. Tessa's frown turned into a fierce scowl. Was it too much to hope for a man to look at her like that, with lust in his eyes?

She had worked for Daniels Construction since she was eighteen taking over her mother's job when her mom retired early. Tessa had been a late surprise for her parents who had been in their forties when Tessa was born. Eight years she had been with the Daniels and not once had Doug or Damon looked at her that way. Eight years of being a convenience more like office furniture than a person. She glared at Doug and Damon who were watching out the window still looking at the busty brunette she was sure. Some day they would realize all that she did for them and regret not paying more attention to her.



## Chapter Eleven

Cass reclined back in the big Jacuzzi tub moaning with pleasure as the pulsing jets of water hit along different points of her body soothing and relaxing away all her aches and pains. Now if she could just cleanse her mind as well. There was too much there, too much for her to think about, to deal with. It was driving her mad.

Chetan had followed her home not leaving until she was safely inside Doug and Damon's secure house with the alarm armed once again. She had explored the house not leaving any door closed to her curious eyes. She had happily discovered the door that led down to the basement which had been turned into a state-of-the-art home gym. There was a treadmill, a stationary bike, a rowing machine and a cardio glide. There were free weights and benches, three different size medicine balls and even a dry heat sauna. But what caught and held Cass' attention were the punching bags and kickboxing dummy in one corner of the room.

She had shed her socks and shoes, taped up her hands and feet and went to work shedding her aggression and anger with hard punches and sharp kicks that had the dummy rocking. She spent forty-five minutes de-stressing and was dripping sweat by the time she stopped. After cleaning up the matted floor after her workout and hitting the lights, she climbed back up the stairs and realized she was down to only half an hour before Doug and Damon arrived.

She headed straight to the big bathroom in Doug's room and topped up the tub with water as hot as she could stand before stripping and taking her clothes back out to the hamper in Doug's bedroom. The water was high enough when she returned that she could start the jets and sink deep into the bubbling water. It was pure heaven after everything that had transpired since her return to Legacy to grab a few minutes of alone time and try and corral her thoughts.

She still hadn't come to any decisions when Doug and Damon entered the bathroom. She watched through half-closed eyes as they both shed their clothes and joined her in the big tub. Doug slipped behind her and settled her against his chest while Damon lounged in front of them running his toes up and down her legs as he looked at her.

"I've had a hard-on for two hours, sweetheart," Damon told her. She could feel Doug's impressive length against her back and wiggled closer to it.

"I'm happy for you," she told Damon and at Doug's dry chuckle added, "both of you."

"You know that you're going to have to pay for that little scene at the office, baby," Doug informed her as he bent to trail kisses along her slim neck exposed to him with her hair piled loosely on top of her head with a clip.

"Oh, no," she told him, "if anyone should be punished for that, it's you two." Cass turned and glared at him over her shoulder. "I was only making sure I kept you up to date on what was happening. Following the rules you two gave me."

Damon winced, "Sorry about that, sweetheart, neither of us thought to make sure that Tessa knew to put your calls straight through to us. She thought you were someone else and was trying to protect us."

"Protect you often, does she?" Cass asked with a bite to her voice.

"Careful, kitten," Doug nipped at her skin then laved it with his tongue, "your claws are showing."

"You believe in discipline right, Doug?" she asked him with a purr in her voice that had both men warily looking for a trap.

"Yes," Doug hedged, unsure of where she was going with this.

"I took my punishment like a good little girl, didn't I?" she asked him. "I didn't fight you or deny you."

"No, baby, you didn't," Doug answered her carefully.

"Why was I punished again?"

"You know why, baby," Doug told her. "You didn't do what you were supposed to. You made us worry when all you had to do was call and fill us in."

"Umm..." Cass murmured sliding her foot up and down the length of Damon's erection, "sort of like I tried to do today. Whose fault is it today, Doug? I tried to reach you and I couldn't," she pouted.

Damon groaned as she continued to stroke his cock with her foot and thrust it against her while he answered, "That was our fault, sweetheart. It won't happen again."

Cass leaned her head back and licked and sucked at Doug's neck while she slid one hand back between their bodies and stroked his cock with slow, teasing pulls making him groan and lean his head back against the edge of the tub. When she had him where she wanted him she moaned out, "You're going to take your punishment like a good little boy, aren't you, baby?"

"Yes, oh yes," Doug groaned oblivious to her words focused only on the hard slide of her hand along his cock.

Cass moved her feet so that Damon's cock was caught between them and whispered to him, "And you, Damon, going to take it like a man?"

"Fuck yeah, sweetheart, like a man," he groaned.

Cass moved her hand and feet away from her lovers' bodies and stood up letting the water sluice off her body back into the tub. "Good," she said stepping out and grabbing a towel off the heated shelf. "I'll be waiting for you in the bedroom." Her smile was so big that they both knew they were in trouble.

"What did we just agree to?" Damon asked Doug as they both stood and grabbed a towel.

"I have no idea," Doug answered him, "but I think we're in big trouble here, buddy."

Damon grinned and laughed.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" Doug demanded as he finished drying and wrapped the towel around his waist.

"Just wondering how Cass is going to punish you," Damon replied tongue in cheek. "I don't think you'll fit over her knees but I sure would like to see her spank your ass."

"You sick perv," Doug told him before adding as they headed to the bedroom where Cass was waiting, "Don't forget you'll get yours too."

"Shit," Damon said as they entered the bedroom and saw the ties Cass had laid out on the bed.

"Come on over here, big boys," Cass purred at them. "I'm ready to play."

Damon headed over first followed by a silently cursing Doug. Both men stopped in front of her and were startled when their submissive lover gave them a hard look and commanded, "Drop the towels." When they didn't immediately comply, she slapped a tie between her hands and told them, "Now!"

"Yes, ma'am," they replied and the towels hit the floor. Damon's eyes were twinkling merrily showing how much he was enjoying her little show but Doug's burned with a deeper darker lust letting her know that he would remember and repay her for everything. She was looking forward to it.

She turned to Damon first and made him walk around to the other side of the bed and lie down with his head down by the baseboard. She tied his hands together with one of the ties and used the loose end to bind his hands to the bottom bedpost on the far side stopping to bend down and reward him for his cooperation with a penetrating kiss stroking and sucking his tongue with hers.

When she turned back to Doug, he just looked at her and said, "You know that you're going to pay for this don't you, baby?"

She surprised him by pulling his head down and nipping at his full bottom lip whispering for his ears alone, "I'm counting on it, big boy."

Doug's eyes flared fire and he willingly let her position him at the top of the bed with his arms tied together and then bound to the bedpost at the headboard so that he lay next to Damon on the bed each facing in opposite directions. With a deep sigh of anticipation she walked back around the bed and crawled on top of Damon facing away from him rubbing her pussy on his hard belly. She leaned forward pressing her hips back until she bumped his chin with her dripping folds and took his cock into the lush heat of her mouth.

Damon groaned and bent his head up to lap and suck at her folds trying desperately to drive his tongue inside her tight pussy or to reach her engorged clit. The vixen who had taken over Cass' body wouldn't let him though pulling away from his mouth and saying "No, no, no," over her shoulder. She worked her pussy back down

over his abdomen leaving a trail of juice behind stopping only when she felt the head of his cock lodge against her. She placed him between the folds of her sex and ground down against him making them both cry out with pleasure.

She reached forward and palmed Doug's huge erection in her hands swiping her thumb over the leaking tip and bringing it to her mouth sucking it clean while he watched her with hooded eyes. She leaned forward and took him in her mouth sucking and licking him but never giving him what she knew he wanted while she continued to rub on Damon's cock with her pussy.

"Fuck me, Cass," Damon told her, "put that sweet pussy on my cock and fuck me."

"Not yet," she moaned around the swollen head of Doug's cock. "You have to take your punishment first." With that she switched positions maneuvering her body so that she could grind along Doug's length while she fondled and sucked at Damon's pussy-coated cock. She reached a hand down and held the head of Doug's cock against her pulsing clit pleasuring herself, tormenting him. She licked and sucked the juice she had left behind on Damon keeping her eyes locked on his so he could see how much she was enjoying herself.

"When I get my hands untied, sweetheart, and believe me I will," Damon told her showing her the darker more dominant side that he usually kept under control letting Doug fulfill that role instead, "I'm going to shove my cock in your sweet little cunt and make you scream for it. And you're going to scream, sweetheart. You're going to beg for it."

His expression, his very words coupled with Doug's deep groan behind her sent her tumbling over the edge into orgasm. She could feel her juices spilling out of her pussy soaking Doug's cock and balls. She forced herself to pull away from them and leave the bed where she stood looking at them spreading her legs wide so they could see her gleaming slit. She took her breasts in her hands, kneading and pinching them tweaking the nipples to impossibly tight points before lifting one up and bending her head to suck the tight bud into her mouth making both men cry out and strain against their bonds.

Cass smiled at them and released the nipple with a loud pop before sucking the other one into her mouth. When both nipples were swollen and wet from her mouth she released her breasts and moved her hands slowly down her body until she reached the lips of her pussy. Using one hand she spread them wide opening herself so they could see as she used the other hand to rub across her puffed up clit pinching and rubbing the bud gritting her teeth at the pure pleasure that filled her. She moved the other hand down the slick lips of her pussy and dipped two fingers inside thrusting in tandem with the strokes against her clit bringing herself closer and closer toward orgasm.

Cass threw her head back forgetting her avidly watching audience and living in the moment each thrust of her fingers working her closer to peak until finally with a deep moan she pushed her way over the edge grabbing her orgasm and riding it with all she had. She never knew how they released their hands so quickly but before she could come down they were there turning her and guiding her until she was on her back on

the bed and Damon was above her. He smiled down at her wickedly and then impaled her on his cock slamming into her like he had promised her. He rode her hard plunging his engorged rod violently in and out of her forcing her to take every inch he gave her.

Doug held her arms high above her head not allowing her to touch either of them or herself torturing her as she had tortured them. He bent his head forward and latched onto one of her nipples as Damon latched onto the other one. They both sucked greedily at her flesh punishing her with lips, teeth and tongue. Damon forced a hand between their bodies and pinched the tight bud of her clit pressing it hard between his thumb and forefinger sending her catapulting into another orgasm as he continued pounding into her. One, two, three more hard strokes and he cried out his own release spilling his seed in hot pulsing waves deep into her quivering womb. He leaned down and kissed her just as savagely as he had fucked her raping her mouth with his tongue leaving no part of her unclaimed by him before slowly moving off of her and collapsing beside her on the bed.

Doug moved between her still wide-spread thighs and eased his long thick cock into her still pulsing pussy. He made love to her with slow sweet strokes that soothed and pleased her all at once. He kissed her gently licking at her lips until she opened for him rubbing his tongue along hers. The role reversal wasn't lost on Cass as the men let her see the other side to them. Damon, always the more calm and loving of the two, let her see that he could only be pushed so far before his dominance took over. And Doug always the dominant one was showing her that he could be soft and loving as well sharing with her a tenderness that made her weep.

"Don't cry, baby," Doug told her bending to lick the tears from her cheeks.

"I'm just so happy, Doug," Cass told him as Damon turned to his side and came up on his elbow beside them. "I just love you both so much. Don't ever leave me. Promise me that no matter what comes at us we'll work through it together."

"Always, baby," Doug assured her as he continued his slow easy strokes in and out of her pussy.

"Forever," Damon agreed as he leaned down to kiss her deeply.

Cass lifted her legs up and draped them over Doug's shoulders lifting her pelvis into his thrusts. "Fuck me, Doug. Fuck me," Cass begged him.

Doug was more than happy to do what she asked, immediately speeding up his thrusts pushing harder inside her tight pussy. Damon moved back placing one hand on her breast and tweaking her nipples and using his other to stroke his fully aroused cock while Doug rode her to orgasm. When they came it was together their cries filling the air as Doug spurted in her pussy and Damon rose to his knees and coated her breasts and face with his thick streams of seed.

Cass smiled up at her lovers covered and filled with their semen the scent of sex heavy in the air. "Whoever said three's a crowd definitely didn't have the right three," she told them with a purr making them both laugh and grin with pleasure.

## **Chapter Twelve**

Thursday was Cass' day off normally but with Moira still on her honeymoon Cass was in the office at Knowledge Is Power doing paperwork and printing out the paychecks for the gym employees. It apparently being her lucky day she was cooped up in the office trying to concentrate with Shep and Griff in the room keeping watch over her.

"Would you two knock it off for a while please? I'm trying to concentrate here. If I mess payroll up I'm going to be really pissed," Cass told them growing frustrated at the way they seemed to pick at one another. She was almost ready to call them Felix and Oscar or maybe more appropriately Bert and Ernie. Cass grinned at that thought and gave a small snort or amusement.

"What's so funny?" Griff asked her from his sprawled position in the chair across the desk.

"Nothing." Cass smiled at him and batted her eyelashes. "Just something funny I thought of."

"Want to share?" Griff asked her.

"I don't like to share," Cass told him.

"So the possessive type huh?" Griff kept the conversation going.

Cass thought about that for a moment before answering. "Yes, I guess I am with Doug and Damon," she finally said.

"So you like two guys at once," Griff asked her, "feels pretty good what with women having multiple orgasms and all that?"

Shep choked on laughter while Cass just raised a brow at Griff. "Thinking of trying two men at once, big boy? I'm sure you'll like it."

Griff turned purple and jumped to his feet. "Christ no! I was just wondering if women really enjoyed having sex with two men at the same time, that's all."

"Come on, sugar," Shep cooed, "don't be shy now. You can tell us."

"What is it with the new women in this family trying to turn one of the Daniels boys gay?" Griff muttered.

"Who else tried to say you were gay?" Cass questioned him, eyes wide with curiosity.

"Not me!" Griff defended with a huff. "Moira thought that Doug and Damon were gay."

Cass went off into peals of laughter at the thought of those two having sex with each other. She couldn't see either man agreeing to be on the receiving end. Literally.

That made her laugh even harder. Shep and Griff were chuckling as well though more from watching her than from any thoughts of Doug and Damon.

"So," Shep finally said bringing up something that had been on his mind. "I hear you ran into an old buddy of mine from the Rangers yesterday."

Cass looked at Shep and shook her head. "I didn't meet anyone yesterday. I went straight home after seeing Doug and Damon and talking to their secretary."

"Yeah, my buddy was in a meeting with Damon when you walked in, about a project he's working on with them. He's a landscape designer and just moved here. His name is Tyler Andrews." At her questioning look he went on, "About six foot two, brown wavy hair and brown eyes, the one standing right next to Damon."

"Oh, God, I remember him vaguely but I was pretty angry at the time so I honestly wasn't paying much attention to anyone else at the time," Cass admitted with a groan. "What did he say about me?"

Shep grinned making Cass cringe instinctively. "He said you were one hot woman and incredibly sexy with the temper in your eyes. Called me last night and asked where he could find one just like you."

"Oh my God," Cass exclaimed, "he did not."

"I invited him to come take a look at the gym today knowing that you would feel the need to personally show him around and apologize for yesterday," Shep told her with mischief written all over his face.

"You are such a shit, Shep," Cass told him making Griff laugh and causing Shep's eyes to twinkle.

"Just looking out for you, babe," Shep assured her, "We wouldn't want anyone to think rudely of you or anything. I mean you didn't even acknowledge the man's existence."

Cass groaned and lowered her head to lie on her arms on top of the desk. "One day, Shep, some woman's going to put you through the wringer and I'm going to enjoy every moment of it."

"Never going to happen," Shep told her.

Cass looked up and smiled at him, "Oh, will you be a delight to see fall."

Just then there was a knock at the door and Katie opened the door and stuck her head in glancing around before her eyes landed on Cass. "Got a minute?" she asked her.

"Sure," Cass said, "come on in. I'm just finishing up payroll," she said as she glanced back at the computer screen before hitting print. "What's on your mind?"

"Moir and Gil will be back tomorrow and I was hoping maybe you would be willing to go over to their apartment with me and fix it up a little bit. Just a little cleaning to get rid of any dust and I have a couple of other things in mind," Katie told her.

"Oh, wow," Cass shook her head. "I should have thought of that. I would love to go over and get things ready for them with you. What time do you want to head out?"

"I'll be done here at three for the day," Katie filled her in. "Do you still have a key or should I call Jack?"

"I have a key and Howie is still at the security desk in the lobby of the apartment complex so we shouldn't have any problems." She looked over to Shep, "Is Jack there today or out and about?"

"Don't know," Shep told her. "Jack is Jack and goes where he wants without informing the little people. I know he was supposed to have lunch with some woman named Michelle today. She's been calling trying to catch him."

Katie gasped and everyone turned to look at her.

"Do you know something I don't?" Shep asked her.

"Lots I'm sure," she replied dryly making Griff and Cass laugh and Shep grin. She turned to walk out of the office and threw over her shoulder to Cass, "I'll meet you here at three and we can head over then if that's all right."

"That's great, Katie," Cass said. "Bert and Ernie here will be with me," Cass nodded at Shep and Griff.

Katie grinned and turned back around to look at her brother, "Wow, Griff, and to think that I never even suspected."

"Suspected what?" Griff asked but Shep just laughed and shook his head.

"That you were gay," Katie tossed before turning and leaving the room shutting the door behind her. They could hear her laughing as she went down the hall.

"Christ," he glared at Cass, "For the last time, woman, I'm not gay."

"Bert and Ernie are best friends on a kids' show, Griff. What's wrong with you? Why would you even think something like that? It's a kids' show!" She shook her head at him and murmured just loud enough for everyone to hear, "Dirty minds."

"I didn't...I wouldn't...oh hell," Griff stammered. "Obviously I should try to be more sexually aggressive like my brothers."

"Yes," Cass replied her voice sugary sweet, "I mean no one thinks they're gay or anything."

They all started laughing again at that. She couldn't wait to talk to Moira again. She hadn't realized how much she had missed her best friend until Katie had reminded her that Moira and Gil would be back from their honeymoon tomorrow. Moira would help her make sense of the chaos in her head. If there was one thing that she knew she could count on it was that Moira would always tell her exactly what she thought.

Three o'clock was there before Cass realized it and she and Katie headed out with Shep and Griff for the party store by the mall to pick up a few things to take back to Moira and Gil's. Katie wanted to decorate with a few things and figured the party store



was her best bet. Then they were going to stop at a few places in the mall. They had kept things pretty tame at the reception and were planning to make up for it now.

Cass and Katie rode in the back of Griff's car while Shep rode shotgun. They chatted about everyday things on the trip over. When they got there Katie latched onto Cass' arm and pulled her away from the men to look at the opposite side of the store. They stood looking at different colored streamers and balloons and Cass waited for whatever Katie had on her mind.

"So, you and Doug," Katie finally said.

"And Damon," Cass added not ashamed of her love for the two men.

"And Damon," Katie agreed. "How...are...well..."

Cass grinned at her, "Are you asking me what it's like to be with two men at the same time, Katie?"

Katie blushed red and hurriedly grabbed a couple of rolls of red and white streamers. "I guess," she mumbled.

"It's incredible," Cass told her. "The best part of all is knowing that they both love me and want to be with only me. But I'd be lying if I said that the sex didn't matter. Sex with them is..." she stopped, struggling to think of a word to describe what she felt with them but couldn't. "It's hard to describe. It's like nothing I've ever known before. It's like a delicious chocolate-covered caramel," Cass said her eyes shut an expression of pure ecstasy on her face, "rich, creamy, decadent and impossible to think of without blending the two flavors together." Cass licked her lips and sighed slowly opening her eyes to see Katie gaping at her. "What?"

Katie finally snapped out of it and giggled. "I'll never look at chocolate-covered caramels the same way again."

Cass grinned and laughed. "Come to think of it neither will I."

"You said that they love you," Katie said as they went through the store adding red and white balloons and a big Welcome Home banner to their pile. "How do you feel about them?"

"I love them," Cass confessed then looked at Katie. "If I tell you something, can you promise to not tell anyone else?"

Katie thought of all the secrets she knew and almost laughed. "Yeah," she assured Cass, "I can keep a secret."

"Doug asked me to marry them," Cass told her.

"Oh, my God," Katie beamed at her. "I knew it. I just knew it. So when?"

"I haven't answered him yet," Cass said.

"What? But you all love each other," Katie said as if love was the answer to everything. Unfortunately for Cass it was a little more complicated than that.

"I'd have to choose between them, Katie," Cass pleaded with Katie to understand something that she was struggling to deal with. "Legally I would only be allowed to

marry one of them and take his name. I can't do that. No, I refuse to do that. I won't choose one over the other. I love them both."

"Lord," Katie told her shaking her head. "I hadn't thought of it that way and I bet neither have they. Did you tell them how you feel?"

"No," Cass said. "I've just been kind of ignoring the entire subject."

"Just talk to them," Katie urged her. "Maybe you can all come up with something together."

"You're right." Cass smiled at her. "I should have done that to begin with."

"Good," Katie said turning back to the front of the store. "Let's take care of this and head out."

"Did you see the adult toy store next door?" Cass asked her and Katie nodded. "Let's go in there for a minute. I have a few ideas of party supplies of my own."

Cass and Katie grinned at each other and standing arm in arm went to buy more supplies.

\* \* \* \* \*

The apartment was clean and beautifully decorated. The front room was tastefully done with the red and white streamers and balloons and the Welcome Home banner. The bedroom was another story. Cass had bought a round Plexiglas mirror to mount on the ceiling above the bed and Shep and Griff had happily put it up for her. She and Katie had purchased red satin sheets and comforter that they had cleaned and put on the bed. Cass had purchased a red peek-a-boo bra and crotchless panty combo with attached garter belt and red stockings for Moira and one for herself as well in dark blue. They had bought Gil a matching pair of red silk boxers after Shep and Griff had laughed so hard at the men's thong they had picked out.

On the bedside table was a jar of chocolate body butter and on the dresser was a supply of body paints and brushes, flavored body oils and a pair of fur-lined handcuffs that Katie had insisted they get. Cass would have to ask Moira about that one because Katie wasn't talking.

Cass had made a few other purchases for herself and her men as well. She had bought both Doug and Damon a pair of silk boxers, Doug in dark blue and Damon in light blue. Then she had bought two pairs of fur-lined handcuffs and two blindfolds. Shep had quirked an eyebrow at that but thankfully not commented on it. Katie had laughed uproariously when Cass added a tub of chocolate caramel body butter to her purchases then winked and picked one up to add to her own overflowing basket of personal purchases as well making Cass laugh.

Now Cass and Katie sat on the sofa in the living room waiting for Shep and Griff to come back up. Both men had left earlier after Shep got a call on his cell, leaving both women safely locked inside the apartment. Cass had taken advantage and gone to the restroom to take a quick shower and change putting on her new dark blue underwear

set and a blue sundress she still had in the closet in her old room. The dress had short cap sleeves but she had a white cardigan sweater in the coat closet so she was set having found a pair of white heels on the shelf in her closet as well.

Cass had poured them each a diet soda from the fridge and they had sat and chatted some more before turning on the television and watching a late afternoon talk show. The show was just starting to get interesting when there was a knock on the door and Cass jumped up to answer it.

Ben stood there. "I hear my wife is here causing trouble," he said entering the apartment and going straight to Katie who jumped up and threw herself into his arms.

Their kiss was carnal and sensual and Cass wondered if that was what people thought when they saw her and Doug or Damon kissing. Cass discreetly cleared her throat, "I'm going to head on into the kitchen and get a fresh drink if anyone's interested."

Ben pulled slowly back from his wife's lush lips nibbling down her throat as she arched against him with a low moan. "So I guess you missed me today," he whispered to her.

"I always miss you," Katie told him enjoying the feel of his teeth and tongue on her neck and earlobe.

"So Griff said you bought some interesting things at the naughty store," Ben told her. "And he blushed." He wiggled his brows at her and Katie laughed. "So what did you get, sugar?"

"Surprises," Katie told him but gave in with a laugh when he pouted his lip out at her and batted his eyelashes. "I thought maybe we could play cop again," she told him with a sly slant of her eyes.

"Umm..." Ben groaned. She was reminding him of the time they had stopped at a rest stop and done just that. "I make a great cop."

Katie pouted up at him and said, "That's too bad. I bought this little cop outfit at the store so that I could be cop this time. It came with a hat and cuffs too."

Ben's eyes glazed over with lust. He looked around to make sure that they were still alone before demanding, "Show it to me."

Katie slipped out of his arms and retrieved her bag from beside the sofa sorting through it for what she wanted. Finally she held up a skimpy light blue top that would barely cover her breasts with a badge on the left pocket. The bottoms were even better, a tiny navy blue skirt that might cover the cheeks of her ass. She pulled the hat out and set it on her head a very good likeness to the old dress hats. Finally she dangled the cuffs from her fingers and grinned at him. "What do you say? Want to play with me?"

"Oh, yeah," Ben told her gesturing her attention down to the very prominent erection straining against his zipper. "I definitely want to play."

Katie giggled and put her things back in her bag. "Let's go then."

Ben swept his wife close for another hard kiss before hollering at Cass, "We're heading out, Cass. You okay by yourself?"

Cass poked her head out of the kitchen cautiously before entering the room. "Let's see. Griff and Shep are here. Howie is still at the desk. And Jack is downstairs as well," she said before shaking her head sadly and telling them, "No, maybe you both better stay and keep me company."

Katie giggled again and Cass grinned at her. "Go ahead. You two have fun," she added making Katie giggle again and Ben flush red.

Cass locked the door after them and sat back down on the couch waiting for...just waiting. She flipped through the channels searching aimlessly for something to watch but truth to tell she had never been much for television anyway. She had just walked over to the bookshelf to look for something to read when the phone rang. It was Kat from the gym.

"Hey, I'm glad I caught you," Kat told her. "We just got a call from some woman who sounded frantic to reach you. She said that she was from Daniels Construction and that there had been some kind of accident there with Doug and Damon and..." Kat continued on but Cass didn't hear the rest. Dropping the phone she opened the kitchen drawer where Moira had always kept a spare set of keys to her car and thankfully some things hadn't changed. Cass flew out of the apartment, cell phone glued to her ear, barely taking time to yell to Howie where she was going before she was out the door and gone. She prayed that one of her lovers would answer the phone and reassure her that they were both all right. What would she do without them?

Howie cursed under his breath and paged Shep to the desk hoping that he wouldn't take too long to answer, hoping that Jack didn't kill him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tessa finished up at her desk still in the office long after Doug and Damon had both left for the day. She was tired of the pats on the head like she was an obedient pet instead of a full-grown woman. She was tired of blending in and being way too convenient. She was tired of a lot of things. Tessa was ready to make a statement, a big one. She was going to shake things up but good once and for all. She picked up the phone and placed the most important call of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cass threw gravel as she slammed to a stop in front of the trailer at the housing Duplex that Doug and Damon were working at. Tessa's car was still in the lot and she hurried toward the trailer to find out what Tess could tell her about where Doug and Damon were, who was hurt, and how serious it was. She opened the door her heart in her throat as she thought of something happening to Doug or Damon. She never saw who hit her before she crumpled to the carpeted floor knocked out cold.

## **Chapter Thirteen**

"What do you mean she just left?" Shep snapped at Howie. "Did she say where she was headed? How the hell did she get a car?" Shep was furious, at Howie, at himself.

"She probably found the keys to Moira's car. Moira keeps it parked in the lot across the street." Howie tried to defend himself. "She said something about Daniels Construction and an accident."

"Accident," Griff jerked his cell phone out to call Doug. "Shit..." he mumbled as the phone rang and rang, "Answer the damn phone."

His call went to voicemail and he left his brother a terse message, "You better not be dead, bro, or I'm going to kill you. If you get this message call me. Cass is on her way to the construction site. Someone told her there was an accident." He flipped the phone shut and headed to the door. "I know where she's heading," he tossed to Shep. "Let's go."

They hurried out to Griff's car hoping for the best but they both had a bad feeling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doug felt his phone vibrate but when he saw his younger brother's name he decided to let it go to voicemail. He and Damon were in the middle of a meeting with the powers that be for their next project. It seemed that the gentlemen had a very specific idea of what they wanted in design and layout and wanted to make sure that Daniels Construction could handle it. Doug groaned as he listened to Damon try to tell them that there would have to be a few changes or they would have trouble with overloading the electrical circuits in a few of the rooms. They wanted too much equipment available in one little room and Damon was doing his best to tell them the room would either have to be bigger or they were going to have to spread the materials out to at least two different rooms.

It looked to be a long night.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Cass woke up, she found herself tied to a chair her arms bound so tightly behind her that her hands were numb and her shoulders were screaming in agony. She had no idea how long she had been there or even where she was. She blinked her eyes several times trying to focus on what was around her. The room she was tied up in was not finished, the walls open so that she could see the wiring. So she was in one of the houses being built in the addition by Daniels Construction unless whoever had her had taken her somewhere else.

As her eyes began to clear she noticed two things. One was that her head was pounding, probably from where she had been hit. The other was that there was someone lying on the floor a few feet away and if she wasn't mistaken it looked a lot like Doug and Damon's secretary Tessa Sharp.

"Tessa," Cass whispered hoping to wake the girl on the floor. "Tessa wake up."

"Tessa won't be waking up any time soon," a voice said from the shadowed corner of the room sending chills of fear down Cass' spine. "Tessa won't be waking up at all," the voice said and laughed.

Cass looked back at Tessa and for the first time noticed the odd angle of the girl's neck. It was broken. Sweet Lord, Cass thought, who could have killed Tessa and why?

"Why Tessa?" she asked hoping to make the voice step farther into the room so that she could see exactly what she was dealing with. "What did she do to you?"

"She figured out who I was," said a woman as she finally stepped out where Cass could see her. Her hair was a wild tangled mass of red curls that fell to her shoulders. She was maybe five foot nine and with the gun she was holding in her hand terrifying.

"Who are you?" Cass asked her trying to come up with some way to get herself out of this mess. Surely Shep and Griff would follow her when Howie told them she was gone as she knew Howie would. Depending on where the woman had taken her surely help would come if she could just keep her talking long enough. "Why are you so upset with me? It is you, isn't it? The letters, my car, the attempted hit and run? It was you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," the woman screamed at her, her face flushing dark red with rage as she stomped toward Cass. "You whore. Nothing but a whore. Just like all the others. But he's mine." She screamed this in Cass' face spraying her with spittle as she raged at her. "Mine! And I'm done sharing him with anyone."

"Are you Nikki?" Cass asked remembering the name of the woman Katie had told her about, the woman they thought had broken in to Doug and Damon's house.

"Ahh...Nikki Damato," the woman said. "She was so easy. So naïve." The look in her eyes let Cass know in no uncertain terms that this was a person with one too many screws loose. Cass was in big trouble and it looked like she was on her own. The woman looked at Cass her eyes glazed with insanity. "I killed her, you know. They'll never find her body." Her laugh was a high-pitched girlish giggle and all the more chilling for that fact. "No one even suspects it's me," she continued seemingly lost in her own world, which was just fine with Cass. "He came home for the funeral but everything was different then. He wasn't mine anymore. But that was okay, I would have shared. They like to share," she whispered to Cass.

"Sheila," Cass whispered recalling Damon telling her about the little girl in his foster family who had fancied herself in love with him. It didn't look like Sheila had ever grown out of that notion.

The woman snapped back into the present and glared at Cass, "How do you know who I am? You're not supposed to know," she told her sounding like a petulant child who had just had her big surprise spoiled.

Cass thought she heard a noise and prayed hard that help was finally here while she scrambled for something to say. "Damon told me all about you," she told Sheila.

"He did?" Sheila asked her face softening in a real smile for the first time since Cass had seen her. It made her look so young and innocent, so child-like, except for the shiny metal of the gun she held in her hand.

"Yes," Cass said shaking her head, "he is so proud of you. He couldn't say enough about you."

Now Sheila looked doubtful and demanded of Cass, "What did he say?"

"That you were a great girl and that he missed you and hoped to see you again soon," Cass said praying Sheila would buy it.

Sheila screamed and pulled at her own hair. "You lying whore! Nothing but lies! He doesn't want anything to do with me. He quit writing to me and calling me when Daddy told him I was going insane. Like my mother, Daddy said. Crazy! It was the last thing he ever said." She turned wild eyes to Cass waving the gun in her hand, "Do I look crazy to you?"

There was no way that Cass could truthfully answer that because Sheila looked crazy as hell and Cass didn't want to get shot any time soon. She had seen Shep slipping in out of the corner of her eye when Sheila was in full rant and knew that Griff was somewhere nearby. All she had to do was keep Sheila's attention focused on her and give them a little more time.

"No, of course not," Cass told the crazy bitch. "What do men know anyway? Why would your dad say something so awful about you and your mom?"

Sheila giggled again leaning close and whispering to Cass, "Oh she was crazy my mother was. Heard voices in her head all the time," she told her in a singsong voice. "She killed herself. The voices must have been mad at her," she said and giggled again.

"But not you," Cass told her praying the guys made their move soon.

"No my voices don't want me dead," Sheila said turning and pointing the gun at Cass' chest. "They want you dead."

Griff jumped into the room and hollered causing Sheila to jerk the gun up and fire just as Shep tackled her from behind.

Cass screamed expecting to feel the bullet lodge somewhere in her body but felt hands behind her instead untying her bound hands and releasing them. She moaned as fire shot through her fingers as nerves sprang to life and her shoulders protested with a sharp pain when she moved her hands in front of her to clap and shake the feeling back in faster.

Shep was having trouble with the hellcat redhead and finally hit her on the jaw with his fist knocking her out. He bent down and whispered in her ear, "Sorry, sweetheart, the voices told me to." He quickly stood up and went over to Cass.

"You okay?" he asked her, his hands automatically running over her and checking for breaks or bullet holes.

Cass fell into his arms taking them both to the floor. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you for getting here in time." She shuddered at what might have happened if they hadn't made it, if she had been on her own. She looked around for a minute searching for Griff and finally saw him on the floor behind the chair. "Griff, you all right?" she asked as she crawled over to him still too shaky to even try to stand up.

Griff moaned. Cass knelt beside him and cried out when she saw the blood soaking through his shirt. "The crazy bitch shot me," he mumbled. "I really liked this shirt."

Cass searched frantically and finally ripped her dress to get something to hold against his wound to try and stop the blood. She leaned over Griff her breasts flush against his face as she pushed down on his shoulder. Griff turned his head and she almost thought he was nuzzling against her breasts but when she glanced at him he moaned in pain and whimpered, "It hurts."

Shep grinned as he watched Griff milking the situation while Shep called 9-1-1 for an ambulance. Griff rubbed his mouth back and forth against Cass' chest, opening wide and leaning up to moan convincingly around one of her nipples. When Cass found out what he was doing she was going to kill him.

Shep frowned as he noticed the amount of blood Griff was losing. He walked over and handed his phone to Cass where the 9-1-1 operator was still on the line waiting with them for help to arrive. He squatted down by Griff and gingerly moved the makeshift bandage aside to get a better look at where the bullet had hit. Griff groaned as Shep moved him around. The bullet had hit high on his shoulder and was a through and through so the only thing Shep could come up with was that a blood vessel or vein had been nicked or Griff was just a bleeder. Either way after Shep's years in the Rangers and playing medic for Jack's crew on some of their jobs he knew Griff would live.

Cass saw the grin twitching his lips and demanded, "What is it? Is he all right? Please, Shep, tell me that he's going to be all right!"

Griff nuzzled her nipple and mumbled around it. "I'm dying, beautiful. Kiss me?" he asked.

Cass looked down at Griff where he was way too close to her nipple and then glanced up to see the huge grin on Shep's face. "What?" she demanded.

Shep laughed and said, "He'll be fine, Cass."

Cass glared down at Griff ready to yell at him for scaring her but Griff's eyes were closed and his lips were actually still. "Oh, my God! Shep, what's wrong with him?"

Shep leaned over and looked to make sure Griff wasn't just playing possum to get away from Cass and shook his head. "He's passed out."



"I thought you said he'd be fine," Cass reminded him.

"He will be," Shep grunted. "Trust me, I've seen worse." Shep shook his head with disgust and grinned, "Stupid wuss passed out from a little shoulder wound. I can't wait to razz him about this."

"That's not very nice, Shep. He took that bullet for me," she told him, her voice echoing with her guilt.

"And you paid him for it, darling, believe me," Shep said.

"What do you mean?" Cass asked him.

"Hell you held him and let him nuzzle all over your nipples, didn't you?" Shep laughed at her expression.

"He wasn't... I didn't..." Cass tried to stutter out before glaring down at the unconscious Griff. "Why you little rat!" she said but Shep could hear the relief in her voice.

They could hear the sirens getting closer when Griff's cell phone suddenly starting ringing. Cass grabbed it, opened it and pushed the talk button when she saw Doug's name on the caller ID. "Doug," she sobbed everything getting to her.

"Cass," Doug asked. "Where are you? Where's Griff? I missed his call earlier and wanted to see what he wanted. What's the matter, baby?"

But Cass was finally falling apart so Shep eased his arm around her and took the phone just in time to have Doug yell in his ear. "Calm down, buddy. Everything's fine now. Didn't you get Griff's voicemail?"

"No, I just called him back first," Doug snapped out. "Now what the hell is going on? Where are you guys?"

"We're in the last house on Cliff Road," Shep told him.

"Cliff Road," Doug repeated. "That's where we're working. What the hell are you doing there?"

"It's a long story," Shep sighed as Cass' tears started to wind down. "Just get here. I'll explain it all then. The ambulance is here so I need to go."

"What ambulance? Who?" Doug demanded answers but Shep had already hung up.

"I don't know," Doug said. "Shep said the ambulance was there but he didn't tell me who was hurt."

"Toss me your phone," Damon said and Doug flipped it to him with a questioning look. "I'll check voicemail and see if that tells us anything more. You just drive and get us there as fast as you can."

They arrived just in time to see the ambulance pull away lights flashing and siren screaming. Shep was standing there with his arm around Cass. As they got closer they could see the blood on her. Doug let out a roar and ran to her with Damon mere inches behind. They pulled her into their arms and ran their hands over her checking for

where the blood was coming from. Police were coming in and out of the house and Damon gasped when he saw Sheila led out in handcuffs.

"What the hell?" he breathed out.

"She tried to kill me," Cass whispered grabbing his hands and pulling him firmly against her somehow knowing that he would need to hold her when she told him what all had happened. "She was the one. The car, the letters, everything was her."

"Sweet Lord," Doug muttered. "We knew she wasn't all there but I thought you said Mark put her in a facility?" Doug asked the last to a shell-shocked Damon.

"He did," Damon murmured clasping Cass to his body needing to know that she was all right.

"I think she killed him," Cass said. "She killed Tessa Sharp too."

"Tessa," both men exclaimed.

"Why Tessa?" Damon asked.

"She said that Tessa figured out it was her and that she was going to tell. I don't know whether that's true or not," Cass confided to them in a shaky voice. "She's not all there. She killed Nikki too. She said that you both belonged to her and she wasn't sharing anymore." There was no way that she would ever tell Damon that Sheila had meant him and not both of them. She could already see the guilt on his face and she would not add to it no matter what.

"All of this," Damon whispered, "because of me."

"No," Cass shook her head vehemently in protest. "You didn't know. She wasn't all there, Damon. There was no way that you could have known."

"She's right," Doug agreed from his position flush against Cass' back. "As far as we knew, Sheila was in a mental hospital."

Damon closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He had almost lost the one woman he would ever love because of the girl he had once seen as a sister. He looked down at Cass and ran his fingers down her tear-streaked cheeks. "Where did she hurt you, baby? What did she do?"

"I'm fine," Cass assured him leaning back to include Doug as well. "I have a little bump on my head and some chafing and bruising on my wrists where she tied me up but other than that I'm okay."

Both men lifted her hands each pulling one to his mouth and placing kisses on her abused wrists. "The blood," Doug asked, "where is all the blood from?"

"It's not mine," she whispered turning to Doug. "The ambulance. She shot Griff, Doug. She shot Griff."

"Flesh wound," Shep said before Doug and Damon got too excited. "He'll be fine. You might want to have people head to the hospital though. I'm sure he'll expect everyone to be there." Shep's lips twitched again as he remembered the way that Griff had worked Cass for sympathy before he passed out.

"I'll call Ben," Damon said. "He and Katie can swing by and pick up your mom on their way to the hospital. Find a cop and see if we can leave with Cass." Neither man would leave without her.

Doug turned and waved to one of the officers. He wasn't surprised to see Officer Teddy Simons come over.

"You okay?" Teddy asked Cass his voice soothing like deep, dark hot chocolate.

"Fine." Cass looked up at Doug and over to where Damon stood on the phone. "Now."

"We need to go to the hospital," Doug told him. "My brother Griff was shot. I'd like to get there and see what's going on with him."

"No problem," Teddy told him glancing at Shep. "You going to stay?" he asked and Shep shook his head knowing that someone had to. "Go on to the hospital then," Teddy told Doug. "I'll let Detective Tate know that's where you are when he gets here. He can talk to you there just as easily."

"Thanks," Doug told the police officer knowing that he owed his brother Gil for this favor he'd been granted. Cops tended to take care of their own and Doug didn't doubt for a moment that they wouldn't have been allowed to leave if Gil wasn't a cop. Gil! What a mess his brother was going to come home from his honeymoon to find. Of course knowing Gil he would be sorry that he'd missed all the excitement. Then again he had just spent a week in total seclusion with his hot wife so he wouldn't be too disappointed.

Doug took Cass into the office so that she could use the bathroom to clean up a little bit. The blood on her dress would just have to stay for now but at least she was able to clean it off her hands and arms. Even covered with his brother's blood she was the most beautiful woman in the world to him and the thought that he could have lost her terrified him. She met his eyes in the mirror and smiled at him, her love for him showing on her face. Tonight he would ask her again to marry him and Damon and this time he would make her answer them.

"Hey, Doug," Damon called walking to the open door of the bathroom, "take a look at this." He held up a typed sheet of paper for Doug to see.

Doug took it from him and skimmed it, shook his head and read it through more closely.

"What is it?" Cass asked them.

"Tessa's resignation," Damon told her. "She wanted to find some fun and adventure while she still could."

"I wish she had left sooner," Doug murmured.

"Me too," Doug agreed.

By the time they arrived at the hospital Ben was already there with Katie and Catherine. Jack, Chetan and Roman were there as well and Doug figured Shep must

have called them. Doug immediately went to his mother wrapping her in his arms and holding her close. Cass felt Damon grab her hand and looked up at him drowning under the weight of her own guilt as she looked at Catherine knowing that she, Cass, was the one responsible for Griff being shot.

"She won't blame you," Damon whispered to her pulling her close and giving her a soft kiss on the lips. "No one blames you for this."

"No one blames you either," Cass told him. "If you promise not to feel guilty then neither will I," she assured him.

"It's a deal," Damon told her giving her another soft kiss on the lips but they both knew that their respective guilt would take longer to go.

Cass felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to find herself wrapped in Catherine's arms. "I'm so glad that you're okay," Catherine told her giving her a squeeze.

"I'm so sorry," Cass said to her.

"For what?" Catherine asked.

"Griff took a bullet that was meant for me," Cass told her. "If not for me he wouldn't have been shot."

Catherine smiled and patted her cheek. "Sounds more to me like if not for Griff you might not be here at all which would have killed Doug and Damon as well. Besides, like I told Doug, the doctor has already been in to assure us that Griff will be fine. They'll patch him up and keep him overnight but thank God the bullet went straight through his shoulder."

"But all that blood?" Cass asked.

"According to the doctor it was normal," Catherine assured Cass. "Griff is young and healthy and he'll be fine. If I know my son he'll milk this for all it's worth though so prepare yourself."

Cass laughed and said without thinking, "Oh, he's already played me."

"What did he do?" Doug asked as he pulled Cass from his mother into his arms.

Cass flushed red as she noticed everyone looking at her and scrambled for something she could say. Shep made her want to fall through the floor when he responded from behind her.

"He nuzzled up real close and personal while she leaned over him trying to stop the bleeding. That boy's good," he told them as he walked over to join Jack. "She didn't even have a clue what he was doing. Christ," he laughed, "he had her convinced he was dying before he passed out."

"He passed out?" Roman asked.

"Wuss," Chetan said with a tiny grin.

Cass could feel herself growing redder as all the men looked at her. She felt like they all knew exactly where Griff had been nuzzling. Doug and Damon held her between them letting her burrow into them obviously happy that it didn't bother her

that everyone knew that the three of them were together. She knew they would hold her for as long as she needed as closely as she needed. They would never let her go.

## Chapter Fourteen

Cass was never so glad to be home and she had most definitely come to realize that this was home here in the house that Doug and Damon had designed and built. Doug carried her into the house and headed straight to the bedroom setting her tenderly on the side of the bed while Damon watched with hooded eyes from the doorway. She knew what they needed – what she needed – a way to reaffirm that everyone was fine. And she knew just how to initiate it.

Cass stood and turned her back to Doug. “Can you unzip this for me?” she asked him lifting her hair out of the way to help him. “I’ll be happy to throw this dress in the trash and never see it again.”

She heard them both catch their breaths as the dress slid down her body and pooled around her feet on the floor. She kicked it away lifting her hands to drop the ties that held the cups up on the peek-a-boo bra and exposing her erect nipples before turning to give them the full view of the dark blue underwear she had bought at the naughty store.

When she turned Damon was already beside Doug and both men reached out to stroke a finger across one of her nipples while they eyed her from head to toe.

“What’s this you’re almost wearing, sweetheart?” Damon asked her his voice husky with desire.

“A little something I picked up earlier just for you two,” she whispered, her own voice a husky purr. “I was hoping that you would like it.”

“Oh we like it,” Doug answered for both of them reaching down to lower his zipper and release his bulging cock from his now too tight jeans. “You look beautiful, baby.”

“It gets better,” she told them with a wicked grin before she turned around and bent over the bed giving them an eyeful of pussy revealed in all its pink glory in the crotchless underwear.

“Oh, baby,” she heard Doug groan as Damon whispered an awed, “Beautiful.”

Hands touched her, fingers stroking her wet folds before slipping inside the hot velvet of her tight pussy. Another finger joined the first two and she knew that both men were pushing into her flesh sharing her pussy. A finger brushed across the swollen nub of her clit and Cass arched her back and cried out. She looked over her shoulder and caught her breath as she watched both men sliding their hands up and down their cocks while they played with her pussy.

“Love me,” she asked them, her heart in her eyes, “Love me.”

The hands moved away working buttons and snaps and zippers as they stripped for her and joined her on the bed. They pushed her back on the bed and took up

positions on either side of her. Damon bent and tasted her lips first, kissing her with a slow soft tenderness that expressed better than words how much she meant to him, how much he loved her. When he finally lifted his head Doug was there plunging his tongue violently in her mouth filling her with his passion relaying his fear and need for her all at once. Gradually he settled into the kiss, slowing, calming his strokes of tongue and teeth, gentling as she met him need for need.

Damon moved to her nipple sucking and laving it with his tongue, nipping it with his teeth before sucking her fully into his mouth. Cass cried out and Doug moved down to her other nipple bathing it with the same treatment. Cass placed a hand on the back of each of their heads holding them tightly to her breasts wanting them to stay there forever.

Fingers slipped down her belly two hands making their way to the promised land. One stopped and plied her clit between thumb and finger while the other moved lower sending two fingers straight into her pulsing channel fucking her and driving her wild. It was too much for Cass to take. She slammed into orgasm drunk with love and lust gasping for breath as the fingers continued torturing her pushing her higher and higher.

Before she came down Doug was between her spread thighs pressing his cock home inside the wet heat of her pussy. He fucked her with a desperation that made her want to cry his eyes bright with a need to have her, to become a part of her, to never leave her. Cass lifted her legs and bending her knees wrapped them high around his back lifting her pelvis higher into his driving thrusts. "Harder," she moaned as she felt Doug hammering into her. "Faster," she cried though she knew he couldn't. She held him when he came, his orgasm filling her with him; his cum, his sweat, his very soul. She held him till the shaking stopped for both of them and he finally kissed her softly and moved away to lie on his side next to her refusing to release her completely from his touch. He smiled and ran his fingers softly over the curve of her shoulder and along her throat.

Damon slid between her thighs and entered her with a solid thrust home. He wasn't as hard with her, as demanding with his body but his need was just as strong, his fear just as easy to see. She rose into him meeting him stroke for stroke showing her love in the sweet giving of her body the warmth in her eyes that for the moment was only for him. He slammed inside her forcing his cock as deep as it would go and held it there letting her body milk him of his seed as she reached her own orgasm. He collapsed beside her on her opposite side. They held her between them stroking her body with gentle caresses soothing her after the turbulent love they had shared.

"I love you," Doug told her, "with my body, my heart, my very soul. I can't breathe without you anymore, baby. I can't live. Not without you."

"I love you too," Damon whispered at her other side. "You have all of me, everything I am. I died a thousand deaths when I thought you might be hurt or injured. I couldn't get to you fast enough. I need you like water."

"You have to marry us, Cass," Doug told her and Damon nodded his agreement.

"There is no us without you, sweetheart," Damon added his own words to Doug's. "You have to marry us."

"I can't," Cass told them not wanting to hurt them but seeing it on both of their faces before she could continue. "Don't you see? Legally I would only be able to marry one of you not both of you," she looked back and forth between them begging them to understand how she felt. "I could never choose between you. I refuse to."

"That's easy then," Damon told her. "You marry Doug."

"Wait a minute," Doug said to his best friend. "Why me? Don't get me wrong. I want that more than anything but I'd be okay if she married you instead."

"I know that, buddy, and I appreciate it but hear me out for a minute," he said before either of them could interrupt him. "Doug has family; his name can bring you a security that mine can't, an extended family that I don't have to give to you."

"Now wait just a minute," Doug said. "You know that my family has always accepted you and they always will. And they'll accept Cass as part of the Daniels family whether she has my last name or yours."

Damon shook his head in frustration. "I know that. I'm not explaining myself well enough here." He took a deep breath and tried again. "I know that I'm a part of the family, a Daniels whether I have that name or not. I will always have that. It has meant more to me than I could ever tell you. Your family took me in when I felt like I had no one. Mark had drawn away from me out of necessity to take care of Sheila." He looked so sad when he said this that both Cass and Doug reached out to touch him to reassure him. "Your parents didn't care where I came from. They accepted me and loved me because you did. You were then and have always been the brother I never had and you accepted me as a brother even though you already had two. I want that for Cass too. I want her to be a part of that officially. I want her to be a Daniels."

"Oh, Damon," Cass hugged him close understanding exactly how he felt. "I'll do it as long as you're there with us. I'll marry Doug, take him as my legal husband and then we'll have our own private ceremony where I'll marry you. Just the three of us," she told them. "Will you both wear a ring?"

"Most definitely," Doug told her. He was awed by the generosity of the two people with him. Cass the woman of his soul who had agreed to marry him and Damon the brother of his heart who had given him the best gift in the world when he had urged Cass to marry Doug, to take the name of Daniels. "You take it too," Doug blurted out.

"What?" Damon and Cass asked him.

Doug grinned and laughed with joy. "Hell, you said it yourself. You're already a member of the family, a Daniels. So why not change your name to Daniels?"

"Can you do that?" Cass asked Damon.

"I think so," Damon told her and they both looked at Doug.

"Sure you can," Doug assured them. "You fill out some paperwork at the courthouse, pay a fee and have your name legally changed."



"Is it really that easy?" Cass asked amazed.

"Well, I'm sure there's probably a little more involved with it but I've known people who have changed their names before so it can't be too hard. We'll check into it when we apply for a marriage license. What do you say, Damon? Want to officially become a Daniels brother?"

"What will your mom say? Gil, Griff and Katie?" Damon said his mind reeling at the thought of becoming Damon Daniels.

"You know they love you and would be all for it but we can bring it up at Gil and Moira's welcome home Saturday night if you like." Doug told him while Cass looked at Damon with pleading in her eyes.

"Yeah, let's do that," Damon agreed relaxing and smiling with them. "If everyone agrees then I'll see what I need to do to become Damon Daniels."

"Ohh I like the sound of that," Cass told him.

"How do you like the sound of Mrs. Daniels?" Doug asked her.

"I love it," Cass told him. "They're the most beautiful words I've ever heard."

Cass, Damon and Doug went to the jewelry store the next day to look at rings. Cass wanted a simple wedding band to go with the engagement ring that both men insisted on buying for her. The jeweler was more than eager to help them anticipating a big sale after the engagement ring he had already set aside for them.

"What about these?" he asked them, pulling out a tray with bands with diamonds and other precious stones in them.

Cass was looking at another set though on the tray still behind glass. "That's the one," she breathed. "Those right there."

The rings she was pointing to were simple white and yellow gold bands that were made to look like the colors were braided together two of yellow and one of white. Looking at them made her think of the three of them joining their lives together and all becoming one.

Doug looked where she was pointing and smiled, "They're perfect, baby."

"I love them, sweetheart," Damon said from her other side.

The jeweler pulled the tray out and let them take a closer look.

"Yes, these are the ones we want," Cass told the little man behind the counter. "Two men's bands and one for a woman."

"Two," the little man started to say and then thought better of it and cleared his throat. "If I could just size your fingers?" he asked holding up a set of sizers on a ring like keys. He took Cass' ring finger first and measured it before looking up at the man and asking, "And which of you is the groom?"

"I am," Doug and Damon said in unison.

The little man batted his eyes and looked at Cass not saying a word.

"They both are," she told him smiling at the two men she loved with all her heart.

"Well," the man coughed, "what a lucky woman."

"The luckiest," Cass agreed, "the luckiest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Damon was nervous on the way to Gil and Moira's apartment the next night and Cass and Doug did their best to assure him that everyone would be happy for them. It was his chance to have the family he had always wanted and never really had.

Moira answered the door on the first knock and pulled Cass close for a hug. "Oh my God, Shep told me about what's been going on with you since I've been gone," Moira squeezed her softly and Cass squeezed right back. "Are you really okay?"

"Yes," Cass told her, a huge smile on her face as she reached back and took Doug's hand and then Damon's in hers pulling them inside and next to her. "I've never been happier in my life."

Moira grinned back, "I see that."

The only one missing was Griff who was still in the hospital and wouldn't be released until Monday morning. Gil's family was there, Katie and Ben, Doug and Damon and Catherine. Moira had Jack, Roman, Chetan and Shep who were all gathered together talking to an Asian woman.

"Who's that?" Cass asked Moira.

"My aunt apparently," Moira answered. "I guess she and dad share the same father. Dad just found out so he brought her to introduce her to everyone."

"I take it Jack's okay with it?" Cass asked.

"He's delighted, to look at him," Moira said and catching his eye smiled fondly toward him. "I'm happy for him."

It appeared that it was a night for family to celebrate and Doug wanted to add to that joy.

"I have a question to ask the Daniels family, a request of sorts," Doug said gathering everyone's attention as Cass and Damon came to stand beside him. "Damon has been a part of our family since I met him in college. You've all accepted him and never left him out."

"Well of course," Catherine said unsure of where this was going. "Damon is family. That is all there is."

Doug smiled at his mother and tossed an I-told-you-so look at Damon. "Damon, Cass and I would like to ask all of you, the Daniels that is," he looked pointedly at Shep who just grinned at him, "how you would feel if Damon legally changed his last name to Daniels."

"Oh that would be wonderful," Katie cried.

"Can you do that?" Moira asked.

"Yeah," Ben said, sharing a look with Katie, "you can."

Catherine stood up and walked over to them hugging Doug before turning and tugging Damon's face down to her. "You have been my son since you followed Doug home that very first Thanksgiving and laid claim to a piece of my heart and their father's as well. You may not have come from my body but you have always been my son. I was only waiting for you. I couldn't think of anything more perfect than to have you legally become a Daniels."

Damon hugged Catherine to him burying his face in her hair to hide his tears while he tried to get control of his emotions. She was more than he had hoped for, her words a balm to his heart which had cried out for a mother since he was a twelve-year-old boy and lost his.

Cass cried openly beside him her tears dripping down her cheeks while Doug held her. Moira and Katie shed tears of joy as well while the men blinked their eyes to hide how Catherine's words of love had moved them as well.

Doug cleared his throat when he could and told everyone, "On that happy note I have another announcement to make. Cass has agreed to marry us. Well me legally but both of us in her heart."

There were smiles and hugs from this unique family who saw no wrong in one woman living the rest of her life as the wife of two men, not as long as the three of them were happy. They were supportive and understanding in a way that few families enjoyed.

Catherine smiled. She was happy with her life. Her oldest son was happily married to a great woman. Her daughter was happily married and expecting her first child. Her middle son, no sons, were getting married to a great woman and her baby boy was finally back home where he belonged. She had a magnificent lover who made her feel young and carefree instead of like the fifty-seven year old widow she was. For the first time in two years she could think of her husband of thirty-four years with a smile and not tears. She was a lucky woman.

Catherine slipped into the kitchen carrying some of the empty containers from the dining room table with her to refill. She wasn't surprised when Jack slipped in behind her. She knew this day was coming, that eventually he would say something to her. She had been hopeful that it would be a while, a long while.

"You can't keep hiding things from your kids, Rin," Jack told her calling her by the nickname her lover had given her. "It's not fair. Not to you, not to him," he nodded to the door behind him, "Not to any of them. If you don't do something soon, you're going to lose him. We're all going to lose him." And with those words Jack Madigan stepped back into the chaos in the other room showing no sign of the agony he felt for his best friend. Roman deserved the same love and acceptance that Catherine had given to Damon that she gave to all of her children. She feared that they only saw her as a mother and wouldn't be able to handle her having a relationship as a woman. He feared she might be right but he prayed they were all wrong. Because Roman wouldn't hide

much longer no matter how much Rin begged him to. Instead he would walk away from her, from Legacy leaving the only family he had behind for the woman he loved.

## About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small-town Indiana, the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman, she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look. So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending “to do” list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey as she helps you to unlace and unleash the woman inside.

Lacey welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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