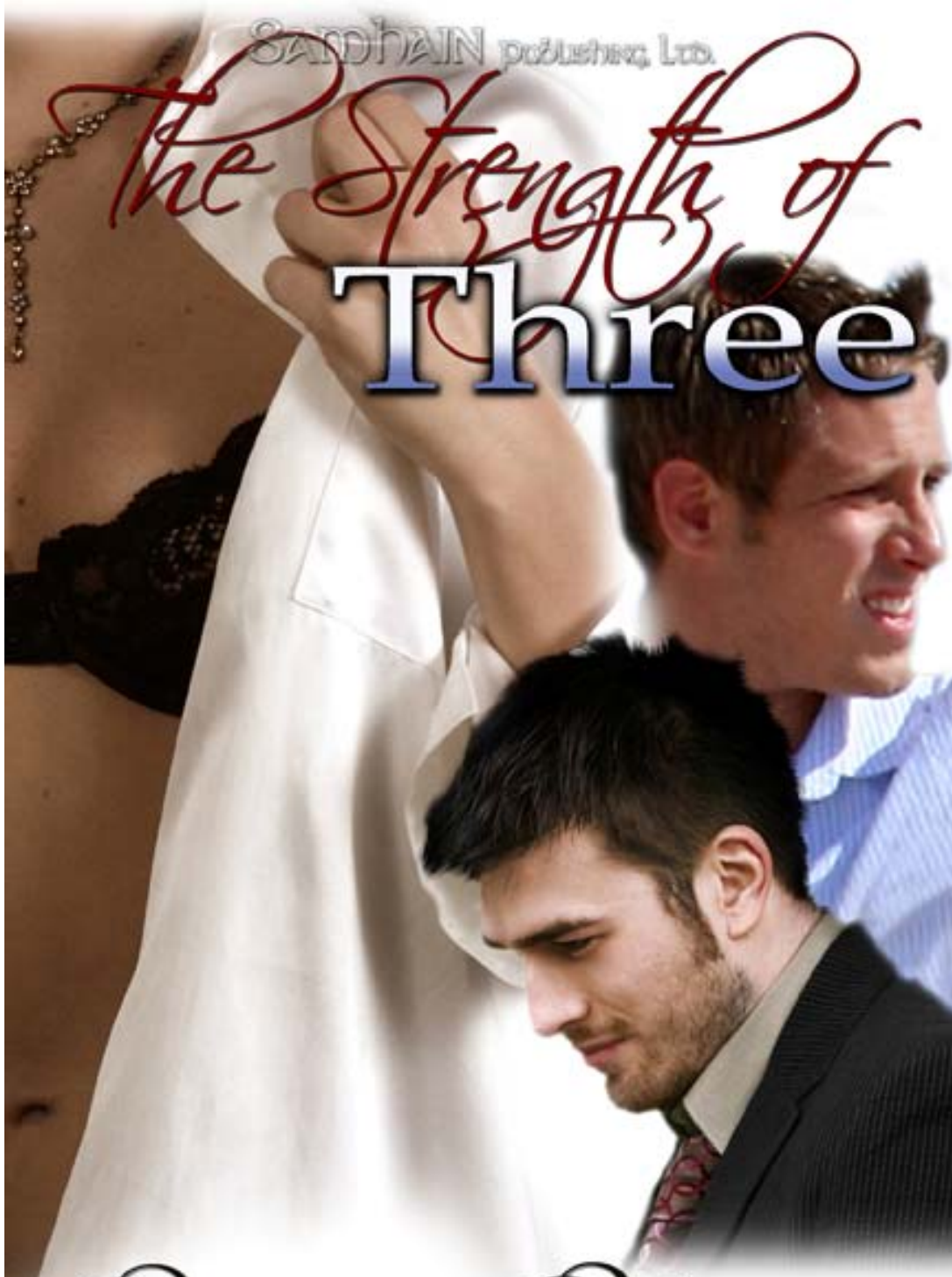


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The Strength of **Three**



Annmarie McKenna

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The Strength of Three

Annmarie McKenna

Dedication

Thanks Nic and TK for your input. And, sis, I love the couch. I think I'll keep it. ☺

Chapter One

Soft rock blared from a pair of onstage speakers. Christina Marshall rubbed at her temple, trying to ease the growing ache. She would win an Oscar for tonight's outstanding performance. No one had noticed her underlying unease. At least, she didn't think anyone had.

She glanced around the rented reception room again. As parties went for landing a monstrous account, this one beat all, Chris guessed, since she wasn't into this kind of thing. Her coworkers danced and talked and seemed to truly be having a good time. All while drowning themselves in whatever they could purchase from the cash bar. One big Friday after-work happy hour.

Christina had to admit that everyone did *appear* happy. Except for her. *No! You do look happy, Marshall. Suck it up. One hour. You only have to make it one hour before slipping out.* That was the time she'd set for herself and she was going to stick to it even if it killed her. Chris slapped a goofy smile on her face and hoped it didn't make her look like she needed a straitjacket.

Yep, she was most definitely happy. Happy as a clam. Happy as a lark.

Right. She would be just as happy to have a huge, hairy wart suddenly show up on her nose tomorrow morning.

Maybe clenching her glass full of now-warm Coke hard enough to shatter it constituted happiness. Or grinding her teeth and jaw into oblivion. Nope, had to be the sharp pain settling smack dab between her eyes because she couldn't stop darting her attention from one coworker to the next, making sure they didn't bring their drunken, happy asses any closer to her.

Happy.

Her best friend, Aislinn, now fiancée to their boss, Kyle Turner III, sauntered over. "Your smile's fading, sweetie. You're supposed to at least *look* like you're having fun."

"I am having fun." *A regular ol' barrel of monkeys.*

"Right. That's why you're coming across like someone killed your puppy." Aislinn sipped her ice tea, a drink Chris knew her friend had chosen in deference to her.

“You leave Clodhopper out of this,” Christina half-grumbled, half-laughed. The woman had it all. A great fiancé, a fantastic house or...mansion might be a better word, and the ability to see the future whenever said ability decided to rear its not-always-friendly head. Hell, Aislinn had saved Kyle’s life a few months back thanks to an early warning.

But once upon a time, she’d been in a very similar situation as Chris. Afraid of men because her sadistic ex-husband had stalked her with the intent to possess her no matter what it took. Chris didn’t have an ex, she had a bastard of a father who drank too much and took out his anger with his fists. Usually on her mother’s face. And yet, her mother loved the asshole and refused to leave him. Unlike Chris, who’d gotten out the first chance she’d had.

Aislinn sighed and set her tea down to take Chris’s hand, uncurling her fingers from their fisted position to trap them between her own two hands. Her touch soothed Chris’s tattered nerves, bringing her back from the direction her thoughts were taking her.

“I am so jealous of you, Ais.”

Aislinn snorted. “Of what?”

“The way you got over your ex and embraced Kyle.”

“Yes, well, my ex only thought he could control me. He didn’t get drunk and beat me to a pulp and he certainly never groveled on his knees the next day, crying and apologizing for hitting me. Besides, Kyle is a pigheaded man who uses little things like mind-blowing orgasms to redirect me when I start thinking about the past.”

“Must be nice.”

“It is. You’ll find it yourself one day, Chris.”

Chris shrugged the consoling thought off, but found her gaze lifting and searching the room. Two sets of piercing eyes connected with hers. She knew one was the blue of a cloudless sky and the other was so dark brown they were almost black. Both men straightened from the spots where they lounged near the bar and Chris swallowed. Two lean, muscle-packed bodies that could most likely break her in half easily. Why did she feel they would never do that to her? Maybe she felt their sense of honor from being in the military. Or maybe she’d seen them in action around other women, heard the rumors about how good they were in... No, she wasn’t even going to go there.

A tingle of something wrapped around her. No way would she say it was awareness. She didn’t want a man. Ever. Especially not one of those two.

“Much better.” Aislinn patted her hand like she was a child.

“What’s better?” Chris couldn’t make herself look away. The men lifted their glasses in a mock salute, equally devilish grins gracing their faces. Her stomach somersaulted as she eyed their beverages held high. Beer? Something harder? It was too dim to tell across the distance.

“Your fingernails are no longer digging into my hand.”

Chris gasped and, finally breaking the link between herself and TJ Mcfee and Jonathan Winslow, stared in horror at the damage she’d done to her best friend’s skin.

“See?” Aislinn’s lips curled at the corners. “Even if you don’t want to admit it, your subconscious knows those guys won’t hurt you.”

Oh, good God, could Aislinn read minds too? “How in the hell do you figure that, Ms. Freud?” she huffed.

“Because from the minute you spotted them, your whole body relaxed.”

Had it? Shit, Aislinn was right. Chris realized the tension was gone from her jaw and her Coke was no longer in danger of being smashed to smithereens. She jerked her gaze back to TJ and Jon. TJ had his thumbs hooked in the waistband of his jeans and Jon leaned negligently against the bar, his arms crossed over his chest.

Her heart thudded, this time for a reason other than fear of the half-tanked bodies surrounding her. Why? How could Aislinn see something Chris couldn’t—or subconsciously wouldn’t? Was it possible Chris actually felt something other than total disgust for the male species with TJ or Jon? If so, what, and for which one?

She sucked in a quick breath and changed the subject. “Where is Mr. Turner, anyway?”

“If Kyle heard you call him Mr. Turner he’d probably dock your pay somehow.”

Chris laughed. “Sorry, but the man is my boss.”

“Yes, but he’s my fiancé and it’s weird to hear you call him Mr. Turner.”

“You were calling him the same thing a few months ago.”

“Touché.”

“So, you didn’t answer my question. Where is your man? I thought he and TJ and Jon were attached at the hips. Does your bed get crowded at night?” There was always attitude to hide behind when all else failed.

“Nope. Not at night, but sometimes it does on the mornings they run together. I swear when those guys come in all bare-chested and sweaty from their five mile run, it’s like slurping heaven. I just want to lick the three of them up.”

“Shut up,” Chris snarled. This time when her fingers tightened on the glass it had nothing to do with fear and everything to do with the green-eyed monster called jealousy, which was stupid since she knew Aislinn was teasing her. Kyle wouldn’t let another man within a foot of Aislinn.

Chris’s heart skipped a beat. She wasn’t jealous. Couldn’t be. Not over her best friend’s obvious attempt at getting a rise out of her, and not about a man. Men. No.

Aislinn blinked and her lips curved up in a smile she tried to hide. “I thought you wanted to know. You asked.”

“I didn’t mean that and you know it.” Chris snorted. “You’ve never licked the sweat off anyone but Kyle and I *don’t* want to know about it.”

“Ah, but you did want to know about TJ and Jon. Don’t deny it, Chris. I may be the last person to be giving advice on men here, sweetie, but what can it hurt to give them a try? Have a fling, get them out of your system—if that’s what needs to happen—and move on. Besides, you put on a skirt for them and let your hair down, you know you did.”

Chris choked on her Coke. She had not put this skirt on for them. She’d worn it because...well, it had been a moment of insanity that had urged her to take it out of her closet this morning and bring it to work to change into for this party. She had not been thinking about the way it flowed around her legs so nicely just above the knee. So nicely someone else might notice too. She hadn’t. The hair thing wasn’t for them either. She’d chosen to leave her long blonde strands down to float around her shoulders where it emphasized her slender neck and framed her heart-shaped face because the ponytail had been giving her a headache. Yeah. That was it.

Aislinn chuckled. “I can see the denial written all over your face and I must say, you’re so full of shit your eyes are brown.”

Chris snorted. “My eyes are always brown.” Then Aislinn’s words sank in. “Them? Them? What do you mean them? Jeez, can’t I at least do one at a time?” Which one would that be? If anything was going to happen she’d have to choose one over the other, but how? Both had endearing qualities, both were God’s gift to sex on a stick and... What the hell was she thinking? She didn’t want either of them. She’d heard the rumors about them sharing a woman, yeah. Straight from Aislinn’s mouth, even. Didn’t make her

believe them. Didn't make her want it so bad she could taste it. Why would any woman in the world want to put up with two men, for cripes sake?

Stop. Stop thinking. You don't want either one. You don't.

Aislinn's face wrinkled up. "I believe they come as a package deal."

"No way." How childish did that sound? From the corner of her eye she saw Jon straighten from his sprawl near the bar and step toward them. TJ moved with him. "Crap. They heard me didn't they? Did I really say it that loud?"

"Yes," Aislinn answered dryly.

Chris spun around, turning her back on them. "They're coming."

Aislinn stood on tiptoe and peered over Chris's shoulder. "Uh-huh."

"Great. Shit. Shit, shit, shit. Why? Why are they coming?" She grasped Aislinn's arm with her free hand. She felt like a damn schoolgirl with a crush on her teacher she didn't want anyone to know about.

"I don't know, but stop spazzing out. Take a breath. In. Out. It might be because you said it loud enough to bring the roof down. Maybe they're worried about you?"

"Are you serious about them..." Chris gulped, "...sharing?" she hissed.

"Yes."

Chris's knees nearly buckled and enough heat pooled between her legs she had to fight the urge to rub her clit. What the *hell* was happening to her and why was it culminating now of all times?

"Hello ladies." Jon's gravelly voice sounded behind her a second before a hand landed on the small of her back.

Aislinn smiled at her, a big toothy grin that said she was pleased with what was happening. Chris straightened like an arrow and narrowed her eyes at her best friend. Had she planned this? She tried to think if that scenario was possible but came up empty. Aislinn hadn't given a two-fingered whistle and beckoned the men over. Chris hadn't even seen her make eye contact with them. Had to be all her own doing. She brought them to her with her idiotic loud voice.

This was not happening. Those warm fingertips were not burning a hole straight through her and making her want the touch on more pertinent parts of her anatomy. Her pulse was not racing a mile a minute and her nipples were not hardening into pencil-sharp points. And most of all, their smell was *not* enticing her to do things like turn around and sniff their necks.

“Hello, TJ, Jon,” Aislinn said amiably. “Chris and I were just talking about Kyle.”

“Ah. So that’s what all the screaming was about.” TJ moved to Chris’s side with a chuckle.

He was laughing at her. “All the screaming? Two words. I inadvertently, and with a small amount of noise, said two words. All right, yelled. I yelled them. You act like I made a commotion.”

“Oh, look, a table opened up. Let’s sit, shall we?” Aislinn said, guiding them off topic and saving Chris from humiliating herself further. Aislinn took Chris’s elbow and steered her to a round high table with three stools positioned around it. “How many chairs do we need, Jon?” She herded another seat from a nearby table.

Chris watched as Jon’s glance took in the nice-sized room packed with almost all of Turner Industries’ employees. What he was looking for, she didn’t know. He and TJ had taken up residence, flanking her sides. Did they think she was going to make a break for it?

Probably. She thought she might too. Now looked good.

Jon put his hand on her back again and both he and TJ reached for the same chair and pulled it out. “I think just seven. Joe’s here and Kyle and Marsha are on their way.”

Chris found herself shepherded onto the high stool with the aid of one of their hands on each of her arms. Kind of made slipping away hard to do.

“Hey, there’s Kyle now.” Aislinn sounded so happy. A twinge of jealousy reared its ugly head again inside Chris’s brain. She wanted to feel that way about a man someday too. She cocked her head. Maybe she should try lesbianism.

Nah. She didn’t begrudge anyone their preference in lifestyles, she just didn’t think it was right for her. Somehow she had to get over her fears and move on. Trust. It was all about trust.

Then again, maybe she already trusted someone. She peeked from the corner of her eye at TJ and then at Jon. Could it be? Did her body trust them even if her mind didn’t? Is that why she didn’t go all screwball with them near like she did with other men? She hadn’t seen them display any kind of negative vibes at work, but then her dad had a public face too. One he wore in the light of day. Midday, after his hangover allowed him to creep out of bed.

Chris hated her father for giving her every reason in the world not to like men. Her brother, Carter, who was turning into the same kind of man as their father, and the two

men she'd tried to have relationships with in the past had solidified her view of the species. Men were scum, plain and simple.

Aislinn, therefore, must have found the one and only penis that wasn't.

One of TJ or Jon's colognes wafted under her nose. She pictured a cartoon-style trail of smoke creeping toward her. One end was curled into a hook, beckoning her like someone crooking their finger. It flooded her nostrils, forcing her to turn her head and look to the man it had come from. Jonathan. Those sky blue eyes glittered back at her and she had to swallow.

Okay, if she were truly honest with herself, maybe he made her want to try the whole relationship game again. With him, no one else. Maybe Aislinn was right. What could a fling hurt? Might get the burgeoning flame that flickered through her body whenever she looked at him, out of her system.

She turned and faced TJ and felt the same flare of heat. Crap.

Chris crossed her legs. It was damn hot in the bar if the sweat at her apex was anything to go by. Good thing she didn't wear pantyhose. She could practically feel the itchiness superimposed over her thighs, the tickling of nylon along her crotch.

She sprang upright. When, at any time in her life, had pantyhose ever made her crotch tingle? But if she had worn them, she could have blamed what she felt on them. What was wrong with her?

"Can we get you another drink? Teej is going up." Jon's words rumbled next to her ear, sending a shockwave of longing sweeping through her.

Her tummy flipped over. "Uh-uh." Was she answering him about the drink, or denying out loud that one, or possibly two, particular men were making her pussy tickle? Lord, maybe she wasn't even really sweating. Maybe she was...*creaming*?

Mortified at her own thoughts, she stared straight ahead and refused to look at Jon as she shook her head. Her pulse throbbed at the junction of her thighs. Right about the spot her clit would be—oh Lord, she had it bad. She wanted a man. Men, she conceded. She wanted both these men. Which only confirmed she wasn't as dead toward the male species as she would like to believe. It absolutely did not make her want to sacrifice herself to them. Wanting was one thing, doing another.

Joe Archer from Turner's design team ambled over. Joe was a prime example why she wouldn't act on her desires for anyone. From the look of the man, he had already overindulged. Chris sighed. Deep down inside she knew she wasn't being fair to the

opposite sex. They weren't *all* like her father or Joe. Surely not every man on the face of the earth drank too much. She knew they didn't and it was unrealistic to think she'd never find one of them. It was also damn hard to get over the fears she'd experienced first-hand. The ones she'd lived with for most of her life.

She felt Jon press against her. Only the wooden chair back separated them and his hands landed on her shoulders in silent support.

How did he know?

He swiped aside the escaped tendrils of hair at her nape with his thumbs and dug in to knead the tense muscles at the base of her neck. Chris's spine melted, pushing her into his caress. He could give her a massage anytime.

You are losing your ever-loving mind. Hadn't she just convinced herself she would do nothing?

"He won't touch you, I promise." Jon's warm breath fanned over her cheek when he bent so only she could hear. She gave a slight nod, accepting for the moment that he spoke the truth. See? There it was, her body trusted him instinctively, a split second before she even realized what he'd said. What made her trust him she didn't know, but it felt right. Better than Joe's presence anyhow.

"Hey, sorry I'm late." Kyle pulled a stool out and helped Aislinn onto its high seat. Too bad there was a seat separating them because Chris really needed a female close by right now. Jonathan was quickly becoming too easy to be next to.

She tilted her head, semi-guiding Jon's fingers to a particular spot, and heard him chuckle.

"Marsha had to run home to a sick kid so she won't be here."

Rats. There went another XX chromosome. There was a conspiracy at work here tonight.

TJ returned just as Kyle hopped on his stool. TJ's hands were full, carrying four glasses of various sizes containing pale to dark brews. He plunked them on the table and divvied them up between himself, Jon, Kyle and Aislinn.

"Thanks, Teej." Kyle took a sip and licked the foam from his upper lip before leaning over to kiss his fiancée. A second of intense longing flitted through Chris. Aislinn looked so happy with Kyle, smiling and wiping his beer kiss away. On second thought, there was no longing. Gas, maybe, like the smiles you find on infants, but not longing. Who would long to be beer kissed?

Joe threw his head back, capturing Chris's attention, and downed what was left in his glass. He'd been left out of TJ's drink run. Not that he needed another one. After devouring the remnants of one glass, he reached for a second one he'd brought with him.

Chris tensed again and Jon's fingers dug in, keeping her from rising off her stool like she wanted to. She half-expected him to say, "Stay."

Kyle raised his glass in salute. "Cheers."

Everyone lifted a glass above their head. Surely no one would notice how hers wobbled in the dim light.

"And here's to all the other Fortune 500 companies who switch their security needs to Turner Industries." Joe's slightly slurred voice boomed across the round wooden table. How long had he been drinking? And how long would it be before he turned inevitably violent?

They gave a chorus of "Here, heres" which Chris felt disinclined to participate in. She shivered and fought back the panic bubbling its way to the surface. Jon's fingers squeezed again, reassuring and adding comfort from a source she never thought she'd look toward. The man was wreaking havoc on her brain. From the seat he'd taken next to her, TJ covered the hand she had resting on her thigh with his own.

A small gesture no one would see but the three of them. *Everyone can see Jon standing behind you rubbing your shoulders, though.*

Kyle and Aislinn shared another kiss, this one deeper than their previous meeting of lips. Chris watched, mesmerized, as their tongues dueled. Joe cleared his throat, breaking the spell, but Chris continued to wonder, not for the first time, how Aislinn did it. From past to present, how had she swept her fears aside and moved on?

More importantly, how did Chris start letting men get close, knowing in the back of her mind there was always the potential for things to turn ugly? Chris's own mother was now a shell of a woman, unable to stand on her own. No, more like unwilling to. Chris had vowed long ago never to let a man treat her the way her father treated her mother.

Mouth suddenly dry thanks to memories, Chris took a gulp of her warm, still mostly full Coke. Her hand shook so bad, the dark liquid sloshed over the rim to trickle across her skin.

"Damn it." She winced and searched for a napkin. Seeing none, she set the glass down and licked the sticky soda. A low growl made her jump.

“Need some help?” TJ’s head came perilously close to her hand, his mouth open, tongue hanging out.

Chris pushed him away with two fingers on his forehead. “No, stud, I do not need your help.” Mortified at having called TJ a stud, Chris slapped her palm over her mouth. Her cheeks flared with heat. She normally hid behind a “fuck off” attitude, which these two always seemed to bring out, but under the current damp-panty issue, now was not the time to be calling either one a stud. Both of them would misinterpret her meaning.

“Stud? I’m moving up in the world.” TJ snaked an arm between her back and Jon’s front to lie along her chair back. His fingertips grazed her upper arm, leaving goose bumps.

“Wrong, bud.” She scooted forward, hunching over the table. No man would move up in her world.

Why was that thought starting to sound delusional? Resisting the urge to fan herself and possibly give TJ more ammunition, she took a long drink of Coke to try to dissipate the heat steadily building up inside her.

“What’s wrong?” Jon curled his upper body over her, doubling her heart rate.

Chris looked over her shoulder to see TJ wiggling his eyebrows.

“She called me a stud.”

Double damn. She slumped forward. Maybe she could knock herself out and chalk this whole situation up to a dream. Her head hit the table with a thud. “Owwwwchie.”

She heard a smack above her head. They were giving high fives? Great. “Go away,” she grumbled, sitting back up.

“Never,” Jon whispered.

He really needed to stop doing that. It made her whole body prickle with need. Her heart pounded, with fear or excitement she wasn’t sure, but suspected the latter. The weird little tickle sliding from her tummy down to her clit only served to confirm her suspicions. This feeling was one of the reasons she lay awake nights.

The ones she spent lying in bed, envisioning TJ or Jon caressing her skin with their mouths, licking and nibbling their way to her mound. More often than not, she wound up inserting her fingers into her tight, sopping passage wondering what it would feel like to have one of their cocks filling her. Just once she wanted to give up and let a man take control of her body and give her what she’d only read about in fiction. Maybe with them... Could she? Should she? The prospect was looking more and more appealing. She

could drive her own car, get away if she needed to. It would for damn sure be easier driving off than kicking them out of her house. And surely they wouldn't hurt someone they worked with, would they? Aislinn had said, "Have a fling, get it out of your system." Chris could do this. She would. Tonight. If they wanted to, that was.

This time she did fan herself by waving her hand. A pitiful amount of air wafted across her face. "It's hot in here, isn't it?"

"Have a drink." There was a definite smile in Jon's voice. He stepped to her side, opposite the side TJ occupied, and grabbed his own drink. Before she knew what was happening, he tilted the glass to her lips. It was drink or drown.

Shock nearly choked her. Two hands thumped her back between her shoulder blades as she spluttered.

"Soda." She cringed at how stupid she must sound.

"What else would it be, baby?" Jon twirled a lock of her hair around his finger.

Chris stared at him. Had he lost his mind? They were at a party on a Friday night, happy hour no less. Did she look like a complete moron? How many people besides her were drinking anything other than alcohol? A few, maybe. There was a pregnant woman from Human Resources at a nearby table.

TJ's lips brushed her ear. If those puppies got any more attention tonight she was afraid they might fall off. They'd been whispered against, breathed on, sniffed and now kissed.

"Alcohol upsets you, so why would we drink it?" TJ asked as if it were already clear they wouldn't drink around her.

Chris's stomach took a dive and her throat closed.

"Breathe, sugar."

She did, sucking in a deep breath only to hold it again. Two soothing palms rubbed her back. "How did you know?" she rasped. They couldn't know. Unless Aislinn had told them. Chris turned to her friend. Her face held a glimpse of sympathy Chris didn't find comforting, but the mouthed words, "I didn't do it," helped.

"Aislinn didn't tell us anything, Chris. Don't blame her. Hey." Jon tilted her face toward his with his thumb under her chin. "Does it matter *how* we know? What really matters is that we do and that you know we'll never drink around you."

Her whole body shaking, she laughed at him. She couldn't help it. The peal came from somewhere deep inside, bringing tears to her eyes. Jon's hand slipped from her chin to the back of her neck. He pulled her close and hugged her tight.

"Did I say something funny?" His chest rumbled against her cheek.

For a split second she felt safe. More so, she felt cherished and protected, like nothing would ever happen to her in the shelter of his arms.

Then she recovered and pushed away. TJ had scooted closer so there wasn't far to go. Chris straightened her spine and lifted her chin. "My father never drank around us either."

Chapter Two

“Your father is a fucking moron.” Jon sighed when Chris gasped and tried to jerk farther away. He had wanted to get her fears out in the open, just not in this particular environment. A room full of witnesses had not been his ideal, but establishing that he and TJ would never drink around her was first and foremost in earning her trust. He also knew she wouldn’t have come if they’d had this party at a bar like Kyle had originally wanted. Jon and Teej had vetoed his plans immediately.

The last thing they wanted was for her to stay away from a company party based on its location. Especially when the minx was proving to be a bit stubborn in the subtle flirtation department. It was time to bring out the big guns, but short of kidnapping her and thus terrifying her, they had to woo. Wooing wasn’t as easy as it looked. Not when it involved someone with a past like Chris’s. Jon would give anything to wipe the look of unease from her face right now. A wild romp in bed might cure it.

Everything else revolved around her trust in them. Without it, they had nothing, and nothing was out of the question. He and TJ were determined to make Chris theirs in every way possible. If she started out thinking they only wanted a fling, they would quickly disillusion her.

Jon wished they were anywhere but here. They needed somewhere they could talk in private. But he’d known from the get-go she wouldn’t just up and leave with them. It would take time and planning and a little help from her best friend Aislinn. Since he knew getting Chris here was half the battle, he’d implored Aislinn to help. Whatever she’d done or said to Chris had worked. Seeing her walk in with that flowing skirt just about knocked the breath from his lungs. His dick was rock hard and this close to her, smelling her, it was near to exploding without even being touched.

He knew there’d be a battle easing her into their lifestyle. Hell, half the battle would be seeing to her comfort around men in general. She had nice diversionary tactics, hiding behind her attitude or flirting from a distance. None of which fazed him or TJ in the least.

There wasn't much in the world that could faze two ex Special Forces team members and they for damn sure weren't going to back down without a fight.

Jon swiped his thumb across one of her pink cheeks, counting it as a victory when she didn't flinch or pull away. He couldn't wait to see them flushed with the pleasure he and TJ would grace upon her. Would she scream out one or both of their names? Was she the silent type, a moaner? Based on the rapid pulse at her throat, he could tell she wasn't as unaffected by him as she would like to think she was.

"The difference between your father and TJ and I is that we won't drink, *ever*." He enunciated very clearly, giving her no room to misinterpret. "If there's ever a time you don't feel comfortable, you just have to tell us."

She snorted. "I'm not comfortable. Back off." She raised her hands and pushed at his chest in an attempt to create space between them. He gave her a modicum and laughed. They'd never get anywhere if they let her have her way every time.

The shrill ring of a cell phone interrupted them. Chris never took her gaze off him. The phone rang again and she lifted her glass and sipped. TJ moved closer. "You gonna answer that?"

Chris did a double take. "What?"

"Your pocket is ringing, sugar," Jon offered.

"Huh? Oh. Oh, crap." She fumbled in the pocket of her skirt for the slim pink flip phone he knew she carried.

He just smiled. She was fucking gorgeous when riled, which was most of the time around them. They seemed to bring it out of her in spades. There was the flush, this time from frustration. Soon it would be courtesy of an explosive orgasm given by him or Teej.

"Hello?" She stuck a finger in her ear to drown out the noise. "Carter? Is that you?"

Carter. Chris's younger brother, who, from Jon's background search into the Marshall family, seemed to follow in Daddy's footsteps. At least in the mean department. Christina had done the smart thing, getting away from her family.

"No, I do not have any money."

TJ stood, exchanging a knowing look over her head with Jon. They both disliked the tone they heard in her voice.

"Well, geez, I don't know, Carter. Get a job like everyone else in the world maybe?" She paused and her eyes widened. "I will never fund your disgusting habit. I work too hard for the money I earn to waste it on you."

Shit. If the kid had a habit and needed money for a fix, things could get ugly fast. Faster if he owed money he didn't have.

A second later her eyes narrowed into slits. "You leave Mother out of this." She paused. "I already regret it." She slammed the flip closed and growled.

"Carter's bothering you again?" Aislinn asked across the table.

"Again?" TJ and Jon barked together. Jon saw red. If the little punk had taken to messing with Chris, Jon would put an end to it really quickly.

"He says he needs money to pay his rent."

"And you know he's lying, right?" Aislinn came around the table, nudging Jon out of the way with a sharp elbow to his stomach. He stepped back with an oomph while TJ and Kyle snickered. He flipped them both off.

"After last month? Yes, I know."

"What the hell happened last month?" TJ snarled. Jon wanted to know the exact same thing and more. Like how they'd missed her brother's problems when running a background check on her, something they did with everyone who worked for their company. Chris's had been a little more involved since both of them knew she would inevitably end up in their bed. With their past in the Teams, it was both a habit and a necessity. He, Teej and Kyle had pissed off more than one baddy out there who would stop at nothing to seek revenge. A loved one would be an easy target.

Before Chris could answer, Aislinn said, "Carter drove all the way from Chicago and showed up at her door begging for money for some overdue bill he had. When she offered to take him to the phone company to pay it for him, he flipped out saying he could handle it on his own. Then he tore through her house, grabbed her wallet and stole all the cash she had in there."

"Motherfucker." Jon wanted to put his fist through a wall. Or better yet, Carter's face. "Why the fuck didn't you tell us?"

Chris drew back, one eyebrow raised high. She crossed her arms over her chest. "Why would I?"

Damn. Why would she? They didn't exactly have a relationship. Yet.

Starting right now, they did and he'd be goddamned if he let her junkie of a brother run roughshod over her again.

"Oh, I don't know, maybe so we could help?"

"I think I can handle my own brother."

Jon snorted. “You handled him so well he ran you over to steal your money. How much did he get?”

“I don’t see how it’s any of your—”

“How much?”

“A hundred and twenty bucks.”

Feeling the muscle ticking along his jaw, he nodded once. “Do you think you’ve heard the last of him tonight?”

“I don’t know. What does it matter?”

“You matter,” Jon growled and leaned closer so she had no choice but to look him in the eye. “TJ and I are done waiting for you.” He saw the flash of heat flare in her eyes. Hell, he could smell the moisture pooling between her legs. She could deny it all she wanted, but her body craved what he and Teej could offer. “We’re not like your father or your brother and the only way you’ll see that is to let us close. Probably won’t be easy for you, but I can damn well guarantee it’ll be worth it.”

Her eyes widened, her nostrils flared with each inhalation, and the pulse at the base of her throat sped up. He wanted to lean in and lick it, to taste her and leave his mark. Not here though. He straightened. If his dick got any harder, he’d be popping out of his jeans. Wouldn’t that be something?

“I don’t”—she had to clear her throat—“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Sex, Chris. Remember the conversation we were having earlier?” Aislinn butt in.

“*Aislinn.*” Chris’s hissed reprimand made Jon laugh out loud. Oh God the woman was priceless. He’d wondered what they’d been talking about when she’d yelled out across the bar.

“What?” Aislinn said innocently. “I’m just getting you back for a little incident that happened at work a couple of months ago. Remember there was something about a feather duster?”

“That was your fault. You’re the one who asked Kyle if he had a duster but didn’t expound on what kind, or that we’d been imagining them wearing dusters, cowboy hats and nothing el— Oh my God.” Chris’s eyes closed. “Please tell me I didn’t just say that out loud.”

“What kind of conversation were you having, Ais?” TJ grinned like a loon, ignoring Chris’s suddenly bright red cheeks.

“I told her to have an affair, get it over with.”

Jon was sure by the murderous look on Chris's face Aislinn was in line for a not-so-quick, painful death. Time to get Chris out of here.

TJ snorted. "I'm not looking for an affair."

"Me neither," Jon grunted.

Chris swung her startled gaze back and forth between them. Aislinn smiled sweetly.

Somewhere Chris found her voice, but what came out wasn't what Jon expected. A wounded, embarrassed look overtook her features. "Well. I wasn't looking for an affair either." She hopped off the stool and took off toward the door.

"Ah hell," TJ muttered.

Jon cut off her flight. "Never said nothing about not wanting you, Christina, just said I wasn't looking for an *affair*." Her back went ramrod straight as she halted in mid-stride.

She looked back over her shoulder and Jon saw the sheen of tears in her eyes. Fuck.

"Teej, it's time to go."

"Yep." TJ slapped some bills on the table and saluted Kyle.

Jon never took his gaze off Chris. She swallowed and he'd bet his Beamer sitting outside her nipples were hard as rocks.

"See you Monday, Kyle," he said, insinuating with his tone they didn't want to be disturbed for the rest of the weekend. It was past time for them to start showing her they could be trusted with her life. He couldn't wait.

TJ met Chris where she'd come to a dead stop and took hold of her elbow.

"What are you doing?" Her not-so-outraged squeak didn't even turn heads.

"Escorting you to the car, ma'am." TJ grinned again. The man could melt butter with that grin. Jon had long ago decided it was one of the reasons women were so attracted to him.

"But I came with Ais—"

"Guys. Hold up," Aislinn called and hurried over to them. "'Scuse us a sec, huh?" She grabbed Chris's hand and retreated, pulling Chris with her.

"Chris, I want you to know I will back you one hundred percent if you don't want this, it's just, I can see how you look at them at work and I *know* from overhearing them with Kyle they want you, and if you hate me forever for having sprung this on you, that's okay, but"—Jon could see Aislinn wince and hear every word she said—"I kinda, sorta

gave 'em the keys to your house because they said they wanted a few things to make you more comfortable with them and damn, this whole thing is all my fault and I'm sorry."

So far Chris hadn't been able to get a word in edgewise. Jon put his weight on one leg and waited, holding his breath for her response. If she said no, they'd turn around and leave and never bring it up again. Until next time, anyway. He couldn't see her face but her shoulders slumped and Jon knew they'd been defeated. TJ must have felt the same.

"Come on, man, let's go." TJ's voice was detached and flat.

"Can you take a breath now? Sheesh," Chris muttered. Jon stood straighter, hope sparking to life. TJ's hand fisted in the shirt at Jon's shoulder. He'd heard too.

"The truth is... God I can't believe I'm saying this, but I think I want this too. How will I ever know if I can make something work if I don't try and maybe these two are safe, ya know? Because of work and all?"

Safe? Jon wanted to howl at the moon. Fuck yeah they were safe. He'd give her his gun if he had to, to prove how safe they were.

"Are you hearing what I'm hearing?" TJ growled in his ear.

"Yep."

"Will you come get me if it doesn't...you know, if I freak out or something? Maybe you could hang out in your car. Oh, God, what am I doing, Ais?" Chris groaned.

Aislinn grinned from ear to ear. "You're doing what feels right, Chris, believe in that. I know you, you wouldn't get near this situation with a hundred-foot pole if it didn't make you feel right inside."

Chris shrugged. It took everything Jon had not to go to her, to give her the time she needed to come to them. If she turned around right now and said she only wanted to talk, they'd take it. They would hate it and have to relieve major cases of blue balls another way, but they'd take it. Anything to get her to feel comfortable with them.

"You're right." Chris nodded sharply once and Jon saw her shoulders rise with the deep breath she took. "I can do this. I *want* to do this. I'm going to have sex."

Jon smiled and wondered if she knew they could hear her. She twisted and looked back over her shoulder and her face colored a pretty dark shade of pink indicating that she probably knew now. She faced Aislinn again and he heard her mutter, "They heard me say I wanted to have sex, didn't they?"

"I think so, sweetie." Aislinn tried not to smile. Jon had to give her credit. She failed miserably but she tried.

“Fine. I guess I’m stuck then. I’m going to have sex.” She peeked behind her again and Jon saw her swallow as her gaze tracked from him to TJ. His cock couldn’t get any harder. “Apparently twice,” she murmured.

Oh, baby, I guarantee it’ll be more than twice, Jon thought.

“Go with them. You know I’ll come get you if I need to but Kyle trusts them with his life and I have a feeling you can too. They’re honorable men, Chris.”

Chris sighed and faced them head on. Jon held a hand out, palm up, his heart thudding in anticipation. Tonight they’d show her not only how fantastic the three of them would be together in bed, but that she could trust them with her body and spirit as well.

Chris straightened her spine and lifted her chin. Jon had to laugh. She looked like she’d resigned herself to walking the plank. He and TJ were about to show her the heights they could take her to when she stepped off. She moved, marching toward his outstretched hand with complete determination and a glitter of heat in her eyes. Her nostrils flared as she reached out and put her hand—and even if she didn’t realize it, her trust—in the palm of his hand.

“Where are we going?” she whispered.

“Home.” Jon tugged her out the door with TJ on her other side and led them to his car, glad she had come with Aislinn and they didn’t have to worry about hers. Leaning back, he eyeballed her shapely legs beneath her skirt, something he’d never seen her in. Sexy as all get out. His gaze wandered higher to her firm butt and lack of...

“Are you not wearing any panties, Chris?” Risky for a woman afraid of men; damn lucky for him and TJ. Yet thinking about what could have happened with just about any man at the party tonight made his head spin. He didn’t mind her not wearing panties in their presence, hell, he’d welcome it with open arms, but around other dicks, no way.

“I don’t think that’s any of your business,” she huffed, staring straight ahead and refusing to look at him. In the darkening twilight of late evening, Jon could see her cheeks infuse with color.

“It’ll be my business soon, sugar.”

“You think so?”

Jon stopped her next to his car, turning her slowly in his arms and backing her against the rear panel. He leaned in close and nibbled at her ear. “I know so.”

TJ stood nearly as close, both of them crowding her yet giving her enough space to escape if she needed to. “Are we talking lack of panties here? ’Cause if we are, I’d like to put my two cents in.”

Chris shoved at him, a tiny smile turning the corners of her mouth. “There is no lack of panties,” she hissed and started to reach for the hem of her skirt.

TJ put his hand on hers to stop her and moved to her neck with his lips to nibble along her throat. “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of that little problem.” She shivered and tilted her head, silently and willingly giving him better access. Her hands lifted to their chests and fisted, one on each of their shirts instead of pushing them away.

TJ zoned in on her mouth. Jonathan watched his best friend and the woman they both loved kiss and couldn’t wait to take TJ’s place. Her lips parted and meshed with TJ’s. Jon shifted his stance, allowing his erection a millimeter of space against his zipper and withdrew a black strip of silk from his pocket. Chris angled her head to allow TJ better access. It was Jon’s cue to step forward. He moved to her side and palmed the back of her head. She moaned as TJ’s tongue slipped between her teeth.

“My turn,” Jon growled. TJ backed off and Jon guided her mouth to his. He tasted both her and Teej. She whimpered into his mouth and he took hold of her hand and placed it on his cock, feeding off the small victory of her not pulling away.

Jon dropped his head to her forehead. “See what you fucking do to me, Christina? I want inside this sweet little pussy.” He punctuated his words by easing his hand up her thigh beneath the skirt to her mound. His fingers skated over her soaking panties, pushing the fabric into her slit. Chris bit down on her lip.

“That’s it, baby. Feel his hands on you?” TJ pinched a nipple between hers and Jon’s bodies.

“Unh.” Her fingers grasped him through denim and his cock threatened to explode right then and there.

They had to get the fuck home. He didn’t want to take her in the parking lot.

Jon grasped her cheeks in his hands, the silk blindfold still in his grip, and turned her face up to his. He placed a kiss on her nose and gave himself a second to cool off before he said, “Give us the weekend, sugar. I guarantee you’ll never want to leave.”

Chris swallowed and her gaze darted between him and TJ.

“Okay.” She closed her eyes.

God what he wouldn't give to lay her in the backseat, spread her thighs and thrust into her heat.

"Okay?" He bent his knees so he could stare right into her face and waited until she nodded. "Then choose a safe word."

"Huh?"

"A safe word, baby," TJ interjected. "Something you can say when you want us to back off. The second you say it, we stop whatever it is we're doing."

One of her eyebrows shot upward. "What exactly do you think it is we're gonna do that I'm gonna need a safe word for?"

"Whatever. Doesn't matter. You don't want to hold my hand, say the safe word." TJ nuzzled her cheek. "Don't like the way my tongue feels on your clit? Say the safe word."

Chris's entire body shivered in response and Jon could see her nipples harden beneath her blouse. "Take off the panties, Chris." There was only so much of this he could take.

Her eyes flew wide open. "Wha—what about my word?"

"Pick one," he growled.

"Asparagus," she shot back.

For a second Jon was dumbfounded. Only Chris would pick an astonishingly disgusting vegetable for a safe word.

"Fine. Asparagus. I'm not gonna ask again. Take off the panties and hand them to Teej." He winked at her. "I promise, he'll keep 'em safe."

A hundred emotions filtered across her face, but in the end, her own desire won out. He took a half step back, shielding her from anyone who might walk by as she lifted her skirt and peeled her panties down her legs.

"Good girl."

She blinked and handed the wadded pair of cotton to TJ, her cheeks fire engine red. TJ brought them to his face and inhaled deeply. Hell, even Jon could smell her essence and he didn't have them pressed to his nose. She was more than ready to take the two of them inside her.

"Spread your legs." Jon nestled his nose in the skin right below her ear. After a moment's hesitation she did as he asked and turned her feet in and out, separating them until they were about a foot apart. This time when he smoothed his hand up her leg, he met naked, soaked flesh.

“You’re wet, Chris,” he murmured.

TJ’s hand joined his and she gasped. They each grabbed a thigh and coaxed her legs wider, then returned to her pussy. Jon stroked over her puffy lips.

“What color are you here, sugar? Dark pink? More mauve?” He dipped his tongue into her ear and felt TJ penetrate her sheath with a finger.

“Oh Jesus.” Her body lifted onto her toes and her head fell back, exposing the column of her throat. Jon attacked, locking his lips onto the delicate skin and sucking it strongly into his mouth, leaving a mark for everyone to see and claiming her at the same time.

“Feel good?” TJ used his other hand to brush the hair off her face.

Jon sought out the bundle of nerves at the top of her slit and pulled back the hood covering it. He captured her cry with his mouth and rubbed tiny circles around the swollen nub. She was slippery wet with a copious amount of juice. TJ’s finger thrust in and out, drawing more from her pussy.

It wouldn’t be long. Chris’s clit seemed to expand under his ministrations and her breath came in shallow pants. Her eyes, when she could open them, revealed dilated pupils and she fairly danced on her toes.

“Please.” She shook her head, a myriad of emotions crossing her face. “No. I can’t, umm, stop.” The muscles in her neck corded and she braced herself with a hand on each of their shoulders. “Oh my God. Shit. Asparagus,” she blurted.

Jon ripped his hand from between her soft thighs. TJ did the same. Both of them were breathing hard but nothing would make them do anything to compromise the semi-trust they were starting to build.

“Damn. Shit. Oh, God, I, uh. I just... I can’t do this.”

Jon hung his head and sucked in a deep breath.

“Here,” she yelped. “I mean, here. I can’t do this here, in the parking lot. It’s weird and”—she peered over their shoulders—“people can see us,” she panted, her face flushed.

TJ snorted. “I believe you’ve found the world’s quickest way to deflate an erection, baby.”

“Oh. Oh, I’m sorry. I don’t want you to stop...touching me. That was good, that was, well, fabulous, but I haven’t done this in awhile and...I’m not an exhibitionist,” she spat out.

“Ah, sugar.” Jon sighed. They’d gotten carried away and tried to take her in a goddamn parking lot like a couple of horny teenagers. How could he be such a fuckhead? With everything they knew about her past, here they were stripping her down in public, fingering her and getting ready to fuck her against the car.

Chris smiled. “Maybe we can get in the car at least?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely,” TJ agreed.

“Phew. I was worried you might change your minds.”

TJ yanked the back door open. “Never.” He tugged Chris around so her back was to his front, but before he helped her into the car Jon swept the blindfold over her eyes and tied it in the back.

“What are you doing?” The near panic in her voice gave Jon second thoughts but TJ stepped in.

“Relax, baby.” He clasped the hands she’d raised to the blindfold and brought them down. “I want your full attention while we’re in the car. Trust me, this will make your senses soar.” TJ lifted her knuckles and kissed them gently.

Her body softened and Jon’s heart thudded against his ribs. Her submission meant the world to them. Not that they wanted her to cower to them, but to be relaxed enough to trust them never to hurt her.

“Whatever you do, please, please don’t tie me down,” she whispered. The heartfelt plea seemed to come from the bottom of her soul.

Jon would kill to have her tied to their bed, spread so they could take their turns with her. He glanced at TJ while he finished tying the knot. TJ shrugged in confusion.

Jon soothed her by running his palms down her sides until she shivered and leaned into him. He hugged her close and nestled his chin in the crease of her neck and shoulders.

“We will never hurt you, Christina.”

She turned her face toward his. “It’s not that,” she admitted. “I...”

Jon lifted her chin and kissed her lips gently. “You what?”

She sighed and a red tinge flooded her cheeks. “I’m claustrophobic. I can’t stand being in tight spaces or held so I can’t move.” She spoke so fast her words got strung together.

TJ barked out in laughter and Chris huffed. “It’s not funny, TJ McFee.” Even blindfolded she was able to recognize TJ from Jon.

Jon smiled.

“You’re right, it’s not, baby. No tying you up, I promise.” TJ released her hands and put his on top of her head to help her into the backseat. “Not yet anyway,” he mumbled.

“I heard that,” she yelled.

Still chuckling, TJ followed her into the car. Jon slammed the door shut behind them and jogged around to the front. She would make things interesting, that was for sure. And hell, if they couldn’t tie her up—yet—there were a million other things they could do with and to her body.

Grinning in anticipation, Jon cranked the car and sped out of the parking lot.

Her pussy had to be leaving a wet spot on the leather beneath her butt. Chris licked her lips and dug her fingernails into her skirt. The blindfold tickled her nose. She lifted her chin and tried to peer underneath the edge. Nothing but pitch blackness surrounded her.

TJ laughed beside her and she blew out a breath. She should be panicking. Her heart should be racing. They were essentially kidnapping her, whether or not she’d gone along with it. They’d semi-promised not to tie her up—one of her biggest fears, along with elevators and trunks and the backseats of cars with only two doors. She had this insane phobia of going over a bridge in one of those deathtraps and not being able to get out. Sitting here, blindfolded, with two men who’d almost made her come with their fingers in a parking lot for all the world to see wasn’t making her bubble into hysteria. Well actually, it was—in anticipation of what was to come. She had a feeling what had started to happen against the car door was the tip of the iceberg.

Calloused fingers landed above her knee and she jumped.

“Easy, baby.” TJ smoothed his hand up her leg, lifting the skirt and easing his way to her core.

Chris spread her knees, allowing him access. Easy access. Lord what the hell had happened to the woman who’d gone into work this morning intent on keeping the men of the universe at bay yet another day? She had turned into a lush of ginormous proportions.

His hand disappeared.

“Hey,” she protested, then bit her lip. Did her giving in to him turn him off? Should she play hard to get? She’d been doing that for months now. She didn’t want to do it anymore.

Their kisses must have sucked all her normal, rational reasoning from her head, leaving her a wanton.

TJ snorted. "I'm just repositioning you, Chris. Give me a sec."

Huh? Fabric rustled on the seats, sending a swirl of a leather scent puffing around her nose. She turned to the sounds he made while he moved. The air conditioner hummed. Goose bumps prickled along her bare arms and legs and her nipples hardened. She squirmed in the seat as they rubbed against her bra. What was he doing? What did he have planned? What the hell could he possibly think to do in the cramped backseat?

His hand cupped her beneath the knee closest to him and lifted, pulling and twisting her around until her back was pressed up against the door and her bent left leg rested on the upright of the seat. The position left her wide open. Heat flooded her face at what she knew he could see. One leg on the floor, the other raised and pushed back. Her skirt slid to her waist and the cool air enveloping them washed over her pussy lips. She groaned and lifted her hips, wanting something tangible to touch her. He was right. The blindfold increased her other senses tenfold.

TJ grabbed the hand farthest from him and balanced her forearm on the armrest of the door. The other arm he placed along the top of the headrest to her left.

"Don't move either one of them, Chris, or there will be consequences."

The car veered to the right and then back to the left as if Jon tried to avoid hitting something in the road.

"I'm fucking driving up here. Don't say things like that."

Her heart pounded with the implication but she couldn't help but smile at Jon's reaction. She was half tempted to move an arm just to find out what the consequences would entail. She licked her lips and gripped whatever she could reach without moving instead. Somehow, someway, she felt the heat of TJ's gaze on her exposed pussy. Her juices leaked from her, preparing her for whatever he'd chosen to do. When long seconds went by and nothing happened, she gave in and did the one thing she thought she'd never do with a man. She begged.

"TJ." Her voice cracked.

"Yes?"

Damn him. He knew what he was doing to her. She felt a flush creep over her chest and face and itched to move, to do anything in order to get him to stroke her with those fingers she could still feel deep inside her sheath. Her stomach ached with needing him.

“Touch me,” she snapped, startling a bark of laughter from him. She almost ripped the blindfold off so she could look him in the eye when she slapped him.

Good Lord she’d gone from pushing men away to pleading in less than an hour. How did these two affect her the way they did?

“I’m admiring the view here, Chris.”

She felt the air move as he leaned closer.

“These puffy lips of yours are shiny wet.” He slipped a finger down her drenched slit and she gasped and arched into him, nearly impaling herself on the single digit. TJ clucked his tongue and the finger went bye-bye, causing her to sob.

“No moving, remember?”

How could she flippin’ forget? There would be permanent gouges in the expensive leather by the time they got to their home with the way she’d dug her fingers in. She couldn’t quite contain her usual attitude.

“Actually, the ‘them’ you asked not to move referred to my arms, and I have not moved them.”

A sharp slap landed on her pussy. Her reactive scream came out more like a squeak. She sucked in a breath, at first from the unexpected pain and then because of the way it made her squirm for him to do it again.

“We shoulda gagged her too, J.”

“Sounds like it,” Jon grunted from the front seat.

“Absolutely not,” Chris stammered. She refused to be gagged. No way.

TJ’s hand caressed up her shin, over her knee and down her thigh. Thank God she’d shaved this morning. It all came down to the godforsaken skirt now tousled around her waist. She probably wouldn’t have shaved if she hadn’t wanted to wear it tonight. Now she was so glad she had. His thumb came to rest on her clit.

“We’ve granted you your one request and promised not to tie you up. There was nothing said about not gagging you,” he growled.

This time she did sob, crying out as the pad of his thumb rubbed too softly on the bundle of nerves. She needed more, harder, faster, deeper. Something! God, she was turning into a nympho.

“I’m going to taste you, Christina. I’m going to run my tongue along this pretty pink slit and lap up every bit of your cream.” He emulated what his words said with a finger.

“And when I’m good and ready, then I’ll work on this little button.” He circled her clit once more and the back of her head hit the window. “You are not to make a sound.”

She whimpered and received a pinch to one of her lower lips. Chris pursed her mouth and breathed through her nose. If shutting the hell up would get him to go down on her, she’d shut the hell up.

A few seconds later she was rewarded. The tip of his tongue did exactly what he’d said it would, gliding along her pussy from anus to clit and back again. A tiny moan escaped her throat and TJ left her high and dry. She could have cried. Only the sounds of the tires on the road, the whirring of the air conditioner and their breathing filled the car. She still could have heard a pin drop.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “I’ve never done anything like this before.” They had to understand. She’d never *wanted* to do anything like this before. “Give me a chance. I’ll get better, I swear.”

A palm cupped her cheek and she angled her head into it.

“I don’t doubt you for a minute, baby.”

Chris let out the breath she didn’t realize she’d been holding. His voice sounded so sincere.

“That’s the last time I tell you, Chris.”

Chris froze at TJ’s words, waiting for the fear, the panic. It didn’t come. Something else happened though. Something she’d never be able to explain. Her clit throbbed. She actually felt the traitorous little bundle of nerves throb in anticipation.

Your body knows what it wants and who to trust even if your mind doesn’t.

Was it true? Had to be, because nothing about TJ’s gruff announcement made her feel the least bit uncomfortable. All right it did, but not in the afraid-for-her-life kind of way. It made her want him and everything he could give. Everything *they* could give her, and she wanted it now. Badly.

The flat of TJ’s tongue swiped through her pussy again and each agitated thought fled her mind. Her brain became mush with every pass of his mouth on her clit. He swirled and dipped inside her vagina then moved lower to circle her anus.

Her eyes rolled back behind the blindfold. Never had anyone touched her there and oh my God, if he didn’t do it again... Yes. It was the most erotic thing. Not something she ever imagined doing and yet, it felt so damn good. Who knew? Her clit pulsed and

grew. Her nipples hardened and rubbed against her bra. She wanted to be naked. She wanted TJ's cock inside her. Right now.

God. She couldn't believe she was doing this.

His tongue moved to lick at her clit and his fingers pulled back the hood. Despite his warning of retribution, she couldn't not move. Her hips jerked in time with his licks, pushing closer to his mouth. She was so close, so close, so—

Chris screamed. The orgasm tore through her body like an explosion. Her thighs shook and her fingers ground into the leather as she held on until the end. She panted and waited for her body's systems to slow down. She didn't even know the car had come to a stop.

The door behind her opened. She yelped and would have spilled out if whoever it was at her back hadn't caught her. She was lifted from the car and carried to wherever they'd stopped.

"You're lucky I didn't stop along the side of the road to fuck you, sugar." Jon held her. His chest rumbled gruffly along her side, stiffening her nipples into tighter points. The damn things were likely to pop if this continued. "As soon as I get you inside this door, prepare to have my cock buried in that pussy TJ just enjoyed."

"Can I speak now?"

She heard a key jammed in a lock and a knob turned. The door thudded like it had been kicked and with swift strides she was shifted and turned. Her back hit a wall.

"No. You can fuck now."

Chapter Three

Jon wrapped her legs around his waist, inhaling the remnants of her orgasm. Driving while TJ had gone down on her had been sheer torture. More than twice he'd almost driven off the road while trying to watch them in the rearview mirror.

Her cheeks were flushed, her lungs heaving, and the tip of her tongue poked out to wet her upper lip. Soon it would be the engorged head of his cock she touched with her tongue.

He rested his forehead on hers, pressed her into the wall with his body and reached between them to unzip. His cock was thick and hard and weeping with pre-come. He stripped her shirt over her head, careful not to dislodge the blindfold. "I've been waiting for this moment for months," he growled, and captured her gasp of shock with his mouth.

Jon devoured her. He pressed his knee between her legs to support her and cradled her face in his hands. Sweeter than honey. He bet a million bucks her pussy would be even sweeter.

His dick twitched between them, ready to be buried in her heat. "I can't wait for a bed, Christina." He caressed his thumbs over her cheeks, wanting her to feel that he would never hurt her. It had been a long time for her and he was a big man. Penetrating her tight little pussy might take some time.

Time he would enjoy immensely, more so if she did too. He reached into his back pocket and retrieved the condom he'd stashed there. He and TJ hadn't been positive they would make it home and above all else, they meant to protect her.

Not that he wouldn't love to see Chris round with either his or TJ's baby, but not yet. Not until they'd fully gained her trust.

Jon bunched the skirt she wore up around her waist and, tearing open the foil pack with his teeth, sheathed himself.

She caught her bottom lip with her teeth and he could tell she was thinking. What she finally whispered surprised him. "I don't want you to wait."

He had expected she might need some major time to adjust to them this weekend. What had changed? Her hands tentatively settled on his shoulders before smoothing down to his abdomen.

Jon bit back a groan. Her fingers feathered over his T-shirt-covered belly as if searching for something. He had a feeling he knew exactly what she was looking for but if she touched him it would all be over.

“Uh-uh.” He grabbed her hands and placed them high on the wall, holding both her tiny wrists in one of his big hands. The action raised her breasts almost as if in invitation. One he readily accepted by flicking open the front closure of her bra and swooping in to suck one tight nipple into his mouth.

“Damn, you don’t waste time, do you?” TJ chuckled as he walked in behind them.

Jon let go with a pop and smiled at her squeak. “Like you fucking waited.”

“Hell no.” TJ moved closer and turned Chris’s face with his fingers on her chin. He kissed her, coaxing her tongue to play with his.

Jon’s cock jumped. Watching TJ make love to whatever woman they’d happened to be sharing at the time was a major turn on. Knowing they were bringing her to pleasure over and over again by doubling the sensations she felt was a high unlike any other. With Chris the emotions were magnified.

She evoked feelings in him he didn’t know he had. She made him think of porch swings and watching the sunset together, of putting down actual roots. Now they just had to show her what they wanted and convince her that letting a man close wasn’t always bad. Or men, in their case, since both he and TJ wanted the same thing with her—forever.

“You fucking taste so good, baby. Here and here.” TJ’s hand delved between them, pushing Jon’s cock out of the way to cover her mound. “Let Jon take you, baby. I want to watch him push inside you. I want to watch you come around his cock.”

Her head jerked back and thudded on the wall. White teeth came out to nibble on her lip and her body quivered with anxiety. Chris nodded. Jon and TJ gave a collective sigh of relief. If she had said no, Jon would have put her on her feet and backed off.

Thank God he didn’t have to. He lifted her the few inches it took to lodge the head of his cock in her vagina. The rubber kept him from feeling everything he wanted—the wet heat of her outer lips sliding against him. All in due time.

He watched as she took inch by agonizing inch of his cock. She was tight as a fist around him, sucking him into her depths, milking him with muscles she squeezed as he penetrated.

“Fuck.” He panted, caught between ramming into her and taking it slow.

“God, don’t stop,” she cried, jerking her head back and forth on the wall.

TJ flicked at one of her nipples then rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. She moaned and arched into his touch. The action impaled her on Jon’s cock, drawing a low growl from him.

Heaven on fucking Earth. He’d never get enough of her. He retreated and she gasped, bearing down with her pussy and trying to suck him back in. Still holding her hands above her head, he pressed back home. His balls tightened impossibly, threatening to spill their contents with those two simple strokes.

TJ’s head lowered and he placed a simple kiss on the nipple he’d tormented with his fingers. His tongue flicked out, lapping at the brown-pink tip of her small breast before his lips closed around it. Chris’s shoulders shot off the wall.

He didn’t even have to move. With TJ working on her breasts, making her squirm, she was doing all the work for him. She pulled on his length as her hips shifted in time with the tugging at her nipples.

“Christ, you feel so good.” He thrust into her, slapping her back against the wall, no longer able to control himself.

“More.” Her head thrashed and she tried to tug her hands free with an anguished cry.

“Everything.” Sweat beaded on Jon’s forehead.

TJ’s fingers slid along her belly, dipping into her navel and through the curls covering her mound to settle on her clit.

“Oh God.” Chris’s entire body stiffened and arched as TJ found the bundle of nerves at the top of her slit.

“That’s it, baby.” Jon felt TJ’s knuckles rasp along his cock as he pushed in and out. Jon found the touch comforting. The first time it had happened had semi-shocked them both but then they’d both shrugged and continued pleasing the woman they’d been with. Now the coincidental touching didn’t even faze them.

His balls drew up, signaling the impending eruption. Son of a bitch, he wanted to feel his come spurting into her with no protection. He’d never gone bareback before, never wanted to. Right now he’d give up everything he owned for the chance.

“Come for us, Chris.” TJ’s soothing demand seized her. She shattered, crying out and gripping his hips with her legs in an unbreakable hold.

Jon felt every tiny ripple. It drew out his orgasm. He slammed into her one last time, burying his cock as deep as he could go. His neck corded as he threw his head back and growled with release. It went on and on, like no other orgasm he’d ever had.

Breathing hard and listening to TJ murmur inane things in her ear, Jon collapsed against her, supporting her with a cock that didn’t understand it had just exploded with mind-blowing intensity.

Stupid thing wanted more. He wanted more. He wanted it all. His fingers loosened their hold on her wrists and they slipped from his hand to dangle at her sides.

“Oh my God.”

TJ laughed. “We’ve reduced her to ‘Oh my God’.”

“Aislinn was so right.” She swallowed and let her head drop back. “Can I take this off yet?” She tried to lift her hand to her face but lacked the energy and it fell useless, knocking against the wall.

TJ and Jon smiled at each other. They knew what she was talking about. Hell they’d overheard the conversation she’d had with Aislinn but they wanted to hear her say it. “What was Aislinn right about?” TJ asked.

“What?” This time she succeeded in removing the blindfold to stare at them with a perplexed look as if she didn’t realize she’d spoken out loud.

“What was Aislinn right about?” TJ said softly again, encouraging her to talk to them.

Her cheeks flushed and she licked her lips. “Oh. Um. She, we... Nothing.”

Jon didn’t think it was possible for a face to get any redder. He pressed his hips forward, stroking her pussy until she moaned, and rubbed her cheek with his thumb. “Nothing my ass, sweetheart.”

“We most certainly did not talk about your ass. Much, anyway.”

TJ crossed his arms and sighed. Jon smiled again and, drawn to her still stiff nipples, pinched them lightly.

Chris sucked in a breath.

“As much as I like you talking about my ass with your friends, in this instance I don’t think you were referring to my ass.” He didn’t know why it seemed so important to get her to admit she’d wanted to be with them.

She squirmed on his cock, hardening his flesh yet again and trying to distract him.

He wouldn't let her. Jon grabbed her hips and stilled her. "Don't even go there."

Chris lifted her lip in a semi-snarl before turning it into a pout.

TJ snorted. "That won't work either. We've got you pinned to the wall, literally, and neither of us plans on going anywhere until we're satisfied with the answer you give us. Talk."

The cheeks went pink again and she tucked her head to her chest. "Shetoldmetohaveaflingwithyou."

"What?" TJ lifted her face with a crooked finger under her chin. She blew out a breath that flapped her lips, stared at the ceiling as if it were the most interesting thing in the world and grudgingly spoke.

"She told me to have a fling with one of you. Well, no that's not really true, she said 'you' in general, as in both of you, and I thought she was crazy but obviously she was not and how many women have you done this with 'cause it really is kind of weird, not that I didn't like it because, wow, it was absolutely mind blowing and I really wouldn't mind doing it again—"

"Breathe," Jon barked. "Jesus. Ask a woman a simple question." He'd gotten what he'd wanted though, her admission that she wanted them. He wrapped his arms around her, hugging her to him. "My back is starting to kill me. Let's move this to the bed, shall we?"

Chris's gaze narrowed on him as she came to her senses. "Are you saying I'm fat?"

"Lord," TJ muttered, rolling his eyes. "What is it with you ladies?"

"Don't change the subject, Chris." Jon shifted her in his hold.

She yelped as he swung around and hobbled down the hallway to his bedroom with his cock still embedded in the sweet depths of her pussy and his pants falling off his waist. He opted for his room, knowing TJ's would be a mess, like always. The man had a strict aversion to making his bed and picking up his clothes despite being in the military, or perhaps because of it.

Chris squeezed his neck and hung on.

"My back hurts from banging you against the wall like an animal and then standing around while trying to follow your ramblings." He nipped at her ear, chuckling at the way she tried to scramble up his chest until she jerked at the sharp sound of a bark coming from behind the bathroom door.

“Eeee...put on the brakes, stop, back up the bus.” She dug her heels into Jon’s ass and shot a hand out to catch the frame of the door they’d just passed, yanking them to a halt. Jon nearly stumbled. “What the hell was that?” Because it sure as shit sounded like a very familiar bark. Like that of her own German Shepherd. Which wasn’t possible since he was safe and sound at her home.

Something niggled in her brain, something Aislinn had said about giving them her keys so they could get some stuff so she’d feel more comfortable. Nah. They wouldn’t take her dog, would they?

“Sounded like a dog to me.” TJ looked bored.

Chris gingerly pulled free of the thick penis which had minutes ago helped to give her a fantastic orgasm, a penis she was anxiously looking forward to getting to know better, along with another still hidden beneath the buttons of TJ’s fly. For a second, her cheeks heated with the direction of her thoughts then she sobered.

After getting on her own feet she rested her fists on her hips, ignoring the fact she was nude from the waist up. “That’s Clodhopper, isn’t it? How the hell did my dog wind up here and why do you still have a penis?”

“Clodhopper,” Jon muttered.

Her gaze shot to TJ’s groin, since she knew for a fact Jon didn’t have a problem with his equipment. The copious amount of moisture leaking onto her thighs was proof.

Her eyes widened just as TJ opened his mouth to speak.

“Oh my God. What did you do to my dog?”

TJ put his hands up in a soothing gesture. “Calm down. I didn’t do anything. He’s fine.”

“Then how did you get him here? I know for damn sure he wouldn’t have come willingly.” She glanced again at his crotch, smiling when he covered it with both hands.

“Where the fuck did you learn to teach your dog to go for the balls?”

Chris smiled sweetly. Served him right for kidnapping her doggie.

This was what Aislinn had told them to bring from her house? She could cry right now. Aislinn knew Chris used Clod for protection, although fat lot of good he’d done her when her brother had shown up and Clod had been at the groomers. Had her brother waited for such a time? Had he been watching her? Didn’t matter anymore. Besides, what better way to protect herself from these two men than a trained attack dog? She had to

admit, having Clod here went a long way in making her feel safer though she was starting to believe she didn't need it. TJ and Jon weren't going to hurt her. Not physically anyway. They might break her heart when they were through with her, but she didn't think they'd cause her pain.

TJ grabbed her forearm when she reached for the door handle. Chris glanced down and grinned. "You might want to step back." His fingers flew off like she'd burned him. The second she opened the door, Clodhopper bounded out, tongue flapping, tail wagging.

"Shit."

"Motherfucker."

She felt the air move as both men jumped back.

"Hello, baby." Chris dropped to her knees and buried her head next to his. He panted and whined his greeting, his big paws landing on her thighs. His snout lifted, sniffing the air and looking over her shoulder at TJ and Jon. His lips curled and a low growl emanated from his chest.

"That's my good boy. He's very protective," she said over her shoulder.

"No shit, Sherlock." TJ pressed himself against the wall.

"And you call yourself a SEAL?" Chris rubbed the scruff of Clod's neck once more before standing. The feel of his fur tickling her naked breasts was more than a little weird.

"Do you see a gun in my hand right now? That dog nearly took of my manhood."

"Your *manhood*? I think they call that purple prose in fiction. Can I have my shirt back?"

"No."

The emphatic no came from both of them. Clodhopper took exception, snapping at the one closest to him, Jon.

He didn't seem the least bit impressed. "Call Cloddy off, Chris, and let's get back to the reason you're here, which we all now know has nothing to do with just a fling."

"But—"

"No buts. Call him off."

Jon didn't move from his perch, TJ didn't either, both of them presenting non-threatening positions.

“Oh fine, but just for the record, I really think it sucks that you broke into my house and stole my dog.”

TJ was quick to answer. “I didn’t break into your house, I had a key, and I didn’t steal your beast, I brought him here so you would be more comfortable armed with the knowledge that if either of us did anything you didn’t like, you could sic him on us.”

She paused. A lump formed in her throat. Men weren’t supposed to be thoughtful. They were supposed to use women and toss them away, not provide the protection against them.

“Clodhopper, at ease,” she commanded, using the hand signal Clod would recognize. He immediately sat at her heel and panted, waiting for his next instruction. He wouldn’t attack unless he felt Chris was being threatened or she gave him the command to attack. He’d do it without qualm, friend or not.

Jon straightened, stripped off the used condom as if that were the most important thing right now, then stuck his free hand out for Clodhopper to sniff, letting her dog get to know him.

“Why exactly did you give him a name like Clodhopper?” TJ joined Jon, a tad slower in offering his fingers to the wet nose and tongue of her dog. She could just imagine what had happened at her house.

“Because he had such big feet as a puppy. You drugged him, didn’t you? That’s why you still have your package?”

Jon stepped around her into the bathroom and disposed of the condom.

TJ nodded. “Didn’t hurt him a bit.”

“Next time I shoot you with a dart, I’ll be sure and ask if it didn’t hurt a bit,” she grunted.

“Speaking of packages...” TJ adjusted himself. “Perhaps it’s time we move this party into the bedroom.” He stepped closer, invading her personal space and wrapping his scent around her. Her mouth watered, and her pussy flared to life. It appeared the niceties were through. She nodded and watched Jon’s hand wrap around his cock and give a long, slow stroke.

Chris swallowed as a drop of pre-come leaked from the tip.

Each of them grabbed one of her elbows and tugged her to an open door at the end of the hall. The door shut with a resounding click, shutting Clodhopper out and making her jump with its implication. No escape. Did she even want to?

TJ stepped up behind her and hooked his thumbs in the elastic waistband of her skirt. He shimmied it over her hips to let it puddle on the floor. “We’ve been waiting too long for this to be just a one-nighter.” He knelt and his hands wandered up from the backs of her knees to her butt cheeks, caressing and smoothing over the skin.

The up-close-and-personal attention her ass was getting embarrassed her, but she had a feeling there were far more exciting things about to happen than him touching her butt.

He proved it by spreading her cheeks and running his thumb the length of her crack, pausing to circle her anus. She gasped and rose up on her tiptoes. Her clit throbbed, her nipples hardened and damned if Jon wasn’t drooling as he stared at the front of her body on display for him.

If she were at all self-conscious about her body, she might feel more awkward. As it was, she felt cherished, as if she were the only female on the planet who’d ever turned them on. She wasn’t, but it was the way they both made her feel in this moment that mattered.

Jon’s cock stood proudly from the juncture of his thighs. He wiggled out of the jeans hanging loosely on his hips and kicked them off, then stripped his black T-shirt over his head to reveal broad shoulders and abs thick with muscles that tapered into slim hips and firm thighs. He was covered in the perfect amount of hair. Not too much, not shaved like a swimmer.

TJ’s hands moved up the small of her back, making her shiver, then to her front where they covered her breasts and plucked at her nipples. She glanced down, amazed at how big his hands were on her, how his tanned skin contrasted with her pale chest. His fingers were slightly rough—calloused, she guessed—and rasped at the sensitive buds exquisitely. She’d never stopped to think about how they would feel if a man ever really touched them.

One of her previous boyfriends had fondled them, but not *loved* them. Not shown them the attention TJ knew exactly how to show them. They weren’t small, certainly not big either, but seemed to fit perfectly in the cup of his palms. He rolled the nubs in his fingers and she sucked in a breath. Between his touch and seeing Jon in the buff, she was more than ready for round two.

“Get on your hands and knees.” TJ’s lips roved over her ear, sending goose bumps down her arms.

For a woman who’d never had sex any way other than the missionary position, she was certainly receiving an education tonight.

Hell, she was having sex with two men in their home where they'd planned an entire seduction for her and were demanding she get on all fours. No biggie. She mentally snorted and wondered why in the hell she wasn't running for the front door, naked or not.

She gave the room a quick glance as she knelt on the floor, because for some reason she deemed it prudent to at least see where she was. Totally masculine in its furnishing, the room was done in dark blues and greens. A huge four-poster bed dominated the middle and a sudden panic flared to life. *They promised not to tie you down.* And Aislinn knew she was here, right?

A hand between her shoulder blades pushed gently, guiding her to put her palms on the floor. Chris hung her head. She wanted to think it was in shame, but the reality was, she wanted whatever was about to happen. Gravity pulled her breasts downward, the nipples drawn up tight.

There was a rustle of clothes behind her. TJ getting naked she hoped. Christ, they must have drugged her along with her dog. Just this morning she'd told TJ to get the hell away from her desk and here she was practically begging him to fuck her from behind.

She had to be dreaming. It was the only logical explanation for her plunge off the deep end.

"So soft." Lips whispered across the skin near her buttocks and she lifted her head. A pair of knees suddenly filled her vision. Her breasts swayed with her heavy breathing and her anticipation.

TJ moved, straddling her legs on his knees and tickling her calves and thighs with his hairier legs. His cock prodded her, first bumping into one butt cheek then hitting upon her slit. He separated her ass with his thumbs and his gaze bore into her like a one ton weight.

She whimpered and dropped her head back down. How could she be doing this?

One hand left and she bit her lip. Surely he didn't think to do anything to her ass. Not tonight. Something cold plopped onto the tight pucker.

"Oh God."

"Relax, baby. If you don't like it, I'll back off, simple as that."

"Uhhnnn..."

TJ's thumb pressed through the cold lubricant and she tensed. Jon sat in front of her, his erection at a furious angle right in front of her face. Fascinated by the pearly drop of come on the fat head, she relaxed, curving her spine and releasing the tension in her butt.

Jon's hand tangled in her hair, lifting the strands away so he could see her face.

“You ever done this before?”

She burst out laughing. “Which part? The going down on my hands and knees, the two men at once, letting someone stick their thumb in my ass, or the blow job I think is staring me in the face?” She glanced up at him. “You’ve got to be kidding, right?”

His smile said he liked her answer. His words cemented it. “I love your feistiness. I am specifically referring to the blow job, as you so eloquently put it.”

She would have answered except at that moment TJ slid a finger into the one place on her body nothing had ever entered before. It hurt, yet felt good at the same time. She groaned and backed into him. He steadied her with the hand on her back again, pushing her forward until he had her where he wanted her, and pulled his finger nearly all the way out.

“Fuck, she’s tight.”

“Well duh,” she wanted to shout but didn’t. She wiggled, looking for more. “Since nothing’s ever been...” He pushed in again. “Fudge.” Chris collapsed onto her elbows and dropped her head on her forearm.

“What was that?” TJ asked, retreating and thrusting over and over, opening her up to what she was sure would be a bigger invasion sooner rather than later.

“Nothing,” she snapped and heard TJ chuckle. Jon tilted her head and scooted closer. His penis would have poked her in the eye had she not yanked her head back some more.

And there it was again, in all its way-more-inches-than-she-could-handle glory. She realized she wanted to though. She wanted to take all she could of his length in her mouth and please him. It was the thought of swallowing what came out of said penis that made her pause.

Did everyone swallow? Did Jon expect her to? Would he be angry if she didn’t? Christ, just thinking about it had her sweating and gagging. Fear of the unknown. Maybe it wouldn’t be as bad as she was making it out to be. She agonized over the problem for precious seconds before deciding if he didn’t like her not wanting to receive his come, then he could bite her. They’d essentially kidnapped her. If they made her do anything she didn’t want, she considered that rape.

His cock waved before her eyes, begging her for some attention, and she swallowed.

“Hey.” Jon’s hands slipped around her cheeks and he looked into her eyes. “You don’t have to do this.”

Oh shit. He was going to make her cry. Again. She wasn't prepared for the tenderness. She had not been brought up to perceive men the way he was acting.

"I want to," she replied with steely determination. And she did. For him. For being a man she hadn't realized existed.

TJ added a second finger and she yelped as he widened the expanse of her exit. It couldn't be called an entrance. She didn't think God had really meant for it to be used as an entrance when he created it, but maybe he should have because holy shit, there was something to this whole back-door thing.

Then Jon's hands guided her head down and closer to the head of his erection and she decided she really wanted to know what he tasted like. With the flat of her tongue, she swiped at the velvet-soft skin and listened to him hiss.

Jesus, she was beautiful. Smooth, silky skin that pinkened whenever they touched her. Her juices literally dripped from her pussy, inviting TJ to lap at her again. First he had to work the rosy, puckered hole back here. She was fucking tighter than hell and his dick wanted in. Now.

He watched her head descend on Jon's cock, her mouth opening wide to take him in, and he could almost feel her lips wrap around his own erection. TJ groaned and fisted his cock with his free hand and continued twisting and penetrating her asshole with two fingers of his other hand.

Her body shuddered, her vaginal muscles contracted and released, giving him a peek into her pussy.

"Fuck it," he gritted out and leaned over her to reach for the box of condoms he'd dumped on the floor earlier. The action impaled her farther on his fingers. She shrieked and her head shot up, eliciting a growl from Jon.

"Sorry, man." TJ stayed where he was, bent over Chris, the tip of his cock inadvertently embedded in her pussy.

"Uh-huh," Jon ground out. "Real fucking sorry."

Chris dropped her head with an "*Uhn*." Sheer willpower kept him from thrusting into the wet heat surrounding his cock. Sweat beaded on his forehead and upper lip, his hips flexed and one more inch was sheathed by her pussy.

"Ah fuck. You're killing me here, babe." He rested his cheek on her back.

“Yeah, I can see where this is all my fault.” She panted and wiggled her ass on his groin.

“Stop unless you want me to take you without a rubber.”

She froze. TJ withdrew his fingers from her ass, drawing a low moan from her. He planted both hands on the floor on either side of her and didn’t move.

“I’m—I’m on the pill,” she offered, her lips grazing Jon’s cock, her tongue flicking out along the vein running the length underneath.

“Shit. Don’t say that.” TJ couldn’t help but push his hips forward another inch.

Her lips covered Jon’s cock, her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked on him, then she released him with a pop before looking back at TJ. “I’m on the pill.” Her eyes glittered with the same ferocious need he felt and he snapped.

TJ reared up on his knees and drove into her until his balls slapped against her clit. Chris arched back, mewling like a wildcat and squeezing his cock in a vise.

He wouldn’t last a second. TJ gripped Chris’s hips as she lowered her mouth again, causing Jon’s head to fall back in ecstasy.

Then he was lost in the pounding of flesh on flesh, the wet slurp of his cock in her juices, of her mouth on Jon’s penis, the drag and tug on his length and the constant whimpers and moans coming from both Chris and Jon.

The electricity between them sizzled. He met Jon’s eyes over her shoulder and knew with one hundred percent certainty they had made the right choice in waiting for her. She made them whole. Jon nodded and with one last thrust, TJ erupted, letting the sweet depths of Chris’s pussy catch every spurt of his come.

On and on it pulsed, unlike any other orgasm he’d ever had. Before he could catch his breath Jon gave a guttural warning and Chris sat back on her haunches. Her hand shot out to encircle Jon’s cock and pumped twice. Thick, white streams of come shot from his tip to splash on his belly and her arm.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, suddenly going shy on them when it was all over.

TJ reached out and drew the hair back from her face. “Sorry you fucked us both?” He couldn’t keep the incredulity from creeping out.

She waved him off with one hand and wiped her sweaty face with the other. “For not...you know.”

Jon smiled and pulled her into his chest and therefore off TJ’s cock. A position he sorely missed.

“For not what? Say the words, Chris.” Jon kissed her lips and TJ sat back against the edge of the bed, sated, yet wanting to go again.

“Swallowing.”

Jon tilted her face up to his. “I will never make you do anything you’re not comfortable with. Let’s get that out in the open right now. There are lots of women who don’t like swallowing.”

“So if I said I didn’t like the whole sucking thing at all...?”

“I’d say based on the enthusiasm you showed by practically taking the skin off my cock, you’re full of shit.”

Her cheeks grew red and puffed out in exasperation. She tucked her head under Jon’s chin. “I can’t believe I just did that.”

TJ did a double take. “You’ve never?”

“Well yeah.” She buried her sheepish answer in Jon’s chest as he idly rubbed a hand up and down her naked back. “Then I told myself I’d never do it again.”

“So what made you change your mind?” Jon mumbled, his fingers wandering to an exposed nipple and tugging on it until she shivered.

“I have no idea.” She huffed and turned into the touch. “I think you put a spell on me.” Her eyelids slid closed and the tip of her tongue poked out to lick her bottom lip.

TJ made to stand. “More like your body knows who it can trust even if your brain doesn’t.” He scooped her up, loving the slight weight of her in his arms.

Jon rose to pull the comforter from his bed and TJ deposited her on the sheet he’d exposed. He bent over and teased her lips, coercing her to open and accept his tongue. One knee on the bed, he helped her scoot into the middle and then lay down next to her.

After a quick trip to the restroom, Jon joined them on the other side, effectively spooning Chris between them. TJ briefly thought about getting them into the shower, but by the way Chris appeared to be losing steam, he opted for staying in bed.

“I should have taken Aislinn’s advice a long time ago,” she murmured, yawning.

Jon propped himself on an elbow. “Yes, I think you should have,” he teased.

She smiled, warming TJ’s chest. TJ loved watching her smile. “I agree. You should take Aislinn’s advice from now on when it comes to us.”

She snorted. “We don’t just talk about you guys. We talk about men in general.” Her eyes flew open as if she realized what she’d said. “Damn.” She flipped to her stomach and nestled her face in the pillow.

“Uh-uh.” TJ rolled her back, a fierce possessive streak taking over. He didn’t want to even think about her with another man touching all this exquisite skin or penetrating her sheath. She belonged to him and Jon now.

“I’ll give you something to talk about the next time you chat with your girlfriend,” Jon growled. He lifted her thigh over his and delved into her pussy with two fingers without preamble. His thumb circled her clit.

Chris arched her back and hissed at the contact. She reached behind her and gripped his ass with her fingernails to anchor herself. TJ went for the nipple closest to his mouth and sucked it deep into his mouth.

“Shit.” She thrashed between them, unable to prevent the sensual attack to her body.

Within minutes they’d brought her to a quick peak and threw her over the edge. She gasped for breath as TJ flicked at her turgid nipple and Jon’s fingers slowed in her pussy.

“Oh my God.” She sank, boneless, into the mattress. “No more. Mercy. White flag. I surrender.”

“The surrender I’ll take. There is no mercy though,” TJ whispered in her ear. “You’re ours. You can forget about all those other men.”

She snorted. “What other men?”

“Exactly.”

Jon drew the sheet over the three of them and he and TJ both wrapped an arm around the woman meant to be theirs.

Chapter Four

“What the fuck?” Jon glared at the red numbers on his clock. Three thirty-four. He’d only gotten about an hour’s sleep since their last go-round. What had woken him?

There. Music—bells—something ringing. Not close, so where the hell was it coming from? He glanced at Christina, dead asleep and snuggled up next to TJ. He was awake and staring back at him in confusion as well.

“What is that?” he whispered, careful not to wake their lover.

Jon looked at TJ. “She bring her cell in?” He stood and headed for the door.

“Not in hand. I think she had it in her pocket, didn’t she?”

By the time Jon found the skirt, the damn phone had stopped ringing. He grabbed it from the outer pocket. Anyone calling at three thirty in the morning didn’t want to chat. Maybe it was Aislinn, making sure she was okay, though why she would do that, he couldn’t fathom. Kyle wouldn’t have let her not trust them anyway.

The Caller ID screen displayed “1 Message”. Should he wake her? He stumbled to the bathroom to take a leak before climbing back into bed with the woman of his dreams and his best friend. The second his knee hit the bed, the phone jangled in his hand, screaming its ring now that it was out in the open instead of hidden in the folds of fabric.

Christina bolted upright and stared straight ahead. Her head swiveled from side to side, taking in her surroundings. The phone rang again and her head whipped toward his hand.

She snatched it from him. “You scared the hell out of me.” Her hair fell in disarray around her beautiful face, tangled from being taken three times in the past five hours, and she clutched the sheet over her breasts.

Jon snorted as she flipped open the phone. “That sheet won’t save you, baby.” He gave it a tug and she stuck her tongue out at him.

“Hello?” Her voice cracked with sleepiness.

Jon stroked his hands over her naked back, and TJ did the same as she sat between them. She shivered between them and hugged her knees to her chest. Her breasts flattened against her thighs. Jon reached in and lifted the one closest to him.

“What?” Her voice whispered in eerie intonation, her knees fell to the bed, her hand shook. “No.”

The strangled desperation Jon heard in her voice baffled him. TJ sensed the same thing. He sat up, tucking her into the V of his thighs, and ran his fingers through her hair. The look he gave Jon asked the question he wanted to know too. *What the hell had happened?*

“When?” Tears filled her eyes and spilled over the lower lids. She sniffed and wiped her nose with the back of her hand.

“What’s goin’ on, baby?” TJ demanded.

“How did this happen?” she shouted, making both of them jump.

“Oh God.” Her wail cut into his heart. The phone slipped from her ear and landed with a soft thud on the mattress between her legs. Chris leaned into TJ with a soulful keening sound.

Jon picked up the phone, anger roiling through him at whoever had upset their woman.

“Shh,” TJ consoled.

The line was dead. Motherfucker. What had he done by bringing the damn thing into their bed?

“Talk to us, sugar.” TJ’s words seemed to echo in the thick atmosphere of the room.

“He killed her.”

Oh God, he’d done it. After all this time, her father had finally succeeded in going too far and now her mother was dead. Her heart split in two. If it weren’t for the constant touch of TJ’s fingers grounding her, she might have lost it. More so than she’d already done.

It couldn’t be true. Her aunt had to be wrong, misled somehow. Maybe her mother was unconscious, hurt like every time before but not dead. She couldn’t be dead. Oh God, oh God, oh God. She hummed and felt her body sway. Her stomach lurched.

“Christina.” Jon’s sharp voice jerked her back.

She searched his face, seeing the worry lining his eyes, the bunching of his jaw.

“What happened?” he asked, reaching up to flip a lock of hair that covered her eye.

“He killed my mother.” She nearly choked on the words. Somehow she’d known, deep in her subconscious, this day would come. She just hadn’t expected it would be this soon.

TJ turned her face to his with a finger under her chin. Tears threatened to spill. She could hardly hold them back and didn’t want to. Let them see her in all her glory. If they couldn’t handle this then she would know once and for all that tonight really had been a fling for them, despite what they’d said earlier.

A small amount of light illuminated the room. Since she didn’t believe for a minute either one of them slept with a light on, she could only think they’d left it on in deference to her being there. She was grateful for it. Those kinds of little things were the ones that made all the difference, made her feel special and not just like the next woman in a lineup of women.

“Who did?” TJ growled.

Shit. For a second it had gone away. “My father,” Chris breathed.

How many times had she watched him beat her mother, only to wake up the next morning begging for forgiveness for what he’d done? How many times had her mother accepted those pathetic excuses and apologies? Despite the love she had for her mother, she was just one of the reasons Chris had had to leave. Watching your mother deny day after day the problem so obviously staring her in the face had torn Chris apart.

“What do you know, Chris? Who was on the phone?”

“My aunt.” She shook her head, dispelling the image of her mother laying motionless at the bottom of the staircase leading to the second floor of the home she’d grown up in. “They found her at the...the foot...of the stairs.” She sobbed and turned into TJ’s chest. His arms wrapped her in a warmth she’d never felt before. At her back, Jon added his extra strength. Who’d have thought she’d ever find herself seeking comfort from one man, let alone two? Still, even sandwiched between the two men who’d shown her so much pleasure throughout the night, her skin was cold and clammy.

“I know he did it.” Her mother may have been many things Chris never wished to be, but clumsy or suicidal weren’t two of them.

“What do the police say?” Jon tried to warm her by rubbing her arms, TJ started in on her legs. The shaking began almost immediately, racking her body with enough force to make her teeth ache.

“I don’t know.” What could they say? What had they ever said when she’d called them? *There’s nothing we can do until your mother files charges.* Stupid!

She sniffed and felt the claustrophobia setting in. She couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. “I...I have to go. I have to be with her. She’s all alone.” Chris fought her way out of their embrace, irrational thoughts clouding her mind.

“No fucking way. You can fight us ’til you’re blue in the face, but no goddamn way are you going there alone,” Jon snarled.

She gasped and spun to face the vehement face he presented.

“Don’t even think about it. We’ll get up, take a shower, get dressed and then we’ll get underway.”

“Listen to him, baby. No matter what you thought would happen tonight with us, we aren’t ready to let you go.” TJ’s lips caressed the back of her neck. “We’re here for you. Don’t shut us out.”

She couldn’t handle this right now. A fling. A fling was what she’d been semi-prepared for, not shoving her sordid life down their throats and having them accept her, flaws and all. Her heart pounded against her ribs. Her brain screamed not to put her faith in them, but her body demanded she do the opposite. It all boiled down to trust, because trusting them not only affected her mind, but her heart.

The last thing she wanted was for them to stomp all over her when they were ready to move on, leaving her in tatters the way her father had done too many times to count.

Chapter Five

What exactly was it with the clichéd funeral in the rain? Chris stared at her mother's casket. The flowers covering the silver box were beautiful, so unlike the life she'd led, one fraught with turmoil with a man she refused to stop loving no matter how many times he belittled her or beat her.

Chris shivered. The rain had put a chill in the air. Then again, it could be the two men still standing at her back, their mere presence lending strength. The small gathering who'd come to Lana Marshall's final resting place had long since disbanded but Chris could not find the strength to move. Yet not once had TJ or Jon tried to get her to. Each had a hand on her shoulders where their fingers gave her a continual massage.

She should be crying. She should be bawling uncontrollably and asking God why he'd allowed this. Would it help? No. God hadn't killed her mother. Maybe he'd saved her instead since she hadn't seemed able to save herself.

Chris had cut all ties to her father a few years ago, but in doing so she'd been severed from her mother as well. Not so her younger brother. Somehow she must have done all her crying in the past and over the last couple of days because now she was dry.

She sucked in a breath and held it, inhaling the smells of the rain and the fresh flowers and the damp earth her mother would be lowered into as soon as she moved away. Off to her left, trying to be discreet, were two men dressed in grey jumpsuits waiting for her to leave so they could do their job.

Jon's hand sifted through her hair and she dropped her shoulders.

"You okay, baby?" TJ's lips caught on her ear.

She nodded. "Yes."

He came to the front and knelted before her, taking her hands in his. "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"No." She gave a short laugh. "You've already done way too much."

Jon sat in the chair next to her. “We haven’t done anything.”

“Are you kidding me? You brought me all the way out here, in your personal airplane no less, listened to me cry for hours on end and came to a funeral for a woman you’ve never met. You call that doing nothing?”

Jon’s lips quirked into a smile. It made her tummy flip and sent an arrow of hunger to her clit. She jerked her gaze away only to have it fall on TJ, whose face mirrored Jon’s. She should not be feeling like this right now. Not in the midst of burying her mother. Yet the hardening of her nipples told her that her body didn’t care where the hell she was.

“What’s next, baby?” TJ put a hand on her bare knee. His thumb caressed her skin and she had to swallow and lick her lips to keep herself from tackling him to the ground.

This is wrong. It took a Herculean effort but Chris managed to push his hand off.

One of his eyebrows rose. “Too much help in taking your mind off things?”

“I’m supposed to be in mourning,” she murmured.

Jon’s lips brushed her ear. “I don’t think you have any tears left in you, sugar. No one can say you haven’t done any mourning.”

“It just doesn’t seem right to be sitting here thinking about anything other than the fact that my mother is dead.”

TJ sighed. “No one is judging you, sweetheart. Everyone grieves in their own way at their own pace.”

She sniffed and nodded. He was right but it still felt wrong. Like she was betraying her own mother. “She always chose my father over my brother and me. I never understood why she liked getting the shit kicked out of her. Still, she is...was my mother. She gave birth to me and at least had some input in raising me.” So why couldn’t she drum up more sympathy?

“You want to go home?” Jon settled his hand on the back of her neck and massaged.

Yes. “No.” She couldn’t just leave. Not without going to the house to be there for her brother one last time before she left for good. The only reason she would ever come home was gone now.

Carter would be there and she’d have to deal with his pathetic attempts at demanding she loan him money to support his habit. He was as big as their dad and just as ugly with his alcohol.

Maybe she shouldn’t go to the house. It might be safer, body and mind, to leave and never look back.

“No. No, I need to do this. I need to say goodbye.”

Jon nodded and slapped his thighs before he stood and they both helped her up.

“Then let’s get it over with so we can get back home.” TJ wrapped her long hair in his hand and brushed his lips against hers.

He tasted so good. Jon pressed himself along her back. His erection prodded her bottom and she whimpered in need. How long had it been since she felt their cocks inside her? Two days? Her brain was completely befuddled. The last she really remembered was waking up in Jon’s bed with the initial phone call from her aunt.

Somewhere over the next couple of days they’d flown her home to the Chicago suburb she’d grown up in and spoken to the police to try to piece together what had happened the night her mother died.

She’d basically gotten the runaround. No one knew anything. No one saw anything. As far as they were concerned Carter found her already dead at the bottom of the stairs when he came home from work and her father had been at work all day. So at some point between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, Lana Marshall had fallen down the stairs and broken her neck.

TJ reached for the handle of the door to their rental car. She didn’t even remember walking across the expansive cemetery grounds to get there but suddenly she was standing in the wedge created by the open back door.

A fling. Aislinn had told her to have a fling. She had to laugh.

“What’s this all about, sugar?” Jon wiped a tear from her face when her laughter finally subsided.

She smiled. TJ had her blocked in. She wasn’t going anywhere yet again. Talk about déjà vu. The only thing that would make this scenario any more similar would be the dimness of late evening. Oh, and a silky black blindfold.

Chris cocked her head. “Does this look familiar?”

Jon glanced around at the three of them and grinned. “Why yes, madam, it does.” He leaned closer and nuzzled her nose with his. “And here’s me without my blindfold.” His low grumble coursed through her, filling her clit with blood and making it ache to be touched.

“It was just supposed to be a fling.” She groaned.

TJ cleared his throat. “We’ll be sure to take the matter up with Aislinn as soon as we get home.”

“Home sounds nice,” she whispered, tilting her head to take Jon’s lips. He opened, sucking her tongue into his mouth, and took control of the kiss.

“Our home,” TJ added.

Panting, Chris broke off and licked her lips, tasting Jon there. She faced TJ and her knees wobbled. It hit her like a two by four to the face. *Our home* sounded better than anything she’d ever heard before. She knew with sudden certainty that she definitely wanted more than a fling too.

She’d take whatever she could get, for as long as they wanted her, and deal with the aftermath of them leaving her when it happened.

First she had to get through the next few grueling hours in the presence of her condescending family and friends who didn’t understand how she could move away and never come back.

She’d seen the faces of the people at the funeral. The raised eyebrows, the lips curled in distaste, the whispering with not even an attempt at being behind her back. Under normal circumstances she would have had a panic attack. She would have let their hatred wash through her to the point she couldn’t breathe, couldn’t move.

Instead, TJ and Jon had never left her side. Hell, there wasn’t a moment when at least one of them didn’t have a hand on her. They had effectively grounded her and kept the attacks she’d suffered her entire life at bay.

“I’d like that. Very much.”

TJ’s nostrils flared with her declaration and his lips melded with hers. When he finally lifted away, he pushed her hair behind an ear. “You don’t know how good that makes us feel. Let’s get this over with and get back on the plane.”

* * *

All talk stopped the second she came through the door. The eerie silence filled the living room of the house she’d grown up in, sending a chill over her body and leaving goose bumps along her bare arms. Every eye in the room was on her. Talk about being the life of the party.

Except this wasn’t a party. It was her mother’s memorial. Surely they didn’t think she wouldn’t show up? TJ stepped in behind her and ushered her forward with a hand at her back. Jon followed.

The airplane suddenly looked better and better. Why had she talked herself into this?

“Come on, baby. Pay your respects and don’t worry about these people.” TJ clasped her fingers through his and tugged her deeper into the room.

Some kind of ballgame played on the years-old TV, and people she used to call friends huddled on the threadbare sofa, loveseat and chairs, whispering and glaring as if she’d committed a crime. If only they knew the life she’d really lived behind closed doors.

Hell, they did know, they just hadn’t cared. All those people staring goggle-eyed at her right now were adults she’d trusted. They should have protected her. Instead, they’d turned a blind eye. Maybe they were the biggest reason she’d run the second she’d gotten the chance.

It takes a village to raise a child...

Where had her village been?

“Just let me find my father and brother and then we can leave,” she murmured. It was plain to see there was nothing left for her here. Even the deputy sheriff, Blake Anderson, who stood off in one corner, turned his head when she looked at him. At least he had the decency to look ashamed by the behavior in the room.

“I think I saw ’em in the kitchen,” someone snarled.

Chris did her best to ignore the attitude for which she’d done nothing to deserve. She straightened her shoulders, lifted her chin and headed for the booming sound of her sloshed father.

Some memorial this was for a woman who shouldn’t have had to give her life to the man who beat her every night.

Jon pushed through the swinging door and they were greeted by the same reaction they’d had in the living room. Dead silence.

Her father’s lip curled up in distaste when he saw her. He took a long swig of the half-empty beer bottle he held, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, belched and then tossed the bottle in the air, flipping it end over end. He caught it upside down by the neck and threw it in Chris’s direction like he was throwing a hatchet.

Everything happened at once. She screamed, TJ yanked her toward his chest, covering her head with his hands, and Jon launched himself across the room at Robert Marshall with a primal yell. The glass bottle shattered against the wall and tinkled to the ground.

Her brother, Carter, stomped across the kitchen, ignoring Jon, who subdued her father with minimal effort against the sink, one arm thrust up and back behind him. Robert howled in pain, screeching for Jon to get the fuck off him.

The door flew open. Deputy Anderson had one hand on his gun and probably ten looky-loos behind him.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Carter roared at Chris, raising a hand to slap her.

Chris cowered.

She didn’t need to. TJ grabbed Carter’s hand before it had the chance to make its sweep and bent it backward, bringing Carter to his knees.

“You better get some handcuffs out, Deputy, or I can’t guarantee I won’t break this arm.” TJ’s expression was one she’d never seen on him before. Feral might best describe it. Yet his words were calm.

“She fucking killed her.” Carter’s howl was punctuated by a vicious bend to his arm and a yelp of pain.

Deputy Anderson took his time retrieving the cuffs at his belt. There was something on his face. Almost a look of...satisfaction? Shock held her immobile.

“How can you accuse *me* of this?” She expected the rejection, even hatred or violence from her father—he probably felt the need to turn on someone since his punching bag was gone now, but not accusation, and certainly not from her brother. She hadn’t even been there, for God’s sake. The tears threatened to start up again.

“Kind of hard to kill someone from a state away,” Jon threw over his shoulder.

She could see neither of her protectors had broken a sweat yet her brother was practically in tears on the floor.

“My mother hated her for leaving.” Spittle shot from Carter’s mouth.

“Shut the fuck up, boy.” Robert attempted to turn around only to have Jon jerk his arm higher. He gave a drunken hiss.

“If she had stayed, this wouldn’t have happened.” Carter’s eyes bugged and sweat coated his face.

“What wouldn’t have happened, Carter?” Deputy Anderson asked.

“She wouldn’t have fallen down the fucking stairs, you moron. She was always moaning and wailing about that bitch.” He stabbed a finger in Chris’s direction.

A thousand thoughts went through her head, the topmost being what had she done? Had she killed her mother even if inadvertently?

Deputy Anderson stepped closer, admiring the hold TJ had on Carter, but still not attempting to handcuff her brother.

"I was so fucking sick of her pathetic whining. You'd think Christina was a princess the way she talked about her," Carter spat.

The tears fell. Her mother had loved her after all. She'd never said the words to her, or shown her with hugs, but for Carter to be spouting what he was, Lana had to have felt *something* for her only daughter.

"So what did you do?" the deputy asked, obviously looking for something. A confession, maybe?

"Nothing that we shouldn'ta done sooner," her father screamed.

Chris gasped as did the onlookers behind them all.

Anderson sighed as if he'd had enough and slipped the cuffs from his belt. He stepped around the stunned Carter and slapped one end on her father's wrist, bringing it out of Jon's hold. "Robert Marshall, you have the right to remain silent." He pulled both of Robert's arms behind his back and Chris heard the click of the second cuff.

She heard something about assault and battery but not much else over Carter shouting, "You can't fucking take him. That's entrapment. He didn't do anything but find that bitch dead."

A second later, three more deputies pushed through the mob at the door to help secure both her father and Carter and lead them through the house and outside.

Chris stood there stunned. What in the hell had just happened?

Deputy Anderson stopped in front of her as Jon once again took his place at her side and TJ the other. She warmed in an instant.

"I'm sorry, Christina. I didn't want for this to happen this way but we hadn't had any luck getting either one to crack. I figured you might be some kind of impetus."

"But what if I hadn't come?"

He shrugged. "Then I would have gotten them some other way. Besides, we haven't really gotten them yet. The coroner's report could only say she died in the fall. They couldn't prove if she was pushed or not, but, honey, I know how things went down in this house. She may have blamed her bruises and broken bones on being clumsy, but she wasn't. Your mama was a good woman in her own way, she just wasn't strong as you

when it came to getting the hell out. There wasn't a true confession back there, but I'd had enough of their caterwauling, and they did attack you, so I had a reason to arrest them. Do you have a number where I can keep you informed? The minute I know anything, I'll let you know."

Jon handed the deputy his card. "We appreciate it."

Chapter Six

Chris sank into the buttery soft leather seat of the jet and let sheer exhaustion take over. The last couple of hours had proven to be more hellish than the moment she'd learned of her mother's death. First they'd followed her father and brother to the police station and she'd listened in as her father continued to spout his evilness, never confessing so much as saying her mother had gotten what she'd had coming to her. His filth hurt worse than any physical blow he could have landed. And he still blamed Chris for her mother being so depressed that she'd probably taken her own life.

His ramblings had been so ridiculous—depressed after all these years, when all she had to do was call?—Chris had finally gotten up and walked out, but not before he'd turned his venomous filth on her, shouting and spitting and vowing vengeance through the one-way glass. For *what* she didn't know. She hadn't caused her mother to die. Robert Marshall was even more delusional than she remembered him being.

He hadn't once mentioned caring that his wife had lain at the foot of those stairs like some kind of animal until Carter had gotten home and found her. Hell, he hadn't shown any kind of remorse whatsoever in losing Lana.

Remembering the look he'd given Chris when she'd walked past him and out of his life for the second time made her nauseous still. Full of hatred, it alone promised retribution.

Chris wanted nothing more than to be home where she could snuggle under the covers and let it all go. She looked up the aisle to the two men who'd brought her here and scratched her idea. She wanted to be at *their* home, in *their* bed, wrapped in *their* arms, letting them take care of her. They'd proven to her through the stress of the funeral, the memorial and the police station they could be more than the sex machines she'd always envisioned them being. Didn't help that she'd listened to all the rumors about them.

The last couple of days should have scared them off her completely. She was a woman with more emotional baggage than a sea of women, any one of which they could have chosen instead of her. But they hadn't. Instead they'd insisted on coming with her. They'd held her hand and rubbed her shoulders and never once had she been left alone. They were a pillar of comfort at a time when she would have had no one. She would forever be grateful for that.

Chris glanced back up at Jon talking to the pilot and TJ to the steward. TJ gestured to the back room of the plane. It had been her intention to head there first thing, but she'd only made it to the second row of seats before collapsing.

Beyond the closed door was a big bed. For now it would have to suffice for snuggling under the covers. TJ's concern-filled gaze met hers. He walked away from the steward, leaving the other man talking to his back, and stopped a foot away from her. He lifted a hand, palm up. "Come on."

His gravelly voice sent a frisson of pleasure through her when there should be none. How did both of them do that to her so easily? It was like her body knew they owned it and would give in at the weakest suggestion, but nothing about his demeanor said he was suggesting anything. Her legs shook like wet noodles as she stood.

TJ lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed across her knuckles. Did he have any idea what he was doing to her, turning her inside-out? He pivoted and led her to the bedroom.

"Take off your clothes, baby, and lie down for awhile. Time to try and rest. You look like you're about to keel over."

She stared at him. He must have gone crazy. He'd asked her to get naked and into bed, then tacked on a "try and rest". She hadn't thought it possible for men to think of naked and rest in the same sentence. Her eyes watered. She'd gotten this same kind of reaction from them for two days. No fooling around, no insinuating sex, just seeing to her needs.

Chris sat on the edge of the king-sized bed and crazily wondered how they'd gotten the damn thing on the plane. It took up most of the space in the room, leaving just enough to open the door to the tiny lavatory on one side and nothing on the other.

TJ loosened the tie he'd worn for the funeral and pulled it from around his neck with a whoosh. His shoes were next. He toed the shiny loafers off at the heel, his gaze never leaving hers.

"Need help?" He smiled at her. Not the devilish, I-want-to-fuck-you smile she expected but a tender one that said he understood what she was going through and made

her feel a hundred pounds lighter. Chris kicked off her own shoes, a pair of heels she rarely wore for a damn good reason—they scrunched her toes to oblivion—and jumped to her feet. Reaching beneath her skirt, she rolled the much-hated pantyhose down her legs and sat again to pull them off completely.

TJ had his belt unbuckled, his pants unbuttoned and unzipped, his shirt untucked, and was in the process of relieving himself of his shirt. It fell to the ground with a soft thud and he crossed his arms in front of his belly. His back arched as he lifted the undershirt up and over his head, tossing it to the floor also.

Chris's heart thudded. The sight of his ripped abs was absolutely mouth-watering. She understood how he and Jon drew so many women to themselves. They were drool-worthy.

“Don’t make me remind you one more time to strip, baby.”

Shit. Chris shook her head, but nothing would divest her mind of the image before her—a sleek line of dark hair leading from his chest and disappearing into the top of his boxers.

One of TJ’s eyebrows rose. Chris felt her face heat.

She flew off the bed again and fumbled with the button at the side of the skirt. Damn. Her fingers felt like sausages. In the end she simply yanked it down over her hips and cringed at the ripping she heard along the waistband. Why the hell was she so anxious to get out of her clothes?

“Oh good, you had the same idea.” Jon’s voice made her head snap up. A huge smile revealed his straight white teeth. She felt her cheeks heat and wondered if he’d heard her clothes rip in her eagerness to get them off her body.

“Yeah, well, I didn’t think she’d do it unless I provided a little encouragement.” TJ stepped over and pulled her against his chest. His lips feathered over hers, his hands held her gently at her hips.

She melted against him, letting him take her weight, and opened her mouth under his. Fling, schming. She’d been deluding herself thinking she wanted this relationship to end.

The idea should have shocked her. It didn’t. She’d been a non-believer in men for so long, yet here she was falling for two of them, and if she were truly honest with herself, she’d have to say she’d been slowly headed this direction for months. Self-protection had held her back.

TJ's hands wandered under her blouse, carrying the fabric up as they went. "Hands up," he murmured.

She complied and let him rid her of the shirt, leaving her in only her panties since she hadn't worn a bra. The rasp of a zipper sounded next to her. She hadn't even realized Jon had moved, she was so focused on TJ and his kiss and touch. Now Jon turned them so he could stand behind her, his chest along her back. His hands covered her breasts and plucked lightly at her nipples, drawing a sigh from her.

This was right where she wanted to be.

Jon nibbled on her ear as the plane's engines whined to life. TJ's fingers trailed down her abdomen, pausing to swirl in her navel. Then his touch was gone and she felt a pat on her butt. "Get into bed, baby."

Chris hesitated and bit her lip before clearing her throat. "How?"

"How what?"

"How do you want me," she rasped, feeling heat coil deep in her belly.

TJ chuckled. "In the middle on your side."

She reached for the waistband of her panties. Jon stopped her. "Leave 'em on."

"Wha—?"

"You take them off and I'll want to do something you're not prepared for right now."

TJ rubbed his hands up and down her arms. "We're just sleeping, Chris. No sex. Sleep. You've had a hard couple of days and when we make love to you again, we want you whole, not pieces of yourself."

Tears filled her eyes. This was not how men were supposed to act. They were supposed to take, take, take. Yet TJ and Jon had shown her time and again just how opposite they were to men like her father and brother. She mouthed *thank you* to Jon, took a deep breath and stretched out on the bed. It tilted as TJ climbed on after her, then Jon. They sandwiched her, lending their warmth to her chilled skin and cocooning her in their dual embrace.

She'd never felt more protected or loved. Or less tired. Her exhaustion seemed to have disappeared in their arms and suddenly she wanted answers.

"Why do you do this?"

"What?" Jon's voice was groggy, indicating she wasn't the only one who'd been tired.

“Share.”

TJ rubbed his nose in the crease of her shoulder. “It just sort of happened one night when we were with the SEALs. Made us both sit up and see how much we were missing, that we could feed off each other’s excitement and make the woman feel that much better.” His lips traveled across the back of her neck.

“It made finding a woman who enjoyed a ménage that much more special,” Jon added, his fingers wandering over her belly. “Like you,” he whispered. “We’ve been waiting for the one woman who would make us feel whole.” His gaze met hers, making her breath catch. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

TJ’s arm slipped over her hip and his hand settled over her navel, big and strong and firm. And permanent. Chris swallowed as the irrevocable feeling fluttered in her tummy. More than she’d ever wanted something like this in the past, she wanted their offering of permanence now.

* * *

The scenery from the airport to their house passed in a blur. Her head felt foggy, her legs like Jell-O and despite the nap, Chris felt like she could sleep for another whole day and still be tired.

Yet her body was practically bathed in their cologne, all thanks to the way they’d snuggled on the plane. Her fingers itched in her lap and twice she’d had to force the toes of her left foot to stop tapping. The fabric of her blouse rubbed incessantly on her nipples to the point she wanted to reach up and fondle them herself.

She took a deep breath and stared out the window, desperate for something to distract her from the two men occupying the car with her. The two men who’d lent her support when she needed it most. A time when she’d never imagined having such support, let alone that two men would be the ones providing it.

For so long she’d seen them as eye candy. She’d told herself—to save her sanity most of all—that they were men who flitted from one bimbo to the next seeking only the pleasure of their bodies and not their minds. God, she’d been such an idiot. The truth had been staring her in the face day in and day out and because she hadn’t wanted to take a chance, she’d been too stupid to see how far from her perception Jon and TJ truly were.

They weren't in it for the sex. They were in it, in her, for a relationship. A long-lasting relationship, and if she hadn't taken that leap of faith the other night with TJ and Jon, she might still be stuck up in Chicago dealing with the ramifications of her father killing her mother instead of here with them sheltering her.

"Almost home, baby. You still tired?" TJ turned the BMW into the neighborhood lined with massive homes, century-old oaks and beautiful landscaping. In the light of day and without the heavy weight of her mother's death smashing her, she looked at the area with new eyes. Stunning was an apt word. The rich lived here and TJ and Jon had their fair share of wealth.

"Yes," she murmured. Except a part of her woke up with the way his voice made her body tingle. She squirmed in her seat. Jon reached over from his position beside her in the backseat and threaded his fingers through hers.

She'd been more than ready for them back on the plane. Hell, when she'd been stripping off her clothes it had felt like a race to see who would get done first. Instead they'd wrapped her in a man burrito and held her while she'd slept. They'd still been there when the plane had landed and she'd woken.

Would they put her off again? Because honestly, she didn't think she could handle being coddled. She wanted something to take her mind off everything that had happened in the last few days and hopefully they understood they could provide the something.

TJ pulled up to an all-brick, expansive ranch sitting on a huge tract of land she hadn't really seen yet. The first time she'd been here it had been getting dark and she'd been, well, blindfolded, and then they'd left in the wee morning hours when it had still been dark, first to drop off Clodhopper with Aislinn and Kyle and then on to her childhood home. Now, she was getting her first good look at TJ and Jon's home and she really liked what she saw. You could probably fit three houses between theirs and their neighbors' and still have room to spare. She envisioned a tiny little girl running across the lawn, laughing. Chris shook her head to dispel the thought. Children? She snorted.

"Problems?" Jon leaned into her and glanced out her window as if looking for whatever she found amusing.

Heat seared her cheeks. "No, just glad to be home." She jerked around and faced him. It was now or never. "You won't...er, um, hold back will you?"

TJ brought the car to a stop. One of Jon's eyebrow's rose. "Hold back?"

Chris fidgeted. Why was it so hard to say what she wanted? "I don't want to be held." There. That ought to do it.

“You don’t want to be held?” His words sounded hurt but his face held a touch of amusement. The rat was having a good time pretending not to understand her. She lunged at him, attacking his lips with her mouth and giving him no room for misunderstanding.

“Well, hell. I for one am extremely grateful there will be no holding involved.” TJ shoved his door open and jumped out. Lips still locked on Jon’s, Chris watched TJ from the corner of her eye as he jogged around the hood and came to her door. He flung it open and hauled her out with his hands under her armpits. Jon followed, barely breaking their contact.

She found herself shepherded toward the front door, pushed inside and thrust into a serious sense of déjà vu. She’d been in this spot before, that first night. This time they didn’t stop inside the door but pushed her down the hall, kissing and touching her wherever they could reach along the way.

Everything fled her mind except being closer to her men. Just for this few minutes—or hours, whatever the case may be—she wanted to forget the ugliness her father had wrought and be free.

The bedroom was dim with the shades drawn but she saw everything clearly. They came to a stop in the middle of the room. Jon stepped up behind her, pressing his cock into the small of her back. TJ dropped to his knees in front of her, taking her skirt and panties with him, over her hips and down her legs.

“Step out.” He tapped each knee and in the process, placed her feet where he wanted them, she guessed, because she ended up with her legs spread wide open.

Her knees threatened to buckle when TJ spread her labia with his thumbs and blew on the heated flesh.

Chris let her head fall back on Jon’s chest and reached back to grip his hair. He chuckled in her ear, his fingers twirling and pinching the tips of her breasts beneath her shirt before stripping it up and over her head. Every ounce of her blood must have surged into her sex and nipples, as sensitive as they both were. TJ’s tongue slid through her sopping wet folds with ease, from back to front, and ended at the tiny bulge of her clit. He circled the nub and sucked it into his mouth.

“Oh God.” She started to sink to the ground only to be held up by Jon.

“Uh-uh, sugar. TJ’s not done with you yet,” Jon murmured, his tongue sliding into her ear canal. She bit her lip. She couldn’t take much more and she was sure they’d just begun.

Again and again TJ lapped at her, slurping her cream and feasting on her. He'd never get enough of her. His cock was hard as a rock but he didn't dare touch it. He wanted to be buried inside this pretty little pussy before he exploded.

TJ wrapped his lips around her clit peeking out from beneath its hood and she shot to her toes. If Jon weren't holding her up, TJ was sure she'd have melted to the floor a long time ago.

He took one last swipe and stood, showering her belly and breasts with kisses on the way.

"Your body's all flushed, baby. Nice and wet and ready for us."

Chris licked her lips. He had a better place for that tongue of hers.

TJ palmed her right cheek. Her nostrils flared with each panting breath.

"I need to feel your mouth on my cock, baby. On your knees." He freed his erection from the confines of his pants and boxers and shoved both down to his knees.

For a split second her eyes widened. Then she swallowed and sank to the ground as if she'd done it a thousand times. He knew from the first night and her tentativeness at going down on Jon she hadn't. Still, when her lips wrapped around the head of his cock and drew on it, his eyes rolled back in his head and he nearly lost his balance.

Who needed experience when you had raw talent and enthusiasm?

"Shit," he growled when she swept over the bundle of nerves near the tip. Fuck, she seemed to know exactly where to touch, how hard to suck, how much to take in— "Uhn."

Jon grunted in laughter and stripped his clothes off. "Now you know."

TJ grasped her hair in his hands and held her still on his cock. Jesus. Thirty seconds in her hot mouth and he was ready to come. Obviously her tentativeness had gone by the wayside.

"No more," he groaned and pulled away. Shiny wet, his cock twitched in protest. TJ lifted his chin. "On the bed."

He smiled when she readily obeyed. Her ass wiggled as she climbed up and crawled across the bed, giving him a fantastic peek at the rosy aperture between firm cheeks. TJ nodded at Jon, who turned and grabbed a duffle bag from the floor near the foot of the bed.

Two steps later, TJ kicked his pants off and knelt on the bed behind her. Chris turned, a heated look on her face.

Her pussy glistened between her thighs, beckoning him in.

“Raise your leg, baby.” TJ patted the thigh he wanted moved and slid beneath her so she straddled him. She gasped as his cock trailed a line of his pre-come across her hip and nudged the folds of her pussy.

“You’re going to take me in both, aren’t you?” There was a hint of fear in her words but her eyes held a touch of excitement. Her pulse hammered at the V of her neck. TJ tilted his head and placed a soft kiss there.

“I’m going to have help,” he murmured and fingered her nipples. She arched her back like a kitten and purred.

TJ watched as Jon ran his hands over the globes of her ass. “Perfect.”

Chris’s forehead landed on TJ’s chest. “Is this gonna hurt?”

Both he and Jon burst out laughing. God he loved her.

Stunned at the direction of his thoughts, TJ lifted Chris’s head with his thumb under her chin.

“You will take us both and you will love it, baby.”

Her eyes glittered. Jon held up a tube of lubricant and TJ gave a slight nod.

“What if I...don’t?” she squealed when Jon’s finger penetrated the tight ring of muscles of her ass.

TJ reached for her clit and circled it.

“Shit.” Her head dropped and her body shook above him.

“You will.”

“Relax, sugar, let me stretch you.”

Chris whined but her hips pushed as if she didn’t know which way to go. Forward into the touch at her clit, or back onto the finger working its way into her ass.

“Uhn.”

“That’s a girl.”

TJ saw Jon coat his fingers again with the lube and then he pressed into her a second time. He must have used two fingers this time because Chris hissed and shot forward. TJ took advantage of the exceptional placement of her breasts and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

“Son of a... Oh God. Please,” she begged.

When she settled, he released her nipple with a pop. “Payback’s a bitch,” she growled.

TJ grinned. “Is that a threat or a promise?”

“Teej, I can’t wait anymore.” Jon withdrew and grabbed hold of her hips.

“Me either.” TJ guided his cock to her slick opening. “Come down on me, Chris.”

She whimpered as she slowly impaled herself on his straining cock, her inner muscles gripping him until his eyes crossed.

Jon’s hips pressed forward.

TJ expected her to balk or put a stop to their double penetration. Sweat beaded Jon’s forehead and chest as he worked his cock into her ass.

What he didn’t expect was for her to throw her head back and shout, “Keep going. Keep going.”

TJ felt Jon’s erection creeping along his with only the thin barrier of tissue separating them. When Jon was seated fully, TJ withdrew. Chris sucked in a deep breath and practically followed his cock, which in turn pulled her off Jon.

“Stay still.” TJ gripped her hips and slammed into her. He and Jon set up a rhythm, penetrating and withdrawing, sliding into her body like they’d done this a thousand times. She was perfect. Perfect for both of them and they wouldn’t let her go. Somehow they had to make her see.

None of them lasted more than a few minutes.

“I need to...I...please let me...” she cried.

“Yeah, baby. Come for us,” TJ broke in. He reached between them and pressed on her exposed clit. Her body seized and she screamed. TJ yanked her hips down and Jon thrust in. Both of them pumped into her at the same time, spurting their come deep inside her body.

Chris collapsed, sprawling her body over TJ’s. Jon withdrew from her body and rolled to their side, one hand still on her back, stroking and caressing her as all their breathing slowed.

Finally TJ pulled from her sheath and twisted until she was lying between him and Jon. He flipped a lock of hair from her face. Her eyes drooped but a smile graced her lips, and he kissed the tip of her nose.

“Sleep, baby. I think we could all use a nap.” TJ yawned and snuggled closer to the woman he loved.

Chapter Seven

Chris tapped her foot impatiently. TJ and Jon were in Kyle's office, not fifteen feet away and it was too far.

"Shit." As if the last three days spent lazing in their bed hadn't been enough. Only thirty minutes had passed since they'd left her at her desk before their meeting. Not quite lunchtime yet but already this morning she hadn't been able to pull herself from their presence for more than five minutes.

What the hell was happening to her?

Love.

The word slammed into her like a baseball bat to the forehead.

Friday night and the bar seemed like a lifetime away. Her one-night fling had turned into more of a five-nighter and she couldn't see it ending anytime soon.

Didn't want to see it ending.

The thought should have scared her to death. So why did she want so badly to always be a part of them? Why did the mere thought of them being with another woman make her want to throw up?

"Oh, sweetie, how are you?" Aislinn's voice pierced her vision like a needle in a balloon, popping the image of TJ and Jon pleasuring some bimbo.

Aislinn came around the desk and wrapped her arms around Chris's body. "Kyle told me what happened. I'm so sorry."

"Thank you."

"Are you okay? You guys were gone before I knew about it. I should have been there for you."

Chris nodded. "I know you would have." She squeezed her best friend back. "It all happened so fast and I didn't think about calling anyone. TJ and Jon kind of took over and swept us all away. I'll be okay." She took a deep breath. "I think, in the back of my

mind, I always knew it would happen this way. I'm kind of surprised it didn't happen sooner." Her throat closed up and tears threatened again. She still couldn't shake the image of her mother lying at the foot of the stairs and she was more than relieved she hadn't actually seen it.

"So he was arrested. He confessed and everything?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"And what about your brother?"

Chris picked up a pen from her desk and twirled it between her finger and thumb. "I don't know. I never heard from him after we left the police station. Last I saw he was spouting something about suing everyone within hearing distance. It was enough to make me leave and never look back."

Aislinn had a sympathetic look on her face. She patted Chris's hand in understanding then a grin curved her lips.

"Lunch at Miguel's? You need a good bowl of tortilla soup."

"Absolutely." This was exactly what she needed. A return to normalcy and lunch with her best friend at the café around the corner where they ate almost every day.

"Great. Let's go early." Aislinn practically bounced.

Chris eyeballed the closed door to Kyle's office. Aislinn turned to follow her gaze. Her smile grew bigger than ever. "I'm taking it the fling went very well."

"More than you'll ever know," Chris muttered, standing to grab her purse. Thank God she wasn't as tender between her legs anymore. The first couple of days had been a little awkward. Her walking bow-legged, when they'd let her up long enough to walk must have been amusing.

"Oh my God, girl. I am so getting all the juicy details at lunch."

Christina snorted just as the office door opened. Jon poked his head out. "Where are you ladies headed off to?"

"Lunch," they answered together and giggled as they walked away. Chris's heart pounded. It actually felt strange to leave their presence. Like a string was pulling her back, urging her not to go far. Aislinn looped her hand around Chris's elbow.

"Be careful," Jon growled.

"Oh Lord," Aislinn sighed dramatically. "How did we both get saddled with overprotective brutes?"

“I don’t know.” *But I’m not inclined to find out how to get unsaddled.*

Ten minutes later they were sitting at their usual outdoor table and gave the waiter, Manuel, their order. Chris lifted her face to the sun, letting it warm her. The past several days had been such a blur, she felt like she was in some kind of time warp.

The skin prickled along the back of her neck. She snapped her gaze around.

“So tell me everything and don’t leave anything out.” Aislinn’s words came from a distance.

Chris didn’t see anyone in particular but the feeling of unease wouldn’t leave.

“I want all the details.”

Sweat trickled between her breasts and shoulder blades.

“Are they as good as the rumors say they are? Not that it’s any of my business, but what good is being best friends if you can’t share? Chris? Hey, Chris.”

Their surroundings came slamming back into Chris. The tinkling of dishes, chattering among the other outdoor patrons, birds chirping, a car honking, the breeze lifting her hair. She sucked in a deep breath and shook her head to clear it of the eerie feeling.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost. Are you okay?” Aislinn touched Chris’s forearm with light fingers.

Chris lifted the glass of ice water and took a long drink. “I’m fine. Just got the feeling I was being watched or something.”

Aislinn craned her neck and twisted in her seat. “I don’t see anything out of the ordinary.”

“Me neither.” Chris gave a tight laugh. “Too bad your vision thing doesn’t work on command.” She was only half joking. It might be kind of nice to see the future.

Well, maybe not so much. One of the visions Aislinn had seen had been of her fiancé being killed. She’d had enough time to warn Kyle though and divert at least some of the disaster, leaving Kyle very much alive.

“It isn’t always a blessing.”

Chris smiled. “I guess not.”

“Spill.”

Their meals arrived before Chris could answer. Miguel’s tortilla soup was her absolute favorite. Chris broke the fried strips of tortilla down into the bowl, letting them

soak up the spicy, cheesy soup filled with bits of chicken, and lifted the spoon to her mouth. The flavors exploded on her tongue. Today was definitely going to be a two-bowl day.

She was just about to tell the waiter she really wanted another bowl when a chill shot down her spine and a shadow fell over her.

“We’re done. Let’s get out of here, I’m starving.” Jon stood and rotated his head on his shoulders, working out some of the tension. They’d had to fire someone for trying to sell the plans of a special security prototype they’d been developing.

The guy hadn’t even had an excuse for them. He’d seen green and gone after it. Thank God they’d caught wind of it before he’d done any real damage.

“Me too.” TJ stretched his arms to the ceiling.

Kyle joined in. “Yeah. Let’s go find the girls and join them. They haven’t been gone long.”

The three of them looked at one another and grunted, “Miguel’s.”

“You’d think they’d get tired of that place.” TJ led them from Kyle’s office and over to the bank of elevators.

“Aislinn says it’s something in the tortilla soup,” Kyle said, stepping onto the elevator when it opened with a ding. “All I know is that since you guys have been gone, she hasn’t gone to Miguel’s, and I don’t get the same woman back in the office after lunch that I do when Chris is here.”

TJ slapped him on the back with a laugh. “You saying you haven’t gotten any since we left?”

Kyle snorted. “Hell no. Not saying that at all. I’m saying I don’t get it after lunch.” He grinned.

Jon’s cell phone rang. Still laughing at Kyle he flipped it open and answered. “Winslow.”

“Mr. Winslow, this is Deputy Anders...with the Sheri...De...ment.”

Jon stuck his finger in his ear as the door slid shut. Reception would suck in the elevator. “Deputy Anderson?” he repeated. A sense of foreboding shot through him.

“Yes... ..rshall disappeared... Wanted to war...to kee...Ms. Marsh...afe.”

“What? I’m in an elevator. You’re breaking up.” He looked at the phone and cursed when it flashed *no signal* before slamming the lid closed.

“What’s going on?” TJ asked, concerned.

“I don’t know. It was Deputy Anderson, but it kept cutting out.” Jon looked at TJ, conveying the dread starting to settle in the pit of his stomach. “Marshall’s gone.” And if he was missing then no one would be remiss in thinking he might be headed here. For his daughter. Not after the things he’d spouted after being arrested.

“He’s on his way here.” There was no doubt in Jon’s mind Robert would come after Chris, wanting revenge for having gotten him arrested.

“Fuck.” TJ punched the wall.

“That son of bitch wants another piece of Christina.” Jon shifted his weight, his body preparing for battle. Everything in him shouted to get to his woman. Now.

“What if they didn’t go to Miguel’s?” TJ attacked the lobby key with his thumb as if willing the steel trap of a box holding them prisoner to move faster.

“They go to Miguel’s every day, you think they’d choose to go somewhere else today? No way,” Kyle growled. “It’s five minutes on foot which is quicker than getting the car. Besides, if the deputy is just calling you now, chances are he hasn’t had enough time to get here yet.”

Sure. He might not have had time but what if he did? What if he was already in town and looking for Chris? Damn it! He didn’t want to play the what-if game.

The elevator took an eternity to get down to the lobby and an even longer time opening its doors. Jon shoved his way through when the space was barely six inches wide and barreled into the group of people waiting to go up.

He hastily steadied the woman he ran into and mumbled his apologies without missing a beat. TJ slammed through the double plate-glass doors at the same time Jon did with Kyle right on their heels. Miguel’s was just a few blocks away. Kyle was right, it would take them longer to get the car than to walk.

Jon forced himself to a fast walk when he wanted to sprint and see for himself Chris was all right. She had to be. He would accept no less. He needed her. *They* needed her in their lives, in their hearts, in their bed. Her and her damn beast of a family-jewels-siccing dog, Clodhopper.

“She’s fine.” TJ’s tone lacked confidence. He lengthened his stride in his eagerness to get to her too.

“Is that why you’re running?” Kyle kept pace with them. After all, as Chris’s best friend, his woman would be in Roberts’s path too, had the man actually shown his face.

They rounded the corner just as a loud crash erupted about thirty feet ahead of them. Seven or eight people jumped back from the short black iron fence surrounding the outdoor portion of the café. Jon’s heart thudded and stopped momentarily.

A table flew up and over, toppling dishes and throwing silverware in an arc into the air. A woman screamed, a dog barked, a baby cried.

“Call the police,” a man shouted.

Jon took off running, his buddies close behind. He vaulted the three foot tall fence without blinking and took in the scene. What they found surprised them. Robert hadn’t come after his daughter.

Carter had come after his sister.

“What are you doing, Carter?” Chris’s obscenely calm voice echoed in his head.

“Christ. He’s got a gun, Jon. Right hip,” TJ said softly and headed to the left.

Jon nodded. “Yep.” They kept their voices low so they didn’t alert Carter to their presence and reverted to hand signals ingrained from their years in the Special Forces. Kyle’s feet made no sound as he moved off to the right.

“You killed her, you fucking bitch.” Carter launched himself at her, his hands raised, ready to go for her throat. Chris stood still, looking completely bored, and Jon feared she wouldn’t be able to get out of the way in time.

She didn’t have to. Aislinn’s foot shot out, sending Carter sprawling to the concrete in a drunken mess. He spluttered and screeched, crawling to his hands and knees, stunned.

Chris picked her way between a fallen chair and bits of glass and ceramic to stand in front of the man her brother had become, and Jon breathed a sigh of relief. Christina Marshall wasn’t a woman to be treated with kid gloves. Not that he’d ever thought she needed to be, but still.

“I wasn’t even there,” she hissed. Jon, TJ and Kyle edged closer. She glanced up and directly into Jon’s eyes. Hers widened, and Jon gave a quick shake of his head and covered his lips with a finger to keep her from giving them away. He watched her gaze flick to Kyle and TJ. She knew she wasn’t alone. Aislinn saw them too if the look on her face was any indication.

“That’s right, you bitch,” Carter snarled.

Jon saw the miniscule flinch and the narrowing of Christina's lips and eyes and could have groaned.

"If you had been, she wouldn't have fought with me day and night. She wouldn't have alienated her son and I wouldn't have had to kill her."

Jon was less than four feet away, separated by the overturned table, but he saw the way Chris's face blanched and heard her sharp intake of breath. Robert Marshall hadn't killed his wife. Her own son had. Because he'd felt ignored.

Kyle and TJ flanked Jon but stayed back so they wouldn't be seen. No one wanted to give Carter a reason to draw his gun and possibly get a shot off in the middle of the crowded café. A couple of men scooted closer, trying to be heroes no doubt. TJ warned them off in some silent way Jon didn't see with his focus on Carter.

"She never fought you, you bastard. She took our father's meaty fists against her face and body every night and forgave him every morning. She protected us both from his hands and if she had left like I did, she would still be alive. *You* killed her because of some deflated ego." The crowd gasped at her revelation while sirens sounded in the distance.

Christ, he would tan her sweet little ass later for taunting her brother like this. TJ and he would take immeasurable pleasure in doing so too. Despite the situation, Jon felt his cock harden as he envisioned her cheeks pinkened by his hand and how wet her pussy would be by the time he sank deep inside her.

Carter gave a guttural cry and reached for the gun.

It barely cleared the waistband of his filthy jeans before TJ, Jon and Kyle were on him. Jon didn't even remember leaping over the table blocking his way. He saw metal and something in him snapped.

He gripped Carter's wrist and slammed it against the ground. An agonized cry erupted from the other man. The gun clattered across the concrete, safely away.

The takedown was almost too easy. Perhaps because Carter was drunk and off his full faculties. A police car squealed to a halt on the street behind them and the crowd started in on what they'd seen.

Jon kept his knee planted squarely in the small of Carter's back.

"Get off me," he shrieked, tossing and turning and trying to shake Jon loose.

“You okay, baby?” TJ wrapped Chris in a bear hug. Jon signaled one of the officers over. He needed to be in on the touching TJ was receiving, not here bent over the raving lunatic who’d threatened his woman.

Chris nodded, a snarl curling her lip with distaste as she looked down at her brother currently being handcuffed.

“We had a bit of a warning, so neither of us got hurt.”

TJ, Kyle and Jon turned to Aislinn, expecting her to have had a vision. Aislinn shook her head.

“Nope, wasn’t me.” She pointed at Chris and all eyes turned to her.

“What?” she asked innocently.

TJ grasped her hands. “Sweetheart. Is there something you need to tell us?”

Her face scrunched up. “No. No! Good Lord, I got this tingly feeling on the back of my neck and then there was this shadow over us. It could have been the way he very loudly called me the trashy whore who killed her mother in front of the entire café. Caused enough of a commotion for Aislinn and me to get up, which is when he shoved the table over.”

Aislinn snorted. “Oh and that had nothing to do with you calling him a drunken pig who needed to go wallow in his miserable life somewhere else.”

Jon leaned in and whispered in Chris’s ear, letting his hand wander to her ass. “You will pay for antagonizing the man trying to kill you, sweetheart.”

Carter fought the police, jerking against their hold. It took three of them to subdue him and finally drag him to the squad car, kicking and spitting his profanities and accusations all the way.

“I wasn’t antagonizing him. He called me a killing whore. Was I not supposed to defend myself? I can’t believe it was him all along. I never thought... I... Do you think the cops will keep him or let him go?”

TJ took her elbow and started guiding her back to the Turner Industries building. “They won’t have a choice since you’re going to press charges for assault.”

“Will it stick? He didn’t touch me.”

“No, but the table did.” Aislinn pointed to Chris’s hip. “Remember, he flipped it up and it bounced off you.”

“Son of a bitch, Chris.” TJ jerked to a stop and started pulling her shirt from her pants so he could see if there were marks. Jon assisted. “Where did he get you? Are you hurt bad?”

Chris pushed at their hands. “Um, hello, public sidewalk here. Get your hands out of my pants.”

Jon grinned. “Then we’d better get home, because I want nothing other than to have my hands in your pants.”

“I see Sergeant Watts over there. I’ll tell him we’ll bring her in later. I’m sure they’ve got questions.”

“Who’s Sergeant Watts?” Chris asked as Jon tried to pull her away.

“A friend of ours,” Jon answered and then called over his shoulder to Kyle while he propelled Chris down the street. “We’re taking the rest of the day off.”

“Bye,” Jon heard Aislinn yell behind them, her voice amused.

“Are we even going to make it home?” Chris grunted. “Good Lord, slow down.”

Jon pushed the pace and somehow he and TJ made Chris keep up. No way would he slow down. Witnessing her brother trying to take her out of his life had been too much. He needed to reconnect with her. To do that he needed to get as close to her as humanly possible—inside her. Buried deep where she wouldn’t know where one of them ended and the other began. Either of them because Jon needed TJ there with them as well.

If TJ was in the same shape as Jon, they might not make it home, but she was right, they didn’t need to get arrested for public indecency.

“We’ll make it home.” He eyeballed the remaining distance between them and his car parked in the lot next to Turner Industries. “We have to for what I have in store for you,” Jon growled.

Chapter Eight

The front door closed behind them with a definitive thud, adding to the growing thump her heart was currently beating. TJ had driven this time while Jon kept her occupied in the backseat. Distracted, more like. There wasn't any part of her body his hands and mouth hadn't touched. He'd been especially tender at her hip where an ugly bruise had already shown itself.

Her nipples were rock hard, her clit throbbed and she was breathless. Jon had her primed and ready with all his backseat foreplay. She rounded on him, grabbing his shirt and hauling him to her.

"Where were we?" She ignored his look of surprise and attacked his lips.

TJ sandwiched her between them, nestling his thick cock against her ass, promising wickedness. His hands came up, dragging her shirt with them then palming her breasts. Jon had so thoughtfully freed from their confinement in the car.

A second later, Jon flicked open the button at her waist. She heard the rasp of the zipper over her moans as TJ pinched and rolled her nipples into even harder points.

She needed them. Needed both to fill her mind with something other than the ugliness her brother had brought.

Her pants were pushed down gently over her sore hip. As soon as they reached her knees, all tenderness was gone. Jon's booted foot stepped on the crotch and shoved them to the floor. TJ knelt and helped her step out all while his tongue roamed her backside. His hands kneaded her flesh, spreading her cheeks so his tongue could rim her.

She squirmed at the strange feeling, thinking she should be disgusted but not managing to summon anything but pleasure. Oh God, they were turning her into a depraved wanton. TJ's fingers tapped her inner thighs.

"Spread your legs, baby."

She did, sucking in a breath when two lean fingers speared into her core.

“You’re wet, Chris.”

Well, duh. She swallowed and laid her head on Jon’s chest. He rubbed her back and held her still for the fingered assault on her pussy and the tonguing of her tiny opening farther back.

After stripping her shirt off, Jon added his fingers between her legs, rubbing a slow circle around her exposed clit.

“Shit.” She bit her lip and her knees sagged. After these last few days they were experts at playing her body.

“Uh-uh, sugar. Not yet. We have a little business to attend to first.”

“What?” She came out of her stupor to see a gleam in Jon’s eye. What the hell?

TJ’s clothes brushed up her naked skin, chilling her. He nibbled on her ear. “What were you thinking taunting Carter like that?” His hands slid up her sides to return to her nipples, giving them a tug and nearly causing her to sink to the floor.

She shook her head. “What did you want me to do, cower?”

“Yes,” they both said emphatically.

Jon sighed. “We want you to be safe, not put yourself in the direct line of fire. Didn’t you see the gun?”

“No, I was too busy dodging the flying iron table and chairs and dishes. And then he pissed me off by calling me a whore.”

TJ turned her face to his with his thumb under her chin. “You are not a whore.” His mouth wandered from her lips, over to her ear, down her jaw to the crook of her shoulder and neck. Chris tilted her head to give him better access. “All the same, you need to be spanked.”

“For what?” she breathed, not really caring when Jon’s lips surrounded one of her nipples and tugged it into his mouth.

Somehow they managed to move across the floor, all while tangled together, kisses still being applied. When they reached the couch, Chris was turned so her belly rested along the back. TJ stalked around to the front and climbed onto the cushions on his knees, his gaze never leaving hers. His fingers went to the buttons of his fly. Chris dropped her stare to watch each button push through its hole in slow motion.

His cock—long, thick and looking painfully hard—thrust out when he pulled it from his boxers. She licked her lips.

“Yeah, baby, get those lips wet.” TJ fisted his erection and stroked it from base to tip.

A hand in the middle of her back bent her over the couch so her head hung above the chaise part of the three-part monstrosity. His calloused hands smoothed over her buttocks and hips, paying special attention to the humongous bruise blooming to life.

“Does this hurt, sugar?”

She gulped. “No.” She had a feeling her ass was going to burn like hell in a minute and cover up any hurt she might feel anyway. So why wasn’t she protesting and running screaming from their house?

Jon chuckled. When she felt him next, he was naked. His cock prodded her slick entrance when he parted her thighs. It felt so good. She caught herself with her hands on the couch to keep from falling headfirst. And still, TJ’s hand worked his length. He moved closer, first kneeling on the chaise, then working his legs out in front of him so he was spread eagle, one leg draped over either side of the chaise. He helped her balance herself by putting her hands next to his thighs. His penis saluted her not five inches from her face, its head shiny with pre-come.

Now she knew why they’d chosen this position.

A sharp slap resonated in the otherwise silent room a split second before the pain radiated through her bottom.

“Fuck. I wasn’t ready,” she cried, looking over her shoulder at the deviant grinning behind her.

“And your point is?” Jon caressed the heat blossoming over her left butt cheek, taking some of the sting away.

“Suck me, Chris.” TJ’s hands guided her head back to his cock. It was just far enough out of reach she had to stand on her tiptoes to get close. She squealed as Jon lifted her off her feet, but it got the job done. Her lips brushed the tip of TJ’s cock and he sucked in a breath.

“Perfect,” Jon murmured, running a hand up and down her spine.

“Take me in your mouth,” TJ practically snarled.

“Be patient, would you?” She glared up at him. *Smack*. “Yowch!”

“See? You’re back to the taunting again. That’s why you’re in this position in the first place.” Jon smacked his hand down again.

Chris squeezed her eyes closed as the burn settled and turned into something else, leaving her clit begging to be touched and her pussy sopping wet.

“You mean it has nothing to do with the fact you’re in perfect alignment?” She wiggled on his cock, teasing the swollen folds between her legs, and received another slap on her rear.

“Suck,” TJ commanded in a gravelly voice meant to shock her. He’d propped himself up with his hands behind him on the chaise. If anything, the man was being tortured by having her mouth so close yet so far away.

She took pity and wrapped her lips around the fat head, licking off the salty essence of him. She heard his groan and imagined him dropping his head back in ecstasy.

Chris took delight in sucking him in as deep as she could before gagging around his circumference. The whole blow job thing was getting easier, more palatable. She wasn’t sure she was ready to swallow yet, but she was getting closer to the idea of trying it maybe. Maybe.

Jon pressed forward, lodging the head of his cock inside her opening. She moaned, inadvertently taking TJ deeper than she ever had before, and he moaned too.

Another slap on her rump had her rearing up, arching her back and dragging up on TJ’s cock. His hand tangled in her hair, bringing her back down. She swirled her tongue along the thick vein running the length of his penis and flicked at the sensitive spot under the head.

Jon thrust in, impaling her with every inch of his cock and slapping her again. The tingling sensation wound its way through her torso, aiming for her clit. If he would just touch her, she would explode.

Up and down, she worked TJ, leaning her weight on one hand so she could play with his balls. It worked for a minute then she had to give up before her elbow gave out. She went back to bobbing her head. TJ was too far gone to care.

“I’m gonna come,” he warned.

Could she take it? Jon pounded into her and somehow found her clit with his fingers, pinching the taut little bundle of nerves. Colors swirled.

“Chris,” TJ barked.

She couldn’t think, not with the way Jon played her vagina. Certainly not when his wet thumb found the tight ring of muscle in the back and pushed in, adding to what was already happening down there and the orgasm hovering just out of reach.

TJ's hand gripped her hair and pulled. Chris sucked him back in. His hips shot upward, shoving his cock to the back of her throat. He came with a growl, his cock jerking in her mouth, the thick cream splashing down her throat. She either swallowed or choked.

It wasn't bad. Not really what she'd thought it would be like. Warm and salty but she suspected he was far enough back she didn't get the full taste of him. TJ collapsed into the chaise, breathing hard and patting her hair.

Jon grunted behind her, each thrust keeping her moving on TJ's softening penis and making his abs spasm with each pass. She lapped at him, licking him clean.

Jon pulled his thumb from her anus. The action caused her to squeeze his cock with her pussy.

"Yes," he cried. One hard hand grasped her unbruised hip, pulling her back as he pounded forward. His fingers pressed on her clit and an intense orgasm washed over her. She lifted her head from TJ and fought back a scream.

Jon slammed home one last time and held himself rigid while he emptied his come into her core.

Chris flopped down, no longer able to hold herself up. Her forehead rested against TJ's cock. She inhaled his scent with every harsh breath and felt it grow.

They were going to kill her.

"Come here, baby." TJ tugged her over the back of the couch with his hands under her arms so she sprawled over his body.

"Hey," Jon complained as his cock slipped from deep inside her. Chris couldn't help but giggle. She tucked her nose into the crease of TJ's neck and shoulder and sighed.

"I love you," she whispered. Her eyes widened and she held her breath. She hadn't meant to say the words out loud.

Jon vaulted the couch to sit beside them. His hand landed on her thigh, near the bruise, and caressed lightly.

"Good thing. We wouldn't want to have to keep you here against your will."

She heard the smile in Jon's voice. Her heart thudded. Keep her here? Could she do that? Could she put all her trust in two men after everything she'd witnessed with her father?

Who the hell was she kidding? She'd already given them her trust the minute she'd let them blindfold her.

TJ lifted her chin and kissed her with a tender mouth. “We love you too. Stay with us. Be a part of us.”

Jon’s lips traveled up her spine. He knelt on the floor and leaned over to look in her eyes. “Yes. Stay. Let us love you forever.”

The waterworks started. She sniffed and buried her nose. Jon pushed the long hair from her face and kissed her cheek.

“Don’t cry, sugar. It’s a simple yes or no answer.”

“Yes. Yes.” She rolled to her back and let the two men enfold her in their arms. She didn’t know how it would work out and she didn’t care. She only knew she couldn’t stand the thought of not being here with them.

An angry bark erupted from down the hall.

“Oops,” TJ said sheepishly.

Chris brushed them both off and sat forward. She crossed her arms over her chest and fought a smile.

“You shut Clodhopper in the bathroom again?”

About the Author

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

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Welcome to Fantasm Island! Leave your inhibitions at the door and let your fantasies soar.

Fantasmagorical

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Available now at Samhain Publishing

That's what the brochure said anyway. A week long fling with a stranger. Where's the harm in that? Take a compatibility quiz and a slew of other health tests, sign a strict privacy agreement and give license to any sexual fantasy you've ever had. Evan Knight couldn't wait.

Gabe and Lance have been searching for their perfect third for what seems like forever. One look at the woman he and his best friend and lover Lance have chosen to claim during her time on the island, and Gabe thinks they may have finally found her.

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

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

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Fantasmagorical*:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Already taken care of."

"But my—"

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

Palm trees lined all the pathways coming to and from the main resort building. Parties, dinners and dances were held at the big building. Smaller huts housed specialty rooms for any

fantasy a guest could think up. If they couldn't find what they wanted, the situation could be created.

"I can't wait, Gabe." Lance drew to a stop along the balustrade outside.

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

"You are beautiful." He nuzzled her throat. "What's your name?"

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

"This is really weird." She moaned.

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

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

"Yes." The word hissed from deep in her lungs.

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

She made a disparaging sound but didn't balk at their command. It was part of her profile. She wished to be a submissive in every way that mattered sexually. Of course, her profile only provided a photo, not a name. All the "employees" were given profiles for each guest. It allowed them to claim the guest that interested them the most the minute they walked in the door.

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

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

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

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Available now at Samhain Publishing

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

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

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

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Honeymoon Castaways*:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Andreas snorted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Goose bumps rippled over Cat’s skin.

“What?”

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

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

Dave held out his hand. “Come here, Cat.”

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

Cat’s nipples ached. She didn’t dare cast a glance at them, but feared they must be poking out like marbles against the shiny material of her bikini top. Resisting the urge to cover herself, she raised her gaze from the rippling water at Andreas’s shins, up his strong legs, his gray surf

shorts, his rippled abs and muscular torso, his strong chin and nose, sculpted cheekbones. She stopped when she saw the fear shining in his eyes. He looked more fearful now than he had sounded in the moments before the crash. He shook his head minutely.

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

“Dave,” he groaned.

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

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

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

She stared at Andreas. He didn’t move.

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

A muscle in Andreas’s arm quivered.

Cat licked her lips. *Now or never.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Andreas was.

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