



Complications

Kis Lee

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Published 2006

ISBN 1-59578-301-6

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Manufactured in the United States of America

Liquid Silver Books
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Chapter 1

“God, Jeremy, you are an ugly broad.”

He shrugged, gave his partner the finger, and then continued to apply the new tube of MAC lipstick. Skye thought cherry red wasn't his color, but kept her opinion to herself. She had already hurt his feelings when she questioned his choice of outfit.

With his massive, gym-induced frame and his square jaw line, Jeremy was an attractive man. However, with his usual grim demeanor, he had the kind of face that most people tended to overlook. In his elaborate get-up, he transformed from an athletic man to a striking woman.

Skye grabbed her lipstick before he used it all. “I don't think this is going to work.”

“Sure, it will. It has to. I'm not going through all this for it not to.”

She wasn't paying attention to him. She was too busy trying to see if she could salvage the rest of the tube. He had pressed down so hard that the lipstick hooked in one direction. She tossed the tube in Jeremy's new purse. She would just charge the lipstick to the client's expense list.

Glancing at her watch again, she glared at her partner. He acted like he was getting ready for a beauty pageant. Poking him in the shoulder, she said, “Come on, Jerm. We don't have all night.”

“Hold up,” he said. “I need to finish the rest of my make-up. You're no help at all.”

“Sorry. I know how to apply mine, but I'm not a make-up artist.” Skye noticed that his hands were steady as he put on the eyeliner. He was a lot better at it than she was. She usually ended up poking herself in the eyeball.

She ran through the client's file in her head. Five years of working together had shown Skye and Jeremy their fair share of cases. Most of their investigative work consisted of following employees involved in worker's compensation claims. All the two of them needed was a few clear pictures of the “injured” party playing golf or fixing his roof and their job was done.

Lately, S and J Investigative Services had been more involved in the cheating-spouse industry. Their client list had been steadily increasing over the last year. Skye didn't know if more people were cheating now than they did a few years ago, or if more people were just willing to pay a professional to investigate the alleged indiscretion.

In a way, Mrs. Katherine Cooper, the new client, was the typical Orange County suburban housewife. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and she'd never worked hard in her life. She lived a life filled with comfort and wealth, but she wore her unhappiness like a shroud.

While Jeremy had an aversion to rich, white women, Skye didn't mind. They were the most likely to pay upfront with cold, hard cash. She recognized the look of suburban boredom on their faces and knew many of them felt trapped in a loveless marriage. They had all the privileges of upper-class life but were still miserable.

Skye actually felt a little sorry for Katherine Cooper. Unlike the typical OC housewife, Katherine was polite. She didn't treat them like they were a couple of her hired illegals. More than that, her case was so out there that Skye just shook her head in disbelief.

Skye and Jeremy had been doing investigative work for a while. They'd both learned that there are all types of people and that there's a fetish for everything you could imagine. Mrs. Cooper had also learned that when she discovered that her husband enjoyed getting it on with bodybuilding drag queens.

The curious wife had found some interesting pictures while snooping in her husband's locked office. The jpegs alone had been shocking enough. But then, in a hidden compartment, she found still photos that seemed rather recent. The pictures hid nothing, and she recognized her husband in most of the shots.

Instead of confronting her husband right away, Katherine scanned a few of the photos and uploaded them onto her notebook computer. Before he returned for the day, she put everything back in its place. She started to research investigation firms the next morning. She heard about Skye and Jeremy from one of her best friends. Even though they were a small firm, their names were well known throughout Orange County.

The job was simpler than some of their previous assignments. They didn't need to catch Mr. Dale Cooper in the act, as Katherine had accumulated enough evidence to completely humiliate her husband and perhaps ruin his career. After all, he was a councilman in a very Republican district. He had his eyes on a congressional seat, and what Katherine knew could dash those hopes.

All they had to do was take a few pictures of Mr. Cooper in an underground fetish club. Their client had a reliable source that said her husband was a regular there. The club only allowed men, so Jeremy would be on his own for the rest of the assignment.

Pulling out her notepad, Skye went over her notes again. The case didn't need much preparation, but she wanted to do a run-through in her head. Jeremy liked to go with the flow, but she liked to prepare for the worst-case scenario. The opening from The Cure's "Love Song" interrupted her thoughts. *Whenever I'm alone with you, you make me feel like I am home again.* Jeremy looked up when he heard the music.

Skye pulled her mobile phone out of her pocket. Of all the songs she had programmed, only one person held the title to "Love Song." She didn't have to look at her phone to know it was Sean.

She thought about letting it go to voicemail, but was too curious. She flipped her phone open. "What?"

"Hey, baby. Did you miss me?" said the familiar deep voice.

"I'm hanging up," she said.

"No, wait," Sean said. "Don't be like that. I just wanted to ask a favor."

"Depends on what it is." She tried to keep her voice casual.

"Did you ever have Jefferson for Criminal Procedure? I desperately need an outline."

Skye thought about telling him to write his own course outlines. "Nope, I had someone else. I'm not sure if I have any outlines on file anyway," she said, instead.

"Oh, well, that's okay." He paused. "So how have you been?"

"Okay." She noticed Jeremy staring at her, and took a few steps away from his curious ears. "Just business as usual. How's law school?"

"It fucking sucks." He laughed. "I should have listened to you. You tried to warn me."

Skye nodded even though he couldn't see her. "Yeah, well, the work is manageable. You just have to get through it. If I can do it, anyone can."

"Don't sell yourself short," Sean said. "You always had the book smarts. I'm not like

you, so I have to work twice as hard.” He sounded tired.

“You’ll do fine,” she said. She always told him that the first year would be the hardest. She hated law school but managed to graduate and pass the bar on the first try. Currently she was a licensed attorney, but it had been a few years since she practiced.

The pause in the conversation became long and bordered on being awkward. Jeremy caught her attention and made kissing noises against the back of his hand. She rolled her eyes and turned away.

“So are you seeing anyone?” Sean asked.

“No. Not that it’s any of your business.” She stopped herself from asking him the same question. They had broken up almost a year ago, but the wounds still seemed fresh.

“I’m not seeing anyone seriously, in case you were wondering,” he said.

Skye noted the word “seriously.” That meant he didn’t have a girlfriend, but he was probably screwing around with some girl. She tried not to think about it. He was a single guy, and didn’t owe her any explanations.

“How’s the meathead?” he asked.

“Fine.” Skye glanced at her watch. “Speaking of which, we have an assignment tonight. So I have to run.”

“Alright,” he said. “Good luck. Be careful, okay?”

“I always am.” She hung up quickly. She knew him too well. Even though he tried to act casual, he only called her when he wanted a quick roll in the hay. He knew that she had a hard time staying away from him.

This time she didn’t want to give him the chance. She reminded herself that they were no longer in a relationship. They were simply friends who had sex occasionally. Beyond that, things could get complicated. Skye didn’t like complications.

She glanced at her watch again. “God, Jeremy, it’s taking you forever and a day. You’re worse than a woman.”

“I was just waiting for you to finish your call.” He stepped into the light. “So how do I look?”

Skye walked around her partner and looked him up and down. Jeremy chose an all-black ensemble with a cocktail-length dress and sparkling fishnet stockings. A slit up one side of the dress showed off his muscular thigh and meaty calf. The soft fabric of the dress clung to his rock hard muscles, and the scooped neck showed a hint of pectoral muscles.

Although the dress was simple, his make-up was more dramatic. Bright multi-colored shadow and fake lashes accentuated the green of his round eyes. He painted his lips cherry red and used sparkling gloss on top. He even sprayed glitter all over his bare arms and neck. He looked like a bodybuilder who had been kidnapped and made over by a roving band of mad drag queens.

Skye moved her eyes up and down the tight dress. She didn’t know how he had been able to get it on over his massive chest. She thought Jeremy toed the fine line between campy and hot.

“Well?” he asked. “Don’t just stand there and stare at me like I’m some piece of meat. Does this work or not?”

“Jeremy, you are a sexy bitch.”

He grinned and looked into the full-length mirror. “If I were a straight dude, I’d still want to do me.”

Skye rolled her eyes. Even in full-out drag, Jeremy was beyond arrogant. She pointed at the three-inch stilettos on his feet. "You can walk in those?"

"Barely. I'm hoping that I won't be on my feet all night long."

She picked up their equipment case. "Let's get this show on the road. Mama needs to get paid."

Chapter 2

Skye settled into her seat and inhaled the scent of fresh, expensive leather. As soon as she and Jeremy finished this job, she was going to buy a brand new car. She usually hated SUV's, but really liked the Escalade that Jeremy had borrowed for the job.

She touched the soft leather of the interior. She decided that she wanted a pearl-colored Escalade with 22-inch rims. She would call her cousin to install the stereo system and GPS. She liked her fast Japanese coupe, but it was time for an upgrade.

She glanced at her watch. Jeremy had been inside the Sutra Club for half an hour. From the outside, it looked like the front of a typical bar and lounge. Those in the know used the entrance behind the building.

The owners of the Sutra Club didn't want it to turn into some wild fetish club. They had a special entrance for the customers who wanted to be discrete about their "alternative" lifestyles. Jeremy had a source inside the club: Mark, a personal trainer who worked weeknights at the bar. Mark was straight but didn't mind working topless if it meant getting twice the tips.

A glance at her watch showed that two minutes had passed. She put her phone on her lap and stared at the club. The physical tracking always made her more nervous than the other jobs. She worried about the day that the subject would turn around and see the camera pointing. It hadn't happened yet, but Skye still worried.

She hoped the gig wouldn't take longer than an hour and a half. She wanted Jeremy to spot Mr. Cooper, take the picture, and get out of there. They only had one chance at the club. If Jeremy blew it, he couldn't risk getting close to the subject again. They'd have to outsource for another investigator, and that's something that Skye wanted to avoid. She didn't trust independent contractors, and she hated to part with any of their advance fees.

She thought she felt her phone vibrate, and snatched it up. It was only the vibrations from a passing car with a ridiculous stereo system. She was glad that Jeremy hadn't seen her jump. She was acting like a giddy schoolgirl waiting for the popular boy at school to call her. "Damn you, Sean Reynolds." Just when she thought she had forgotten about him, he called. He always had a different reason. The last time he called to ask if she wanted to adopt a kitten. It didn't take her long to figure that he only called when he was feeling horny. She knew she was guilty of the same thing. It was better to have an ex-boyfriend for casual sex than to meet someone new.

Her fingers traced the Hello Kitty charm that dangled from her mobile phone. A small trinket from happier times. After their last break-up, Skye thought about dumping all the little gifts he had bought her over the years. A friend told her she should either throw them away or give them back. At the time, both options seemed immature.

She touched a knick in the corner of the charm. This was one of the first things he ever bought her. That was way back when they were both poor students living on ramen noodles and instant coffee. As their paychecks grew, their small gifts became more expensive. Yet, Skye still kept all the small cute things that Sean had given her. Jeremy would have called her a sentimental fool if he knew.

Skye put a hand on her stomach to stop the gurgling. She'd had a protein bar before they left, so she really wasn't hungry. It was probably her nerves.

Her phone buzzed in her lap. She looked down and saw Jeremy's name on the display. "Yeah?"

"Holy shit!" he screamed. "The car. Out front now!"

Skye drove the Escalade near the side entrance. She saw a trio of bulked-up Amazons in colorful Brazilian outfits, running out of the club and towards the adjacent parking lots. Even though they were all wearing spiked heels, Skye was impressed at their speed. She couldn't even run that fast in her Nikes.

Jeremy sprinted towards the car, and pushed open the passenger door. He jumped in and waved his hand forward. "Go, go, go!"

She stepped on the gas, and the big vehicle roared past the club. She glanced at him and waited for him to catch his breath. Mascara streaks lined his face, and a stray lash stuck to his cheek like a dead insect.

"You look wrecked," she said. "Have fun?"

"It was hot as the jungle in there," he said. "Fuck." He ripped the neck of his top apart and rolled it down to his navel.

"Why is everyone running scared?"

"There was a fight on the dance floor, and someone threatened to call the cops. Some of the more discrete clientele started to take off."

"Well, did you get any good pics?"

"Yeah." He waved the digital camera at her. "Some queen had his hand down Mr. Cooper's pants, and I got it right here."

"Sweet." Skye didn't take any joy in providing evidence of infidelity. However, a job was a job.

He waved a slip of paper under her nose. "I met the hottest guy there."

Skye laughed. "Jeremy, you minx. I didn't even know you were looking."

"I'm not." He shrugged. "What can I say? The pretty boys like me."

"How pretty?"

"Tall and rocking the heroin chic look. Asian, long hair down to here." He motioned towards his chin.

Skye painted the picture in her mind. "Lovely. Are you going to call him?"

Jeremy shrugged. "I don't know. You like the pretty boys more than I do. Plus I just started seeing this guy at the gym. I don't know." He tucked the paper in his pocket.

Skye flipped open her phone when she felt it vibrate. "Sean?" She ignored the look Jeremy gave her.

"Come over."

"What do you want?"

He chuckled. "You know what I want."

She expected the answer. The job made her antsy, and she needed to unwind. "I'll be over in half an hour."

Jeremy cleared his throat and pretended to look at the camera. "He's like that bad habit you just can't break," he said.

Ignoring the dig, Skye said, "It's your fault. You're the one who keeps talking about hot guys."

Jeremy laughed. "Who's the minx now?"

* * * *

Sean was waiting for her when she walked in the door of his apartment. They didn't waste time with small talk. Skye stepped into his embrace, her hands slipping inside his shirt. He smelled fresh, like he'd just stepped out of the shower.

"Did you miss me?" she asked. She stared into his pale blue eyes. The first time she saw him, his icy gaze had hypnotized her.

He grinned and ran his fingers through his black hair. "Of course."

"Liar." She liked the new hair color. For a while, he had dyed his hair platinum blond, which made him look pale. She thought the black hair color accentuated his golden skin and his white teeth. Standing on her tiptoes, she pulled his face towards hers.

She shrugged off her jacket as they kissed. His hands wrapped in her hair. Pulling him closer, she licked and nibbled his lips, sucking his tongue into her mouth. Her hand dipped lower, and she grazed his hard length with her fingertips.

Throwing off pieces of clothing one at a time, they walked-stumbled to the bedroom. She was down to her underwear by the time he threw her on the bed. She wasn't in the mood for foreplay, so she tugged his boxers down. She stroked him with both hands until he pushed her back.

"Suck me," he said.

"You first."

Without hesitating, he buried his face between her legs. She loved that he liked to take his time, pausing, teasing, licking her until her legs trembled. He found her clit and rolled it with his tongue. She moaned as his mouth moved lower. His warm lips and tongue licked her all over. When he moaned against her, she felt the vibrations from his mouth.

She stroked his hair as his tongue played with her clit. He brought her close to orgasm, but his tongue moved slowly. She ground herself against his mouth, pressing her thighs against the side of his head. She wanted to come, but she wanted to ride his hard cock while she did it.

"Your turn," she said.

"Not now." He slid two fingers into her. "I want this more."

Spreading her legs wide, she laid back on the bed. She waited while he rolled the condom on his thick cock. She watched Sean's eyes grow wide as she touched herself. She lifted her hand to show how wet she was and watched him take her fingers into his mouth. He licked her fingers clean.

"Come here," she whispered.

She felt his cock rub against her wetness. She pushed her hips forward as he entered her slowly, delicately, an inch at a time. When he was completely inside her, they sighed at the same time. Skye closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation of being completely filled. She pulled him closer, wrapping her legs around his back.

She moaned as he wrapped her hair around his fist. He tugged hard, exposing her neck. His lips touched her in that spot that drove her wild. She ground her hips against him, moving to the easy rhythm of his thrusts.

"You feel so good, lover," she said into his ear. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me like you're mad at me."

She heard him grunt in response. She raised her hips and let him put the pillow under her back. With her legs raised high, she could feel him deeper. She was flexible enough to drape her legs over his shoulders, and with her hips slightly raised, she took him deep

and moaned as his tip hit her special spot.

She bounced on the bed as he fucked her with fast, pounding thrusts. Whispered dirty words became a series of grunts and groans. Skye urged him on with her moans, lifting her hips higher to meet his cock.

She felt his hand tangle in her hair, pulling her head back. "Soft or rough?" he whispered.

She thought about it for a moment. "Rough."

Skye closed her eyes, thinking of the last time, remembering the faint bruises they had left on each other. An image of a good-looking man with long hair flickered in her mind. She didn't know why she thought of Jeremy's mystery friend. Hiding the smile on her face, Skye licked her lips and prepared for a long night.

* * * *

Afterwards they smoked in silence. Sean's hand lingered on her thigh until she pushed it away.

"What?"

Skye scooted towards the edge of the bed. "Nothing. I'm hot and sticky."

"We're both hot and sticky, so what's the big deal?" Sean crushed his cigarette out.

"I just don't like the post-coital cuddling, that's all. I never have." Skye headed towards the shower before they could get into another argument.

After getting dressed, she went straight to the living room to find her purse. As she gathered her things, she avoided eye contact with Sean. She was wondering whether their friends-with-benefits situation would continue to work out. It seemed that they were always bickering about something random. They got along great as long as they were in bed together. After orgasm, things were back to normal, and their pseudo-relationship was as rocky as ever.

"Well, I'll see you later," Skye said. If she stayed any longer, she might be tempted to spend the night. Even though it seemed cold-hearted, she just wanted to leave after sex. It made life less complicated.

Sean tossed the covers back and asked, "Are you sleeping with Jeremy?"

For a moment, Skye didn't even understand the question. When she did, she held back the laughter. "Jeremy's gay, remember?"

Sean shrugged. "He could be bi."

Skye had never seen Jeremy with another woman before, so she had always assumed that he was gay. "Well, in any case, he's my partner and he's almost like a brother to me. Why do you ask?"

The same shrug. "Nothing. Just wondering."

"Well, stop wondering because we're not. And I've never thought about it." Skye crouched on the floor, looking for her missing sock.

"You've never thought about it? Never?"

"Jeremy is a good-looking guy, but he's not my type. You know I like them thin and pretty. Like you." She squeezed his bare calf. That was enough to put a smile on his face. Skye knew how to handle vain men.

"I'll see you later, lover," she said. She blew him a kiss as she walked towards the door.

Chapter 3

Skye looked over Jeremy's shoulder as he scrolled through the pictures from the fetish club. They agreed on a few clear shots and printed out copies for Mrs. Cooper.

Skye pointed at a random group shot. "Who's that?"

Jeremy grinned. "That's the guy I was telling you about."

Skye nudged her partner out of the way to get a better view. "Oooh, mama likes."

Jeremy had described him as a pretty-boy, and it fit. The Asian guy looked to be in his early 20s. He was taller than his companions, and Skye guessed he was around 6'2". He had a long, lean torso that tapered towards a svelte waist. He wore tight clothes that showed off his thin figure.

Jeremy scrolled through the rest of the pictures. "I told you he was your type."

Skye nodded. "You know I like those androgynous boys." She especially liked his long, rock star hair. The blue highlights contrasted with his big brown eyes, delicate nose, and heart-shaped lips.

"He looks young," she said.

"Too young for me," Jeremy said. Like Skye, he had just turned twenty-nine, but he had a thing for older men.

"Are you going to call him?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I've got my hands full with the new guy." He nodded at her desk. "I left his number there in case you're interested. His name's Andy."

"Andy." She thought his name would be more exotic like Takeshi or Zhian. "What makes you think I'm interested?"

"You have that hungry look. The same look you get when what's-his-face calls."

"His name is Sean," she said. She went back to her desk and glanced at Andy's phone number. The 714 area code meant that he was probably local. She slipped the number under her calendar. "Sean said something funny about you last night."

Jeremy sneered at the computer screen. "What about me?"

"Nothing bad," she said. "He asked me if you and I were fooling around." She laughed when Jeremy's mouth fell open.

"Wow, that came out of nowhere," Jeremy said.

"I know. I mean, you're like my brother. Sean seems to think that you could be bisexual."

Jeremy paused. "I prefer men, but if an attractive woman comes along, I'm not going to say no."

"Really? I didn't know you were bi."

Jeremy held up his hand. "I'm not into labels. I'm just a people person."

"Right." Skye sealed the envelope and tossed it onto Jeremy's desk. "You have to hand-deliver these. I did the last batch." She hated that part of her job. She couldn't bear watching the looks of despair and heartbreak on her clients' faces.

She hated it even more when the client freaked out or became irrational. The last client had thrown a glass of water in her face after accusing Skye of doctoring the photos. Even though Skye didn't have a reason to lie, the woman refused to believe that her husband was capable of having another lover.

“Knock, knock.”

Skye looked up and recognized the tall Asian with the rock star hair. Even without the makeup, he was attractive with a pale, almost feminine face and broad shoulders. In a white t-shirt and clean blue jeans, he looked younger than he did in the pictures.

He nodded at Jeremy. “You gave me your card last night. I thought I’d drop by.”

“Yes, I remember you from the club. Please sit down. This is my partner, Skye Kim.”

“Andy Chang,” he replied. He swept his hair out of his face with one hand and locked eyes with Skye.

She thought it was a practiced gesture designed to show off his eyes. It worked. She found herself smiling back at him. She thought she heard Jeremy chuckle in the background, but ignored him and focused on Andy with the big, brown eyes.

“So how can we help you?”

Jeremy stepped in front of her and leaned against the desk, showing off his thick forearms. “Are you here for business or personal reasons?”

Skye couldn’t believe how bold Jeremy was acting. All that talk of not being interested in Andy must have been a lie. She let her eyes wander over Andy’s taut torso and long legs. Now that she saw him in person, she thought he was closer to 6’3” than 6’2”

She imagined running her hands over those long legs. Most Asian men weren’t hairy, and she wondered how much hair he had on his legs.

His soft voice interrupted her thoughts. “Actually I’m here on business.” He didn’t have any trace of an accent, so Skye guessed he was a California native.

Jeremy shrugged and went back to his desk. “You can discuss details with Ms. Kim. I’ll take care of these pictures.” He walked out the door and winked at Skye.

Skye looked away from Andy Chang’s eyes and focused on her notebook computer. As a professional, she knew she had to separate business from pleasure. “How can we be of service?”

“It’s nothing complex,” he said. Again, he tossed his hair out of his face. “I just want to know what’s going on between my boyfriend and my roommate.”

Skye opened a new document to take notes. “Go on.”

* * * *

After Andy left the office, Skye organized her notes for Jeremy’s review. As Andy had said, this was a simple case. Best-case scenario, it would take only an hour or two of their time.

Skye didn’t need all the details, but Andy liked to talk. He especially liked to talk about his ailing relationship. He had met Gregory at a club in the Arts District. After dating for just a few months, he found out that Greg was having problems with his roommate. Andy asked his current roommate if Greg could stay with them for a while. Melissa said it was fine as long as it was only temporary.

Fast forward to the present. Greg and Andy were getting along great, and Melissa and Greg became close friends. Andy noticed the growing number of in-jokes between Melissa and Greg, the late night chats, the way they touched each other to finish their sentences. He didn’t think anything of it in the beginning.

Andy came home late one night and saw Greg and Melissa on the couch. They were

both flushed, but they blamed it on the pinot noir. That same night Andy came out and asked Greg if he is bisexual. It was no big deal if he was, because Andy had dated women before, but he wanted to know. Greg answered yes, but he denied being involved with Melissa. Ever since the confrontation, things had been frigid in the apartment. It seemed that Greg and Melissa were closer than ever, and Andy was the one getting the cold shoulder from both ends.

Skye didn't understand this part of the story. "So you're pretty sure that something's going on, but you don't know what."

"Exactly."

"Why don't you just kick Greg out? The move-in was supposed to be temporary, right?"

Andy shook his head. "I like him. A lot." He shrugged. "I'm not sure you would call it love, but I feel a bond with him. Right now, it's just suspicions. Not knowing the truth is driving me crazy."

"And you think that if you know the truth, you can move on with your life?"

"Something like that." His lips curled into a faint smile. "I guess you've heard it before."

Skye didn't tell him that she knew exactly how he felt. For a long time, she had wondered if Sean was capable of being faithful. She had seen the signs, found the strange numbers, and smelled the unfamiliar perfumes. Once she found out the truth, she felt at ease, maybe a little vindicated. However, sometimes she wondered if it would have been better if she never found out the truth. The hurt that came with it was too much.

Unsure of how to respond, she shrugged again. "So how much proof do you need?"

"Nothing explicit. Just enough to tell me the truth." He leaned over the table and stared into her eyes. "Maybe I sound naïve, but the truth is important to me."

"You may not like the truth, but we'll find it for you." Skye held out her hand as he stood up to leave. She thought she felt a spark when he touched her, but it was only static electricity. She watched him walk out the door and wondered if he still liked girls.

She shook the dirty thoughts out of her head. It wasn't like her to fantasize about random strangers. Maybe she needed to spend more time with Sean. She grabbed her phone to call him.

Jeremy stomped into the room and interrupted her before she could press Send. "Put that phone down. The booty call can wait."

She snatched her phone out of his hand. "It wasn't a booty call. What's up?"

"We're going to a party in downtown Santa Ana." He pushed her towards the door. "Open bar, munchies, and hot artsy-types."

"Booze and cute artists?" The night had potential. Skye grabbed her make-up bag and followed Jeremy.

Chapter 4

Working on her fourth dirty martini, Skye watched Jeremy work the dance floor. For a built man, he knew how to move. She looked around the club and shook her head. So many beautiful men and most of them played for the other team. She sighed. It was like being a dieter at a Vegas buffet.

An elbow hit her arm and vodka and olive juice ran down her sleeve.

"Sorry," a voice screamed into her ear.

She looked up and smiled at the familiar face. "Hi, Andy. Small world, isn't it?"

He grinned, showing an even row of white teeth. "I saw you when you came in. I tried to come over earlier, but there were too many people around. Sorry about your drink." He had changed into a more fashionable outfit of a black t-shirt with black leather pants.

"Don't worry about it." She had to scream at him because of the thumping bass.

Andy pointed to the dance floor. "You want to dance?"

"I don't dance."

He flung his hair out of his eyes. "What do you mean, you don't dance? Anyone can dance."

Skye gasped as he grabbed her belt loops and pulled her close. She felt the long line of his body pressed against hers.

"It's all hip action," he said. He moved his hips from side to side in a slow, sinuous motion.

The noise, the heat, and the vodka in her veins overwhelmed Skye. She wanted to decline, but she felt her body respond to his movement. She followed his movements, pressing herself against his torso.

He grinned down at her and put his arms around her waist. He screamed something into her ear.

Skye couldn't hear anything over the music and the energized crowd. She gave up the conversation and followed Andy's hip rotations. She moved and grooved to the beat, grinding against his long legs, letting her hands wander onto his firm arms and lean chest.

She didn't know if it was the vodka or the close dancing, but she felt like she could grind all night long. She tried not to think of what Andy would look like without any clothes on. Instead, she concentrated on his dance moves and the way his hips swayed to the beat.

She turned around when she felt someone press against her behind. She saw Jeremy grinning at the both of them.

"Having fun?" he mouthed.

Skye nodded. When she turned around, she saw that Andy was even closer to her, like he was trying to climb on top of her. If it had been anyone else, she would have pushed him away. When she looked into his boyish face, she didn't mind the close contact at all.

The deejay changed beats, and the crowd became even wilder. The music went from thumping house to a more Latin beat. Skye could hear Jeremy roaring behind her. She knew he loved all types of Latin music.

Skye felt Jeremy's hands on her hips, swishing them back and forth. Andy's chest was directly in front of her face, and she resisted the urge to lick his neck. As she danced, the two men drew closer to her, rubbing on her, grinding. This is what it feels like to be in a sandwich, she thought, and giggled to herself.

Skye turned around to face Jeremy. As she moved to the music, she felt Andy's hands wrap around her waist. She saw Jeremy raise his eyebrows as he spotted Andy's arms. Skye sensed the two men exchange grins, but she didn't mind. She liked being the center of all this attention.

The music, the dancing, and all the hot men made Skye a little dizzy. When Andy offered to get her another drink, she thought it was a good idea. A fifth martini turned into another, and soon she was floating on adrenaline and vodka. She felt herself being hypnotized by Andy's gentle eyes and sweet laughter.

When she ended up on the hood of his car with her legs wrapped around his waist and his hands underneath her shirt, Skye wasn't surprised. The moment she saw him, she had known it would happen eventually. She just hadn't known that it would be so soon.

* * * *

Skye could have blamed the make-out session on the effects of alcohol, but that wasn't the entire truth. She was feeling the familiar tingle of too much booze, but she was blessed with her father's genes. She could drink her weight in hard liquor and still be coherent.

When she stepped outside for a cigarette, she was pleased that Andy followed her. They cooled their sweating bodies in the night air. Maybe they engaged in small talk, but Skye couldn't remember the details of their conversation. She just remembered thinking that his lips looked ripe, just waiting to be plucked.

Skye wanted to make the first move, but Andy beat her to the punch. When he stepped closer to her, she tilted her head up to meet his eyes. She watched his mouth move slowly towards her face. Closing her eyes, she felt his warm lips brush against her mouth, barely touching her.

As she had expected, Andy's full lips were perfect for kissing. His mouth was warm and soft as he laid gentle pecks all over her lips. She sighed, parting her lips slightly. The tip of his tongue licked her lips, and she felt sparks that had nothing to do with static electricity.

The tingles spread throughout her body as she leaned into the kiss. She moaned slightly when he sucked her tongue into his mouth. She thought he tasted like mint and fresh strawberries. When she felt his hands on her waist, she slipped her hands inside his shirt to feel his toned stomach.

She leaned against his car until her back pressed against the cool hood. She nibbled his bottom lip when she felt his hands wander inside her shirt. He cupped her breasts gently, teasing her nipples with his careful fingers. She ground her hips against him, feeling the hardness of his belt buckle against her.

When they finally broke away from the kiss, they were both breathing hard. She liked the way his long hair hung in his face. She smiled when he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer.

She rested her hands on his hips. "So you like boys and girls."

He grinned. "How did you guess?"

She leaned against him, enjoying his touch. "Do you have a particular preference?"
"Does it really matter?"

She studied his eyes, his straight nose, and his tender lips. She decided that it didn't matter at all. Over his shoulder, she saw Jeremy watching them. Was he frowning or smiling? From this angle, she couldn't tell.

"I hate to kiss and run," she said. "But I really need to get going. I have a long day tomorrow."

Andy glanced back and saw Jeremy. He gave him a small nod and turned back to Skye. "Will I be able to see you again?"

She thought about his boyfriend and paused. "I don't know."

"At least you're honest with me."

Taking her hands out of his, she said, "What we talked about earlier. Are you sure you want to go through with it?"

"Now that I think about it," he said. "It seems like a waste of your time and mine. I think I already know the answer."

Skye wanted to know what he was going to do next, but she didn't want to pry. She raised herself on her tiptoes and gave him a peck on the cheek. "I'll see you when I see you."

"You probably will, Miss Skye."

She walked towards the valet area and felt Andy's eyes on her. She wanted to turn around, but she didn't. Let him have the last look, she thought. When she got in the car, she noticed Andy still standing in the same spot. She wasn't completely sure, but she thought she saw him smiling.

Chapter 5

It was another day at the office, and Jeremy was fuming. He slammed his enormous fist onto his desk. "Fucking computer! Work, damn you!"

"Did it freeze again?" Skye walked over to his computer and saw the blank screen. "Did you lose anything?"

"I don't think so. Fucking piece of shit equipment." He pulled out a cigarette and walked towards the open window. "It's time for an upgrade."

Skye nodded. They had been putting it off for a long time. Business had been picking up the last few months, but she still wanted to play it safe. "We'll come up with a budget, and you can decide what you want in the meantime."

Jeremy mumbled under his breath.

Skye stopped typing. "Do you have some kind of problem with me?"

He grumbled again.

"Jeremy, is it your time of the month or something?"

He sighed "Sorry. I'm just cranky."

He'd been acting pissy all morning. "Are you mad about Andy?"

"Andy? Oh, right, that guy." He shook his head. "I don't even know him."

"I know you saw us last night, and you haven't said anything." The memory of Andy's lips made her blush.

"There's nothing to say about it. I guess I was just surprised. I thought he liked boys."

"Me, too." She grinned for no reason.

"So are you going to call him? Maybe now's the time to cut the cord with Sean."

Skye expected him to say that. Every time she was interested in someone new, Jeremy always talked about cutting Sean out of her life.

Ignoring the last comment, Skye reached for her planner. "This week has been slow. Do we have any assignments that need to be wrapped up?"

Jeremy tossed a stack of folders on her desk. "These cases have all been finished. You just need to file the reports away."

"Did you deliver the pictures to Mrs. Cooper? How was it?"

He shook his head. "The typical wounded wife reaction. A few tears, some cursing, but nothing too dramatic. It wasn't horrible. I think we have another jilted wife coming in this afternoon."

"Lovely." Skye flipped through the Cooper file one last time. She stopped when she saw a family shot. "Jeremy, do you ever feel guilty about what we do?"

"What do you mean?"

She glanced at a picture of the smiling couple and slipped it back in the file. "In a way, we're responsible for breaking up relationships. Sometimes we even break up families."

Jeremy took the files from her. "Look, we don't force anyone to cheat. We don't tell anyone to disregard their marriage vows. When clients come to us, it's because the relationship is already broken. We simply facilitate its demise."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." She thought of Andy and his broken relationship.

“When people cheat, it’s because something’s wrong with the relationship.” He avoided looking at Skye. “I know that was part of the problem between you and Sean. I’m not saying it was your fault. I’m just saying if someone strays, it’s because they’re not satisfied.”

Skye nodded. She didn’t blame Jeremy for pointing out the obvious. When she found out about Sean’s various affairs, she had been sad but not surprised. They had been going through the motions for a long time.

She opened her notepad and found the picture that Jeremy had given her. It was a solo shot with Andy Chang standing in front of the bar. He had his head turned to one side as if he was looking for someone. The angle of the picture showed off his thick hair and lean frame.

“Once a relationship is broken, do you think it ever heals?” she asked.

“It’s too early in the day to be getting philosophical,” Jeremy said. He showed the long scar on his forearm. “I broke this about ten years ago. It healed, but it’s not the same as it was before. I think that’s how relationships are.”

Skye stared at him and clapped. “Wow, Dr. Jeremy, that’s deep.” She dodged the paperclip aimed at her head.

“I’m trying to be serious for a second. I’m just saying that sometimes you can’t fix what’s broken. Not all the way.”

Even though she was laughing, she agreed with Jeremy. The situation with Sean had been lingering for the past two years. Maybe it was time for her to start fresh with someone new.

She touched Andy’s picture. A hot bisexual who already had a boyfriend. He wasn’t exactly the prime material for a fresh, uncomplicated start. She didn’t want more drama in her life. She touched her lips and thought of that kiss. Maybe life would be too boring without a little drama.

Chapter 6

Skye and Sean had developed a short list of rules for their tentative relationship. She didn't like calling it a "relationship," but she couldn't deny that they had a bond. They were more than friends, but less than boyfriend/girlfriend. To make life easier, they devised a few obvious rules: No assumptions. No last minute visits. No questions about other people.

So far, the rules had worked for both of them. If Skye didn't answer the phone, Sean looked for another booty call. If Sean didn't answer the phone, Skye spent the evening elsewhere. The system worked as long as they remembered rule #1: don't get too attached.

Skye thought she wouldn't get attached as long as she controlled her emotions. When Sean invited her over for dinner the following night, she reminded herself that it was just sex. After enjoying a quick dinner, Skye went to the bathroom to freshen up.

When she stepped out of the shower, she found Sean looking through her planner. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He didn't even look up. "You left it out. Don't get mad at me."

She snatched the picture out of his hand. "I don't intrude on your privacy."

"My door is always open," he said. "I don't keep any secrets. So is that a new friend?"

"None of your business." She tucked the picture into her purse.

"Why are you getting so testy?" He stepped towards her and placed his arms around her. "I didn't know you were a fag hag."

Skye stepped out of his embrace. "He's not a fag."

"If he looks like a fag and dresses like a fag, he's a fag."

Skye walked towards the bed and grabbed her clothes. "Judgmental prick. I'm not here to pick a fight."

Sean stepped in front of her. "Who's picking a fight? I just made an observation. I'm sorry that your new man looks like a fag."

"Move." Skye tried to push past him, but he grabbed her arm. "Get off me!"

She twisted away from him and headed towards the door. When he grabbed her arm, his hand slipped and tore her tank top. "Skye, wait, I didn't mean to," he said.

Skye stopped and took a deep breath. Putting up her hands, she backed away from him. "Let me just get my purse and leave, okay?"

Sean backed away, too. "You know I'd never hurt you. I'm sorry for being an ass."

"Fair enough." She stood in the same spot, unsure of what else to do. "I thought we had an understanding. Don't ask; don't tell. I don't ask about what you do when I'm not around."

Instead of responding, Sean just stared at the floor. Skye didn't understand why he cared if she was seeing anyone. He had made it clear that he was dating other women, and she never asked questions. If she didn't know the truth, she couldn't get hurt.

Skye walked towards him until she was standing directly in front of him. She was at eye-level with his bare chest. "Maybe we should stop this and move on with our lives."

She heard Sean chuckle, but didn't look at his face. She knew exactly what he was

thinking. They had these conversations before, and they always ended the same way. One person would suggest ending their ties for good. The other would agree, and they would end up in bed together by the end of the conversation.

Even though Sean had plenty of flaws, Skye couldn't fight her physical attraction to him. He knew her body too well. He knew how to touch her in the right ways, making her yearn for more. She knew him inside and out, as well.

Skye waited for his response. She watched his chest slowly rise and fall. If she stepped forward a few inches, she could rest her lips right over his heart. Before Sean could say anything else, Skye touched his chest with her lips. She dragged the tip of her tongue from his heart to his Adam's apple to that area right under his earlobes. As she nibbled on his neck, she thought she felt Sean tremble slightly.

"Maybe we shouldn't do this anymore," she mumbled against his neck. She was saying the right words, but she couldn't fight her body.

He rubbed his hands over her shoulders and onto her back, massaging and kneading. "Maybe you're right."

She stepped back to let Sean slide the tank top over her head. She admired the muscles in his chest and tight abdomen. She ran her hand over his stomach and into his shorts. She heard him groan when she wrapped her fingers around him.

"Maybe we should stop talking," she said.

He responded by grabbing her by the waist and swinging her onto the bed. As they kissed, Skye knew she was being weak. Once again, she let her impulses take control. What was wrong with her? Why couldn't she walk away from the past?

She had needs and Sean was convenient, yet she knew that was just an excuse. Her brain told her that she should walk away from this mess, that there was no future in this relationship, but she didn't want to let go. She still remembered the good times, held onto the memories, of when they were in love.

Skye closed her eyes as he covered her neck and shoulders with warm kisses. He pushed down her panties in one quick motion and threw them on the floor. She cried out when he pushed two fingers inside her. His rough movements made her moan. Just for a moment, she wanted to forget about the past and forget about the future. He put his lips against her ear. "You like it rough, don't you?"

"You know I do," she whispered.

"You want me to fuck you hard, don't you? You want it deep and hard."

She gasped as he forced another finger into her. She sounded breathless when she moaned, "Yes."

"Tell me." He fucked her slowly with three fingers.

She closed her eyes when she felt his thumb rubbing her clit. "I want you to fuck me hard. I want your cock deep inside me."

He rubbed the tip of one finger against her spot. He chuckled when she trembled in his hand. "Tell me how rough you want it."

Rolling her hips towards his touch, she was close to orgasm. She enjoyed the sensation of being stretched wide open. It made her like she was doing something taboo. Good girls didn't like to be stretched wide, did they? When he pressed hard against her clit, she moaned and stretched her thighs even wider.

"Tell me," he repeated. He stroked his fingers in and out of her.

"I want your hard cock inside me. I want it hard and rough and deep." She arched her

hips, feeling more of his fingers. She knew his hand was slick with her juices. She shuddered as she climaxed.

Before she could catch her breath, Sean grabbed her by the waist and flipped her onto her stomach. She raised herself on her hands and knees as he rolled on a condom. He pushed down on her upper back until her breasts touched the bed.

The tip of his cock rubbed against her wetness, sliding her juices all over him. He entered her in one quick stroke. Grabbing her hips, he slid out of her until only his tip was inside her. He slammed into her again and again. As his thrusts deepened, she grabbed the mattress. With each hard stroke, she heard his balls slapping against her flesh.

He fucked her with rough strokes, working himself towards a quick orgasm. She grunted every time his cock hit her special spot. The pressure sent pleasure all the way down to her toes.

His thrusts drove her towards the head of the bed, and she put one hand on the headboard. From this angle, his cock felt too big, too thick. If she raised her hips higher, the penetration felt just right. Rubbing her thighs together, she enjoyed the tingly feeling between her legs.

“Does he fuck you like this?”

Skye turned her head, but he grabbed her hair. He forced her to face the headboard.

“Does he fuck you hard like this?” he asked.

Confused, she told the truth. “I haven’t slept with him.”

He drove his cock into her with hard strokes. “But you want to?”

“I don’t want to talk about this anymore.”

“Come on,” he said. “Being with two guys at the same time turns you on, doesn’t it?” He reached between their legs and touched her. “Look how wet you’re getting.”

Skye remained silent. They had talked about fantasies before, but she wondered if Sean was setting some kind of emotional trap. If she enjoyed it too much, would he get mad?

“You want to play with another cock now, don’t you? Having two hard cocks to play with would turn you on, wouldn’t it?”

Skye sighed and closed her eyes. If Sean wanted to play this game, she could enjoy the ride. She rubbed her clit with one hand and said, “Yes, I want to play with another man.”

Skye imagined being with two men at the same time. She imagined Andy looking down at her as he stepped towards the mattress. He would watch her until he was hard and ready for her wet mouth. As Sean fucked her, Andy would slip his cock between her lips. She imagined sucking and licking his shaft, dipping her tongue towards his balls.

Sean touched her and chuckled. “This is turning you on. It turns me on, too.”

“Really?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m not a jealous man. I want to watch those pretty lips wrapped around another cock as I’m fucking you.”

Skye rubbed her clit as he talked. “Tell me more.”

“Then I could switch positions. Watching some guy put his cock into your soaking wet pussy while you milk me with your talented mouth. I’ll grab you by the head and fuck your wet mouth while I watch her pussy getting stretched.”

“Oh my god.” Skye felt the tingle spread from her center to the rest of her body. Sean’s fantasy implanted itself in her mind, and she could almost feel the stranger’s cock

inside her. The thought of being fucked at both ends made her nipples hard. With her face buried into a pillow, she moaned as the tingles washed all over her. Her legs trembled like she had been sprinting at full speed.

“When you’re coming all over that guy’s cock, it would turn me on so much that I’d pull out and come all over your breasts.” He slammed his cock in and out of her. “Baby, I’m going to come.” He flipped her onto her back and stripped the condom off.

Through half-closed eyes, Skye saw his cock spasm in his hand. Hot come fell onto her breasts and stomach. He shuddered and put one hand on the bedpost. After he milked himself dry, he fell next to her on the bed.

“I’m getting old,” he said. “My legs are fucked up.”

Skye rolled over to give him more room. “I know what you mean. I’m going to be sore tomorrow morning.” She patted his bare ass. “I’m not complaining though.”

When he put his arm around her waist, she didn’t push him away. She missed this part of being in a relationship. Just for the night, it was nice to pretend that everything would work out for them. She didn’t want a boyfriend, and he didn’t need a girlfriend. It was okay if they were friends who fucked. If she tried hard enough, she might even convince herself of it.

Chapter 7

The pattern changed during the next few weeks. Sean started asking her over more often. She attributed it to the stress from law school. Now that he was approaching the end of the first year, the pressure was on.

Some nights she brought her old notebooks and course outlines. They would spend an hour or so going over flash cards. The late-night study session eventually turned into a long make-out session. Tonight was their fourth get-together of the week. They hadn't gotten together this often when they were officially dating.

Skye noticed another difference in their interaction: Andy Chang. After careful interrogation, Sean was finally able to get a name out of her. She thought that he would react with jealousy, but the opposite was true.

After an hour of studying, she rewarded Sean with a slow kiss that moved all the way down his body. She tongued Sean's hard shaft and felt his hand tangle in her hair. As she took him in her mouth, she heard him whispering his fantasy in that sexy, low voice.

"While you're sucking my cock, Andy would be standing right behind you. Right behind your bare ass."

She moaned around his cock, swirling her tongue over his head. When he moaned, she knew that he felt the vibrations of her mouth and tongue.

Sean gently guided the back of her head. "You look so hot there on all fours. He could just slip behind you and lick you between your thighs."

Skye pulled him out of her mouth and settled her weight on her knees. Slowly stroking him with one hand, she licked the head of his cock. Her tongue lingered at his tip and she stared at him with half-closed eyes.

Sean put his hand up. "I don't want to come yet." He moved from the chair and reached towards the table for a condom. After rolling it on, he stretched on the floor. "Ride me."

Skye straddled him and gently slid him inside her. She leaned back until her hands rested on his legs. Gazing down her torso, she watched Sean's cock push in and out of her. She ground her hips in a slow circular motion. Her head dropped back and she stared at the white ceiling. Concentrating on the moment, she tried to forget about all the doubts that had been bothering her.

"From this position, we can have someone stand over you and put his cock into your mouth."

Skye smiled but didn't open her eyes. She never realized that he had such a kinky side. "Just someone?" she teased. "Anyone?"

"Not just anyone," he said. "We want someone especially hot for my baby. Your Chinese friend hot enough for you?"

"Definitely," she said. She sat up and lifted her hips for a different angle. Deep inside her, he rubbed against her special spot.

When she moved within arms-length, Sean reached up to grab her breast. He played with her nipple as she rode him.

"Would you suck his cock while I fucked you?"

Skye nodded and moaned.

“Will you?”

She opened her eyes and saw a blank look on Sean’s face.

“I’m serious,” he said. “Would you be willing to be with another man?”

She became as still as possible. Dropping her eyes, she stared at the base of his cock. They were so connected at this moment. It was odd that she felt close to him only when they were naked and sweating.

She looked up when Sean cleared his throat. The next five seconds ticked loudly in her ear. She took a gamble and told him the truth.

* * * *

As May moved closer, Skye could tell it was going to be a hot summer. Heat made her cranky, and that made Jeremy cranky. She fanned her face while going over a new set of pictures.

Jeremy shook his head. “The air is on full blast. Stop flapping your arms. You’re making me hot.”

Skye grunted and continued to study the pictures. She pushed away from the desk. “Those pictures are no good. You can’t see anyone’s face.”

“The pictures are fine. You see a male head between a stripper’s breasts.”

Skye waved her hand in the air. “But the angle is all wrong.”

“But a wife can recognize her husband’s profile and three-quarter shot.” He leaned back in his chair and stared at his partner. “What crawled up your ass today?”

“It’s the heat,” she said. She walked over to the window.

“It’s the heat and something else. Okay, time to tell daddy what’s wrong. You’ve been sighing all day.”

Skye debated whether to tell him. She looked into his big eyes and thought of Andy’s brown eyes with the long lashes. She shook the image out of her head.

Jeremy sighed. “Okay, spill it. It must be pretty juicy if you can’t even tell me about it.”

“It’s nothing scandalous,” she said. “I guess it’s just something weird. Last night Sean and I were having sex.” She paused.

“Yeah, I know straight people fuck. Go ahead.”

She took a deep breath and gave him all the details...

When she finished, Jeremy stared at her with round eyes. He grinned. “I knew you guys were kinky, but I guess I didn’t know how much.”

“I thought it was all talk,” she said. “Just a harmless fantasy. Then, we started talking about it all the time. Every time. Now I’m obsessing about it every night.”

“Wow. That’s hot.” Jeremy shrugged. “So what’s the problem?”

“The problem is that I don’t know how to translate fantasy to reality. We know what we want, but we don’t know about Andy.”

Jeremy chuckled. “So you two want to try your first threesome, and you want to try it with Andy.”

“Yes.”

“You don’t know how to initiate a threesome. More importantly, you’re not sure if Andy would be interested in one.”

Skye nodded. “Exactly.”

Jeremy motioned her towards him. When she leaned in, he whispered into her ear.

“Have you ever thought about just asking Andy?”

Skye stared at him.

“Just ask, genius! He might be kinky, and he might not be. You won’t know until you ask.”

“How do I do that without looking like a pervert? Do you think he’ll be offended?”

“First, you are a pervert.” He dodged the pen aimed at his head. “Second, don’t just come out and ask him to your bedroom. Invite him out for drinks. Flirt with him, and read the vibe.” He pointed his finger at her. “The vibe is the most important thing. If you and Andy don’t click, it won’t work. Same goes for Andy and Sean.”

“That’s good. Go on.”

“You’re going to look like an idiot if you blurt out that you two are interested in a third. Be cool, be sexy, and see how things go.”

Skye continued to stare. “That’s so simple that it just might work.” She moved towards the desk to look for her phone. “Thanks, Jerm. You’re the best. I love that you’re a pervert, too.” Sometimes it helped having a business partner who was also her friend.

Chapter 8

The phone conversation went better than she expected. Andy sounded pleased that she called. She tried not to swoon at the sound of his deep voice. After five minutes of casual chitchat, she took the leap.

“My friend Sean and I are going out for some drinks on Friday, and I wanted to know if you’d like to join us. If you’re not busy. If you want.” She hated that she sounded like a giggly schoolgirl.

“Let me know when and where and I’ll be there.”

“Okay, I’ll call you with details.” She smiled to herself. It didn’t take him long to respond. She hoped it meant that he had been waiting to hear from her. “Talk to you later.”

“Good night.”

She stared at her phone after she hung up. Were they really going to go through with this? She tried to push the nervousness away. At least she would be able to see Andy’s long lashes and chocolate-colored eyes one more time. She remembered the way his warm mouth felt on hers and felt a tingle run down her body.

* * * *

She thought she would be nervous, but the third vodka tonic relaxed her. After the initial introductions, conversation flowed easily, like they were old friends. They sat in a corner booth at a trendy sports bar filled with college girls with golden tans and young urban professionals with mobile phones glued to their hands.

While Sean and Andy talked about basketball, Skye openly studied them. When they arrived, she sat on one side of the circular table. The boys settled on both sides, and she was happy to be surrounded by two hot men. It felt like her fantasy come true.

She sipped her drink and gazed at the way Andy’s long hair layered around his face. He probably had his hair done at one of the expensive salons. The dark layers emphasized his high cheekbones and delicate jaw line. She noticed that he liked to toss his hair out of his face with a slight chin motion. On another man, the gesture would have looked effeminate, but his movement looked flirty and even attractive.

Skye turned her attention to her date. If she had a type, Sean was it. He had the broad shoulders and tight muscles of a former jock. His dark hair was cut short in a no-nonsense style. She looked into his bright blue eyes and smiled. The first thing she had noticed about him had been his eyes. Later, she learned that the cold glance hid a fiery temper and hot passion.

Andy’s smile showed off his perfectly straight teeth. “You’re staring again.”

Skye covered her cheek with one hand. “I am? I’m sorry.”

“It’s no problem at all.” His fingers grazed her forearm.

Skye watched Sean’s reaction from the corner of her eye. If he was jealous, he didn’t show any signs of it. He hid a small smile with his beer mug. When she looked at him, he gave her a small nod that said, go for it.

Both men were staring at her. She blinked and felt all of her confidence drop to the

floor. Heat flowed to her face, and she thought her cheeks were probably bright red. Andy chuckled and she looked up to find their server.

"Another vodka tonic please," she yelled.

Sean put his hand on her wrist. "Maybe you should slow down, babe."

"Babe?" Andy looked at Skye. "Are you two an item?"

Skye glanced at Sean who remained quiet. She thought the truth was the easiest explanation. "We were an item. Not anymore. We're still friends."

"Friends?" Andy smiled. "Are you sure? Just friends?"

Sean interrupted him. "We're the best of friends. We get along great, and we always have."

"I don't mean to be invasive," Andy said. "I'm usually good at reading people. With you two, I'm not so sure. I can't tell if you're a couple or not." He shrugged.

Skye tasted her drink and enjoyed the heat rolling down her throat. "We're not a couple, but we were. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes it does." He leaned close enough to kiss her. "I ask because I'm interested in you, Miss Skye."

She felt Sean's hand rest on her thigh. She glanced at him and then turned her attention towards Andy Chang. The words tumbled around in her head, but she couldn't decide on an exact phrase. She didn't want to say the wrong thing and sound like an idiot.

Instead of speaking, she put her hand on his wrist. She lightly tickled his forearm with her fingertips. When he smiled, she leaned towards him so that her arm touched his.

At the same time, Sean leaned closer to her and held her hand under the table. Andy saw the motion, and his eyes studied Skye's body. She blushed as he stared openly at her lips, her neck, and her cleavage.

To her surprise, she heard Sean take the initiative. He motioned Andy closer and said, "It's getting a little crowded in here. I've got some beers at my place. Do you want to join us?"

Skye held her breath for a brief second, until she heard Andy's familiar chuckle. "I would love to."

A warm hand touched the small of her back. She didn't turn around to see whose it was.

* * * *

In the parking lot, it was agreed that Sean was still legally sober. They all squeezed into the front of his Suburban.

"This is usually my seat," she told Andy.

"Too bad. I like riding shotgun."

"Settle down, kids," Sean said.

Skye crawled over Andy's lap and sat between them. "Fine, be that way."

He giggled. "Let's get some music in here."

Sean tossed him the iPod. "You're the guest. Take your pick."

Andy scrolled through the albums. "Roni Size! You're my hero, man. No one out here is into the drum 'n bass."

"We love drum 'n bass," Skye and Sean said in unison. They glanced at each other and laughed. She was surprised at how comfortable she felt. The guys were getting along great. When she moved her leg, she felt Andy rubbing his thigh against hers. She glanced

down and noticed the hard outline of his cock.

He turned the music up, and the car thumped with the heavy bass. Sean bobbed his head to the beat. Skye made fun of him for being so “white bread” but he was the one who introduced her to deep house and drum ‘n bass music. Once she got a taste of it, she was hooked.

As Andy pounded the beat on her leg, she let her head fall onto his shoulder. The booze was having some effect on her, but she wasn’t exactly buzzed yet. Her face and neck felt warm like she was cooking under a hot sun. She turned her head and inhaled Andy’s clean scent.

“Just one question,” Andy yelled in her ear.

“What?” she yelled back.

“You two aren’t drug heads, are you? I’m not into that.”

“Hell no,” Sean said for her as they pulled into the lot. “We’re here.”

Instead of waiting for Andy to get out of the car, she climbed over his lap again. Sean walked quickly towards the door. She kept forgetting that he had initiated this conversation. A small part of her wondered if he was excited about trying something new or if it was Andy that excited him. She laughed to herself. She’d known Sean for a long time, and he wasn’t into playing with men. Was he?

Chapter 9

Skye went to the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face. Her hands shook slightly, and she wondered if she was having second thoughts. It was one thing to flirt and exchange fantasies. Was she really going to have sex with two men? At the same time?

Skye Kim, she thought, you are now officially a slut.

She shook the tension out of her shoulders. What was she worrying about? As Sean repeatedly told her, she was in complete control. If she felt uncomfortable at any moment, he would ask Andy to leave in a nice way. No hard feelings.

Something about having that control added excitement to the scenario. Skye stretched in front of the mirror. The black tank top emphasized her full chest and narrow waist. She shook the tension out of her legs and went into Sean's bedroom. Even after they broke up, she still left some of her clothes in his bottom drawer. Finding a clean pair of yoga pants, she changed out of her jeans.

"Here we go," she said to herself and headed towards the living room.

Both men sat on the couch, and they looked up when she entered the room. To avoid being obvious, she sat on the recliner adjacent to the sofa. Andy smiled at her and held a drink toward her. She didn't want another one, but she accepted the fresh cocktail.

"Cheers to new friends," he said. They clinked their glasses together.

For a few moments, they watched ESPN Sports Center in silence. Skye glanced towards the couch and saw Andy staring at her. Feeling a little bashful, she looked towards the TV again. That low chuckle gave her tingles up and down her spine.

"Hey, babe, why are you sitting so far away?" Sean patted the empty spot on the couch. "Plenty of room for your short little legs."

"Very funny." She settled between the two men and worked on her drink.

During the evening, she had tried to imagine how the events would play out. She could lean over to kiss Andy and wait for his reaction. If he kissed her back, she knew that things would go further. After making out for a bit, she would lean back and show him that Sean was watching them. If Andy were still comfortable, she would make the next move.

It didn't go quite as she pictured it. She couldn't decide whether she wanted to kiss Andy or Sean first. While she was more comfortable in Sean's arms, she still remembered how Andy's lips had tasted.

It turned out that she didn't need to make the decision after all. Before the next commercial, Andy put his hand on the back of her neck. It wasn't a full massage, just a few soft caresses. The tightness in her muscles melted under his warm fingertips.

When she turned her head, she saw that Andy's brown eyes were right in front of her. His lashes looked black against his charcoal pupils. She glanced down and saw his plump bottom lip.

Andy cleared his throat. "If I kissed you, would you mind?"

Her voice sounded breathy when she answered. "No. I don't mind."

Andy leaned forward to meet Sean's gaze. "Would you mind?"

She didn't turn around, but she heard Sean say "no" in a clear, sober voice.

Andy's mouth inched closer to hers. "This is your chance to say no. If I'm being too forward, I apologize."

She thought she would fall into his round eyes. "Shut up and kiss me."

And he did.

* * * *

Skye had been prepared for frantic gestures, wild kisses, tearing off clothes, raw and raunchy fucking. She was surprised at how careful and methodical their motions were. Andy moved in slow motion, like he was underwater. Skye drifted from one mouth to the other and back again. Neither man was in a hurry, and she liked the attention they paid to her mouth, her neck, her shoulders, everywhere.

While she kissed Andy, she felt Sean's hand massage her lower back. When she raised her arms slightly, he lifted her tank top off over her head. She leaned back from the kiss and let Andy study her bare breasts.

He let his hair fall over his eyes. "You're so beautiful."

"She is, isn't she?" Sean said.

She sat between Sean's legs and leaned against his hard chest. Andy dipped his head and tongued her breasts, pausing to suck and tease her nipples. Sean slowly licked the back of her neck.

"No fair," she said. "I'm the only one who is half naked."

Andy grinned. "We can change that." He sat up and removed his plain white t-shirt. He paused. "More?"

Skye ran her nails down his flat stomach. "More."

"So bold. I like that," Sean whispered into her ear.

She giggled. "Your turn, baby." She shifted her weight to let Sean get off the couch.

While he undressed, she exchanged soft kisses with Andy. She felt a hand between her legs, but she didn't open her eyes. Her thighs captured the curious hand, and she moaned into Andy's mouth.

Fingers played with her waistband until she stood. Two pairs of hands helped pull her pants down her thighs, and she stepped out of them. Sean stood behind her and cupped her breasts.

"So how do we do this?" she mumbled, mostly to herself.

"It's your call," Sean said. His hands played with her hard nipples. She watched Andy lean forward to kiss her navel. His fingers traveled up her thighs and settled between her legs.

For a moment, she thought things were moving too fast for her. She was standing nude in front of two attractive men. Her face flushed, and she felt self-conscious of her body. The tension in her legs spread to the rest of her body. She wondered if she was making a huge mistake.

She looked down and saw Andy staring at her through his bangs. He showed a small smile. "We don't have to do this if you don't want to."

Sean put his hands on her shoulders. "No pressure, babe."

She turned around and put her arm around Sean's waist. She glanced at his hard cock pointing at her. Andy was still wearing his boxer-briefs, but his arousal was evident. When she pressed her thighs together, she was so wet her pants felt damp.

"I want to go to the bedroom," she said. Taking both of their hands, she led the way

to Sean's king-sized bed.

Chapter 10

In the center of the bed, Skye was overwhelmed by competing sensations. She squirmed under two pairs of busy, energetic hands: moving over her breasts, between her legs, on her clit, deeper. Turning from one mouth to the other, she became greedy. Floating between two mouths and two pairs of hands, she enjoyed their different touches.

Once the trio paused when Andy asked, "Do you play with men, too?" He stared at Sean.

Skye thought that Sean would freak out, but he handled it well. "Nope. I don't go there."

Andy nodded and continued to kiss Skye's neck. His hard cock nestled against her ass, and she rubbed against him. She never believed the myth about Asian men being under-endowed. Andy Chang was further proof that the myth was all wrong. When she noticed the slight downward curve, she wondered how he would feel inside her.

She whispered to Sean that she was ready for more. When he gave her the box of condoms, she turned to Andy. He smiled at her and stretched out on his back. She rolled a condom on his thick cock.

"Spoon me," she said. She turned to her side and faced Sean. He licked his lips, and she knew that he enjoyed the view.

Andy's hard-on poked her thighs, and she spread her legs for him. She reached down and helped him guide his cock inside of her. When he was all the way inside, he wrapped his arms around her and cupped her breasts.

"God, you're so warm." He spoke against the back of her neck, sending goose bumps all over her body. He rocked against her with slow thrusts.

"Does his cock feel good, baby?" Sean cupped her face with one hand, forcing her to look in his eyes.

"Yeah, his cock feels nice and thick. So deep."

Sean kissed her hard, shoving his tongue into her mouth. She gasped when he reached down to massage her clit.

Andy started to move faster, and she ground herself against him. Sean kissed her while playing with her clit with one hand and her sensitive nipples with the other. She nibbled on his bottom lip.

Andy gripped her hips hard while he fucked her. She moaned and felt herself becoming more aroused.

"Do you want to do what we talked about?" Sean placed a thumb on her bottom lip, and she slowly licked it.

"Yes," she said. "I want your cock in my mouth."

"Say it again."

"I want to suck your hard cock." Andy's thrusts came deeper and faster.

Sean positioned himself so that he was kneeling at the head of the bed. He put his cock close to her mouth, and she licked the tip slowly. Both men watched the show as she moved her tongue up and down his shaft.

Andy pressed his lips against her ear. "I want to watch, too."

He slid out of her. She propped herself on all fours and nodded at Sean. He placed

his cock in front of her face as Andy slid inside her again. When she felt his cock hit her special spot, she opened her mouth. Sean put the head of his cock against her lips, and she licked up and down his shaft.

“Jesus.”

She wasn't sure who said it, but she knew that they were both getting a show. She sucked Sean's cock into her mouth, taking most of him.

With her eyes closed, she concentrated on his cock, taking him as deep as she could. She flicked his head with her tongue and sucked hard. She felt Andy adjust his rhythm to her movements. When she bobbed her head, he would thrust. When she moved her head back, he moved back.

Soon they established a smooth rhythm of sucking and fucking. Skye liked feeling in control of the action. When she paused to rest her jaw, she felt Andy pause as well. She was the center of attention, and she loved it.

Looking up through her lashes, she turned her head towards Sean. “Do you want to fuck me, too?”

“You know I do.” He grinned. “But this feels good, too. I'm happy with just watching. Whatever you want.”

“Andy, I want to be on top.” She liked how Andy immediately flipped onto his back. She climbed on top of his cock.

Sean took off his condom and leaned back on a few pillows. “I want to watch you finish.”

Skye leaned forward and steadied her weight against Andy's shoulders. He grabbed her hips and thrust upwards. He fucked her so hard that she felt like she was on a mechanical bull. From this angle, she felt his thickness filling her.

“God, you're so fucking hot,” Sean said.

She ground her hips against Andy, staring into his eyes. He met her gaze and smiled at her. He had the sweet smile of a nice guy, but he fucked like a wild animal. Skye grabbed his shoulders so she wouldn't be thrown off the bed.

She thought her first orgasm would never end. She steadied her hands against the headboard and ground herself hard against his cock. The trembles started in her center and moved towards her thighs. She felt him tense beneath her, and he came with a few strong thrusts. She was surprised at how quiet he was, so different from Sean's animalistic grunts and groans.

As she rolled off his cock and onto her back, she saw that Sean was still hard. She motioned him over, and he quickly put on a fresh condom. He was close, and it didn't take him more than a few thrusts to come.

“Sorry,” he said into her ear. “You two had me so turned on that I couldn't hold off anymore.”

“That's okay, babe.” Skye didn't have much energy to move. She turned her head and saw Andy brush damp hair away from his face. She wondered how he would look with all of his hair wet and clinging to his pretty face.

“Was this your first time? With another, I mean.”

She nodded. “Did it show?”

“I could tell you were nervous, but that's natural.” He shifted his weight onto one elbow. He ran a finger down her bare stomach. “So beautiful,” he mumbled.

Skye blushed, and she heard Sean clear his throat.

“I don’t know about you two love birds, but I’m going to take a quick shower.” Without looking back, he headed towards the bathroom.

Skye didn’t see the expression on his face, but his back looked rigid. Was that jealousy she heard in his voice? He seemed to enjoy himself, but maybe he was having regrets.

She turned her head back to the beautiful man lying next to her. She didn’t have any regrets about what happened. Her hand brushed his hair out of his eyes.

They were still kissing when Sean came back in the room. Skye looked up and saw a blank expression on his face. After grabbing a pack of cigarettes, he avoided their stares and closed the door behind him.

* * * *

“Why do I feel like I’m doing the walk of shame?” Andy laughed and flipped his cigarette into the street.

Skye just smiled at him. When she told Sean that she would give Andy a ride back to his car, he had his head buried in a Criminal Law textbook. She thought that maybe he was hiding the awkward feelings with silence. While the ride to his place had been filled with flirting and laughter, the mood afterwards shifted into something uncomfortable.

To avoid the post-last call traffic, Skye skipped the freeway. As she coasted the quiet streets, she watched Andy from the corner of her eye. After browsing through Sean’s iPod for a while, he sat back in his seat and stretched out his long legs.

“Is your boyfriend mad?” he asked.

“He’s not my boyfriend,” she said. “Why would he be mad?”

“I don’t know. Maybe he had regrets about sharing such a beautiful woman.” He looked at her with half-closed eyes.

She ignored the cheesy line. “Well, he’s not my boyfriend, and he wasn’t mad.”

“Or maybe he was upset at me.”

She shook his hand off her thigh. His probing fingers were distracting her from driving. “What are you talking about?”

“You did tell him that I like both guys and girls, didn’t you?”

“I mentioned it.”

“Your friend is a very attractive man. I may have touched him once or twice.” He widened his eyes for effect. “Purely by accident.”

Skye thought it over for a moment. She did remember that Sean froze when Andy’s leg moved too close to him. She waved her hand in the air. “He’s not a homophobe. He’s definitely straight, but he’s not a gay-basher.”

“Definitely straight.” Andy nodded slowly. “You sure about that?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” She tried to cover her shock. “I mean, I’ve known him for a long time, and I know he’s straight.”

Andy stretched his arms out and pushed his chair all the way back. “Everyone is a little curious. You’ve never been curious about another woman? About what it would be like to touch and caress a soft, lovely lady?”

Skye shrugged. She went through her bi-curious phase back in college when it was the hip thing to do. “That’s different.”

“Or is it? Society says it’s okay for two women to play with each other. When it comes to two attractive men, then suddenly it’s ugly.” Andy looked out the window. “It’s

a bullshit double standard if you ask me.”

“Sorry.” She didn’t know why she was apologizing, but she wanted to dissolve the tension somehow.

“Don’t apologize to me, silly.” He smiled. “I was just saying that I saw a flicker of curiosity in your man’s eyes. Not a spark, but a tiny flicker. I know what I saw.”

Skye tried to process this new information. She couldn’t believe that an almost-stranger knew more about Sean than she did. Either Andy was doing some serious dreaming, or Skye was completely oblivious to Sean’s tastes.

“Well, I’m not going to argue with you. You can believe what you want.” She saw Andy’s car and pulled next to it.

“Here I am.” He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. “If I said anything to offend you, I apologize. I had a wonderful time tonight.” He touched her cheek with his lips.

“You are hot beyond words.”

She blushed. He definitely knew how to say the right things to a woman.

Before stepping into his car, Andy stuck out his thumb and pinky near his face. “Call me. Let’s do something sometime.”

Skye thought about heading back to Sean’s place, but she wasn’t in the mood for the silent treatment. She made an illegal U-turn and drove with the memory of Andy’s lips against her cheek.

Chapter 11

The next morning, she still felt the after-glow of great sex. Skye bounced into the office and smiled at Jeremy. He raised his eyebrows but didn't ask any questions. They had to leave for a short-notice assignment.

An hour later, Jeremy adjusted the wig for the twentieth time. "I think I'm allergic to this fake hair."

"Keep still, man. You're making me all itchy." Skye aimed the camera towards the Wal-Mart parking lot. They found the car, but they still had to wait for the driver. "I hate Wal-Mart," she said.

"I hate these discount store parking lots," Jeremy answered. "It's a cesspool of angry old people, angry white trash, and angry multi-generation families."

"This heat is making me angry." She grabbed the zoom lens. "I think that's our guy." She studied the photograph to make sure it was indeed Danny Cook.

"That's our guy." Jeremy pointed the camcorder in his direction while Skye took still shots. The client didn't express a preference, so they decided to provide both types of evidence.

"Why do you even need a wig? He doesn't know us."

"He might have seen us doing a job. Orange County is a relatively small county." He chuckled as their target struggled to lift the big screen into his truck. After several tries, he was finally able to lift the enormous box.

"For a guy who hurt his back on the job, he sure does move well," Skye said.

"This kind of shit pisses me off. Scum like that makes our worker's comp insurance sky-high." He moved the camcorder to show Danny reaching for a 20 lb sack of dog food.

"So you'd rather screw the little guy and work for the big corporate machine." Skye put down her camera. They had enough for a solid case.

"What the fuck is your problem? You've been griping about work all week." He paused to stare at her. "Are you burned out? Is this your passive-aggressive way of telling me you want out?"

"Sorry. I'll keep my mouth shut."

"I'm just really fed up with your attitude. I know that our job isn't the most socially productive occupation in the world. I get it. But we're good at what we do, and we pay our bills. What more do you want?"

Skye put her hands up. "Okay, I'm sorry. I'm just venting, that's all."

"Okay. It's hot, and it's been a long week." He watched Danny Cook get into his massive truck. "Let's call it a night, and get some drinks."

She drove to their usual happy hour spot. Located near a modest-sized chain hotel, the place called itself a "sports bar" but was more of a dive. The TVs were all small-screen, but drinks were cheap and the servers were polite.

After they ordered a pitcher of beer, Skye told him about what happened that night. She left out some of the more prurient details, but she told him most of it. She watched the expressions on his face change from disbelief, shock, curiosity, and finally envy.

He had only one response: "Holy shit."

Skye tried not to blush from the vivid memories. "It was unbelievably hot."

Jeremy took a long gulp of his beer. "I'm going to have to try that sometime." He grinned. "I'm not usually into Asian men, but that Andy is a looker."

"I thought it would be weird and awkward, but it wasn't. Maybe afterwards it was with Sean a little."

"Uh-oh. Tension in the love nest?"

"I sensed the cold shoulder." She shrugged. "Then again, it's finals week for him. I've been there, so I know he might not be in the mood for company."

"Sean doesn't seem like the most open-minded in the world. I'm surprised he even went for that much."

"True. I was shocked that it happened at all." Skye didn't mention Andy's theory about bi-curiosity.

"So when are you going to see Andy again?"

"Actually..." She paused for effect. "I have a date with him tomorrow night."

"A date? A real date?"

"Well, sort of. He's taking me out to this new Japanese place in the Arts district." It was her first beer, but her face felt hot.

"How cute," he said. "I think you're actually blushing. You must be into this guy."

"He's so hot and so sweet. I don't know why, but he makes me giddy." She laughed. "Me, giddy. Can you imagine?"

He held his glass towards her. "To being giddy."

"Cheers, baby."

* * * *

The date with Andy exceeded her expectations. It had been so long since she went on an actual date that she was nervous at first. Andy was punctual, and she gave him extra points for that.

She noticed his hair had more layers than last time. She admired the way his black slacks hugged his lean legs. A white button-down top completed the demure artist look.

"You look yummy," he said.

She liked that he appreciated the extra effort. Skye was more of a jeans and t-shirt kind of girl. Tonight she went all out with an ivory halter-top that clung to her curves. Her tight black jeans were casual but classy enough for an evening look. Her long hair was twisted in an upswept do that showed off the line of her neck.

The restaurant was crowded, and the food was fresh and tasty. After a few rounds of sake shots, conversation flowed easily. They nibbled on a variety of rolls while discussing the latest music trends.

Skye thought they acted more like a couple on a first date than two people who had pleasured each other. She liked that he knew how to chow down. Picky eaters were so unattractive, but she didn't know how he put all that food in his thin body.

He noticed her gaze. "I've got fast metabolism." He popped a Spider Roll in his mouth and chewed slowly. "I've got the skinny genes. My whole family is skinny."

"Lucky." She dipped a cucumber maki in wasabi-heavy soy sauce. "I have to work my ass off."

"It's a very nice ass indeed." He laughed at her reaction. "Don't let my manners fool you. I'm a good guy with a bad side."

“Not bad,” she said. “More kinky. There’s nothing bad about being kinky, right?”

He dabbed the corner of her mouth with his napkin. “I hate to use a cliché, but I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship.”

Skye agreed. She felt the giddy feeling in her stomach. She remembered this feeling when she and Sean first started dating. It was different from that time, but it was the same mix of anticipation, attraction, and excitement.

Their date ended with a lingering kiss in front of her apartment. For a brief second, she contemplated asking him up for a drink. She remembered that she already told him she had an early morning assignment. If she changed her mind, would she look too desperate?

She stepped back from the kiss to catch her breath. Andy Chang had magical lips. Every time she kissed him, she wanted to taste more of his soft lips. If she didn’t stop now, she would want to do more naughty things to him.

As if reading her mind, he said, “I know you have to get up early, so I’ll say good night. I’ll call you.”

Instead of saying anything else, she stepped closer for a final kiss. Just one more kiss wouldn’t hurt, she thought. She would taste him one last time and go to bed early.

After the kiss lasted for more than a few minutes and they both started to breathe harder, Skye made the decision for them. When she grabbed his hand, they both jogged towards her apartment door.

As she pulled his naked body on top of hers, she said, “Will you still respect me in the morning?”

His signature chuckle sent shivers down her spine. “Shut up and kiss me,” he said.

She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around him. Even though it wasn’t their first time together, it was their first time as a couple. She savored his soft hands and warm lips. He took time with her body as if he wanted to study every inch of her.

They moved slowly like they wanted to make each moment last. He touched her lightly as if her skin was fragile. They used their mouths and fingers to explore each other. When he finally entered her, Skye felt herself already on the verge of orgasm.

When the sun started to come up, they dozed with their sweaty limbs tangled together. Skye opened one eye to glance at the clock. Jeremy was going to kill her if she was late. She laid her head back on Andy’s bare chest. The night had been worth it.

Chapter 12

The next few days passed without incident. It was the end of the month, and the firm was busy juggling new clients and old cases. Skye had a few short conversations with Andy, but they didn't make further plans to meet. She figured they were both too busy to be worrying about their personal lives.

She heard from Sean after his last final was over. She picked up the phone when she saw his name.

"Come over," he said.

"No hello? No how are you?"

"Hello. How are you? Come over. Please."

Skye recognized the urgency in his voice. During exam weeks, Sean didn't engage in any extracurricular activity. She knew that he would be eager for some immediate action.

She stepped on the gas and headed for the freeway. "I'll be there in 15 minutes, more or less."

When she arrived at his apartment, he was waiting by the door. She stepped inside and pulled the towel from his waist. He was damp from the shower, naked, and hard.

She didn't have time to take off her jacket before his mouth and hands were all over her. Buttons rattled onto the floor as he tore off her shirt. His hands went under her skirt and between her legs.

"Take those off," he said. "Keep the skirt on."

She pulled off her too-expensive thong and tossed the rest of her clothes on the floor. He dropped to his knees, and his head disappeared under the hem of her skirt. She held onto the door while he sucked and licked her, searching for her clit with his tongue.

Her knees started to tremble. Right before her orgasm, he stopped. She wanted to ride his tongue until she came.

Instead, she let him walk her towards his desk. She laid facedown on the cold mahogany and spread her legs. He tore apart the condom wrapper in one swift motion. He thrust into her hard and fast. The first few strokes were too much, but she allowed herself to relax.

Soon they were both grunting and moaning. The desk vibrated with each thrust. He would have nasty bruises in the morning. After a few more fast strokes, Sean pulled out and sprayed his come all over her back.

While he caught his breath, she looked at him over her shoulders. "I haven't come yet."

"I know. That was just to take the edge off." He grabbed a fresh towel and wiped her back clean. "Why don't we call your friend?"

"You mean, Andy?"

"Yeah. See if he's free." Sean avoided her eyes. "I've been thinking about that night."

Skye didn't hesitate. Andy picked up on the second ring. "What are you doing right now?" she asked.

* * * *

She took Sean's cock out of her mouth when the doorbell rang. Wrapped in just a towel, she opened the door and hugged Andy. "That was fast," she said.

"I see the party has started without me," he said. He grabbed her towel and threw it on the floor.

While Andy took off his clothes, she laid down on the floor. Sean positioned himself between her legs and licked her slowly. She watched Andy's long cock grow hard as Sean sucked on her clit.

Andy lay next to her and kissed her. Before long, his mouth moved down to her nipples, sucking, teasing, nibbling with his white teeth. She watched his head move down her body until his lips were between his legs.

Skye watched the two men take turns pleasing her. Sean would dip his tongue into her for a few moments, and then Andy would take his turn. She thought it was the hottest thing she had ever seen.

She sat up and kissed Andy hard, licking her wetness off his mouth and chin. She moved onto Sean's mouth and cleaned him with her tongue. While she kissed him, she saw Andy's head move closer from the corner of her eye.

Andy kissed the side of her mouth. Turning her head, she licked his lips with the tip of her tongue. She saw Sean jump back when Andy's mouth got too close. She waited for someone to say something, but Andy continued to kiss her.

She motioned Sean towards the couch and went to work on his cock. Andy touched himself while she sucked Sean's thick shaft. To catch her breath, she sat up and stroked Sean's cock with her slick hand. Licking her lips, she bent forward and took him into her mouth. When she started to take his cock deeper, she heard Andy crawl towards them.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Andy's long delicate fingers next to her. She waited for him to caress her face or touch her breasts. He put his hand on Sean's upper thigh before she could stop him.

She tried to move back, but she didn't move fast enough. Sean jumped up and forward, gagging her with his cock. The tip bumped against her Adam's apple, causing her to cough even harder. Andy patted her on the back until Sean shoved him away.

"Get the fuck away from her!"

"What's your problem?" Andy put his hands up.

"Get out of my house!" Sean said with a shove.

"Hands off, buddy!"

Skye tried to catch her breath, and wiped the tears from her eyes. When Sean shoved the other man back, she stepped between them. This was getting out of control. She shook off their hands and ran to the bathroom to recover.

When she returned, she saw Sean fuming on the couch. She was surprised to see Andy hovering in the kitchen. She assumed that he would have left by now. Both men had their mouths pressed in tight lines. While Sean scowled, Andy looked a little more relaxed. When she walked towards him, he smiled.

"Party's over, guys." She ignored their looks and grabbed her purse. "I'm going home."

"Oh, so it's going to be like that?" Sean asked. "Just play and run?"

"This is beyond awkward, and I don't want to do this anymore. I thought you said that I called the shots."

"Of course you do," he said. "Why don't you just stay the night? Our guest can

leave.”

Andy ignored the glare. “Skye, you’re right. This has become extremely awkward. I will see you some other time.” He bent forward to kiss her cheek. “Call me.”

Sean stood up and nudged Andy away with his shoulder. “Skye, spend the night.”

“Or you can come with me.”

“She’s not going anywhere with you, asshole.”

“No need to resort to name-calling.”

Skye watched them go back and forth. They both had one hand on her, but they glared at each other. Sean held her wrist and Andy rested his hand on her waist. After a moment, she realized that she might as well be a piece of furniture. They weren’t even looking at her.

She slipped away from their hands. “I’m not interested in this testosterone-fueled, territorial bullshit. Take your pissing contest somewhere else.” She stormed out and slammed the door in their faces. She was done with them both.

Chapter 13

Driving back to her apartment, she decided to call Jeremy to see if he was awake. When he answered, she told him she needed to talk to a friend. Even though it was close to midnight, he insisted that she stop by his place.

Jeremy greeted her with a plate of fresh cookies. "These are lemon shortbread. My grandma finally gave me her recipe."

Skye closed her eyes to savor the flavor explosion of real butter and grated lemon. She was so glad that Jeremy had a domestic streak. "Oh my god, these are better than sex."

He laughed. "They're better than mediocre sex. I don't know if they're better than great sex. Speaking of which, how are the boys?"

"Boys will be boys. You know how it is. Petty, immature, intolerant, assholes."

"Trouble in paradise?"

Reaching for another cookie, she told him about the argument. She told him what happened when Andy's hand wandered a little too close to Sean's lap. Jeremy raised his eyebrows at that detail.

"Things could have ended very, very badly," he said. "He doesn't know if Sean's sensitive about that sort of thing. Mr. Chang is either very bold or very stupid."

"I'm thinking a little bit of both. Anyway I'm taking a break from the male species." She glanced at her blinking phone. It was either Sean or Andy. Both men had been calling all night, and she wasn't in the mood to talk to either of them.

Jeremy looked at her phone. "Sean."

"I'm not answering." She sighed. "At first, I got off on being the center of attention. When they were fighting, I realized that they weren't fighting about me as a person. I was just an excuse for a power trip."

Jeremy patted her shoulder. "I never liked Sean, but I don't think he's a bad guy. He's a little too uptight for my taste, but he probably means well."

"You're getting soft in your old age," she said. "A few months ago, you would have told me to dump that fool."

"I still think you should dump him and try something new with Andy. He's attractive, nice, and fun. What more would a girl want?"

"I don't know if I can keep up with his lifestyle though."

Jeremy shook his head. "Just because he's bisexual doesn't mean that he's a slut. I think you should give him a chance. Even if it's not him, you need someone new. You and Sean have been circling each other for almost four years. Maybe it's time to make a clean break."

Skye had been debating this for a long time. When she was alone with Sean, she felt so comfortable in his big arms. However, they didn't work as a couple. When they spent too much time together, they would reestablish the old pattern of bickering and petty arguments.

She was almost thirty, and she still didn't know what she wanted to do with the rest of her life. She saw her friends settling down and starting families. A husband and a kid sounded nice, but she didn't want to change her free-spirited lifestyle. By the time she

was ready to settle down, she wondered if she would be too old to find a mate.

“When I’m with Sean, I want to be with him. Yet, I don’t know if I want to be with him in the long run. I have to admit that Andy is adding to my doubts.”

Jeremy waved the lemon shortbread at her. “Men are like cookies. This one might be so good that you think it’s perfect. You get rid of that one, and look there’s another one to take his place.”

She grabbed the cookie out of his hand. “What do I do when I run out of cookies?” They both stared at the empty plate. Jeremy strolled to the kitchen to make another batch.

* * * *

Work dominated the next few weeks. Jeremy placed ads on a few websites, and calls poured in. Most callers were simply curious, but a few produced solid cases. If this kept up, they’d be able to increase their rates soon.

After letting everyone cool down a little, Skye spoke with Sean and Andy on the phone. They never talked for more than a few minutes at a time. If one was on the road, the other was in the middle of a hectic day. Conversations were cordial but careful. Each party was worried about offending the other.

Skye was satisfied with the occasional interaction. Although she missed the intimacy of male arms around her, she didn’t have any complaints. Maybe life was easier this way. She was alone, but she wasn’t lonely. She figured that Andy and Sean would move on with their respective lives.

As she was daydreaming about a vacation in Mexico, Jeremy tossed a thick folder in front of her. “This one is a high-roller. One of those Newport Beach wives.”

“Lovely.” Skye started to scan through his notes. “So what’s the deal with this one?”

“Same old, same old. Rich wife wants to squeeze more out of her divorce settlement. It sounds like the pre-nuptial is air-tight, but he’s allegedly banging the boss’ daughter.”

“Nice.”

“The wife figures she can use the affair as some leverage. She acts like she’s being generous. She doesn’t want it all, just the house, the vacation home, her car, and some stocks.” He rolled his eyes.

Skye put the folder back on his desk. “It sounds like the typical OC divorce. Next.”

“I told the wife that we’d get started on this right away. She wants some stills before her lawyer goes on vacation.”

“We have two other cases that we need to finish.”

“She paid us a fat advance plus a bonus. In cash.” He tossed the stack of bills in front of her. “That’s just your share.”

“Holy shit.” She caressed the crisp, new bills. She loved the smell of new money.

“I’m sorry, but I already took the advance. What do you want me to do?”

“Well, you’re going to have to help with the other two cases. Plus we have three new clients coming in today.”

“I’m on it. Cheer up, baby. This is going to be our year. I smell big things on the horizon.”

She smiled at his enthusiasm. The business had survived the first few years, and it looked like things would continue to go well. She didn’t want to get too excited yet. She had seen too many businesses collapse under the pressure.

“I need a break,” she said.

Jeremy nodded. "I need a vacation. Preferably in a tropical environment with hot cabana boys."

She laughed and went back to her files. She didn't tell him what she was really thinking about. She didn't need a break from today. Lately, she had been wondering if she needed a break from their business. The money was nice, but she was tired of the cheating spouses and lying employees. She was even more fed up with the clients who had impossibly high expectations.

After another long day at work, it was closing time. She watched Jeremy run a comb through his thick hair. He had been playing with his hair for the last half-hour. It was strange to see a smile on his usually stoic face.

"Hot date tonight?"

He grinned. "If he's lucky." He winked at her and headed towards the door.

She was in the mood for a few beers, but she didn't want to drink alone. Even though she had lived in Orange County for a while, her only friends were Sean and Jeremy.

"All work and no play makes Skye a dull girl," she said to herself. Maybe this was an early mid-life crisis. She was thirty, living alone, restless.

She picked up her phone and dialed the first number that popped into her mind. "Hey, it's me. You busy?"

Sean sounded like he had just woken up. "Nope, not busy. Want to come over?"

"I'll be there in an hour or so." She hung up the phone and wondered if she was out of her mind. Was she actually going to juggle two men? She shook the question out of her head and grabbed her car keys.

Chapter 14

After unwinding on Sean's plush sofa, she told him that she didn't want sex that night. An hour after dessert, they were in his bed, sweating, moaning, groping, tasting. His touch made her want to do things that she never thought about before.

He entered her from behind and pulled her hair back. "Did you miss this cock?"

"Yeah," she moaned. Arching her back, she pushed her hips towards him.

Sean pressed down on the middle of her back until she was flat on the bed with her ass high in the air. "I'm going to give it to you so deep."

His low voice made her shudder. She bounced with each hard stroke, hiding her moans in the pillow. He chuckled and threw the pillow off the bed.

"I want to hear you when you come. Come for me, Skye." He pressed himself deep inside her. "Come hard for me."

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the ride. Her husky moans sounded loud in the small bedroom. She knew his neighbors would give her dirty looks, but she didn't care. She grabbed the sheets and got ready for the next orgasm.

Afterwards, she was too exhausted even to take a shower. She lay next to him and traced letters on his stomach. The long day and wild night made her eyes heavy. While he talked about his professors, her eyes became heavier. The conversation faded after a while, and she drifted towards sleep.

Sean stroked her hair and said, "Skye, I think we need to have a talk."

Shit. She recognized that tone of voice. She was too tired for a long, drawn out discussion. Every six months or so, they debated whether they should break up for good. The last time he had tried to propose marriage, but she didn't let him finish that conversation.

"I'm tired. Can we do this later?" She yawned and rolled over to the other side.

His fingers grabbed her shoulder. "I want to talk about this now."

She wasn't going to get any sleep tonight. "Ok. What's on your mind?"

"It's nothing that you haven't heard before. We recycle this same conversation every year." He stared at the ceiling. "I guess I want to know one thing: what am I to you?"

She thought it was a trick question. If she chose the word "boyfriend," he would say he felt trapped. If she chose a lighter word like "friend," he would feel insulted. They had gone over all the possible scenarios before, and nothing was ever resolved.

She tried some two-bit psychology. "How would you describe our relationship?"

He rubbed a hand over his eyes. "That's the problem. I don't know anymore. At first, I thought we were just special friends."

She preferred the term "fuck buddies," but let it slide this time.

He continued, "We get along great, and our sex life is still as good as ever. And the threesome." He rubbed her bare thigh. "I was surprised as hell that we went through with it."

"I always thought that, if we ever did it, you'd want to play with another woman. I was shocked, too."

He caressed her inner thigh with his hand. "I like watching you get off. It's the voyeur in me."

She didn't want to change the subject yet. "So has the threesome changed things?"

"Maybe. It was the hottest experience I've ever had, and I'm glad that I got to share it with you."

"But?" His sudden calm was driving her crazy. She wanted to grab him and shake the point out of him.

"But things feel different now," he said. "When it was happening, I didn't feel jealous or threatened. I thought I would, but I didn't. Afterwards, I started to think about you and him. Together, without me."

Skye nodded. She accepted this as a possible consequence of their group play. If the third had been another woman, she probably would have felt the same way. Even though they weren't officially dating, jealousy would be a natural reaction. She shrugged and said, "I don't know what to say to that."

"I'm not blaming you, and I don't regret anything. I know that you and Andy probably see each other when I'm not around." He put his hand up when she opened her mouth. "You don't have to explain anything. I guess thinking about that started to bother me."

Skye wanted to tell him that she had been with Andy only one night. Even if he said he didn't want to know, she felt that silence was the same as lying. She paused when Sean started to chuckle.

"You know, I can't believe I'm saying this. I feel like such a girl." He picked lint off the blanket. "It bothers me that you might want him more than you want me. Isn't that insane?"

"Not really. I might have felt the same way." She stared at his thick hands, so different from Andy's delicate artist's fingers. "We've said all along that you and I don't do well with relationships."

"Which is another reason why I shouldn't be bothered. I shouldn't care what you do when you're not with me." He put his hand near hers, but he didn't touch her. "But I do care, and I think that means something."

She thought it over for a minute. She thought about all the problems they'd had in the past. They had tried this before. If she was too close to him, he would feel suffocated and back away. If she drifted, he would beg her to be with him.

She tried not to think of all the late night phone calls, the unfamiliar fragrances left on his bed and the love notes from his admirers. She always told him that he wasn't ready to give up his single life. He loved women too much. She didn't want to compete for his attention anymore.

She didn't want to give up her single lifestyle either. She didn't want to have to share the covers. She hated when he left his clothes on the floor instead of tossing them in the hamper. When the little things accumulated, she would back away and spend more time at the office. When she spent more late nights at the office, he would find another distraction elsewhere. It was always a sick, predictable cycle.

She chose to be blunt. "I want the truth. Do you want to be with me? Or do you want me back because you think I want to be with Andy? Because that's two entirely different things." When he paused to think about it, Skye had her answer.

"Skye, I care about you. I always have, and I always will."

"I know you care," she said. "You won't ever use the L-word, will you?"

"Lesbian?" He smiled and touched her fingertips. "We've been there, done that. I

don't know if I'm ready for love yet."

"Then, what are you ready for?" She shook her head. "You don't want me to be with Andy, but you don't want to commit to me either. You can't have it both ways."

"To tell you the truth, I don't know what I want. The thought of you and he living happily ever after drives me nuts. Maybe it's because I saw how good he made you feel."

Rolling to her side, she covered her smile with a pillow. She never mentioned spending more time with Andy, but already Sean had envisioned a happily-ever-after scenario. She didn't know whether this sudden jealousy was amusing or disturbing.

Sean moved closer to her and spooned her. When she scooted away, he wrapped his forearm around her waist. He pressed his lips to the back of her neck. She closed her eyes and sank into his embrace.

We could stay like this forever, she thought. What about the next time he came home late? What about the next time she felt bored staying at home and doing nothing? She was too tired to deal with the same arguments and the same problems. If she stayed with him, would they ever resolve anything?

She felt his erection poking her bottom. "Stop it. You can't solve everything with sex."

"Who said anything about solving anything?" He kissed the nape of her neck, making her shiver. His hands wandered to her breasts.

"Stop," she whispered. She moaned when his fingers tugged at her nipples. "We're out of condoms anyway."

"That's okay," he said. He slid down the bed and positioned himself between her thighs. He spread her with delicate fingers and slowly licked her most sensitive parts.

It didn't take long for her first orgasm. As she grabbed his hair, she closed her eyes and ignored the doubts in her mind. They could continue their conversation later. For right now, this was all the communication they needed.

Chapter 15

The next morning Jeremy begged for details, but Skye wasn't in the mood. She had too much on her mind and wanted to focus on work. With a full roster of cases, the firm needed to work quickly to satisfy their clients. They drove to a crowded parking lot, found a spot, and waited for their target.

In the car, Jeremy poured coffee from his thermos and handed her the cup. "And then what happened?"

"I came, and then he did. He had homework to finish, and I left."

Jeremy sighed. "And that's it? You two still didn't resolve anything."

Skye spooned more sugar into her coffee. "No, we didn't. He admitted that he doesn't really know what he wants."

"Well, let me give you a hypothetical. Don't roll your eyes at me." He poked her in the arm to get her attention. "If Sean came out and said that he wanted a relationship, would you say yes?"

She studied the oily residue floating on top of her coffee. "Honestly, I really don't know at this point. You know, there was a time when the only thing I wanted was to be with Sean. Maybe not marriage, but I wanted to be with him and only him."

"And now?"

"I thought he wanted a relationship back then, and I got burned. I don't know if I'm ready to recover from that."

Jeremy nodded. "So what's the problem? Why can't you make a clean break and start over with someone new? Maybe someone tall and gorgeous with beautiful hair."

She knew he was referring to Andy. "I admit that I feel a little smitten with him. God, he's just so hot." They both giggled with their heads close together.

"But you still have a thing for Sean."

She nodded. "But I still have a thing for Sean."

"I don't know what kind of magic that man has over you," he said. "I don't think he's good enough for you, but obviously there is something that makes you stay."

She thought he would give her the same lecture, but he didn't. Jeremy always told her that once a cheater, always a cheater. Skye thought the past indiscretions made it impossible for her to trust Sean. If she couldn't trust him, what hope was there for a relationship?

"I hate to interrupt this Oprah moment, but I think that's our man." Jeremy motioned towards a tall, middle-aged man parking a green Jaguar.

Skye knew he was the one. She waited for his voluptuous companion to exit the vehicle before she started shooting. The couple made it easy for them, because they couldn't keep their hands off each other. She captured several clear shots of them making out like uninhibited teenagers.

After she put the camera down, she turned to her partner and said, "Isn't new love grand?"

He smirked. "Too bad that feeling doesn't last longer than a few months. Six months tops. Then, it's all downhill from there."

"For real."

* * * *

After a long day, Skye was ready for a hot shower and a nap. She was surprised when Andy called her. When he asked her out for drinks, she said yes without hesitating. After the first drink, she knew she had made the right decision.

She looked into his eyes and said, "Andy, you must be psychic."

He raised his well-groomed eyebrows.

"Jeremy and I were talking about you today." She smiled over her martini.

"I hope you were saying good things." His leg brushed against hers.

"Of course." She giggled and then blushed. She didn't know why she always acted so silly around him. Maybe it was the way his eyes looked through her walls. They were so comfortable with each other.

Andy glanced past her and waved. "I hope you don't mind that I invited a friend."

"Of course not," she said. "The more, the merrier." She turned around to see his friend. She put the drink to her lips to hide the gasp.

"Skye, this is my friend, Chris. Chris, this is the lovely Ms. Skye."

"Pleased to meet you." Chris shook her hand with a warm, gentle grip.

"Likewise." She tried not to stare, but couldn't help it. Chris looked like he just stepped off a Milan runway.

His white t-shirt accentuated his dark features: tan skin, dark blue eyes, and black hair slicked back to reveal a high forehead. He wasn't as tall as Andy, maybe about 6'1". He had the wide shoulders of an ex-athlete. Skye could see the hard muscles peeking through his t-shirt.

When Chris leaned to kiss Andy on the cheek, she wasn't too surprised. They made an attractive pair. Chris was the rugged handsome type, a complete opposite to Andy's delicate beauty. She felt a slight twinge of disappointment and wondered if Chris liked to play on both teams. She laughed at her reaction; she was acting like a bitch in heat.

Despite his good looks, Chris was rather humble and intelligent. He was a natural storyteller who had a knack for timing. She pondered whether Chris and Andy had ever been a couple. They seemed so comfortable around each other, and occasionally Chris touched Andy's hand while speaking. Then again, he seemed like the touchy-feely type.

When Skye glanced at her watch, she realized that it was already two in the morning. "I hate to drink and run, but I really have to get going."

"No. Stay," the men insisted at once.

The vodka made her giggly as she dug into her purse. "Where the heck is my wallet?"

"Skye, you are way too drunk to drive home," Andy said. After he paid the waitress, the group made their way out of the crowded bar.

In the parking lot, Andy held her by the waist, and she leaned into his body. She was too drunk to even stand up straight. She handed Andy her car keys, and Chris agreed to follow them to her place.

The night air felt nice against her face. She rolled down the window and stuck her head out like a dog.

"Are you alright?" Andy asked.

"I'm feeling great," she said. She glanced into the side mirror and saw the silver Civic right behind them. "So is Chris an old flame?"

Andy chuckled. "Something like that. We're friends who play once in a while."

“I didn’t mean to be nosy. You two just have a vibe.”

“No problem. We’ve never been exclusive, and I’m really open about my relationships.” He glanced into rearview. “He knows about you, and he’s fine with it.”

“As long as everything is out in the open, no one gets hurt, right?”

“Ideally. Sometimes feelings get hurt anyway, so you have to be prepared for the consequences.”

Skye closed her eyes again. In a way, she envied Andy’s carefree lifestyle. He was up front and honest with his partners. He didn’t have any obligations to anyone. He didn’t have to deal with the mundane realities of an ordinary relationship. He was free to do what he liked.

She asked him if he ever felt lonely.

“What do you mean?”

“You have a lot of friends, and you go out a lot, but do you ever get lonely at night?”

Andy stared at the road. After a few moments, he said, “I’m young, so I’m in no rush to settle down. When I’m ready, I plan to be faithful to one person. I want to get all the experimentation out of my system before that point.”

She understood. She had seen many of her friends marry too young and become single mothers or bitter divorcees. She supposed that was why the idea of marriage never appealed to her.

His hand covered hers. “Sometimes I do get lonely. Sometimes I want to find a nice, beautiful woman and start a life with her.”

She didn’t know if it was the vodka or the late hour, but she couldn’t make any sense out of what he was saying.

When he pulled the car in front of her building, she waited for him to speak. He turned her head towards him and cupped her face with both hands.

“God, you have such gorgeous eyes.” The words came out of her mouth before she could stop herself. She hoped that he didn’t think it was some cheesy line.

He smiled and pressed his lips against hers. It was a gentle kiss, barely touching, light, exploring. She tasted vodka and mint as he kissed her slowly. She heard another car park behind them.

She broke the kiss when Chris leaned down and rapped on the window. He stuck his head in and smiled. “Do you two lovebirds want some privacy? Is it alright for me to take off?”

Skye leaned over Andy’s lap. “How are you going to get home?”

“My friend lives down the street. I’ll just walk there.”

Andy got out of the car. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah.” Chris turned to Skye. “Nice to meet you.”

“Do you want to come up for some coffee?”

“I would love to, but I have to get up early in the morning. We should do this again soon.” He waved to both of them before walking down the street.

“He seems nice,” she said.

“He is. He’s one of the first friends I made here.”

Andy shifted and she guessed that he was trying to hide his hard-on. She thought of the conversation with Sean. How could she give him another chance when she was making out in the car with a different man? Maybe this was a sign that she wasn’t ready for a relationship. Or maybe she was using Andy as an excuse to back away from Sean?

“Something on your mind?” He stroked her forearm.

She wondered what was going on behind those brown eyes. Did he think of her as a play partner only? Did he hope for more? She wouldn’t know unless she asked, but she felt too bashful. A part of her was afraid of the answer.

He didn’t ask her about Sean, and she wondered if that had some hidden meaning. Perhaps Andy was interested as long as she was semi-involved with someone else. That put less pressure on him. If Sean were out of the picture, would he feel the same way?

“I don’t know what you’re thinking about, but it must be really intense.” He gently rubbed her forehead. “All that frowning is going to give you lines.”

She liked that he seemed so caring. “Do you want to come up for a bit? I’m not trying to get into your pants or anything. I can make you some coffee though.”

“I would be offended if you didn’t try to get into my pants.” He smiled before he kissed her. This time the kiss was less than gentle. By the time, they stepped into her apartment, his shirt was already off, and she was only wearing a bra.

They made it as far as the sofa. He ripped off her underwear and climbed on top of her. The condom was on within seconds, and he slid into her with one deep thrust. She arched her back and wrapped her legs around him.

He put his mouth next to her ear as he pounded her hard. His hands gripped her ass as he lifted her body closer to him. They bounced on the sofa as he thrust into her fast and deep.

As she was about to come, she heard him whisper, “I think I love you.” She felt her body tense as her muscles shuddered with orgasm. He moaned when he came inside her. She remained silent when he rolled off her and onto the floor.

She glanced down at his tight, glistening body. Strands of hair stuck to his face as he stared at her.

“You heard me right,” he said. “I’m falling in love with you.”

Skye didn’t know what to say, so she didn’t say anything at all.

Chapter 16

Mrs. Deborah Steele's face was bright red. Skye saw the veins popping out of the woman's neck. She was worried that she might have a coronary right in their office.

"Have a seat, ma'am." Skye had tried to ignore the tirade, but the woman was stepping on her last nerve.

Jeremy put his massive body between Skye and the shrieking woman. "If you could please calm down, we can talk this over."

"Do you have any idea who I am? I will sue you for everything you're worth."

Skye wanted to dare her to try. There were a few law school buddies who owed her a favor or two. She decided that silence was the best option at this point.

Jeremy managed to get the woman back into her seat. Skye admired his people skills. Despite his rough, edgy exterior, he always knew how to say the right things. He calmed Mrs. Steele by directing her attention away from Skye. He continued to ask her questions to find out the exact problem.

Mrs. Steele was the wife who had given them the huge advance. She wasn't happy with the results of their investigation.

"Ma'am, we can give you a full refund, including the advance," Skye said. She had repeated the same thing over the phone.

"I don't want a refund, damn it! I want results!" She sprayed spittle all over Skye's desk.

The woman might have been insane, but Skye was fed up. "I don't know what to tell you, lady. We couldn't find proof of the alleged affair. We tailed your husband for an entire week and nothing."

"You obviously didn't look hard enough. I want proof of that affair!"

"Maybe you're wrong. Has that ever occurred to you?" She ignored Jeremy's wild gestures. She didn't care if the customer was always right. She wanted the woman out of her office immediately. She didn't like clients who complained, and she didn't trust irrational ones.

Mrs. Steele stared at her with her mouth open. When her hand swung back, Skye was ready. She caught the well-toned, well-tanned wrist before it could come close. She twisted in the opposite direction until Mrs. Steele's arm was behind her back.

"Let go of me," the client screamed. "I will sue you for everything you're worth."

"Yeah, you already mentioned that," Skye said. She gripped her arm tighter. "Are you going to calm down or am I just going to hold on to this arm?"

Jeremy tapped her on the shoulder. "Ms. Kim, would you kindly release her? Please."

Skye stepped back, ready for the woman to leap at her. Jeremy gently pushed his partner towards the other side of the room. She shook off his hands. There was no reason for him to treat her like a child.

Mrs. Steele rubbed her wrist as she glared at Skye. "You just made a huge mistake. I should call the police."

"Go right ahead," Skye answered. "I'll file charges for assault and attempted battery." She didn't know much about criminal law, but she remembered a few things

from her first year class.

Jeremy put his hands up and said, "Okay, let's try this again. Mrs. Steele, we are offering a refund on all funds minus our expenses. I don't know what more you want."

"I want evidence of the affair, you nimrod."

He sighed. "We've been following Mr. Steele for a week. The only thing that we've found is that he's a workaholic who doesn't have much of a life." He shrugged. "Perhaps he figured out that he's under investigation, and he's keeping squeaky clean."

"Impossible," she said. "He doesn't pay any attention to what I do. He wouldn't have figured this out."

Skye sat at her desk and stared at the ceiling. If Jeremy thought he could handle this better, then good luck to him. Skye thought Mrs. Steele was the ultimate problem client who would reject any sensible option. The sooner she was out of the office, the better.

Jeremy talked to Mrs. Steele in a low, slow voice. He maintained eye contact without stepping too close to her. He could be smooth when he wanted to be. It appeared that he had worked his magic. Mrs. Steele was still fuming, but she was speaking in a normal tone of voice.

Skye concentrated on the computer while pieces of conversation drifted back and forth. She lost track of how many times they had trailed Mr. Steele. Because of the advance, Jeremy wanted to put extra effort into the case. It became clear that Mr. Steele was only obsessed with one thing: his business.

Even when Skye wanted to move on to another case, Jeremy had insisted on one more shot. After a few more sleepless nights, they finally figured that either Mr. Steele was faithful or he had already broken off the affair. Either way, they didn't have any proof for the Mrs.

Skye heard Jeremy promise to continue the case. She stood up and said, "There is no case. We've put enough hours into this already."

"Would you let me handle this please?"

Slamming her hand down on the desk, she said, "We're backed up as it is. How many more hours do we spend on this?"

He ignored her and turned to the client. "I'll call you by the end of the week. If we haven't found anything, then you can take your case to another firm."

Mrs. Steele glared at Skye. "I'll give you until the end of the week. If you don't find anything, then I don't pay." As she walked towards the door, she smirked at Skye.

Skye couldn't believe this. If she had her way, she would kick the woman out of her office. It didn't make sense to spend more time on a non-existent case. It was the typical rich suburban housewife attitude. If she didn't get her way, she'd throw a tantrum until she did.

Skye knew she should just keep her mouth shut. If Jeremy wanted to spend more quality time with Mr. Steele, then he could do so by himself. She fumed at the way Jeremy disregarded her opinion. This was her business, too.

"Listen, lady," she said. "You need to read your contract more carefully. We will do the work, and you will pay us for services rendered. If you have a problem with that, you can chat with our lawyer." She felt better as soon as she said that. She wasn't going to let some woman walk all over her.

Mrs. Steele continued to smile. She looked towards Jeremy. "I'll speak to you sometime this week." She slid past Skye and murmured, "Bitch."

Skye stepped in front of her. Mrs. Steele was about five inches taller than she was, but she was probably 100 pounds. Skye took another step towards her. "What the fuck did you just call me?"

Jeremy moved fast for a big man. He put his body in front of Skye and held her arms to her sides. "Don't do this. Just let it go."

"She just called me a bitch and you want me to let it go?" She struggled against his grip and watched Mrs. Steele trot out the door.

Jeremy waited until the door slammed shut. "I didn't say she was right. You just can't go jumping down a client's throat. It's bad for business and completely unprofessional."

"Oh, and it's so fucking professional to bend over backwards for a client who has no intention of paying us. That's just brilliant." She kicked the chair out of the way and sat on top of her desk.

"Orange County is small, remember? You don't want to piss off one of these yuppie housewives, especially one with a lot of connections." He shook his head. "I shouldn't even have to tell you this. Since when do you get into pissing contests with clients?"

"Since I feel like she's trying to roll us over." She brushed her hands off. "If that's the way you want to run things, then so be it. You won't hear anymore input from me."

Jeremy rubbed his eyes. "What exactly does that mean?"

"I'm not doing this case. Period. I need a break."

"This is a really shitty time to take a vacation," Jeremy said. "Take a few days off if you need to." He glanced through a new stack of files.

"I'm not talking about a vacation," Skye said. "I think I'm done with this."

Jeremy looked up. "Come again?"

"I'm sick of chasing all these cheaters, liars, and scam artists. I'm just sick of the same old shit." Her head felt so heavy. "I can't do this anymore."

Jeremy was silent for a minute. He slammed his massive fist on the desk. When she looked up, he said, "That's it. This is the last time I want to hear you bitch and moan about this business."

Skye knew he was on the edge of losing his temper. When she opened her mouth, he put his hand up.

"I'm not listening to this conversation anymore," he said. "If you want to do something more productive, then go volunteer or work at a nonprofit. I don't give a shit, but this business is our baby."

"I'm not satisfied with it anymore," she said.

"So fucking what? We both agreed that this was better than the regular 9-to-5. We're getting new clients, and the work isn't bad. I really don't know what you're complaining about."

"I just feel like there should be something more to life."

"Save that philosophical bullshit for a shrink," Jeremy said. "This is real life. We have bills to pay, and it's fucking expensive to live in So Cal. Now you just want to throw it all away, because you're not happy." He snarled at the word "happy."

She shook her head. If he didn't understand, she wasn't going to try to explain it to him. She gathered her purse. If she stayed any longer, they would probably get into a bigger argument.

"Sometimes you amaze me," he continued. "You're the one who talked me into

taking a chance and starting something on our own. Now you want to bail just because you're not feeling it anymore. That's the most fucked up and selfish thing I've ever heard." He looked away, but Skye saw tears on his thick lashes. "So fucking selfish."

"Well, maybe that's the real me, Jeremy." The room was getting smaller. She needed to go out for a smoke. "I'm calling it a night."

Jeremy nodded. "If you're serious about quitting, I'm going to need some advance notice so we can square away the paperwork."

Skye felt the tears coming. "I'll let you know." A part of her wanted Jeremy to talk her into staying. Every six months or so, she would express frustration with the work. Jeremy always knew how to say the right things to convince her to stay. It seemed like he wasn't going to bother this time.

Without another word, she walked towards the exit. She waited for Jeremy to stop her. When he didn't, she clutched her purse closer and walked towards the parking lot.

Chapter 17

It had been a few years since she quit smoking, but she thought she had an emergency pack in the car. She found the crumpled pack under the seat. The first hit of nicotine made her dizzy. She sighed and let the smoke curl out of her nostrils.

As she puffed on her cigarette, she noticed a silver Mercedes idling not too far from her. Leaning back to get a better view, she recognized Mrs. Steele's hawkish profile. The Mercedes, most likely a gift from her husband, didn't even have license plates yet. She watched as Mrs. Steele brought what Skye guessed was a flask to her lips.

As the Mercedes slowly backed out of the parking space, Skye walked over to the car. She knocked on the roof of the car with her lighter and laughed when Mrs. Steele jumped in her seat.

"You really shouldn't be drinking and driving. I could call 911 right now."

"What are you talking about? Get away from my car."

"I saw the flask, lady. You're so busted." She motioned towards the car keys. "Are you sure you're okay to drive?"

"Mind your own business," she said. Skye stuck her head into the interior. Even though Mrs. Steele smelled slightly of whiskey, she didn't appear shaky. Her eyes were alert, and her hands looked steady. Skye guessed that the woman had maybe one or two sips in the car.

Mrs. Steele put the car into Drive. "Get away from my car. I'm warning you."

"Suit yourself, you crazy bitch." She still had her right arm inside the car when Mrs. Steele pressed on the accelerator.

The car lurched forward, and Skye held onto the door. If she had been more athletic, she could have rolled on the concrete before the car drove away. She panicked and reached inside for the steering wheel.

Grabbing the wheel, she tried to reach for the keys. Her first instinct was to turn off the engine. Instead of putting the car back into Park, Mrs. Steele hit the accelerator again. Skye had two choices: jump away from the car or hang on for dear life.

Skye tried to hold on as the Mercedes zoomed out of the parking lot. She wanted to scream for help, but her vocal cords shut down on her. The car moved faster as they approached the exit. Soon they would be in street traffic. Skye's feet hit the hard pavement, and she tried to hold onto the passenger door.

She was sure that Mrs. Steele would slow down as they left the parking lot. Instead of slowing for a turn, the car sped up. It swerved to one side in a wide right turn, and she felt herself flying into the air. For a moment, she thought she was going to be all right. The car couldn't have been going that fast. All she had to do was roll on the ground like they did in the cartoons. It was a random, crazy thought, but she was convinced that she could make a safe landing.

The concrete came at her too quickly and she hit the ground headfirst. She heard a wet thump and realized it was the sound of her head hitting the ground. Blood ran into her eyes, blinding her instantly. She lay on the ground and tried to remain still. As she listened for the welcome sound of ambulance siren, she waited for unconsciousness to hit her. The pain roared over her, and she thought she heard someone calling her name.

* * * *

“Am I dead?”

“No.”

“Am I awake?”

“Yes.”

“Am I going to live?”

“Yes.”

“Are you an angel?”

Laughter. “No.”

“Am I speaking right now?”

“Rest. Close your eyes and rest.”

“I’m so tired. My head hurts. Are you sure I’m still alive?”

“Everything is going to be okay. Just sleep.”

Chapter 18

Skye lost track of the days. She remembered a series of white coats and fragments of one-sided conversations. Even blinking her eyes sent waves of pain through her head. She was content to lie in bed like a lump. She repeated song lyrics in her head to rule out a brain injury.

The doctor who looked fresh out of college made her nervous. He was Chinese or maybe Japanese and spoke with a faint British accent. She wanted to ask him about the accent, but talking took too much effort. He used a pin to poke the soles of her feet, her hands, her arms, and her legs.

"Fuck," she slurred. "That hurts."

"Ah, so you feel that." He showed perfectly even teeth, reminding her of Andy's familiar grin. She realized that she missed him.

"Yes. It does."

"That's good," he said. He scribbled notes onto his chart. "It was very touch-and-go for a while, but I feel that the worst has passed." He smiled at her again.

"Head hurts," she said. "Is my family here?"

"Your parents stepped outside for a break," the young doctor said. "Your friend has also been here every day."

She tried to say "which friend?" but she was out of energy.

"Jeremy. The big guy with lots of muscles."

Ah. She wondered if anyone else had been by. The doctor was finished with his notes and on his way to the next patient. The light made her head hurt, and she let herself drift towards sleep.

"Skye?"

She grunted. A big warm hand wrapped around her wrist. She recognized Jeremy's thick, calloused hand right away.

"I'm here," he said. "Everything's going to be okay."

She nodded slowly. Opening her eyes made her hurt all over again. She managed a weak smile. When he choked back tears, she abandoned the fake smile.

"It's going to be okay," he repeated.

She wanted to believe him, but something in his voice said otherwise. "Sean?"

"The doctors said you're not ready for visitors yet. I had to sneak in. I said I was a cousin."

"Did you call him?"

Pause.

"Did you?" Her own voice sounded frail like a child's.

"I haven't been able to reach him."

"Oh."

"You need to get some rest, sweetie." He hovered above her cheek and lightly brushed her with his lips. "I'll be back in a bit. Your parents are outside."

She could hear her mom crying all the way down the hall. She closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. How long had she been out? Jeremy had said that he tried to call Sean, and there was no reason for him to lie. Either Sean had mysteriously disappeared or

he was too busy to come to the hospital.

The knowledge brought tears to her eyes, but she heard the door open. Her mom's soft footsteps brushed the floor. Her mom's hand felt so moist and cold. Skye let the tears drop from her eyes.

* * * *

The doctor with the British accent was actually Filipino and closer to forty than her age. He had picked up the accent while going to school in London. He swore that Skye was his favorite patient. Her recovery was going faster than anyone anticipated, and he said he was proud of her strength.

Skye studied her face in the mirror again. Jeremy said she was lucky to have fallen on her side and not face-first. The small scar on her forehead could be covered by bangs. She told Doctor Santos that she didn't want to cover it. It was a battle wound, a sign of survival.

"So how long am I going to walk with a limp?"

"We'll check your progress in six weeks. Fortunately, you did not injure your spine at all. Once the cast comes off, you should be as good as new." Dr. Santos nodded at Jeremy and left the room.

Skye hopped towards the wheelchair. "Let's get out of here. I'm craving real food." Her parents would be at her place fixing a feast. Right now, she just craved a big, greasy bacon cheeseburger.

"Fat Burger?" Jeremy asked.

"You read my mind. A bacon cheese Fat with a chocolate shake." She rolled herself towards the exit. "Move it or lose it!"

As they drove down the freeway, Skye brought up the subject first. "I hate to keep asking you, but you still haven't heard from Sean?"

Jeremy gripped the steering wheel. "Not exactly."

She shrugged. "I was just curious. Whatever. I don't care." She knew she sounded petulant, but Jeremy had seen her at her worst.

He changed the subject. "Andy was there the first three weeks. When you were out of it."

"Are you serious? Why didn't you say anything?"

"We didn't even know if you were going to wake up again. I'm sorry, but I was a little preoccupied, okay?"

"Sorry."

He sighed. "He came by when you regained consciousness, but he always stayed outside." He glanced at her. "He met your parents though."

Skye thought about that for a moment. Her mom kept talking about the "nice Asian man." Skye just assumed her mom had been talking about Dr. Santos. "What did my mom say?"

"Andy is a charmer, you know. He had her all blushing and gooey-eyed. It was cute."

"My mom always wanted me to settle down with a nice Asian guy," she said. "If you get past the bisexual, rock star exterior, Andy's a real sweetheart."

Jeremy nodded. "He seemed really concerned. I'm not sure why he disappeared. He still called once in a while, but he asked me to keep quiet about it."

She thought it was the typical male reaction. Show a little bit of interest until the woman got her hopes up. Then, withdraw to avoid any real intimacy. She was tired of the same old games.

“Jeremy, I have a new life motto. It’s short and sweet: no drama.”

“No drama,” he repeated. “That’s not bad for a life motto. Mind if I borrow it?”

“Not at all.”

She thought Jeremy had been right all along about Sean. Things with Sean had been rocky for a long time. She didn’t know why he didn’t come see her at the hospital, but that didn’t matter anymore. It was time for her to abandon old relationships and move forward.

* * * *

Skye enjoyed her unexpected vacation. Parts of her still ached, but she was still mobile. She promised Jeremy that she wouldn’t threaten to quit the business anymore. Since the accident, he had extra leverage now. He had told Skye’s mom about their argument.

As soon as she was settled in bed, Skye’s mom let her have it. “You are not going to quit on this business!”

“Mom, it was just a silly argument.”

Her mom waved a piece of paper in the air. “I want you to promise you won’t quit. I want a contract!”

“I don’t think that kind of contract is enforceable by law, mom.”

“Sign here!” She shoved the pen into her hand. “We didn’t say anything when you quit your lawyer job. No more quitting. We didn’t raise quitters!”

Skye looked over the paper to appease her mom. “I’m not going to quit. I wouldn’t do that to Jeremy.”

“Jeremy is a good man. He’s like family now. Even if he is gay.”

“Mom!” Holding back her laughter, Skye signed her mother’s handwritten contract.

Chapter 19

After she convinced her parents that she was fine on her own, Skye was able to enjoy doing nothing. She nibbled on chips and salsa, read magazines, and sat in front of the television. She didn't have to worry about deadlines or stress about clients. She could sit in her pajamas all day long and do nothing.

The euphoria lasted three days. By the fourth day, she called Jeremy every hour. "What are you working on now?"

"The same thing I was working on an hour ago. I told you I'm spending the day writing reports. We won't be taking any new cases until you get back."

"Well, do you need help with the reports? You could email the drafts to me, and I'll work on them from home."

"Dr. Santos told you to take it easy for a few weeks. Relax. Enjoy your time off. I'll come over later with something to eat, okay?"

"Yes, dad."

The phone rang as soon as she put it down.

"Did you change your mind?"

"Skye, it's me."

She wasn't surprised. She had been expecting this call for days. "Hey, Sean."

"How are you feeling? Are you home?"

"I'm alive and still kicking." She thought of all the vicious things she could spew at him. "So how've you been?" That seemed safe enough.

"Good. Balancing school and work as usual."

She let the pause become awkward. If he had something to say, she wouldn't stop him.

"I'm sorry about what happened. Are you going to press charges?"

"I talked to the police, and it's up to the DA's office as to whether they have a case. The cops say that the DA might go for felony hit and run at least. I don't really care what happens to that woman."

"But you're okay?"

"I've got a broken leg and a few cracked ribs. Other than that, I'm pretty much okay. The doctors say it could have been worse."

"That's good." He cleared his throat. "I know I'm an ass for not showing up at the hospital. I'm really sorry."

"So where were you?" She wanted to pretend as if she didn't care, but she had to know the truth.

"My schedule just got so hectic. It's been a crazy few weeks. You know I don't do well in hospitals. I felt so helpless that I didn't know what to do. I know that's a lame excuse."

"You're right," she said. "Really lame. I can't believe that you couldn't come see me just once." She wiped the tears away and kept her voice even. "You were talking about how much you wanted to be with me. I guess that was all talk."

"Skye, I wanted to be there for you, but I didn't know how."

She thought of Jeremy hovering by her hospital bed for weeks. She thought about the

phone calls from Andy. "If you wanted to be there, you could have shown your face."

"That's not fair. I came, but you were still unconscious."

Skye didn't know whether to believe him. "Jeremy said you never called him back."

"He wasn't there when I dropped by. I saw your friend though."

"My friend? Oh, I get it." She guessed he was referring to Andy. "So you saw him, and you decided to split, right?"

"I figured you had enough company. What did you need me for?"

So that was it. He didn't want to share her attention, so he disappeared. Skye wanted to call him out, but she was exhausted. Sean's rationale made her brain hurt.

"I want to see you," he said. "Right now."

Despite her anger, she asked, "Where are you?"

"I'm standing right outside your apartment." She heard a slight tap on the door.

She couldn't use her crutches with one hand. She hopped towards the door, but she didn't open it. "I guess you're here to kiss and make up?"

He laughed, but it sounded forced. "Something like that. I want to see you."

"Should I be grateful that you took time out of your busy schedule?" She couldn't keep the bitterness out of her voice.

His feet shuffled outside the door. "Let me make it up to you? Please?"

She pressed her hand against the door. She imagined his hard chest under her hand. Would his eyes look strained and exhausted? "I'm out of commission for the moment," she said. "If you're looking for a quick fuck, look up your other booty calls."

He didn't say anything, but she knew that he was standing in the same spot. If she saw his face, she knew that she would fall into the same pattern. She would let him kiss away her doubts and expectations. He would recycle the same excuses, and she would forgive him like always.

She wouldn't let him use Andy as an excuse. If Sean was feeling jealous, he could have returned the following week or the week after that. She spoke into the phone even though he could probably hear her through the door. "You say all the right things, but your actions fall short."

She heard him lean against the door. "You've got your hands full with men, right? What do you need with me?"

She wasn't going to let him play the victim. "It seems like you're blaming me for bringing Andy into the picture. You'd better remember that it was your idea. There's something called accountability."

"You're not going to open the door?"

She put her hand over the lock. "No."

"If I leave now, I may not come back." He drummed his fingers against the door. "It's not an ultimatum. I guess I'm just tired of the same old shit."

She imagined that he looked as drained as he sounded. "I can't do the tearful goodbyes anymore," she said. She thought she could hear him sigh.

"Then, I guess this means goodbye," he said. He sounded like he had made up his mind.

"Yeah, it does." She thought she would feel sad, but she only felt relief.

"Good luck with everything."

She waited for his footsteps to fade. Her injured leg ached, and she hobbled back to the sofa. She thought that their final goodbye would be something more melodramatic

involving lots of hugs and tears. She didn't expect that it would be as simple as keeping the door closed.

Chapter 20

Feeling lonely, she invited Jeremy over for some wine and cheese. At her apartment, Jeremy played host. He listened to her story while picking out a bottle of wine. He set the plate of cheese and crackers within her reach. He fluttered around her like a butterfly to make sure she didn't need anything. "So that was it?"

"That was it." Skye tried to shove the chopstick down her cast. The tip barely scratched the itch, and didn't offer any relief.

"Sounds anti-climactic," Jeremy said. "He hasn't come crawling back yet?"

"I haven't heard from him since. I don't think I will."

"That idiot. He never knew how good he had it." He took his wine glass out of her hand.

"Just one sip won't hurt."

"Not on my watch." He tipped the glass to his lips. After taking a long gulp, he said, "Damn, that hits the spot."

"Jerk."

Jeremy laughed and stretched out next to her. "You're coming back next week, right? I'm getting swamped playing catch-up."

"I've got the go-ahead from Dr. Santos. I've got a few marketing ideas."

He grinned. "We can go over those next week. You look good lately. Really good." He touched her cheek. "You look happy."

"I am." The break-up was just what she needed to get her life back into focus.

"So when are you going to be ready for your rebound?"

"Why? Are you offering?" She laughed.

"You wish." He made a kissy-face. "I'm too high maintenance for you. However, I know a guy who's the total package. Tall, good looking, smart, and really nice."

"I don't think I'm ready for new blood just yet." She thought of that last night with Andy. He had said he was falling for her, but he had said it right after sex. She still remembered the glow those words had given her.

"Are you sure? Did I mention that he's really hot?"

"Are you trying to say that I'm shallow?" She threw a pillow at him and winced. She still had some soreness along one side.

The doorbell interrupted the conversation. When Jeremy leaped up to answer it, Skye knew what was going on. She attempted to kick him as he strolled by. "Jeremy, you're so goddamn transparent."

He rolled his eyes before opening the door. "If I'm so transparent, how come it took you so long to figure it out?"

She smoothed back her hair before Andy Chang walked into the room. It was useless. She had showered that morning, but she still had the just-rolled-out-of-bed look. She was sure that she looked chic in her oversized sweats.

She looked up and smiled at Andy. "Your hair is different. I like it," she said.

Most of his long rocker hair was gone. Instead of long layers, he sported a short cut with long bangs that brushed against his lashes. When he turned his head, he showed off dark purple streaks. "I wanted something different. I'm glad you approve."

They stared at each other until Jeremy coughed. He grabbed his car keys. "I'm going to get some snacks."

"You're so cute, Jeremy," she said. "Are you coming back?"

"Probably not."

"Good night, Jeremy."

"Good night, lovely."

Skye's neck hurt from looking up at Andy. "Alone at last."

He settled next to her and stretched out his long legs. He looked tan like he had been to the beach. "You look a lot better than the last time I saw you."

"I heard that you were at the hospital," she said. She pulled her hair into a ponytail. She wished Jeremy had given her some advance notice. "Why didn't you come back to the hospital?"

"I thought you should be with your family." He touched her hand. "I did come back a few times after visiting hours. The nurses said I wasn't supposed to be there, but no one stopped me." He smiled to show how he charmed them.

"That smile does work magic," she said. She took her hand in his. "Now you're here."

"Now I'm here." He leaned towards her and caressed her face.

"Did you mean what you said that night?"

"Let me show you." His lips were soft and tasted like vanilla and mint. She wrapped her arms around him and enjoyed the slow kiss.

He paused and looked into her eyes. "I'm falling for you, Ms. Skye. I don't know when it happened, but I'm falling hard. If that makes you uncomfortable, this is your chance to say so."

"Is that some kind of ultimatum?" she whispered.

"Not at all." He slid a finger down her cheek. "I'm a patient man. If you ask me to leave today, I'll wait until you're ready."

She thought about that for a moment. She put a hand against his chest and said, "Stay."

The rest of the night consisted of kisses and gentle caresses. When Andy's hand dipped towards her waist, she stopped him. "I'm a little less mobile than I'd like to be."

His familiar laugh made her blush. "Lay back and relax. Let me do all the work."

She stretched back on the couch. She let Andy use his mouth and tongue on her until she was trembling and shiny with sweat. She played with his hair while she ground herself against his lips. As she came, she moaned his name over and over again.

Shaking and slightly dizzy, she moved away from his mouth. Her hands trembled as she pulled down his pants. His hard cock filled her mouth as she took him as deep as she could. His moans encouraged her as she tried to take more of him, pausing to lick his shaft and stroke him with her slick hand.

"I'm going to come," he said.

She lay back on the floor and squeezed her breasts together. His cock fit perfectly between them. He cried out as he came. His hot come covered her neck and breasts. He used his t-shirt to gently clean her.

She rolled on top of him and laid her head against his chest. She kept her cast-covered leg off to one side. His lips touched her cheek as he stroked his fingers through her hair. Skye closed her eyes and felt safe in his arms. For the first time in a long time,

her restless spirit was at ease.

She didn't want to ruin the mood, but she was curious about one thing. "Are you sure you're not going to miss playing with guys?"

He shook with laughter. "I'm sure. Despite appearances, I'm a simple guy with simple needs. I can be a one-woman man when I've found the right woman. I'm still going to party like a rock star, but I want to party with you." He massaged the back of her neck with gentle fingers. "Are you sure you're not going to miss the threesomes?"

"I'm done with the group stuff. Straight vanilla is fine with me" She turned her head to look into his eyes. "I don't like complications either." She shifted her weight and felt his cock grow hard.

He grinned. "And who said that Asian men weren't very sexual?" He rotated his hips, pressing his hard cock against her clit.

She rubbed herself against him. "Don't you hate stereotypes?"

"Indeed." He pulled her closer for a long kiss.

Even though she was less than mobile, they figured out a position that worked for them both. As she rode his cock, she knew that vanilla sex was just as good, if not better, than any other flavor. She pressed her body against him and leaned down to kiss his warm lips. In that instant, she decided that vanilla was her new favorite flavor.

The End

About the Author:

I write erotica under the pen name, Kis Lee. My work has been published by or will appear in the erotic anthology "Boss lady," Good Vibes Magazine, Sex-kitten.net, Disciplineanddesire.com, and Freyasbower.com.

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