



# Fling

Loose Id

TWO for  
the MONEY

LEIGH WYNDFIELD

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Leigh Wyndfield

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# Loowis



The Loose Id

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## Chapter One

They stood by the door like a set of mismatched bookends. Roger Harris held her jacket in his big, sexy hands. Six feet four and a solid wall of muscle, he had the disposition of a man who didn't suffer fools easily, bordering on too serious and hard-driving. She delighted in bringing a smile to lips that held a natural frown, turning the searing green of his eyes bright with childlike amusement. He was the most complex man she'd ever met, and if she had to choose between them tonight, she'd pick him hands down.

But as she turned to let him help her with her coat, she wondered if that was only because experience had taught her to be leery of drop-dead gorgeous men like Dean Jansen.

And there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Dean was divinely handsome.

He held the door open to the restaurant where they'd just had their bimonthly sales dinner, his constantly amused disposition keeping a sexy, lopsided grin on his face that reminded her of early Brad Pitt before he got all weird. With a body of a professional soccer player, he was tall and lean, his ice-blue eyes set into the tanned face of someone who was outside every chance he could sneak away. "After you," he said, actually bowing to her, making her giggle (she wasn't a giggler, swear to God, he just made her feel that way).

Roger snorted behind her.

Jansen flashed him a grin, revealing deep dimples in his cheeks. “You’re just jealous because I’ve got style with the ladies.”

Against his usual MO, Roger laughed, walking through the door before Dean could follow her out.

They were best friends and, standing on the sidewalk watching them laugh together, she wondered if her presence in their lives might hurt that. Her own smile faded. They’d made it clear they both wanted her and were waiting on her to decide. She’d put it off. The fact was she liked them both for very different reasons.

“What’s wrong, sweets?” Dean asked, cradling her chin in his hand.

She let a smile grow back on her face. “Nothing. At least for now.”

His eyes narrowed, and for once his face held a serious look. “I worry about it too, but we’ll be okay whatever you decide.”

“You two coming?” Roger yelled from his SUV in the now deserted parking lot. They’d been the last ones to leave, and she suspected she wasn’t the only one who didn’t want the evening to end. He’d shed his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves, despite the nip in the fall air.

“Of course, we both know you’ll pick me, so” -- Dean tucked her arm under his, turning her to the SUV -- “why don’t you put poor Roger out of his misery and go ahead and announce it on the way back to work.”

Overhearing them, Roger rolled his eyes. “Don’t go for the outside package, Mel, go for brains.”

They’d left their cars at the office, letting Roger drive since he didn’t drink. He was way too much of a control freak for that, although shocking everyone, even he’d had a beer at dinner.

“You wish.” Dean handed her into the front seat and jumped into the back. “Just drive, James.”

They pulled out of the parking lot, laughing, and Melissa suddenly wished she could keep them both. Two for the price of one. Like a really good shoe sale. Two for the money. She stopped the snicker that welled up inside her. Really, ever since she'd first had the outrageous idea of being with them both, she'd been having these crazy thoughts. At first they'd horrified her, but then they'd made her laugh.

As much as the idea amused her, they were way too alpha for that, their behavior strong and sure, outshining even her own stubborn, driven personality. Alphas didn't share women. It was a damn shame too, because having them both would make her a very happy woman.

She blinked, staring out the window as the two men talked about sales rankings. When had she started thinking about men like this? Sure, she'd had sex, but missionary, in-the-dark kind of sex, not keeping-two-men-at-her-beck-and-call sex. Ever since they'd both begun asking her out a month ago, she'd been having the most powerful images of them, separately and together, naked, touching her in the dark. So powerful, she'd barely touch herself and she'd come. The thought of the two of them, naked, framing her, was enough to leave her panting.

She was pretty sure she'd lost her mind.

*It's because they make me feel desirable*, she realized with a start. That was it. Studying her reflection in the window glass, she knew she was cute, but no more. Certainly not a match for Dean's perfect looks. Highlights saved her from mouse-brown hair, and while she thought her face was certainly pretty, with nice hazel eyes and full, possibly sexy lips, she was five feet four in her socks and shaped like a pear. She'd always been too curvy for her own good. Business skirts tended toward straight jackets, so she'd had to be creative, working hard to hide a shape that didn't want to be hidden. She had always believed her body type had missed the right time period by a hundred years.

Well, *they* certainly liked her body, and their attention had made her feel sexy and desirable for the first time in her life. With them, she felt...positively wicked.



“What do you think about it, Mel?” Roger asked, drawing her back into the conversation.

She rewound in her mind and caught the general gist of their debate. “I think I’m going to beat you no matter how they set the numbers.”

While they laughed, she wondered if they’d heard the odd purr riding through her words. What had gotten into her? She took a deep breath, staring at the deserted back roads they’d had to travel to reach the Inn, now wishing there wasn’t such a long drive to her car. She was scaring herself with her current line of thinking.

“What’s wrong?” Roger touched her knee, making her jump. The feel of his huge hand on her leg set loose a burst of desire, the thin silk of her dress between them intensifying the feeling.

“This can only end badly for all three of us,” she said, no longer beating around the bush. Either way she chose, it would impact them all. There would be no more kidding around at work, no more long lunches and happy hours, no more laughter. Things like this made best friends turn to bitter enemies. She didn’t want to be a part of something so potentially dangerous. Besides, they’d both become her friends over the last four months she’d worked at the company. She didn’t have enough friends left to lose them.

And that’s when it happened -- right after she’d brought up the subject they’d all been dancing around for a month into the open. She saw the deer from her peripheral vision, bounding into the road in a blur. In a total wuss-girl moment, she yelped.

“Oh shit, watch it!” Dean shouted from the back seat.

Roger hit the brakes, but on the back road, gravel had gathered, skating them down the pavement into the deer, turning the big SUV in a slow circle.

Then they were off the road, tumbling in halftime down an embankment Melissa hadn’t even seen, rolling over so she hung in her seat belt, until they finally came to a strangely gentle rest at the bottom of the hill upside down.

## Chapter Two

There was a moment of shock, where she couldn't believe what had happened, when her mind tumbled in a circle, trying to grasp the details of the last quick, yet achingly slow, minute. Then Dean touched her, asking from a distance if she was okay, and everything popped back into place with a snap.

"Melissa?" Panic rode in the gruff undertones of Roger's voice.

"I'm okay." She shook her head, realizing part of her disorientation was from the position of the SUV. They'd come to a rest on the roof of the truck, hanging from their seat belts. She'd lost her shoes in the crash, but otherwise she didn't feel banged up, only a little sick from the roll down the embankment. "You okay back there?" She craned her head around to see.

"Oh sure, ask how he's doing," Roger grumbled.

She narrowed her eyes in mock annoyance, feeling a strange euphoria now that the impact was over. "I can see you're fine, silly."

He blinked, and Melissa had the insight that no one had ever called him silly before. From childhood, she suspected he'd been a very serious guy.

"I'm good." Dean unbuckled his belt, crashing to the ceiling, which was now their floor, then flicked on the overhead light by his knee. Sliding to the far window, he whistled. "Looks like there is only one way out."

He was right. One side of the truck had come to rest against a mass of trees, leaving only the other side open, although a large tree limb flanked that side of the vehicle.

Roger unclipped, then, in a move that had a strange tingle riding through her body, lowered himself to the floor. Muscles rippled and bunched, straining against the white shirt as he supported two hundred pounds.

*I bet naked he's magnificent,* Naughty Melissa whispered from deep inside her.

He turned, pausing a second when he saw her face.

"Will you help me out?" she asked to distract him.

"Sure." He caught her easily as she unclipped, gently setting her on the roof.

"Fuck and damn, this door won't open. Roger, get back here and help, you lazy sack."

*Oh my god, I was just in an accident, and I feel like ripping off his clothes. What the hell is wrong with me?*

Roger met her gaze, opening his mouth to zing back a witty retort to Dean, then his eyes narrowed.

A chill rode up her body. *He knows. He knows I want him.*

In slow motion, he pulled her head forward for a whisper-soft kiss, tumbling her stomach with desire so fresh and sharp, it knifed through her. She'd been expecting him to be rough and demanding, but instead he gave her the perfect first kiss.

"I see how it is." Dean gave the window an extra shove. "While I'm distracted, you make a run for the girl. Nice."

Roger lifted his head, his gaze so intense she shivered. He'd make a serious, driven lover. He'd be worth giving up a Saturday morning for.

Dean knocked a couple times on the metal below him. “Hey, kids. Want to get out of here?”

She blinked herself free of the desire trapping her. The embarrassment set in then. “Sorry.” A blush crept up her face, her strong, upper-class values kicking in, even if she was the poor relation of the family. What was wrong with her? Public displays of affection were seriously taboo and the lusting...oh God, the lusting had gotten out of control.

“While I wouldn’t mind watching Roger strip you out of that delicious dress you’re wearing, we need to get out of here.” Dean hunkered down to stare out the window. “It looks like there’s a piece of broken tree across the door.”

Wait. Did Dean just say he wanted to see her have sex with another man? No. No way had he said that. He was just being his usual jokester self, poking at her, most likely in retaliation for her choosing his competition.

Although had she chosen? She really didn’t feel as if she had. Roger had kissed her, but that didn’t mean she’d agreed to date him.

Roger tugged her hair. “He’s a pervert. Ignore him.” Then he ducked under the inverted front seat into the back.

Melissa leaned against the dashboard, trying to get comfortable as she watched the two hottest men she’d ever met unsuccessfully struggle to open the door. Muscles bulged and tempers grew testy. Despite the chill in the air, which had *her* huddling into her coat, Dean shed his jacket and shirt, showing off a lean, hardened body that gave her a small shiver.

Roger stopped working, staring at her. “I saw that.”

She blinked. “What?”

“You just drooled over him.”

She could feel heat start to rise up her neck again. “I don’t drool, thank you very much.”

“Oh, you’re drooling, sister,” he snapped.

Dean burst out laughing, the sound a bit gleeful.

Roger turned his laser-sharp gaze on his best friend. "Something funny?"

"Ditching the shirt always hooks the ladies."

"She just kissed me." Roger said it like they'd be married next week.

"Just because you swooped in to seal the deal doesn't mean she chose you." Dean wiggled his eyebrows while he shrugged back into his shirt, since they'd given up on trying to break the window.

"Sure it does."

The worst outcome was coming to pass before anything had even started. It annoyed her. Hauling herself up from where she'd become an iceberg on the cold metal, she faced off with the two men. "Kisses aren't contracts, Roger."

He narrowed his eyes, his mind so clearly going toward domination a neon sign couldn't have announced it better.

It was time to do something drastic. The idea that hit her had to be the worst one she'd ever come up with, but with a spontaneity like she hadn't shown since college, she caught the collar of Dean's shirt in both hands and pulled him close. Before she could chicken out, she kissed him.

It wasn't the worst kiss she'd ever had, but she'd landed slightly off his mouth, and the embarrassment kept her from enjoying it fully.

She thought Dean would laugh, just like he always did about everything, but he didn't. In fact, he drew her closer with one corded, lean, yummy arm.

When it ended, she licked her lips and stared at her shoe-less feet, looking at the runs in her hose with unfocused eyes. Which had she liked better? Maybe Roger, but not by much.

When she glanced up, she met two set of eyes, one angry and one mildly amused.

"Well?" Dean asked.

Roger crossed his arms, letting out a huff. “She still hasn’t decided.”

“This isn’t easy, you know.” She frowned, feeling sorry for herself. “I mean, you’re both equally yummy in such different ways.”

She caught Dean mouthing “yummy” to Roger and couldn’t control her urge to pinch him.

“Ouch.” He jumped. “What was that for?”

“Be serious for once,” she snapped, sitting on the icy floor. “This isn’t easy. I want you both.” A chill hit her, bringing a shiver. “Why didn’t I wear pants?”

“Take this.” Roger handed her his jacket. “We’ll have to call someone to pry us out of here.” He pulled his cell off his belt, where it had somehow managed to remain clipped. Holding it down to the overhead...underhead...light, he cursed. “No bars. You’ve got to be kidding me.”

That set off a scramble to locate the other two cell phones.

“Me either,” Dean grumbled.

She shook her head at the “no signal” warning flashing on her own tiny screen. The only other time she’d needed a cell, it hadn’t worked then either.

“We’ll have to kick out a window.” Dean pointed at a small crack in the passenger glass. “This one.”

The two men lay down to get some leverage, then spent the next ten minutes kicking at the glass. It was a testament to the car industry that the windows stayed safely in place, with nary a break in sight.

“I can’t believe it. We’re actually trapped in here,” she whispered, still staring at her signal-less cell. After that set of kisses, she wasn’t sure she trusted herself or them. She’d been living in a fantasyland for awhile now. The first time she’d seen Roger and Dean, they’d been in the break room. She’d almost tripped over her feet ogling them. It wasn’t long after

that encounter something had changed, and she felt sexy for the first time in her life. She'd dressed every day knowing they'd be watching her.

A need she'd never known existed welled up, and she fought now to stuff down the wicked thought of having them both locked in the SUV all night with her. With just a little push, she might be able to lure them both to her while they were trapped. After all, Dean had pretty much said he was game. Or had she imagined that?

"Let's turn off the overhead light before we put on the flashers so we don't drain the battery. Someone will find us." Roger ducked under the front seat to reach the emergency lights, bumping her thigh as he reached for the button.

"Most likely in the morning. There is a store close, so they'll see us when they pass by," she mumbled between chatters, wondering why a simple touch had turned her on. But then the temperature finally hit her. She'd been sitting instead of working, and her temperature had plummeted. Burying her face in Roger's jacket, she smelled the rich scent of his body -- spicy aftershave and alpha male. It made her want. "We'll just need to get through the night without freezing." A sexy purr accompanied the words.

Dean laughed. "Since you've decided not to choose one or the other of us, you can sleep with us both." Grabbing her hands, he pulled her through the seats into the middle of the roof, a huge grin on his face. "Come on, Roger. Let's warm Melissa up."

"I have a bad feeling about this." She let him push her flat, a small seed of wickedness growing inside her. She felt edgy, turned on, ready for anything, and those thoughts made her whole body shudder.

Roger growled, meeting her gaze with obvious annoyance, then his eyes flicked behind her to Dean, and whatever he saw there had him stretching out beside her.

Dean pulled her back into the curve of his body while Roger draped her arm and leg across his chest, tucking a leg and an arm over him.

A chill ran through her that had nothing to do with the cold. Pressed against the inside of her thigh and nestled against her rear were two hard cocks, both begging to be touched.

And she wasn't sure in her current state of madness that she'd be able to resist the temptation.



## Chapter Three

*I'll lie here and try to get to sleep. I'll ignore the hard-ons. They're guys. Guys get hard at the drop of a hat.* Her college roommate used to say that a guy would hump a couch. So really, she shouldn't read too much into it. They couldn't really want to have sex with her at the same time.

Anyway, if she had some weird sexual thing with both of them, how would she face them at the office on Monday? She'd have to spend the rest of her career hiding under her desk. Or change jobs.

She took a deep breath and let it out, the roof warming below their bodies. With a huge mental stick, she beat the wicked piece of herself back into the dark hole it came from.

Time ticked by, but no one slept. They lay there like stone, not moving or speaking.

Her breathing turned shallow with the heat from their bodies. The feel of Roger's broad chest under her cheek and Dean's lean strength at her back turned her on so bad her heart raced.

"This is ridiculous," Dean muttered, then turned her to face him.

It was dark without the lights on, eerie with the flashers reflecting off the surrounding trees, making everything surreal. His face was deadly serious.

Roger turned with her, tucking his body behind hers, his head propped up on his arm. His presence at her back made her feel tiny. She might be a foot shorter than him, but she'd never really felt small before. She found she liked it.

"I think we need to be honest here and face what we're all thinking," Dean said.

"What's that?" Roger asked, his voice rumbling through her.

"We're thinking we all three want each other, that's what we're thinking."

Roger stiffened behind her. "I can assure you, I don't want you."

"Not you and me, idiot. We both want *her*, and she wants both of us."

"But why?" she asked, cutting them off. "Why do you both want me?" That's the part that made her wonder. She'd moved to Richmond after dating the same man since the first day of college. They'd had ten years together and, while they'd once been attracted to each other, their relationship had faded to friendship. Rick had been passionate once, she remembered. But that had been a long time ago, and during those ten years she hadn't exactly been fending off eager men.

Dean narrowed his eyes. "Are you fishing for compliments?"

"What?"

Roger hugged her tight to his chest. "I told you she doesn't know."

"I think you might be right."

"Know what?" What were they talking about? Men could act so strangely sometimes.

"That you're sexy." Dean's voice was matter-of-fact.

A quick burst of laughter escaped her. "Um, guys." She wasn't unattractive, but sexy just wasn't her.

"Told you. She doesn't know." Roger hugged her tighter, bringing her buttocks against his hard cock, which turned out to be as big as the rest of him.

She could feel the strength of his desire through the thin silk of her dress. Suddenly, she wished she'd taken off her ripped pantyhose earlier.

"Hmmm...that's almost sexier."

"You're both insane," she said, her voice a bit whispery from the sexual contact.

Dean laid his hand on her arm. "Anyway, what I'm thinking we should do is have a threesome."

"What?" she and Roger asked at the same time.

"All three of us should have sex."

Melissa stopped the automatic "no" that jumped to her lips. God, how insane would that be? Stupid. Idiotic. Beyond dumb. But they were both so hot and yummy, and for this one night, she wouldn't have to choose.

"No." Roger's tone was final.

"Come on. Don't let those lower class ethics hold you back."

"Dean, that isn't a nice thing to say." Extreme annoyance raced through her. She felt like that with Dean. High or low, but never in between.

"It's true, though. I do come from low-class stock." Roger's voice was mild and unoffended.

She wiggled out of his arms so she could see his face. It occurred to her that while she went to lunch several times a week with the two of them and saw them every day at the office, she didn't know a lot about their backgrounds.

"All my family work in the coal mine you can see from the back porch of their farmhouse."

"You're from West Virginia? But you don't have an accent." Why that slipped out, she wasn't sure. She was so nervous her stomach pinwheeled with emotion. Excitement and dread and pure lust swirled inside her, mixing with the sensation of being pinned between them.

“Mel, not all coal is mined in West Virginia. My family’s from Pennsylvania.”

“Stay on track, you two,” Dean huffed. “Look, Roger, this is once in a lifetime. We get the girl, she gets us, we’re rescued tomorrow, and go back to our old, humdrum lives.”

“You really think it’s as simple as that?” Roger asked, obviously not thinking it was.

“It’s as simple as that. We’re three consenting adults. We can do this and walk away.”

She rolled to her back so she could watch them argue.

“Talk some sense into him, Melissa,” Roger ordered.

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out. She wanted them both, and no matter how much she knew she should deny it, she couldn’t bring herself to lie.

“Wait, you’re not actually considering this?” Roger’s wide eyes would have made her laugh if this wasn’t so serious.

For some reason, his reluctance emboldened her. She met his gaze, keeping her own steady, and nodded.

“You’re kidding me.” He looked from her to Dean and back. “Have you both lost your minds?”

She said nothing. Okay, so she was a freak. She’d have to live with knowing that. But her inner core actually ached with need. She wanted them. She wanted her mouth on their bodies and her hands on their skin. Suddenly, she was willing to throw caution, and maybe her career, to the wind. All her life she’d been good, but these two gorgeous men thought she was sexy. That was worth more than anything else.

Roger lay staring up at the ceiling. She flipped onto her stomach and met Dean’s gaze. He raised an eyebrow and gave her a lazy grin.

They waited Roger out, not touching, just laying silent.

Finally, he rolled his head to face them. “I’m not touching him.”

Dean laughed. “You do and you’ll leave this SUV without a hand.”

“I can’t believe I’m agreeing to this.”

“Neither can I,” she said.

“Me either.” Dean rubbed his hands together. “Let’s get naked.”

“Oh my God,” she whispered.

“Hold up there, cowboy.” Roger pulled her into their earlier spooning position, taking charge now that he’d agreed. “Let’s get a little foreplay in here.”

He ran one massive hand down her side and interlaced her fingers in his, then brought it up above her head, pinning it there.

Her eyes never left Dean’s face, watching him study Roger’s movements, his gaze a little worried. For some reason, it reassured her that Dean was at least a tad bit unsure of what they were about to do.

Then he pulled himself up so he was half sitting and bent slowly to kiss her. A real kiss this time, their lips meeting perfectly, their tongues brushing.

Her whole body turned to liquid fire. The kiss was miles better, but further turning her on was the fact that Roger trapped her, holding her still for it.

They moved in tandem, Roger pressing her hand behind his neck to tell her to leave it there, while Dean rested his on her ribs under her breast. Then Dean deepened the kiss, fully taking her mouth with his tongue.

Roger slipped his hand under the skirt of the flirty, short dress she’d worn with both of them in mind. It was much lower cut than anything she’d ever bought before, showing a huge eyeful of cleavage. She’d felt wicked wearing it, but nowhere in her wildest dreams did she think she’d end up here.

She tore her mouth from Dean, unable to breathe, she was so turned on. Gasping, she shut her eyes as Dean pulled off her pantyhose, then returned his hands to her chest.

“Feel good?” Roger whispered, his voice so low and deep it shivered through her.

She nodded, unable to speak. Never in her life had she felt this turned on, her underwear soaked with her own need. She wanted this so badly it shocked her to her toes.

“Open your eyes.” When she did, Dean whispered his thumb over her tightly beaded nipple.

Roger ran his fingers over the back of her knee, making her shake.

“Oh,” she moaned, the desire so sharp and tight, she couldn’t think of anything else but this. She needed this, had to have it.

Dean chuckled, the sound pleased and male. “Don’t close your eyes again, Lis. I want to see those pretty blues of yours while we touch you.”

She met his intense stare, feeling self-conscious now that she had to look at him.

“We’re doing this with our eyes wide open,” he whispered, then pinched her nipple, the pleasure shocking after their first tentative touches.

Roger ran his hand all the way up her outer thigh to her underwear. The thong had a wide lace band at the top, with satin between her legs, matching the bra. She’d bought the lingerie, too, with them in mind. He followed the band in both directions, humming.

“What?” Dean asked, then leaned in to suckle her nipple through her dress.

“She’s wearing really nice panties.” Roger skimmed his finger down the satin, then ducked beneath it to run across the slit of her pussy. “Oh, man, is she wet.” He kissed her neck, as if he couldn’t help himself.

She tried to stop him before he slid a finger inside her, suddenly feeling off-kilter.

He caught her wrist, his fingers wet from touching her. “Don’t be scared. We’re in this together.” Hugging her close again, he kissed her shoulder. “We’re not going to go too fast. I promise. We’ll take this slow and blow your mind.”

Dean took the opportunity to drag down the front of her dress. Capturing her nipple in his mouth, he suckled so strongly she jumped.

Then she moaned, the need overcoming her momentary minute of sanity.

“There you go,” Roger whispered. “Keep your hand on the back of my neck, love, and let us take care of you.”

Dean flipped her skirt up to her waist as Roger slid a leg between hers.

“How do you feel about me tasting you?” Dean asked, perfectly serious.

Was that a trick question? She tried to think. “Yes, please.”

Roger drew his leg up, putting his foot flat on the floor, parting her legs, exposing her.

“Oh, yeah, she’s ready.” Dean inched down, pulling her underwear aside. “Oh God, you’re wet,” he said, then inhaled loudly. “You smell like pure desire.”

“Stop yapping and get to it,” Roger said, an eye-roll in his voice.

“God, a woman’s pussy is so beautiful.” Dean’s voice held the hush of awe. He stabbed his tongue into her, then dragged it up to her clitoris.

She was so turned on it hurt, making her twist away with a gasp, the odd and wonderful feeling of one man holding her while the other licked her clit making her squirm.

“Baby,” Roger murmured, a big hand holding her hip prisoner. “Be still. He’s going to make you come, then I’m going to fuck you. Then we’re going to really get started.”

Desire washed over her. She wanted that. Exactly that. Nothing else would do.

## Chapter Four

The pressure of Dean's tongue lightened, and he found a rhythm that took her to a place she'd never been before. It was a zone where nothing existed but the feel of Roger's chest pressed to her back, his fingers cupping her breast, and Dean's mouth on the most sensitive place on her body.

A tension built, the feeling so strong and overwhelming she could barely function, couldn't think, couldn't move with them pinning her. Roger lightly pinched her nipple, while Dean's tongue flicked over her clit with growing intensity.

She'd had orgasms before, but they were mere shadows compared to what built inside her now. Her legs trembled and fought against Roger's thigh where he held her open. Every muscle tightened, her heartbeat so loud she could barely hear Roger whispering, "That's it, baby, let yourself go. Let it happen."

From a distance she heard herself whimpering, begging, "Please, more, help me." She didn't care. She had to stop the buildup. She couldn't take it any more.

And then she was spinning over the edge, tumbling down and down, gasping for breath, drowning in the pleasure. Someone dragged her underwear from her body, then



pulled her dress over her head. She kept her eyes closed as they undressed her, her core still shimmering with the best orgasm of her life.

Somewhere during her float back to earth, Roger turned her onto her stomach, pulling her onto her knees. “Do you want this?” he asked, and she knew he needed to hear her say the words.

“Oh, yes,” she whispered, resting her head on her hands.

“Condoms,” Dean said from somewhere far away.

“Glove compartment.” Roger’s growl said how much he needed her. Now.

“Jesus, buy in bulk, do you?”

In her haze, she saw the box was bigger than a three-pack, noticed Roger’s shoulder bumping the back seat, felt how cramped and uncomfortable the SUV really was.

But then the foil ripped, and she was whisked back into pleasure, feeling him press against her sex.

He entered her slowly, gently, as if he was scared to hurt her.

And maybe he was. He was big all over -- huge -- but she was slick and relaxed from Dean’s ministrations. In a slow glide, he stretched her, the feeling so intense it bordered on pain.

“Easy, Mel, we’ll take it slow.” His whisper floated over her, stirring her desire.

“You okay, sweets?” Dean knelt before her, running his hands in the barest caress along her neck and upper back.

Roger reached the top of her passage, hitting her cervix and making her whimper.

“Don’t hurt her.”

“He’s” -- she gasped for breath -- “not.”

Roger moaned as she contracted around him, the tightness shocking them both. It felt so good, but her earlier orgasm had allowed her room to think, and she was able to meet Dean's gaze in the red haze of the emergency lights.

He'd gone down on her, but now he was left out of the pleasure. It seemed unfair.

After three tries, she was able to whisper, "Want to join us?"

That produced his typical kicked-up smile. "I've never turned down an offer that good." Keeping her gaze, he unzipped his pants and brought his cock out. He grimaced and tugged his pants down his hips, rolling both his erection and his balls free at the same time, as if his clothes had become too constricting.

There was something in the motion which told her he was extra sensitive on his testicles. He'd freed them in hopes that she'd touch. She'd never had another man do that before.

Roger distracted her by giving her the first, deep thrust. She moaned, shutting her eyes.

When she opened them, she tried to push away the pleasure of the huge cock riding inside her so she could concentrate on the man before her. Dean held his erection out to her like an offering, his fingers gripping the base.

For a moment, she wondered what she was doing. *You'll regret this, Melissa. It's crazy, and you work with these men.*

But then the power of it all washed through her. She had two gorgeous men on their literal knees for her.

Dean's cock appeared smaller across than Roger's felt, but he looked longer. She wondered how it would feel to have him inside her, then realized she wouldn't have to wait long.

She leaned forward, licking first across his balls, before catching his head between her lips.

Roger increased his pace, hitting something inside her no one had ever touched before. Whatever it was, with every thrust, pleasure shivered down her nerve endings.

With a start, she realized she'd wanted this from Rick, wanted someone to own her fully during sex, wanted to be base and dirty. The thought shocked her. She wasn't sure she'd fully known herself until this moment.

"Watch the teeth, Lis." Dean caught her chin. "I know he feels good, but concentrate on me."

She slipped her lips over his cock again.

"Just the head. That feels...so good." His hands filtered through her hair, knocking down the twist which had miraculously survived the car crash. "Suck it. A little harder."

Roger's pace increased, the feeling like none she'd ever had before, so intense and right she would have marveled at it if she could think about anything but the pleasure. It was as if they were feeding off each other, feeding off her own desire.

Dean moaned, and surprising her, he came fast and hard, the salty taste of him filling her mouth.

As if in a chain reaction, her own orgasm swept through her so quickly she lost her hold on his cock as she screamed.

"God, you're gripping me so hard." Roger moaned as if fighting the pleasure, but it was too late. Her body milked his, kicking him over the edge with them.

She fell forward onto Dean's lap, Roger crashing down behind her. They lay for a moment in a heap, wrung dry by their pleasure.

Both men helped her turn over so she was cradling Roger, while Dean cradled her.

The muscles of her pussy still fluttered, bringing sharp whispers of tiny orgasms inside her. She was complete, fulfilled, her body so amazingly light, the feeling zooming through her so fantastically wonderful she could have run a marathon on the high alone.

With the taste of Dean's come still lingering in her mouth, and the feel of Roger's cock still enduring in her body, Melissa wondered how she'd ended up doing something so stupid. She must have knocked her head in the accident. Feathering her fingers through Roger's hair, she didn't know how she'd face them on Monday morning, even as her body begged her to do it all again.

## Chapter Five

Roger fell asleep. He snored, loudly, the sound filling up the small space.

“Good God, what the hell is that?” Dean asked, turning over to gaze at the other man snuggled behind her. “It sounds like a dying cow.”

She snickered, unable to control herself. But really, it did sound horrible.

Dean raised his arm.

“No,” she said, when it became clear what he was doing.

The punch landed on Roger’s upper arm with a *thunk*.

Surprisingly, he didn’t wake up, although the snoring stopped mid-inhale. Murmuring in his sleep, he rolled over onto his stomach away from her, then went quiet.

“Don’t hurt him!”

“Is he acting hurt? But that had to stop.” He pulled her closer. “Now come here, hottie, and keep me warm.”

She laughed, shaking her head. Dean was always such a kidder. Everything was a joke to him. “You’re insane.”

“Actually, I do think you’re hot. The brains just add to it.” He kissed her forehead then pulled her across his chest.

They lay there for several long minutes, while she wondered how she’d be able to sleep when she’d just done something so crazy.

“Say, Lis?”

“Hmmm?”

“You wouldn’t be in the mood to fuck again, would you? Because I’d love to, myself.”

Something about sleeping with him without Roger participating struck her as outside the rules of whatever this was they were doing. “Do you think Roger would get upset?”

Dean rolled her over and framed her face with his hands. “This isn’t about him. This is about you and me, and the fact we’re both so turned on we can’t sleep.” He kissed her, a slow exploration of her mouth, meant to lure and tease.

Her stomach went liquid. He was so beautiful. Blue, piercing eyes, so light they sometimes looked like ice. Strong features. Muddy blond hair, which gave the impression of lightening in the sun. His package was amazing.

*Hot men are bad in bed.* She knew that for gospel. Men this good-looking tended to spend the whole time thinking, “I’m so fine. *Man*, I am so hot!” Instead of working toward their partner’s pleasure. Although Dean had given her a delicious orgasm with his tongue. That certainly wasn’t selfish.

As Dean’s hands slowly roamed her body, she knew he wasn’t like the other super-handsome man she’d dated long ago, when she and Rick had broken up for a month. He molded her breasts, teasing them with whisper strokes. He touched her with a kind of reverence, as if the experience of her pleasure gave him pleasure.

As he trailed the pad of a finger across first one nipple, then the other, she wiggled with building desire.

Then he kissed her hip, using more tongue than lips.

Need shivered through her.

*God, both of them are perfect lovers.* Roger was demanding. Dean was worshipful. A woman, she realized, needed both.

Then he licked down her inside thigh, all the way to her feet. “Mmmm...feet.” He suckled her big toe.

“Oh!” She couldn’t believe it would feel this good.

“Woman’s feet are pretty tasty.” He kissed each of her other toes, then ran his tongue along her instep.

Her leg jerked in response, but he held her still. It became torture as he continued, almost a tickle, but not quite.

“Pinch your nipples for me,” he murmured into the ankle of her other foot.

She could see him watching, waiting, wanting. Once more, she felt so sexy and free. And powerful. She had two men wanting her. Two awesomely hot men.

Cupping her breasts, she pinched her nipples, giving them a light twist.

Dean moaned, leaving her feet to lay beside her, kissing each of her hard peaks, his tongue sneaking out for a last minute lick.

“So Mel-i-ssa.”

“So De-ean.”

“What’s your poison?” He pulled down his slacks, which he’d never bothered to rebutton.

“My poison?” Sometimes she missed Dean’s jokes.

“What way do you want to have sex? Missionary? On top? Sideways?” He reached behind him into the back corner, coming up with a condom. Ripping it open, he rolled down the latex, covering himself.

She actually stopped to think about it. She'd never really done that before -- picked in advance, rather than go with whatever the man wanted.

Missionary was out. She'd done that her whole adult life. And she'd never really been good on top.

Was that true? Or was that just what she believed after a failed attempt with her ex?

Pushing him onto his back, she straddled his legs, feeling the dusting of his leg hair and the hard muscle in his thighs.

"On top then," he said, his voice filled with amusement.

She grasped his cock, fisting it, loving the jump it gave in her hand. "I'm reserving the right to change halfway through." In case she really wasn't good in this position.

"Agreed." He moaned as she dragged his erection over her sex, covering him in her desire.

Then she rose up onto her knees. Positioning him at her channel, she worked in the tip.

She paused.

They were connected in the most intimate way possible.

The blinking lights showed his face twisted in concentration. The hands on her hips trembled with need.

Beside them, Roger shifted, and she realized he'd been awake for some time, watching them.

Meeting his gaze, she lowered herself onto Dean's cock, every feeling intensifying with Roger watching.

Roger's whole body was tense and on edge, as if he didn't like what she was doing, but was also turned on by it, too.



Then her mind floated away, and it was only the three of them and the building need inside her.

She struggled to keep a steady pace with him but their bodies became out of synch, until Dean's hands on her hips helped her set a rhythm.

Then they were racing, striving for fulfillment.

Her hips came down, her clitoris smashing into his body with every thrust, but she still couldn't seem to fall over the edge. His orgasm loomed close, and she knew Dean would leave her unfulfilled if she didn't come soon.

Then Roger touched her nipple, just a small stroke, and that was all she needed to tip her over.

The orgasm ripped through her, more intense than any she'd had yet, as if she'd need the first rounds of sex just to warm up. Hard contractions made her shake and shiver, her body tilting over, unable to hold her seat.

Turning, she fell into Roger's waiting arms, snuggling close to him. When Dean didn't follow, she used the last bit of her energy to pull him onto his side to warm her back.

She was so tired. She'd never had three orgasms in a row before, and she found herself drained completely. Her body was used up and wrung out. She knew what she'd done was wrong. Knew that she should feel ashamed, but she pushed aside her feelings to deal with tomorrow.

"Go to sleep," Roger whispered. "Both of you."

And so, without another thought about the future, or how good it had been, or how much she'd screwed up, Melissa closed her eyes and let herself drift off.

\* \* \* \* \*

She didn't hear the banging until Dean jumped, turning from her toward the sound, leaving her feeling strangely bereft at the loss.

"You people okay in there?" someone called, the thick accent that of a Virginia farmer.

Dean scrambled for his clothes, pulling his pants in place, then grabbed his shirt.

"Watch the view, Dean. Protect her," Roger growled, rolling her under him. He still had on all his clothes, although they were wrinkled and stained. With what, she didn't want to know.

"We're okay," Dean yelled. "Just trapped."

Melissa searched for her dress as panic swamped her, seeing it under a condom wrapper in the corner. Shame swamped her. How could she have done it? How could she have acted like that, when her whole life she'd been what amounted to a prude? *Obviously, I'm not a prude. Somewhere inside me, there was a very naughty woman hiding.*

She felt sick to her stomach with shame. Someone had seen them. Someone knew what they'd done.

Here she was, bare-assed between two men. *Whore*. Roger handed her the wrinkled scrap of cloth that had once been a beautiful dress she'd worn with pride, feeling sexy and desirable. There would be no doubt what had happened here when this stranger saw her in it.

"The tree is blocking the door. Let me get some of the boys at the store," the farmer shouted.

"Oh my God," she whimpered, trying to get the twisted dress over her head. In her haste, it became tangled and refused to budge. She was trapped with her arms above her head, breasts bare to the world.

"Calm down," Dean ordered, and she felt his hands take over.

Between the two of them, they dressed her. Hands untwisted the dress and smoothed it out. It should have calmed her, but nothing stopped the rising tide of shame. *You wanted it to happen.* But even though she knew that, she couldn't stop the whirl of emotion.

“Don’t lose it. Hang in here with us.” Roger ran his hands through her hair, combing out the tangles.

“My underwear,” she said, the panic running through her so intense she felt tears well up. Why in the hell had she done this? Everyone would know. She would become the scarlet woman. A vision of the headlines of the local paper announcing what she’d done, with a picture of her half dressed, filled her mind. Her boss would fire her and would probably give Dean and Roger a medal for their manly prowess. Everything she’d worked for would be over. Roger and Dean would drop her like a rock, wanting distance from what they’d done.

Roger put her underwear in her shaking hands. She slipped her panties on without meeting anyone’s gaze.

She sat on the edge of disaster. Ever since she’d been young and had grown up as the poor relation of a wealthy family, she’d committed herself to becoming successful and wealthy, and that had driven her to be the best in everything. She didn’t make mistakes, she wasn’t impulsive, but she had this time. When she fucked up, she fucked up royally.

In a daze, she watched a group of men in overalls move the tree limb, freeing them.

When they were finally out of the SUV and safely to the parking lot of the store, she looked toward the rising sun and shook her head. She had no one to blame for this catastrophe but herself. She’d pushed all three of them into this.

“Melissa,” Roger said, stopping her as she went to call a cab.

“None of this happened. That was the rule we all agreed to. One night.” Her voice sounded desperate, even to her own ears.

He narrowed his eyes and turned to Dean as he walked up. “She’s regretting us,” he said, and there might have been a shade of hurt in his hard voice.

Dean’s face went blank. “We said one night, Lis.”

“I would appreciate it if you both would keep this a secret. I know guys brag, but I need you not to tell anyone.” She forced herself to meet their gazes without being a total

coward about it. "I know I pushed you both into this. I accept that I have no one but myself to blame, but if you would do me the favor of keeping this quiet, I would appreciate it."

Roger's hand spasmed on her arm, but when she looked into his face, she saw nothing there at all. "Of course. We'll keep this between the three of us."

Dean gave her a shallow little bow, but the smile on his lips was filled with anger. "Our word on it."

"Thank you," she said, then, keeping her back ramrod straight, she turned and limped her way on bare feet across the parking lot to call a cab to go home.

## Chapter Six

Her world didn't implode.

In fact, Saturday crawled along like any other Saturday, except she spent it feeling like the weight of the world sat on her chest.

Now that she'd had time to think about it, she realized she'd treated them badly, and she felt like a fool. They'd taken a huge risk, too, and she'd blown them completely off, just like a frat boy on the morning after. No kiss good-bye. No sweet parting words. Just shame and panic, which put a terrible darkness over the whole experience.

The looks on their faces had, on later reflection, been a combination of hurt and affront. She'd insulted them by acting the way she had. They'd been her friends, some of the only ones she'd made since she'd moved here, and she'd treated them terribly.

Standing in her small living room, she stared out the window at the busy street below, watching as happy people walked to the restaurant across the street. It was a beautiful, crisp fall day, the type that usually made her outrageously happy inside. She loved the feel of the coming winter, even if she wasn't a huge fan of winter itself. She loved the clean feel of the air, the bright sun shining down, while a cool breeze tossed her hair from her face. This was

her favorite time of year. But instead, here she was, locked in her house, her own guilt withholding the key to her cell.

And it was at that moment she gathered the courage to admit that not only had she pushed two friends into sleeping with her, but she'd enjoyed it as she'd never enjoyed anything else in her entire life.

"At least be woman enough to admit how good it was," she said to herself, a shadow of pleasure riding through her as she remembered the details of the night before.

"Okay, it was good, but it could be a catastrophe. It could ruin my life."

"Yeah, it could. If you let it. You're blowing this whole thing out of proportion."

"I think what I did was a pretty big deal, and further, why in the hell am I talking to myself like this?"

She sighed and threw herself onto the sofa. Not caring how melodramatic she was being, she pulled the throw from the back of the couch and covered her head with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday crawled into Sunday. She lay in silence, still on the sofa, still falling apart inch by inch, before she finally became so disgusted with herself she yelled, "Stop!"

She wasn't a pansy, weak-willed, shrinking violet of a woman. She was powerful. She was strong. She'd lured them into sleeping with her. In fact, she should be proud that she'd had two amazing men wanting her so badly they'd agreed to it.

In the end, she owed them both an apology for her behavior, and the sooner she gave one, the better.

They would be angry, so work wasn't the place to have that discussion. She needed to smooth things over, needed to tell them it was her fault, that she'd handled it badly, and that she was sorry.

Flipping open the phone book, she found their addresses.

*Before you lose your nerve, you'd better go.* She ran to the bathroom to grab her keys where she'd thrown them the night before in melodramatic despair, but one look at her reflection in the mirror had her turning on the shower. She wasn't going to beg for forgiveness looking horrible. There was a large chance that they'd tell her to go jump in a lake. If that happened, she wanted to look her best.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dean hadn't been home. She'd saved Roger for last because she figured he would be the harder of the two to face. When she role-played out their discussion, he was an immovable object, just like he was every day at work. But putting him off until last had been a huge miscalculation. The longer she waited, the more she lost her nerve.

Finally, she stood on his front steps, which were disconcertingly close to her own. It surprised her Roger lived two streets over and a block down, especially since the Fan was as hip and trendy as Richmond got. She wouldn't have picked someone so serious to move to a place that was all about fun and late night hangouts. Dean rented an apartment closer to the office.

"Stop putting this off," she mumbled. With a deep breath for courage, she rang the doorbell.

"Just a second!" he called from deep inside the house.

She wasn't good at apologies. Her whole life she figured it was best not to do anything wrong in the first place. That's why she felt like she had a million butterflies in her stomach. Not because she'd be crushed if it turned out her two friends hated her after her weirdo behavior.

The door opened, and there he was. Over six feet of luscious muscle.

He stopped as if she'd turned him into stone. His face showed a flash of shock before it went blank.

“Hi,” she said, feeling like she was in middle school again, winning the award for most socially awkward of her grade.

He raised an eyebrow and leaned against the doorframe, not giving her an inch.

She took a deep breath, knowing she’d made this bed and had to lie in it. “I came to apologize.”

Surprise lit his face. “Oh, yeah?”

“Yes. I panicked and really acted like an idiot yesterday. I’m just...just really sorry if I hurt your feelings.”

He crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes. “Are you sorry you hurt Dean’s feelings?”

The odd question had her stumbling off-kilter for a moment before she could form an answer. “Of course. I went by his apartment already, but he wasn’t there.”

“You went by his place first?” A little anger leaked through the words.

“Well, you live right around the corner from me, and I figured being close to home might be a good thing after we spoke.” *Stop babbling, Melissa!*

“How’d you get our addresses?” Suspicion filled the words.

As if she was some stalker. She felt a blush creep up her neck.

Enough was enough. She’d been a ninny to them, but she wasn’t Satan. “The phone book.” Putting one hand on the doorframe, she leaned into him. “Look, I freaked yesterday. I did something completely out of my comfort zone, and I was a wreck when a stranger saw me naked with two men. I was a jerk, and I’m sorry. That’s all I came to say.” This had been a bad idea. The best idea was to run. Quickly.

She turned on her heel and made it half a step before strong arms picked her up and hauled her into the house.

“Hey!” she yelled, smacking at his arms. “Put me down, Godzilla.”



He swung her around so she faced into the family room. Dean sat on the couch, his lips twisted with sarcastic amusement.

Roger set her on her feet.

"Just great. You're both here." She wasn't all that happy about it. Saying she was sorry to one of them wasn't nearly as humiliating as apologizing to them both at the same time.

"I missed you, too," Dean said, the sarcasm cutting deep, then he flipped off the football game on the TV.

Roger caught her arm on his way by, pushing her into a butter-soft leather recliner.

A quick look around showed a pure bachelor pad of bare hardwood floors and empty walls. The TV was huge, and the brown leather furniture must have cost a bundle. Both of them were drinking beer, although Dean had twice as many empty bottles stacked before him on the coffee table as Roger did.

The recliner was still warm from where Roger must have been sitting before she arrived.

He currently sat on the other end of the couch from Dean, looking like he barely controlled his temper. He was even gritting his teeth. Dean didn't look much better, though his was more an amused anger.

Great.

"We're both here. What do you want to say to us?" Roger's voice was low and deadly serious.

"I just came to apologize. My behavior was out of line."

"You think?" Dean snorted. "You blew us off, basically accused us of having plans to tell the whole office, then left without a word. Personally, I felt like I'd been used."

She stared at him, shocked. He sounded like he was serious. Dean stared back, his eyes narrowed, his mouth a slash of anger, his posture as stiff as a board. He *was* being serious. Wow.

"I'm sorry you felt that way. I hope you can cut me some slack. I'd just realized what I'd done and was distressed."

"You think we dragged you into having sex with us?" Dean's voice sounded like he could eat nails, he was so angry.

"Time out." She made a "T" with her hands. "I don't think you two dragged me into anything. I know I lured you both into bed with me. I accept that it's my fault. I just hadn't realized how I'd feel when someone caught us together. I flipped, okay? I lost it."

"The person who did the luring was Dean," Roger said quietly, but while he might be right, it didn't lessen her involvement.

Dean leaned back into the couch and turned his face away, his right hand fisted on his leg.

"I can't take back what I said, even if I wish I could." Her voice was defensive, but really, it hadn't been *that* bad, had it?

"But you wish you'd never been with us." Dean's words sounded ripped from him.

She blinked. "Of course I don't wish I'd never been with you two. That was..." She searched for the right words, wanting to make sure she was as honest as possible. "That was the best sex I've ever had. It blew my mind, and I think you're both so hot I can barely stand to look at you." Staring at her hands, she noticed they were trembling. This was a harder conversation than she thought it would be. She felt like she was laying her soul bare to be trampled on. "I just know what will happen to me if people find out."

"And what will happen to you?" Roger's voice was quiet in the silence of the room.

"I'll lose everything I've worked for." Didn't they know that?

"Don't be overdramatic." Dean's face was still a mask of anger.

"I'm not." She shook her head. "It's okay that you two slept with me, but if anyone finds out, they'll fire me at work. Or make me so miserable I quit."

“Why would they care?” Roger sounded concerned. She’d thought he’d be the hard one to talk with, but it turned out she was wrong. Dean wasn’t giving her an inch, but Roger seemed to be listening.

“Because if a woman sleeps around, she’s a slut. Men sleep around, and their bosses give them a high-five.”

“That might be so, except we just didn’t sleep around.” Dean shot to his feet and paced to the doorway. He turned and met her gaze. “We slept with *you*. At the same time.”

“So?”

“So homosexual sex is not okay. Not where we work. Trust me when I say we’d be in a much worse place than you.”

She blinked. “But you didn’t have homosexual sex, Dean.”

He pointed at Roger, then her, then at himself. “*We* know that, but no one else does.”

She sat back in the recliner, feeling the weight on her chest lessening. Sure, she should trust them because they were her friends, but the fact was, guys bragged about their exploits. If they had nothing to lose, there was a chance it would slip into the gossip stream. But now they were working on an even playing field. “Wow.”

“Yeah, wow.” Dean’s sarcasm was underscored by his pacing.

She turned to Roger. “I didn’t mean to hurt you. I really didn’t. I just had a moment of insanity.”

He nodded. “I told Dean you’d come around.”

Her mouth dropped open. “You did?”

He raised an eyebrow. “Not physically around, but I thought you’d call.”

“Well, this wasn’t the kind of conversation to have over the phone, and it sure wasn’t something to talk about at work.”

“No,” Roger agreed.

“Stop being so easy on her,” Dean snarled. “She was a total bitch yesterday.” His face was hard and unyielding. He was well and truly pissed.

“I was. I’m saying I’m sorry, but if you don’t want to accept that, I guess we have nothing else to say.” She stood, not wanting to stay longer where she wasn’t wanted. Something inside her felt like it was breaking. She didn’t want to lose them as her friends.

“I don’t accept that. We trusted you, and you just ran away, acting like we’d ruined your life.” Dean strode to her, towering over her, his pose meant to intimidate.

She hadn’t realized how tall he was, since everyone was short compared to Roger. But he didn’t scare her. She knew how to dig in and fight. “I was a bitch. I’m sorry. Accept it or don’t.”

He grabbed her arm and yanked her against his chest, his eyes wild.

Behind her, she heard Roger stand.

Then she saw a flicker of something deep inside Dean’s eyes. Hurt. He was angry and had spent a whole day smarting under her bad treatment.

She pressed her open palm to his cheek. “I never said I was perfect. I only said I wanted you both,” she whispered.

Dean’s gaze flicked behind her, then he swooped in, his lips landing on hers with so much force she would have stumbled if he hadn’t been holding her. It was a kiss that had a bit of desperation to it, as if he’d thought he’d never kiss her again and that had eaten at him.

Roger stepped behind her. The moment Dean’s lips left hers, he turned her to him. Lowering his head without breaking eye contact, he laid his lips on hers in the gentlest of touches.

When he lifted his head, she looked at them both and wondered what in the hell they’d do from here.

## Chapter Seven

“Okay,” said Roger. “Let’s all calm down and talk this through.”

“Why aren’t you madder about this?” Dean was pacing again.

“I don’t have to be. You’re mad enough for the two of us.” Roger pulled her onto the sofa beside him. “I want each of us to say how we felt about being together.”

“My *God!* Are you fucking crazy?” Dean dragged his hands through his hair. “I’m not discussing my *feelings*, Dr. Phil.”

Melissa laughed. She knew she shouldn’t, but it was so hard not to be amused at the current turn of events.

Dean pointed to himself. “Not being funny here, Lis.”

“Sorry.” She tried to mold her face into serious lines. Turning to Roger, her smile dropped away. He really wanted them to talk, so she would. “I really enjoyed it, but I don’t think anyone else would understand what we did.”

“Why do you care so much what others think?” Dean stopped pacing.

“I wish I had a good reason, but the fact is, Dean, I’ve always cared. It’s just part of who I am.” And she had. Ever since she was a child, going to the family reunions in dresses that were years out of style, where she stood out like a sore thumb. She’d been looking for a do-

over for every one of those moments her entire adult life. "I'm never going to be okay with people talking badly about me. It's just not who I am."

"But you enjoyed being with us?" Roger asked, pulling her back to his earlier question.

"Yes." She felt uncomfortable admitting it, but she had. "Did you?"

"Oh, yeah."

She turned to Dean. "How about you?"

"I did," he said, but he sounded really grumpy about it.

"Why?"

Dean crossed his arms over his chest. "Why what?"

"Why did you enjoy it?"

Dean opened his mouth, closed it, then rubbed a hand through his hair. "I like to watch as much as I like to participate." The words seemed like they were ripped from him, and she could have sworn his face turned a little red, but the light wasn't very bright in the room.

She and Roger sat in shocked silence on the couch.

"Ok-ay-ay," she said. "That's a wee bit weird, but I like your honesty." She turned to Roger. "What about you?"

"I've wanted you for a long time." He stopped.

"And you had me. But the question is, why did you have me at the same time Dean had me?" She wasn't sure why it was important she understood their reasons, but it was.

He looked away, then back, straightening before he said, "I wanted you any way I could get you."

She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

"Why were you with us?" Dean asked, turning the tables back on her.

Honesty was the best policy, or she'd lose them forever. "Because I think you're both so wonderful I couldn't bring myself to choose."

Dean moved a step closer to her. “Well, you’re going to have to choose now.”

Her heart sank, but she should have known it was coming. The choice. Well, at least she’d have one of them. They both could have brushed her off after what they’d done together. She looked at them but still couldn’t pick. It was all or nothing. “I’m not sure I can choose between you.”

Dean laughed. “It’s too late for that. Now the choice is if you want to be with us both or not at all.” He closed the gap between them. “We can’t put what happened into a box and tuck it away.”

She drew away so she could see Roger. “You’ve agreed to this?”

“I have.” He looked uneasy, but his words were firm.

Could she do it? Her mind shouted that she should walk away. Nothing good could come out of a relationship with these two men. She would be asking for trouble, the kind she could never shake once people found out what she’d done.

Dean sighed, looking away from her, jamming his hands on his lean hips. “You’re going to say no. That pisses me off.”

Then he marched out of the room, grabbing her arm as he went by. She was so surprised she didn’t protest, just followed him without a word up the stairs.

“Which way to your bedroom?” he called to Roger.

“Front of the house.” Roger’s voice held curiosity, his feet sounding on the stairs behind her.

“What are you doing, Dean?” Beautiful crown molding and hardwoods surrounded her. The room she found herself in was dominated by a huge king-sized bed and an enormous dark cherry wardrobe.

“I’m summarizing for you what you want from us.” He bent and picked her up, launching her into the center of the bed in an easy show of strength.

“This isn’t the way to convince her.” Roger moved to the end of the bed, touching the masculine, dark blue bedspread, meeting her gaze. “I want you, but I want you to be totally willing.”

Dean jumped into the bed beside her, a grin finally stretching his face as he met her gaze. “Listen, one last time for the three of us, then you can walk away.”

“What?” Her mind struggled with the sudden turn of events, her sex instantly soaked with need. Her head might want out, but her body didn’t.

“No thinking.” He kissed her quick and hard. “Just be with us. What’s one more time? The damage has been done. Once more won’t change that.”

Her intelligence seemed to fade, pushed away by her desire.

He was right. It wouldn’t make things any worse. And she wanted them both so much, wanted both their hands on her, holding her, touching her, bringing her to screaming orgasm. It would be so much better in a bed than in Roger’s upside down SUV.

She nodded.

“See, Roger, she just needed an invitation. Besides, if she can’t deal with having both of us, it’s because she doesn’t have the guts to leave behind other people’s values and opinions.”

“Hey!” she protested, but then was distracted by two things that happened at once. First, Dean took off his shirt, and second, Roger climbed onto the bed on the other side of her.

And then she dropped off the cliff of reality, crossed the barrier of normalcy, and fell away into a fantasy world that held only her and two amazingly hot men.

Dean stripped off her top while Roger pulled off her shoes and pants. Within seconds, she had only her underwear on. It was so easy to forget everything but them.

Roger stretched out on his back beside her. “In the SUV, we had no room to move. Now we have a whole house to play in.” He tipped her off balance so that she fell across his wide chest.



Unable to help herself, she framed his face with her hands and kissed him. The kiss was perfect, as usual, a meeting of lips and tongues that was more a dance than anything.

Behind her, Dean stroked her back, starting at her shoulder then slowly working down to the top of her buttocks. "Have you seen the dimples in her ass, Roger? Beautiful!"

She pulled back, annoyed, but Roger just rolled his eyes. "Ignore him, he's a pervert," he murmured.

"Right," she said, then shut her eyes and enjoyed Dean's mouth as he traced the dimples he'd just pointed out. She had to admit she wasn't totally angry that he'd crudely admired her. It made her feel so sexy.

Below her, Roger moved, rubbing his chest against her breasts, then he held her up in a press, ducking his head to catch a tight nipple in his mouth. "What you have are wonderful breasts, not too big, not too small, with fantastic nipples."

Dean stopped kissing her and flopped over onto his back. He cupped the breast Roger wasn't kissing. "She does," he said with a grin, flicking his thumb over its tip.

The double stimulation had Melissa moaning. "Oh, that feels so good." Her hands spasmed on the bedspread below them.

Had she ever thought anything could feel this good? She didn't think so. Roger's mouth gently suckled her in a steady rhythm, while Dean's thumb and finger twisted her nipple lightly before pulling it with a sharp tug. The different sensations left her reeling.

Roger moaned in response, the thick length of his cock pushing into her through his jeans.

"Go ahead and have her first. I know you can barely control yourself," Dean said with a laugh. "I'll amuse myself with kissing her back while you do."

Brushing her hair from her face, Roger met her gaze with serious eyes. "Would you like to have sex with me, Melissa?"

His formality touched her. This was a man who would never hurt her. This was a man who would always treat her with the utmost respect and understanding. "I would like to have sex with you," she answered, being as serious as he.

He rolled her off him and stood to shed his clothes.

One item of clothing at a time, he unwrapped his beautifully muscled body, leaving her unable to take her eyes from him.

Dean watched them both. "Wow, you go for big, huh, Lis?"

Without taking her gaze from Roger as he rolled on a condom, she shrugged. "I go for both of you." Then she turned and winked at him.

He laughed, smacking his hand on her buttocks, the tingle of it filtering to her toes. "I'm glad to hear it." Then he leaned close to whisper, "I'm not so dumb that I don't know you would have chosen him over me. I'm just glad Roger didn't know it."

When he pulled away, Melissa met his gaze. "I'm not sure that's true." Although deep inside, she knew he might be right if push had come to shove. But even as she thought that, she realized she would have always felt the nagging possibility that she'd made the wrong choice.

Dean kissed her lips in a soft brush. "Thanks for lying to me."

"You're welcome," she whispered, then turned to Roger as he crawled onto the bed.

He stretched out on his back again, patting his flat stomach. "Come ride me so Dean can kiss your back."

She was more than ready to have him, had been ready forever. Rising to her knees, she climbed across him, then guided him with her fingers to her entrance. With shaking fingers, she rubbed his head across the juice she'd gathered to lubricate it, then pressed down to work him inside. "You're so big."

"All of me is big, sweetheart." He wasn't bragging, just stating the truth.

He let her bring him totally inside, before he thrust up, catching her by surprise at the top of her passage.

Steadying herself with her hands beside his head, she forced a slow, steady pace, when she sensed he wanted to race.

Then Dean began to run his fingers down her spine again. The feeling was hypnotic, and she felt herself follow his rhythm.

Dean cupped her butt in his hands, sitting on his knees to get the proper leverage.

Roger caught her hips in both his hands and helped her keep the rhythm when she faltered.

All three of them moved in time, although with Roger pulling and Dean pushing her hips, the force had her pounding down to the root of Roger's erection. An orgasm built inside her that had nothing to do with her own will. It was as if the two men were dragging her to the brink. Roger's sharp thrusts pinned her clitoris with every down stroke.

She tried to hold back, tried to take measure of her partner to see where he was in his pleasure, but there was nothing she could do. Her muscles contracted around his cock, spasming out of control so hard she cried out, the orgasm ripped from her.

"Jesus," Roger moaned. "Dammit, I'm coming."

And then he did, the force of it shooting so hard she could feel it, even with the condom on. It made her body contract in response, giving her another orgasm that left her breathless.

Crumpling onto Roger's chest, she stared at Dean where he'd collapsed beside her.

"Wow, I almost came with you two, you were so hot to watch. It's impossible to really get a hard ride when the woman is on top, but I think we made it happen between the three of us."

Below her cheek, Roger's heart still pounded. He flopped one arm across her back. "You're such a perv, Jansen."

Dean wiggled his eyebrows. “Yeah, well, we all have our talents.” Sitting up, he grinned. My turn!”

## Chapter Eight

The shower stall was big, but with the three of them inside, it wasn't *that* big. They were crushed, especially since the two men refused to touch each other, even casually.

"The only way I'm touching him is if I'm saving his life," Roger had informed her when she'd protested.

Dean had just winked, his sexy eyes twinkling with amusement.

"So what exactly are we doing here?" she asked, feeling a bit like a drowned rat in the thick spray. The shower had a bench, which Dean occupied. Roger stood crushed behind her. They were all naked, the water just shy of too hot.

"Well, I've always had this kind of crazy fantasy --"

"Uh-oh," Roger interrupted.

"Shut up, dude." Dean smiled innocently at her, making her really start to worry. "It has to do with me having sex with you standing up."

"Okay," she said, waiting for the other shoe to drop. And it was going to drop, she had no doubt.

"But instead of you being against a wall or something, I want you facing out. Roger can hold you so you don't get hurt."

She blinked. "You're kidding, right?"

"Nope. Serious as the Pope."

"Why exactly are we in the shower then?" Roger growled. "We're all going to end up on our asses."

"The fantasy takes place in the shower, that's why." Dean's face set in stubborn lines.

"Oh my God, you're such a weirdo."

"Lis, this may be our last time together." Dean was deadly serious, a side she was seeing more and more from him. "I want it to be good, so I'll have something amazing to look back on."

Melissa looked at Roger, who shrugged. "You're the one who is going for the ride. I promise I won't let you fall."

Dean ran his hand down her body, the water making it feel even better than before.

She shut her eyes for a moment, imagining what it must look like to have sex like Dean wanted. The thought made her instantly turned on, instantly wet.

"Wow, you see that?" Dean asked.

"Yep."

She opened her eyes. "See what?"

"Your nipples just beaded." Roger's face was blank, as if he was trying to control himself, but his cock hardened. Naked, there was nowhere to hide his true feelings. Each of them reacted to the other being turned on, feeding off the other's desire.

"So you'll do it?" Dean's face was so hopeful she didn't have the heart to hurt him.

"Yes." She touched Roger's arm. "Don't drop me."

"I won't."

And so, with much rearranging, they ended up with her in the middle of a hot-man sandwich. Roger against the side wall, then her facing him, then Dean. The yumminess of it

wasn't lost on her as she felt their hard erections on her stomach and butt, even if Dean's was covered with a condom.

Then they were lifting her. She gripped Roger's shoulders as he held her up, while Dean fit the head of his cock into her channel.

When he thrust into her, she moaned. She was tight, but not too tight. Roger was bigger and had loosened her up, but it was a totally different angle than any she'd ever had before.

Dean held her up under her thighs, while Roger cradled the top of her body, sneaking in for a kiss as Dean set a slow fucking pace.

It was madness. Her body was a vessel, the position pinning her so her only participation was the kiss she gave Roger.

She couldn't believe how much she liked it. But her pleasure skyrocketed when Roger's thumb rested on her clitoris, then started a slow massage.

"Oh, oh, please, oh," was all she could say.

"Don't come yet. I'm loving this too much for it to end." Dean's voice was harsh, his breathing so ragged she wondered how he still stood upright.

Roger murmured something, his tone encouraging. She couldn't make out the words.

"Jesus, she's gripping me like a glove." Dean groaned, the sound like an animal's roar.

"You do that, you know," Roger whispered from somewhere far away. "Your whole pussy tightens right before you come." His finger picked up speed. "Come now, sweetheart."

"No, not yet," Dean protested.

"Come," Roger whispered.

And listening to his voice in her ear, she did, her orgasm so strong she felt herself haul Dean with her.

They staggered, ending up in a heap on the shower floor, but she didn't have the energy to care. In fact, it felt wonderful.

\* \* \* \* \*

No one spoke as they showered, dried off, and dressed, returning to the bed.

"So now we have to decide," Dean said, breaking the worried silence.

They sat in a circle, the air thick with tension.

Melissa felt used up and exhausted, wanting to snuggle up on a couch with a warm body or two and watch a movie. It wasn't a bad feeling. In fact, she was perfectly relaxed for the first time in, well, maybe forever. Having sex with the two of them had been better than having sex with anyone else, although the list of men she'd slept with before this weekend could be counted on one hand.

"I'm in," Dean said, pulling her back into the current conversation. "I want what we just had. I want the excitement and the fun."

She and Roger remained silent. One look at him showed Melissa she wasn't the only one wavering. For reasons she couldn't figure out, the urge to talk Roger into it poked at her. She sighed at herself and rolled to her back to stare at the high, pressed-tin ceiling above.

"It's not just the sex, you know," Dean said into the silence. "We're good together as friends as well. We found each other because we're all essentially loners. I have a handful of others in my life, but that's it. I know Roger is the same."

She rolled her head to study his serious, handsome face. He wanted this ménage. He wanted them all three together. It was...bizarre.

"And judging by how quickly you became friends with us, you don't have a lot of friends either."

She didn't. When she'd broken up with Rick, she'd given up their friendships. It was as if they'd been together so long that they were married, and he'd gotten their friends in the



divorce settlement. Rick had been angry when she left him, but she just couldn't live the same boring existence with him for the rest of her life. They behaved like they were a hundred years old, watching TV almost every night, taking each other for granted.

Well, if she wanted excitement, this was it. Only it seemed like this was *too* much excitement, even if she ignored the possible ramifications at work if people knew.

As if he'd read her mind, Dean said, "No one at work would ever know. We can keep being friends in public and save our relationship for behind closed doors."

"I don't think this arrangement would work long-term." It had all the makings of a catastrophe.

"I don't think so, either," Roger said, speaking for the first time.

"So what?" Dean rolled his eyes. "We're all adults. We can handle this."

"I'm not so sure about that." Was she strong enough to have two men in her life like this? She'd always had a decent sex drive, but having two men could be more than she could handle. Beside the fact three people meant three people's problems.

"Then we try this out. We give it a month and then reevaluate. If it isn't working, we walk away."

She opened her mouth to say no, but nothing came out. A month of two hot men who both wanted her. It was every woman's secret fantasy. "I may have lost my mind, but I think I might say yes."

"If you're in for this, Melissa, then I have only one thing to add to this pact we're making." Roger touched her, his fingers brushing down her arm, making her shiver.

"What's that?" Dean asked.

"We never meet without all three of us there together. No sex without us all being there."

"That's fair." And wise, she thought. There were so many pitfalls, so many things stacked against them.

But for the first time in her life, she felt fully alive, every nerve ending tingling with anticipation. Surely that meant they had a chance?

“Then we agree.” Dean pulled her to a sitting position. “A month together.”

“A month,” Roger said.

“A month,” she agreed. She was pretty sure this was the dumbest thing she’d ever agreed to, but she just didn’t care.

Laughter built up and spilled over, excitement coursed through her veins now that she’d finally committed. Launching herself, she crashed into them, knocking them over. She hugged them tight, one in each arm.

For at least a month, they were hers. And who knew where they’d go after that?

 THE END 

## Leigh Wyndfield

Leigh Wyndfield spends her free time reading, working out (well, she did yesterday, anyway), and avoiding the prying eyes of her outrageously nosy neighbors. Unable to find romances that take place on other worlds, she started writing her own. Her books have won awards and finished in Golden Quill, the Passionate Plume, More Than Magic, the Holt Medallion, and the Dream Realm Award. Her novel, *In Ice*, was nominated by *RT Magazine* for Best Erotic Romance, won a PRISM award, and the Write Touch Readers Award!

*Romantic Times* calls her work, “Engrossing, enthralling and entrancing.”

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