

Enough!



Nicole Austin

A Nicole Austin Publication
ENOUGH Copyright © 2006 NICOLE AUSTIN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part without permission.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dear, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. They are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

Edited by TK Winters.

Cover art by Nicole Austin.

WARNING:

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit language, ménage a trois, and is meant for mature readers.

One

Runaway

“Enough!”

That one simple word summed up Christine’s state of mind in crystal clear terms. Well, at least she’d thought so. Her voice had been calm and firm, but had anyone paid attention to the weak, tired undertones, maybe they would have understood. Maybe they would have stopped before it was too late. Before she ran from the pain.

For six months she’d been pushed, shoved and driven to the absolute limits of tolerance with each disparaging remark, contemptuous glance, and glaring show of superiority. Never in a million years had she imagined what a nightmare planning her wedding would become.

Priscilla Rothschild, queen bitch of a mother-in-law to be, just couldn’t leave her alone. She’d had to make that final insult. Get in one more revolting dig before Christine walked down the aisle to marry the rude witch’s son.

Gray.

He must hate her! Christine could only imagine the devastating disgrace and humiliation he’d faced in the wake of her walking out minutes before their wedding ceremony, leaving him standing at the altar alone. The utter embarrassment of announcing to more than two hundred guests he’d been jilted by a woman they all considered to be beneath him.

She’d lost count of how many times someone had intimated she wasn’t good enough for him, and all the superior snobs who’d shown their disapproval by snubbing her with their haughty attitudes. So what does she do? She proves them to be right!

Everyone knows a secretary for a low-level executive in a small business of no true consequence doesn’t belong mingling with members of high society. A country girl from the heart of small town rural America gone uptown, doesn’t dare swim with the big fish.

Gray’s friend’s and family were never ones to be timid or shy about giving their opinions. They’d told her flat out she was out of her mind thinking she could ever be enough for the most eligible and sought after bachelor in the state. Christine had done everything she could to prove herself worthy, but they’d never given her a break.

But Gray wasn't like them. Grayson Rothschild never judged anyone by the size of their inheritance, trust fund, or bank account. Social stature didn't matter to him. He treated everyone with kindness and respect. Christine had never known a more loving man and no one had ever treated her so well. She'd always felt like his equal. Well, until she'd met his family and so-called friends anyway. They had gone out of their way to make her feel inferior.

Enough! She had wasted more than enough time rehashing the dismal events of the day in her mind. Christine took a fortifying gulp from an icy-cold margarita, then leaned back in the hot tub and let the bubbles ease the tension from her body. Steamy mist rose from the water's surface and engulfed her, giving an almost dreamy quality to the incredible view of the city. The rooftop deck, hot tub, and view were all perks of the penthouse suite.

Coming to the plush, expensive suite high above town had been a rash decision, but it was the only place she was sure no one would think to look for her. It was the perfect place to hide out and overindulge. Her fiancé had pre-paid for the night so they could relax after the wedding and not worry about flying off on their honeymoon until the next day. Someone might as well use the room.

Gray was supposed to be with her right now, holding her close while they sipped champagne delivered by the room's butler, Reginald. Had things not gone awry, Gray would be placing the sweetest kisses along her damp neck and shoulders, making love to her in the hot water under the starlit sky, and lavishing her with ecstasy beyond compare.

Everything had gone so terribly wrong!

The steam rising over the tub cocooned Christine in her own little world where she could let reality slip from her consciousness, at least for a while. She was reeling from the effects of the alcohol racing through her blood stream, making her feel somewhat tipsy and firing her imagination.

This was heaven. Money was good for some things, like buying a pleasurable escape. Leaning back against the padded lip of the tub, she closed her eyes and let her mind wander, imagining Gray was there. The bubbles caressing her skin became his fingers. She could almost feel the sensual friction created by the slight drag of skin

sliding over skin. Taste the salt and chlorine on heated flesh. Imagine the subtle differences in textures playing over her tongue as soft feminine lips met firm masculine ones.

Jets were positioned around the tub directing streams of water toward her from a multitude of angles. The most delightful were the small holes spaced out at even intervals on the bench seat a few inches from the where the seat met the tub wall. When she spread her legs, placing her heels on the edge of the seat those little holes shot a gentle pulse of water straight up between the apex of her thighs.

Mmm...very nice! The person who'd come up with the design deserved to receive the Nobel Peace Prize, in her humble opinion. Sit the powers that be in one of these tubs and they'd be so absorbed in sexual excess they couldn't possibly even think of making anything but love.

Letting her hand slide down her abdomen, Christine spread her labia open, and gasped at the glorious sensation created by the water caressing her swollen pussy lips. Rolling her hips forward the slightest fraction of an inch, the water stroked her clit with a constant, gratifying pressure, stimulating the small bud to pop out from under the shelter of its hood.

"Clit popping", was what she called things that got the bundle of nerves pulsing with gluttonous fervor.

She imagined Gray's tongue lapping at her ravenous bit of flesh and before long, she was rocking her hips. Her motions were subtle at first, but increased as jolts of pure pleasure streaked through her body. With her free hand, Christine rolled a plump, elongated nipple between her fingers.

"Yes," she moaned, relishing the fiery sensations causing her pussy to cream, clench and spasm. "Oh, Gray," she cried, spreading her folds wider, increasing the flow of water against her pulsing clit.

A sound alerted Christine to the stranger's presence before she detected his silhouette stalking toward the tub with slow, primal motions. Now limp hands dropped away from her body as she stared in shock, barely able to see the large man through the thick steam rising around her.

Anxiety, accompanied by a tingling excitement, tightened her chest and kicked up her heart rate. This was a private deck attached to the penthouse suite. How on earth had he gotten out here? How much had he seen?

The idea that he'd witnessed her self-pleasuring electrified her senses. She'd never turned the lights on in the tub, preferring to lick her wounds in the darkness. He wouldn't be able to see she was naked in the bubbling water.

The big man stopped directly across from where she sat wearing nothing save a sexy, sinful grin. "The water looks wonderful. Mind if I join you?" he asked in a deep, titillating voice that flowed over Christine like hot molasses, thick and slow.

No matter who he was, she didn't feel frightened. He seemed to belong there. It was in his confident and relaxed attitude. And, of course, Reginald was nearby, so there really was no harm in talking with the handsome man.

Letting her eyes wander in a brazen assessment, she drank in every magnificent detail. He had an aristocratic air about him. Shiny, raven black hair lay in thick, stylized layers around a strong face. His eyes were dark, mysterious pools above the elegant slash of a nose and firm, masculine lips gracing a very strong, shadowed jaw. Broad shoulders led to a sculpted chest covered with a smattering of crisp, dark hair she could well imagine running her fingers through.

So different from Gray, whose dark blond shaggy locks were in a perpetual state of disarray. Gray's blue eyes were light, and he was casual in both appearance and attitude. Still, her hunky fiancé was no less stunning than the refined man she currently studied.

Her eyes slid lower, taking in the ripples of muscle over a solid, washboard stomach. A white towel hung low over trim hips, covering the tops of thick thighs. All the delicious male flesh left exposed to her gaze held the rich, dark tones of someone who spent a lot of time outdoors in the sun. He looked like an athlete. Maybe he was like Gray, someone who enjoyed getting hot and sweaty, maybe even a little dirty.

She felt a little guilty for admiring the Adonis who stood waiting for her response, but hell, she'd have to be dead not to notice such a hot guy.

"I-um...sure," she finally stammered not knowing what else to say when her brain chose that moment to go on vacation.

Her hand slapped over her mouth, smothering a delighted gasp when he dropped the towel and stood before her magnificently, one-hundred percent stark naked.

Rising proud and powerful from a nest of dark, curly hair was a long, thick shaft of steel aimed directly at her like a weapon. The scoundrel stood there, allowing her to look her fill before easing himself into the swirling water and settling onto the bench with a deep, pleasure-filled sigh.

“Oh, yes. Wonderful!”

Come on brain, think. Say something, stupid.

“Umm, who are you, handsome?” she blurted out. *Ah, there you go. Very intelligent, hussy. Not!*

His deep, provocative chuckle heated her blood and sent a flood of hot cream streaming over swollen, pink folds.

“Ah, yes. We never did get introduced,” he said, sticking out his hand. “James Bradley Stratham the Third. JB or Jamie, to beautiful women such as you.”

Her hand surfaced and slid into his warm grasp in an automatic response. Instead of shaking, his fingers curled around hers and the charmer leaned closer, brushing a soft kiss over her knuckles, followed by the hot, wet sweep of his tongue. She felt the warm touch of that raspy tongue and firm lips everywhere. Wicked tingles spread up her arm, and through her entire body, all the way down to her toes.

“Pleased to meet you, Christine.”

Oh my. How did he know her name? Her head snapped to the side and she squinted at him, studying the surprising hunk with confusion.

“Allow me to explain. I’m sure you’ve heard of me from Priss as ‘the shiftless, liberal, good-for-nothing best friend.’ Gray would likely refer to me as a ‘carefree, roving lothario.” He watched her for a moment then added, “I jetted in from Bangkok this morning for the nuptials.”

Of course. Gray had told her so much about his best friend who liked to travel to exotic locations and romance all the local women. With everything that had happened, she’d forgotten he’d be staying in one of the rooms within the penthouse suite while in town.

Gray. Her heart stuttered just thinking about him.

“Is-um...is he okay?” she croaked in a weak voice. Tears trembled at the corners of her eyes, threatening to start an embarrassing show of waterworks. She tried to choke down the thick emotions clogging her throat. “...there was...I couldn’t...”

The floodgates opened and she couldn’t get out a single word as sorrowful sobs accompanied a mortifying display of pathetic female weakness. Before she could protest the action, Jamie had moved to her side, gathering Christine into the safety of his strong embrace, tucking her head under his chin.

Two

Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Jamie held her while she cried, letting his hands smooth over the soft, damp riot of copper curls and slim shoulders in a lame attempt at soothing Christine. It was obvious the beautiful woman had been through a hellacious experience. He offered silent support, feeling this would eventually coax the story out of her, and he needed to hear the entire tale.

He gritted his teeth against the heated rush of desire coursing through his veins. All his blood had left his brain and headed south, lengthening his rampant cock. The immediate attraction he'd felt for his friend's fiancée was becoming a raging inferno as her soft, naked curves molded delightfully against his hard, tensed muscles.

Everything about Christine seemed easy-going and unpretentious, carnal and exhilarating. She was a refreshing change from his regular crowd of shallow, spoiled, disengaged acquaintances. He sensed her tears were not a manipulation either, but a genuine show of true emotion.

Waiting until she seemed to have gotten the crying out of her system, Jamie encouraged her to unload the rest. "Tell me what happened, honey, and I'll do everything in my power to set things right."

Christine started off slow, gaining strength as she spoke. His erection deflated and shards of ice filled his veins as she related the details. Through it all, he held her close, each word further endearing her to him, securing a place in his heart.

He'd been afraid Priss, that nasty bitch, had something to do with this sweet woman's pain. Still, Jamie was shocked by the extreme machinations to which she'd stooped.

"I was so naïve to think I'd ever fit in Gray's world. Simple country girls like me don't belong eating in fancy restaurants, drinking expensive champagne, or trying to gain acceptance into the world of obscenely rich and fabulously beautiful people."

Tilting her head back, she looked up into his eyes seeming to search for understanding. "I tried so hard, did everything I could to make them like me, but none of

it mattered. They would've never welcomed me. Not in a million years," she stated with conviction.

Impotent anger rose within him when Jamie heard the details of how people he'd known all his life, friends he'd grown up with, had treated her. From the moment Gray had introduced Christine, his friends and family had set out to destroy the sweet woman.

Whenever Gray wasn't around, she'd been feasted on by bloodthirsty vultures determined to shred her to pieces. And they'd done just that. With methodical, cruel efficiency they'd torn at her until she broke and ran. He was surprised she'd been able to withstand the pressure for as long as she did.

Priss had piled on the final straw that broke the camel's back just as Christine was preparing to walk down the aisle and marry her son. Looking Christine in the eye, she'd stood there and went on and on about how she'd better not embarrass Gray or bring shame to the Rothschild name. *"Keep your uncouth, backward, redneck genes from showing or I will make you pay for the rest of your miserable days until I finally pry my precious boy from your filthy claws."*

Jamie held her closer within his protective embrace, determined to keep her safe and sheltered. Had he not known how much Gray loved her, he'd never let her go. If her story wasn't getting through to the stubborn fool, that's exactly what he'd do, claim Christine for himself.

Keeping her close, Jamie provided what comfort he could. As her story had unfolded, he'd started to understand how Gray had fallen so completely under her spell. She was an incredible, bewitching woman. Beautiful not only on the outside, but also from within.

He couldn't wait to delve into her sensualistic side. Gray had bragged at length about her hedonistic qualities. From what his friend had said, Christine was consumed with immersing herself in anything that brought pleasure, and was motivated by the desire for sensual gratification in particular.

At first he had not wanted to get involved in Gray's idea for getting her to talk, not sure if he could keep his hands to himself, but his friend needed to know why she'd walked away. Jamie remembered all too well the enticing stories he'd heard over the

past several months about their sexual adventures. Remembered how he'd wanted to partake of such delights when Gray had spoken so passionately about his future bride.

The idea of exploring a woman so open and willing to pursue her lusts was exciting. When Gray had given him permission to play if there was an attraction, his apprehension vanished and he'd been sold on the plan.

The attraction was there, big time, and he was positive it was mutual. Jamie couldn't wait to delve into the gorgeous woman's lusty side. But when she'd fallen apart in his arms, his priorities had changed. Right now all he wanted was to hear her out and possibly have a hand in bringing Gray and Christine back together. The need she stirred within him would have to wait. He'd seek out a sexual reward later.

Just the compensation of holding her was enough for now. Jamie focused his attention on her heartfelt words.

"It was one of those moments when everything clicks into place, stopping me dead in my tracks, and somewhere in my mind a little voice cried out one word... Enough. A white flag of surrender rose before my eyes and I knew the time for fighting, crying and struggling was over.

"A shudder went through me while I blinked back the tears clinging to moist eyelashes and took off my rose-colored glasses. I finally realized I couldn't continue down that path, destined to spend the rest of my life hoping for change to miraculously occur. Praying for my happy ending to appear around the next bend or past the next obstacle set in my way."

She talked about riding in a dirty, stinky taxi and realizing not one of those holier-than-thou snobs were perfect and neither was she. It was okay if they didn't like her or approve of who she was as long as she stayed true to herself.

"I found a measure of peace with the acknowledgement that everything isn't about me." She shook her head, a self-deprecating look crossing her expression. "I'd been acting like a mushroom, letting myself be kept in the dark and fed a bunch of bullshit about who and what I should be, served up by people I don't even like.

"Can you believe I let Priscilla talk me into attending classes designed to teach me how to behave in proper society?" Christine asked in an incredulous tone. "And I let her push me into wearing a scratchy, lacy wedding gown I hated. It was so not my style."

“That bastard,” Jamie cursed. “How could he stand by and watch this without putting a stop to the insanity?”

Cupping his cheek in the soft curve of her hand, Christine blew him away with her selfless compassion.

“Gray had no idea what they put me through. I kept all the hurt bottled up inside, not wanting him to know what a failure I was.” A small measure of serenity began to replace the hurt in her blue eyes and a brilliant light started to shine from within.

“I love Gray with all my heart, but I couldn’t walk down that aisle and marry him with all this crap intruding on our relationship. I won’t have my marriage be based on what other people expect it to be, or let them demand that our love meet their terms.”

She chuckled, easing the impact of the strong emotions just a bit. “I deserve to be loved and respected for who I am. While I won’t settle for less, I’m willing to work toward making it happen.” She admitted she’d approached things wrong, detailing her plan to never settle. To be courageous enough to take a stand, living her life the best way she knew how.

Jamie was awed. Christine had no idea what strength and bravery she’d shown by walking away. If Gray wasn’t man enough to hold onto her, he might just make a play for her love himself.

Three

Oh What a Night

Sitting in the darkness, Gray shivered. Every fine hair on his body stood on edge as he listened to the woman he loved more than life describe the horror she'd faced because of him. Each word cut into him, eating away at the pain of what he'd presumed to be her betrayal.

He was big enough to acknowledge the stab of jealousy he'd felt when she accepted the comfort Jamie offered. Watching his friend holding her had hurt...bad. Yet he'd set this up to happen. And he knew Jamie well, recognizing from his voice that Christine had won his heart. The jealousy fled, replaced with the desperate need to give her all the pleasure she could handle, taking away some of the pain.

Moving out of the shadows, he walked toward his future, grabbing hold with both hands and vowing to give Christine the happiest life possible. Jamie knew he'd been there all along, just like they'd arranged, so he wasn't surprised by his appearance. Christine, however, shot to her feet when she heard his voice.

"I'm so sorry, baby. I've walked around with blinders on, letting everyone trample you into the ground when I should've been ensuring your happiness. Can you ever forgive me?" he asked.

She remained quiet, watching as he began stripping out of his wrinkled tux. "If you'll let me, I'll make it up to you."

He nodded toward his friend as a plan formed in his mind. "Jamie here will help me, because that's what friends are for." He made brief eye contact with Jamie, sharing a silent communication of agreement, before continuing. Gray wanted the pleasure of watching her beautiful body being stimulated by Jamie.

"The two of us are going to spread you wide and bring you one orgasm after another until you beg for mercy. We're going to make love to you every way possible. Nothing will be neglected. Not your pouty mouth, luscious tits, pretty pussy, or even your tight little ass."

Gray kept his eyes locked on hers, relishing the disappearance of the hurt as it was replaced with smoldering desire. "Tomorrow, we're going to fly to Vegas and get

married. After that, I'm going to spend the rest of my life making sure you feel loved and getting the respect you deserve."

Piece by piece, he dropped the elegant clothing to the damp deck.

Jamie stood, moving in behind Christine, holding her close. "I'd be honored to help in any way I can," he breathed against her neck. She shivered in response.

Stepping down onto the bench seat, Gray asked "What'll it be, Christine? Will you let us share you, my sweet hussy? Allow us to love that sumptuous body?"

"Gray," she whimpered as Jamie's tanned hands slid around her waist, over her ribcage, and came to a rest cupping her full breasts. The bottom of the full curves rested in his palms, and his fingers splayed over the creamy flesh, nipples poking out from between. They created a very erotic image the way they stood together, bodies fused in a tight clench.

Moving all the way into the tub, he stalked toward her, a predatory gleam shining in his blue eyes. She read something raw and dark in his gaze, a need beyond just sex.

"I think she's shocked speechless," Gray stated, the sexy timbre of his voice stroking over them.

"Mmm...that's okay. Verbal conversation is highly overrated," Jamie teased. "I prefer less talk and more action."

Gray closed in on her, sandwiching Christine between them. It felt like she was pressed between two walls of heated, solid rock. Very nice! She could get used to being surrounded by breathtaking male flesh, delighting in their rich, masculine scents.

"Yes...to everything. I adore Vegas, but I won't wear that awful dress. And I would love to be shared by the two of you," she finished in a breathless whisper.

Both men were hot, hard and beautiful. She could feel Jamie's erection pressing between the cheeks of her ass, molded into the crevice, while Gray's shaft nuzzled against her abdomen. Her breasts felt swollen and heavy, caged within Jamie's big, warm hands. She burned for them, for the hedonistic delight of being taken by two gorgeous men.

"I love you," Gray said, then slanted his mouth over hers, drawing Christine into a bone-melting kiss. Opening for him, she sucked Gray's tongue into her mouth, moaning into the kiss as he made love to her mouth.

Jamie occupied himself by licking and nibbling a scorching trail down the long column of her neck, and pinching her nipples between his thick fingers.

On one hand, she wanted to draw out the experience, savor every moment. On the other, she was not into tender, easy loving. Christine wanted her two lovers to be raw and primal, out of control. She wanted deep and hard, blistering sensations penetrating her very soul.

Breaking off the kiss, she performed a salacious wiggle, rolling their cocks against her skin. "I want those big cocks in me, boys, so quit dicking around."

A wicked grin filled with pure sin formed on Gray's lips. Wanting to ensure she attained as much pleasure from their ménage as possible, he handed over control to her. "Ah, now there's the shameless hussy I know and love. Tell us what you want, baby. This is all about you."

Oh, the endless potential she'd just been handed by her wonderful man. He'd given her the keys to the candy shop. Gray was well aware how much she loved sex, indulging in gratification of the flesh, gorging herself on a sensual feast. There were so many ways she wanted to be taken by the two hunks, but Christine had a very definite fantasy in mind to be fulfilled.

Dropping her voice to a deep, lascivious tone, she revealed exactly what would satisfy her desires. "I want Jamie sitting on the edge of the tub so he can fuck my mouth with that delicious looking cock. Gray, I want you behind me, sexy. I want you slamming your big cock into my pussy."

Anticipation surged through her, sending skittering sensations over her skin, raising goose flesh and fine hairs. She watched the men position themselves as she'd directed, eager to fulfill her desires. Christine slid her tongue on a slow journey over her lips, wetting the soft flesh and captivating Jamie's attention, allowing her hunger for the first taste to stoke her appetite into an insatiable craving.

Opening herself to the full experience, she immersed her senses in every delightful sight, lusty sound, heady scent, delicious taste, compelling texture, and raging emotion.

The moon cast Jamie's muscles in shadow and light. She moved to stand before him and leaned forward to place her hands on his muscular thighs. Their lips met with a

light brush. She licked the seam of his full mouth, thrusting her tongue inside when his lips parted.

Gray's hands slid down the ladder of her spine and spread over her ass. He took a moment to massage the full cheeks before letting his fingers slip down to her pussy, delving into her thick cream, testing her readiness.

"God, I love how you're always so hot and wet," he praised.

"Mmm," she moaned into Jamie's mouth before pulling back. "So what are you waiting for, hot stuff. Fuck me," she demanded.

Not waiting for Gray to begin, she lowered her head toward Jamie's groin. She fisted the base of his shaft in her damp hand, moaning when her fingers didn't quite meet. Taking a deep breath, she let his musky male scent permeate her senses, then stuck out her tongue and delved into the narrow slit. The salty and somewhat spicy flavor of his cum exploded in her mouth.

Each wiggle of her tongue drew out more of his delicious fluids, along with some deep moans. Christine showered the spongy head of his cock with kisses, licks and nibbles as she explored. Opening wide, she sucked a few inches into her mouth just as Gray's broad crown nudged at her pussy. She gave him greater access by spreading her legs wider and rolling her hips to raise her rear end a bit.

Gray pushed forward until his crown breached her entrance. His hands grasped her hips, holding her firmly in place, thrusting forward until his balls slapped against her clit. Her sensitive tissues stretched around the thick invasion, and then closed tight against his length.

She sucked Jamie's silk over steel shaft deeper into her mouth, twirling her tongue around his hot flesh, reveling in every sensation.

It was all so much, the reality so much better than anything she'd ever imagined. Overwhelming feelings assaulted Christine from every front as the two gorgeous men gave her everything, asking for nothing but her enjoyment, seeking to provide every indulgence.

Sucking with an avaricious need, she hollowed out her cheeks, working to draw out every drop of Jamie's hot fluid. His cock swelled, and he shouted out his release as she swallowed the head of his cock, his cum shooting down her throat.

An ecstasy unlike anything she'd ever known flowed through every fiber of her being, turning her blood to molten lava coursing through her veins, igniting carnivorous fires within her soul.

She rocketed into the heavens on out-of-control delights, her body tightening, rushing toward a blinding orgasm. She rode the blissful rush with them, screaming in a hoarse, broken voice full of raw, elated passion.

Gray shafted into her hard and fast, the powerful strokes slamming her against Jamie. His hands clenched into her hips as their sweat slicked bodies slapped together. The buildup pulsing behind his balls tightened the firm sacs, signaling his imminent release.

He filled her quivering pussy with hot cum then every inch of hard, muscled body, heavy from climax, melded against her back. Jamie supported the two of them as they panted for breath, struggling to recover from such earth shattering pleasure.

When he could finally stand, Gray drew Christine into his arms, crushing the breath right out of her lungs. Uncontrollable shaking racked his body and unfamiliar emotions assaulted his heart in a confusing jumble. He felt possessive, yet basked in the pure male satisfaction from the two of them overwhelming her with bliss beyond compare.

He carried her into the penthouse and straight to the huge bed dominating the master bedroom. Jamie procured a chilled bottle of champagne from Reginald, and joined them, tentative in his approach at first. Once Gray shot him an accepting grin, he seemed to relax.

Together, they dribbled the cold, bubbly liquid over Christine's luscious body, relishing the task of sipping the dry beverage. The three of them spent the night indulging every desire, fulfilling every need, until falling asleep in a tangled, sated heap.

Late in the morning, Reginald served them breakfast in bed, seemingly undisturbed by the three of them lounging naked beneath the covers.

Jamie accompanied them to Vegas for the wedding, sharing in their joy and love until wandering off to find own action, knowing that with the reciting of their vows the wanton sharing had come to an end.

About the author

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach, sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book, but started looking for something more. Something hotter.

A passion for erotic romance led to Nicole's creation of sizzling characters and boundary pushing stories. Now she lives in an incredible world where fantasy comes to life in bold, vivid detail. Well, until real life intrudes and she has to share the computer with the rest of the family.

Learn more about Nicole Austin at: www.nicoleaustin.net

Or send an email to: nicoleaustin1@hotmail.com Nic loves to hear from readers!