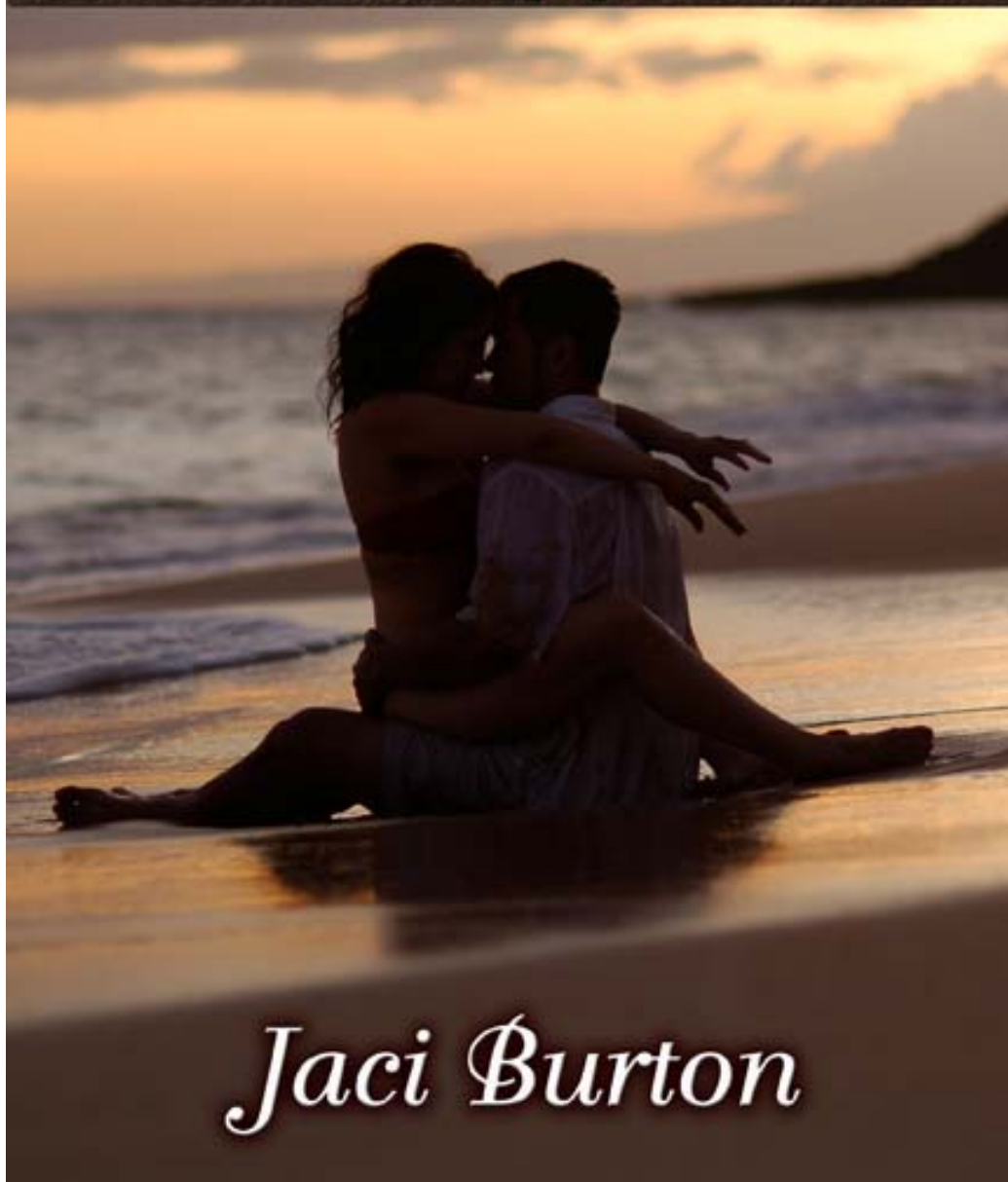


SAMHAIN publishing, Ltd

Unwrapped



Jaci Burton

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Jaci Burton

Dedication

To Angie— As always, thank you for being open minded, patient and such a great editor. I love working with you.

And to Charlie, for all the obvious reasons. I love you.

Chapter One

The weekend before Christmas, and Amy Parker was going to spend it in Hawaii. How utterly romantic. Warm sands, miles of breathtaking ocean, fragrant flowers, the place of romance.

Though romance wouldn't be on her radar this weekend. She was going to be there for her job, not love. Work was her love, her romance.

How utterly dull—but necessary, if she was going to become senior partner at the firm. Work had to come first. It always had.

Amy stretched, stifling a yawn. She cast a quick glance over at Justin Garrett, her traveling companion and associate at the law firm. He'd been sound asleep and snoring for hours, his long legs stretched out, his head leaning against the side wall of the plane, arms crossed over his chest. Oh why not? It was just the two of them on the corporate jet. Not like he was bothering anyone. Except her. How the hell could he sleep when there was so much work to do?

She knew how. He'd let her do all the work while he dozed almost the entire five hour flight from Los Angeles to Maui. After giving her no more than a half hour of his attention while they worked on contracts, he'd told her they could do the rest when they landed. He thought they were prepared and accused her of overthinking. Then again, he always did that to her.

Then he'd gone to sleep, while she'd spent the better part of two and a half hours making sure all the legal documents were ready, that they hadn't missed any of the important items, and setting the agenda for their meeting with their client, Mitch Magruder. They'd worked months on the divestiture of one of Mitch's companies to a national sporting goods chain, and they needed to finalize this before year end. Mitch was on a tight schedule, which was why they were on a plane headed to Hawaii right before Christmas. She'd allow nothing to screw this up, including the man who slept next to her.

Slept next to her. When was the last time a man actually slept next to her? Too long to remember. Her sex ached with the need to be touched, to be filled with a hot cock. She blew out a sigh, aware she'd had to give up a lot in order to push her way into a partnership with the firm. Sex and relationships were a big one to sacrifice, but she'd done fine on her own. Besides, vibrators made no demands on her time. They were always ready and willing when she was and asked nothing in return.

She should have bought herself a new vibe for a Christmas gift.

She snorted, then took a quick glance over at Justin and shook her head, realizing that her laugh wouldn't have awakened him. That man could sleep anywhere. She'd worked enough projects with him over the past three years to know him inside and out. At twenty-eight, he was the firm's brightest young star. He'd hit the ground running and had already brought in a ton of new clients for McKenzie and Shoals Law Firm. David McKenzie, the managing partner at the firm, had told the rest of them they should model their work ethic after Justin.

So typical. She'd been working her ass off at the firm for eight years now. She was thirty-three years old, a junior partner, and all she heard about these days was Justin, Justin, Justin.

Not that she was jealous. She was just as good...no, better than Justin Garrett. The firm was just stingy about awarding partnerships. Hell, it had taken her five years to make junior partner, her next goal in sight becoming a senior partner. And she knew damn well that McKenzie was looking to promote Justin to a junior partner this year.

Not that she cared. She didn't feel threatened in the least that he was their new golden boy. If things went well in this acquisition, she anticipated making senior partner by the end of the year. And nobody, especially Justin, would stop her.

She was Justin's superior. She'd caught his sideways glances at her, the sexual hunger lurking in his always aware, warm eyes. God knows she'd spent enough years getting hit on by young attorneys to know better than to let anyone's roaming eye catch hers. That's why she never, ever mixed business with pleasure.

Though if she was going to, Justin would be the one she'd do it with. There was something so inherently male and animalistic about him. He was like a predator, and she'd always enjoyed being prey. If they weren't connected by work she'd give serious consideration to having a hot sexual fling with him, even if he was five years younger than her.

In fact, if she didn't loathe his business tactics and smart ass personality so much, she could easily fall in love with someone like him. Fiercely intelligent, Harvard law graduate, Justin was a go-getter with charm and an easy going personality, and his looks would make any woman melt. Tall, lean muscled, he definitely worked out and it showed. Jet black hair and the sexiest whiskey eyes that revealed every one of his naughty thoughts.

Wouldn't he be shocked to know her thoughts? Everyone saw her as the uptight ice queen of the firm. Cold, calculating and all about business.

If only things were different. If only she could let go, she might entertain a few of her wayward thoughts. But in business that spelled ruin, so she closely guarded her fantasies and real desires under her perfectly designed bitchy demeanor. It served her well.

But underneath she was seething with needs too long left unexplored. Her list of fantasies was long and detailed, but there was one she wanted more than anything. The likelihood of it happening was pretty damned slim given her current work and personal life.

Ha! What personal life? She hadn't even had an orgasm in three days. They'd been working nonstop on the acquisition and by the time she got home at night she fell into bed, too exhausted to even take a few minutes for a quick climax.

Glancing again at Justin, she wondered what he'd think if she pulled her panties off and masturbated right there next to him. The thought alone had her wet and throbbing. She shifted uncomfortably in the roomy seat, wishing she was by herself so she could get off. It wouldn't take long. Her nipples were already taut and tingling against her silk bra,

the satiny fabric like a lover's caress against the aching buds. Heat pooled low in her belly, warming her sex with a low but very insistent flame.

The logical voice inside her head told her to slip into the bathroom and take care of her problem. The risky, wanton sex goddess inside her told her to pull a blanket over her lap, slip her panties off and make herself come right there in front of Justin.

No. God, no, she couldn't do that. What if he woke up and caught her? She'd be mortified, and probably fired once word got out that she was some kind of sick sexual deviant who not only masturbated in public but in front of a coworker.

Then again, she'd been typing like mad on the laptop, talking on the phone and mumbling to herself the entire time, and he hadn't budged an inch. He was probably one of those guys who entered a coma when he slept and nothing short of a bomb going off would wake him.

Fantasy and excitement won out over logic and caution. She reached for the blanket tucked into the side of her seat and covered the lower half of her body. Slipping off her heels, she kept one eye on Justin while she reached under her skirt. Her clit throbbed, tightening into a ball of aroused nerve endings when her fingers met the crotch of her panties.

Soaked. She was drenched with moisture already. She could probably strum her clit over her panties and come hard and fast. Yet that wicked part of her wanted her sex exposed, excited by the idea of being caught half-naked under the covers. Lifting her hips, she grabbed the side of her panties and pulled them aside.

Keeping a wary eye on Justin, she picked up a book and opened it with one hand, so if he woke she could at least look like she was doing something. She used her other hand to draw her skirt up her thighs and spread her legs apart, cool air wafting over her heated pussy.

This was so wrong, so...naughty. It turned her on.

Inching her hand between her legs, she cupped her pussy, pressing the heel of her hand against her mound and sliding her fingers over her swollen slit and dipping them between her pussy lips. She bit down on her bottom lip to stifle the groan of pure ecstasy.

Her sex was on fire, the need great as her clit throbbed and burned arousal deep in her womb.

Pressure built and skyrocketed fast as she kept her gaze trained on Justin. He hadn't moved at all. She took the opportunity to admire the fullness of his lips. Now that mouth could do amazing things to a woman's body. Her pussy spasmed at the vision of his lips covering her clit and sucking the bud until she screamed. Her gaze traveled down to his hands. Long, thick fingers she could already feel buried deep in her cunt. She drove her own fingers hard inside her pussy, feeling it grip them tight as if grasping for a lifeline against the wash of pleasure drowning her.

Unable to resist, she studied the crotch of his jeans, spying the telltale bulge pressing against the denim. She grinned. He had a hard-on. She wondered what he was dreaming about?

What if he woke right now? Would he brush her hand out of the way and lean over the seat to press his mouth against her aching sex? She lifted her hips just thinking about offering her pussy to his delectable lips so he could feast on her until she came against his mouth.

She was close. So very close. Biting back the whimpers threatening to escape her throat, she focused on the touch of her fingers, withdrawing them to paint creamy juices over her clit, strumming it rapidly with her palm, drawing ever closer to that moment. Soon, so soon, almost there...

...now! Oh, yes, she was coming! The silent scream tore through her mind as she fought to keep from thrashing around the chair in the throes of a blindsiding orgasm. She let the book fall into her chair and gripped the arm of the seat tight, riding out the waves of her climax until she felt so lightheaded she remembered to breathe again.

The sound of her panting breaths was the only thing she heard beyond the quiet droning of the engines. Shuddering, she forced great gulps of oxygen into her lungs, desperately wishing she could strip naked and straddle Justin's hard cock.

But that wasn't to be. That wasn't the person she wanted him to see. Instead, she smoothed her skirt down and headed for the bathroom to clean up, thankful that at least she'd gotten through it without Justin waking up.

Wouldn't that have been an eye opener for him. What would he have thought if he'd caught her?

She shuddered at the thought. He'd probably think she was a depraved pervert, and then he'd tell everyone at the firm.

As she shut and locked the bathroom door, she stared at her expression in the mirror. Her face was flushed, her bottom lip reddened from the force of biting down on it.

You've got to be more careful in the future, Amy. These fantasies of yours are going to be your downfall some day.

Much better if Justin continued to think of her as cold and unapproachable. She'd make sure he never discovered that underneath her staid, icy exterior burned the heart and libido of a wild woman. A wild woman with some pretty bold fantasies.

Justin finally exhaled when Amy closed the door to the restroom.

Holy shit! His cock was so hard he could beat it with a hammer and it wouldn't faze him. His balls were drawn tight against his body and ached for release. He was ready to explode.

Amy had surprised him. No, that wasn't even close. She'd shocked the hell out of him.

When he'd inadvertently viewed her email on her business laptop the other night, he laughed it off, thinking it couldn't be true. No way could staid, buttoned-up Amy Parker have a hot fantasy like that. He'd dismissed it as some bullshit conversation she'd had with her best friend.

But the idea had stayed with him and refused to go away. By the time they boarded the plane, he'd had a tentative plan worked out in his mind. After what he'd just witnessed, he was more convinced than ever that she was hiding some wicked, nasty little desires.

And he intended to be the man to make those desires a reality.

He winced and adjusted his crotch. The scent of her arousal still filled the air. It would take a long time to forget the sounds of her movements, the wet sucking noises her fingers fucking her pussy had made and the visuals those sounds had created in his mind.

It was all he could do not to slide his hand under her blanket and take over for her. He wished his tongue had been buried deep in her mouth, eyes wide open, watching her face as she went over the edge.

So far, this trip was going much better than he'd hoped. The other night when they were putting the final touches on the acquisition papers, she'd grumbled about him doing his part and pointed to her laptop, then left to grab a bite to eat.

So he'd sat at her desk and clicked on what he'd thought was the legal file. When he went looking for an attachment to go with it, he clicked on her email, figuring it was there. Instead, he wound up picking his tongue off the floor when what popped up was an email she'd been writing to her friend, Gloria. It was an accident, one he knew she'd kill him for if she discovered he'd read it. He really meant to close it as soon as he realized the mistake, but that first line...hell, who could have or would have stopped after reading that?

He still remembered every word of it. Not the short reply from her girlfriend, Gloria, but the original email Amy had sent her that had trailed the bottom of Gloria's reply:

Give me a break, Gloria! Just who the hell am I going to have a ménage with? Vibrator A and Vibrator B?

I wish. I just don't have time to meet men. And the ones I do meet I work with. I certainly can't fuck one guy I work with, let alone two.

That's the bad thing about making your job your life. I have no dates, no relationships, and the only guy I want to fuck is five years younger than me and I work with him! Besides, he's an arrogant prick. He just so happens to be an arrogant prick with a devilish smile, hot whiskey eyes and a body I want to lick from top to bottom.

**Sigh* I really need to get laid. Hell, at this point one guy would be good enough.*

*I'll work on having two at a time someday. When I'm eighty or so. *snicker**

Let's have drinks tomorrow night before I leave for Hawaii. How about eight at McConnell's Pub?

Love you!

Amy

He'd known right away she was talking about him. They'd been sparring ever since he started working for the firm. She resented the fact he'd climbed the corporate ladder faster than her, but he never understood her animosity or feeling of competitiveness with him. She was damned brilliant. Law degree from Stanford, top of her game in the legal field. In spite of her tough bitch attitude, she'd taught him a lot. Now was his chance to be the teacher.

From the first time he'd seen her strolling down the hall, he'd wanted her. Her auburn hair had been pinned tightly in a respectable upsweep, her conservative black suit falling all the way to her knees. She exuded the persona of cold, impersonal lawyer.

But her eyes gave her away. They oozed passion and desire. The way she looked at him sometimes, like she was so hot to fuck him, made him wonder what was on her mind. Sometimes it took sheer mind over matter to keep his dick from tenting against his suit coat.

Like the episode in the plane just now. He wondered who she'd been thinking about when she masturbated. Since she mentioned him in her note to her friend, had she been thinking about him? Was she thinking about her fantasy ménage? And if so, who were the two guys?

He jammed his fingers through his hair and stared out the window. Too much thinking made him crazy. Hell, *she* made him crazy! And she'd been doing it for years, acting like she couldn't stand the sight of him while at the same time shooting him surreptitious glances that revealed a desperate sexual hunger.

Despite her possible desire for him, he'd kept his distance. Since he wasn't certain she really wanted him, he didn't want to risk a potential sexual harassment suit as a way

for her to get rid of him. Besides, he didn't want to slide her panties off and fuck her until she screamed because she was a way to advancement at the firm.

He didn't need her help for that. No, he wanted Amy for an entirely different reason altogether.

She was smart, beautiful and obviously dying for some really hot sex. And because she kept herself as busy as she did, he knew the really hot sex department was suffering.

But he had a fix. He'd just have to convince her that he could give her what she needed and that he had no ulterior motives in doing so.

He looked up at the sound of the bathroom door. Their gazes met and she paused, her eyes widening for a fraction of a second before her cool, professional face settled back into place. She slipped into her seat and glared at him.

"Nice nap?" she asked, disdain in her tone.

"Yeah. Had some wicked hot dreams, too."

He caught the telltale blush on her cheeks as she shot him an icy glare. "Spare me the gory details and take a look at these documents I worked on while you were having your long nap."

She pushed the laptop toward him and shuffled through her briefcase, effectively ignoring him.

He grinned, opened the document and scanned it quickly. Of course everything was in order. Amy never made mistakes. She'd long ago perfected a competent, don't-fuck-with-me attitude.

That was about to change, because he was definitely going to start fucking with her.

The Magruder Sports Company wasn't the only thing that was about to be acquired in Hawaii.

Justin had an acquisition of an entirely different sort in mind.

Chapter Two

Amy waited outside her bungalow for Justin. Since his room was next door, he'd told her they could meet before heading to the main hotel for dinner with Mitch.

They'd been assigned adjoining bungalows instead of rooms in the main hotel. The bungalows were spacious and right near the edge of the beach. The setting sun shimmered over the water, casting it a glittering gold. A handful of swimmers still hung out on the beach to catch the last rays of sun.

What a great place to spend the Christmas holidays. If only she was on vacation.

Instead of enjoying the water, she'd spent the afternoon at the resort gift shop, buying new clothes. She took a quick glance at her red and yellow flowery sundress, feeling a bit too casual for a business dinner. But Mitch had insisted they wear casual clothes instead of business suits. And he was right. It was entirely too warm for anything else but minimal clothing and she hadn't had time to shop before they'd left Los Angeles.

"Well, that's a new look for you."

She turned at the sound of Justin's voice, as always, a small hitch interrupting her normal breathing pattern whenever she looked at him. Typically he wore business suits, but today was different. Much different. The white tank top and royal blue shorts showed off his tanned, well-muscled arms and legs. Way more than she'd ever seen of him, making her wonder how it would feel to slide her hands under his shirt and palm his chest. Shaking off thoughts of moving her hands even lower on his sculpted body, she asked, "You're really wearing *that* to a business dinner?"

He grinned, showing off straight, white teeth that seemed even whiter against his dark skin. He must have been out in the sun today. "I've known Mitch for a lot of years. Trust me, he'll be wearing the same thing. And you," he added, tilting his head and perusing her skimpy sundress, "look damn hot in that dress. Quite a departure from your typical buttoned-up look."

Ignoring his comment as well as the internal heat shooting through her nerve endings, she said, “Shall we go?”

He nodded and stepped beside her as they made their way along the walkway leading to the main hotel. The Royal Surfer Hotel was a sprawling resort with twin white towers curved toward each other. They passed three swimming pools on their way into the main entrance, all filled with laughing children and very relaxed looking adults.

Along with his sporting good interests, Mitch owned this hotel as well as a few others on neighboring islands. His decision to concentrate on the hotel business was the reason they were meeting to finalize the divestiture of Magruder Sports.

The scent of gardenias filled the air around her and she inhaled, enjoying the smell of fresh, clean air. You didn’t dare take too deep a breath in Los Angeles, otherwise you might choke on the smog.

This, on the other hand, was paradise. She might not be on vacation, but she still intended to enjoy every moment of her visit to Maui.

The lobby of the hotel was pristine, decorated in white marble and pale, whitewashed wood interspersed with flowering tropical plants and waterfalls.

Mitch was waiting for them by the dolphin waterfall. As always, Amy felt a pure rush of feminine appreciation when she saw him. At forty-two, he had the body of a man fifteen years younger, no doubt due to the time he spent surfing. The only evidence of his age was a slight graying at the temples. Otherwise, his hair was still a rich, midnight black, his face darkly tanned from years in the sun, and his eyes such a vivid, turquoise blue any woman looking at him would do a double take.

“Hey, gorgeous,” he said, kissing her on the cheek. “Glad you took my clothing suggestions seriously.”

She smiled. “I always do what a client asks.”

Mitch arched a brow, his gaze flitting quickly to Justin, who grinned and shook Mitch’s hand. “Hey, buddy. Long time. Sorry I missed the last meeting, but I was finalizing another case.”

Mitch shook his head and motioned them toward a long breezeway. “You’re always too busy, Justin. You should still be here working for me here in the tropics instead of that overpopulated plastic Los Angeles.”

Justin laughed. “You didn’t need my help back then. Besides, you already had an army of attorneys. How the hell was I supposed to shine in that crowd of sharks?”

“Still out to be number one, huh?”

“You know me.”

“Yeah, I do. And it suits you. Though I still think you should come work for me again.”

As always, Amy felt like an unwanted third whenever she and Justin met with Mitch. Justin had apprenticed for the legal department of one of Mitch’s corporations while in college before coming to work for McKenzie and Shoals. They were close, almost like brothers, even though they weren’t close in age. But their easy, relaxed camaraderie was always a bit disconcerting. She wasn’t used to sitting back and being quiet. That wasn’t her style at all.

The Tiki Lounge stood high on a deck overlooking the ocean. The swirling breeze provided a cooling respite from the humidity as they walked outside and were seated at a table cornering the outdoor restaurant.

“Mai Tais,” Mitch announced to the waitress, holding up three fingers before turning his attention on Amy. “Hope you don’t mind eating here. I hate being stuck inside the offices or the suite. Nothing like fresh air and a Hawaiian sunset to relax after a hard day. Besides, if I know you, you haven’t been outside much yet.”

“I spent the afternoon at the gift shop.”

“There’s a surprise,” Justin said. “I thought you’d spend it working.”

If she hadn’t needed clothes, she would have. “I’ll work later tonight.”

Their drinks arrived and when Amy took a sip, she grinned at the tangy, fruity flavor. “Oh, this is good.” She’d always been a sucker for a sweet drink. It was like having a forbidden dessert.

Their business was discussed over drinks, all the last minute details ironed out. They had only to go over the documents tomorrow to finalize everything and make arrangements for the transfer of assets to complete the deal.

Amy spied a couple strolling along the water's edge, the woman wearing a simple white shift, a row of flowers in her hair. She held a bouquet. The man had on a white linen suit.

"Newlyweds," Mitch said with a grin. "Lots of people come here to get married. You'll see a ton of them."

Amy nodded. "Uh-huh." She really should have bought a new vibrator.

"Hawaii is all about sex and romance, you know," Mitch said. "Must be something in the air."

Amy shifted and squeezed her legs together, determined to quell the throbbing of her clit. She would *not* think about sex. "So, Mitch, are you satisfied with the arrangements for the acquisition?"

Mitch laid his hand over hers. "Amy, relax. The acquisition is fine. There's nothing left to do but paperwork." He gave her fingers a light squeeze. "You really need to let loose and enjoy yourself, breathe in the Hawaiian air, have another Mai Tai."

Let loose? "Mitch, I appreciate the sentiment, really. But Justin and I are here to work. For you. We're not on vacation."

"There's not much paperwork left to do except going over the finer details and making sure everything's signed," Justin said. "Mitch is right, Amy. Have fun while you're here and relax."

Easy for him to say. He took everything lightly, as if he didn't have a care in the world. Amy was serious about her job, her career, advancing up the corporate ladder. This acquisition had to go down perfectly.

"Don't you ever unwind?"

"Of course I do."

Mitch leaned back in his chair. "Really. And what do you do for fun?"

"I work out at the gym."

Justin snorted. Amy shot him a glare.

“That’s relaxing to you?” Mitch asked.

“It releases the tension and keeps me in shape.”

“Well, there’s no doubt you’re in shape, but there are much better ways to release tension.”

Oh, God. She didn’t even want to think of all the “better” ways she could release tension, and she wasn’t about to discuss the other ways she released, especially in the privacy of her bedroom. And she especially didn’t want to start thinking about said release while in the company of two very sexy men. Her fantasies were vivid enough without sending her mind into overdrive.

She took a long swallow of her drink. It was sweet, so she took another, quenching her thirst until the glass was empty. At least one of her thirsts, anyway. Mitch signaled the waitress and in short order she had another full drink. Yummy.

“Damn, Mitch, I should have never left your side,” Justin said, tipping his glass toward him. “You’ve made one hell of a life for yourself.”

“Thanks. So much a life that I have to unload some of the business side of it so I have a chance to enjoy a few of the fruits of all the years of labor.”

“That’s why you have us,” Amy said. “To help you divest some of your hard work. It’s time for *you* to relax a little and unburden yourself.”

Mitch laughed. “I’m hardly ready to head out to pasture yet, Amy.”

Amy sat straight in her chair, realizing her blunder. “Oh. Of course not. That’s not what I meant at all. I mean, for someone your age you’re in phenomenal shape. Most guys half your age don’t look as good as you.”

She realized she was babbling, and in a really inappropriate way. Why didn’t she just crawl into his lap, lick him all over and just complete the humiliation?

Her cheeks flushed hot, her eyes widened, and Mitch grinned.

Jesus, could he read her mind?

“I’m sorry,” she said. “Long flight, not much sleep and...what’s in these drinks anyway?” She pushed the offending cocktail to the center of the table.

Mitch pushed it back in front of her. “Amy, chill. I’m the last person to be insulted. I want you and Justin to have a good time here. I’m a pretty laid back kind of guy. You can say, or do, anything you want.”

He wasn’t helping by saying things like that.

“Now that’s a tempting offer,” Justin said, slanting his gaze to Amy. “And Mitch is right, Amy. You do need to unwind.”

Amy’s gaze shifted back and forth between Justin and Mitch, and her fruity-drink-addled brain went foggy.

Oh, yeah. That could be fun and a fantasy come true. Sexy, forbidden Justin, the man who’d fueled her fantasies for years, and rugged, outdoorsy Mitch, older, experienced...

“It’s hot out here,” she mumbled. “And I should get some food into my empty stomach to counteract the effects of these cocktails.”

“Oh I don’t know,” Justin said. “I kind of like you loosened up and under the effects of alcohol.”

The warmth of Justin’s gaze was unnerving. She fought it by using her normal antagonistic attitude, her only armor against him. “You would. Wouldn’t it advance your agenda?”

Normally Justin would tell her that his interests were purely professional. This time, he leaned across the table. She took a deep breath and inhaled the fresh, just-showered scent of him.

“Actually, I do have an agenda where you’re concerned, Amy. But it has nothing to do with business.”

Before she could react to that bold statement, Mitch laid his hand on her forearm, and she dragged her shocked gaze away from Justin.

“It’s not hot out here, Amy,” Mitch said. “There’s a cool breeze coming off the water. I think it’s just you.”

Amy stared straight into Mitch’s piercing blue eyes, and melted.

Between the two of them, she was going insane. Cool breeze, hell. She’d like to crawl onto cool sheets, naked. With both of them.

She was in so much trouble. And it had nothing to do with the cocktails.

Chapter Three

Justin fought back a grin. Amy was definitely wavering, and he didn't think it was entirely due to the alcohol.

Damn, she looked beautiful with her hair down, the breeze blowing the strands away from her face. Moonlight glowed on her bare shoulders, and he wanted to press his lips to them, work his mouth from there to her neck, then everywhere else. He'd bet she'd taste like strawberries. Every time she walked by him she smelled like strawberries.

She may act like the no-nonsense, straight-laced corporate professional, but she smelled damn edible and she was driving him crazy, because she had everything he wanted in a woman—intelligence, independence, beauty and she knew exactly what she wanted out of life.

There was nothing he'd change about her.

Okay, maybe one thing. He wanted to be included in those things she wanted in her life. She worked too damn hard and she never played, never had a serious relationship, always got involved with the wrong kind of guys.

Correction—she never got involved at all. She used men as arm candy, but she never had relationships. Her life was her work and Justin meant to change that, because he'd been guilty of the same thing.

Because too much work and not enough play wasn't getting either of them what they wanted. He wanted Amy, she wanted him, and she also wanted a ménage.

And Justin intended to give Amy a very special Christmas present this year. But first, he was going to have to figure out just how far he could go with Amy, because his intent wasn't to push her into something she really didn't want or wasn't ready for.

Though he had a pretty good idea it wouldn't take much pushing.

In fact, he intended to start tonight. But first, it was going to be just the two of them. He was greedy—he wanted Amy all to himself.

They ate dinner, discussed a little business, and had more drinks. Amy seemed to relax, which was a good thing. He'd been hoping this trip to Hawaii would help her loosen up a little, and even for the first day, it was working. By the time the four day trip was over, he planned to have her completely stress-free.

"So we'll meet in your office in the morning to sign all the paperwork?" Amy asked Mitch.

Mitch nodded. "I'll surf in the morning, so how about ten?"

"Ten works," Justin said. "It'll give me time to take a run on the beach and clean up before we head to your office."

"Great." Mitch pushed back from his chair, lifted Amy's hand and pressed a kiss to it. "Have a little fun and don't work so hard. I'll see you in the morning."

Justin noted Amy's gaze was riveted on Mitch as he kissed her hand. The heat in her eyes didn't escape him. The odd thing was, he felt no jealousy, because when she looked at Mitch it was lust. When she looked at him, yeah there was definitely lust in her eyes, but something more than that. He couldn't really explain it, it was just...different. He supposed he'd have to explore that. With her. Starting tonight.

After Mitch left, Amy pushed her chair back. "I think I'll call it a night." He noticed she was weaving just a bit.

"I'll go with you. You look a little unsteady on your feet."

She managed a little smile. "Those fruity cocktails pack one hell of a wallop."

They hadn't made it more than a few steps outside the restaurant when Justin realized Amy was more than a little bit hammered. Not enough to have her stripping and jumping into the ocean naked, sadly, but enough that her typical inhibitions were long gone.

Good. Not that he'd take advantage of her in her inebriated state.

Much.

She weaved and crashed into him.

"Shit," she mumbled, blowing her hair out of her eyes. "Sorry."

He lifted her so he carried more of her weight. "Darlin, you're toasted."

She stopped, tilted her head back to stare at him. "I am not. I just didn't eat enough today."

"Which means the alcohol got to you."

She wagged her brows. "Maybe a little. It feels good. I need to do this more often."

A-freakin-men to that. He liked the feel of her body pressed up against him. Normally she kept her distance. More than kept her distance. Like the other side of the room if possible. Now she was close. Close enough for him to smell her skin, feel the softness of her body as he held her waist and maneuvered her along the walkway toward their rooms. He'd been waiting a long time for this.

When he got to her door, he held out his hand. "Key."

She fished into the tiny bag and drew it out. He opened her door and walked her inside, kicking the door shut behind him.

"Where are the damn lights?" she mumbled.

"Here." Justin flipped the switch and the room was bathed in the soft glow of the light from the lamp on the nearby table.

She tossed her purse on the table and turned to him. "Thanks. Not sure I could have found my room without your help."

"You're welcome." He marched into the tiny kitchen and pulled open the refrigerator.

"What are you doing in there?"

He came back with a bottled water and unscrewed the top. "Diluting you."

She snorted. "Oh. Good idea." She took the bottle and drank down half the water in it, then wiped her wet lips with her fingers. "The sweet drinks also make me thirsty. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Don't worry about it. It's not like you danced on the tables naked."

"God forbid."

She walked to the back door and slid it open, then stepped out onto the patio. Justin followed.

Amy blew out a breath and fell into one of the cushioned chairs.

“Better?”

“Yes. The air and the water helped. Thanks.”

If he was a gentleman, he’d leave her alone. He didn’t want to leave her alone and he sure as hell wasn’t a gentleman. He slipped into the other chair.

Their bungalows were near the beach. The night was quiet and there was a breeze that blew strands of her hair. Moonlight shined down on her and she looked like a goddess sitting there just waiting for a man to worship her.

She deserved a little worship.

“I never relax like this,” she said, staring out into the darkened sea.

“I know.”

She turned to him. “I’m too anal. I can’t separate my work life from my private life. My work has become my entire life. That shouldn’t be. I should have a life, shouldn’t I?”

“Yes.”

She leaned back and planted her hands on the wide arms of the chair. “This is nice. The water, the sweet smell of the flowers, the music from the club across the way. I might sit here all night.”

He stood. “Dance with me.”

“What?”

“You said you wanted to relax, to start enjoying life a little. Start now. Dance with me.”

She opened her mouth. Justin knew she was going to object, had a litany of excuses why she couldn’t...or wouldn’t. He held out his hand. “Dance with me, Amy. Let yourself go.”

Let yourself go. Those three words were foreign to Amy. She’d never done that, especially in public, with a man. Everything was scripted. She’d always been in control, knew exactly what she was doing.

So when had she lost control tonight? Probably after her first drink. Now Justin was in her room, and there was moonlight and ocean breezes and she felt just a little bit too relaxed to be doing this.

Yet why not? The music was soft, they were in Hawaii and it wasn't like he'd asked her to have sex. What was the harm in dancing? She took the hand he offered and he drew her against his chest. His other arm came around her back and she resisted the urge to sigh out loud. It felt good. His body was rock solid, he was a lot taller than her and she had to tilt her head back to look at his face.

Whoa. Those eyes. It was one thing to stare into those warm whiskey eyes from across the board room, another thing to be so damn close she could drown in them.

"You okay?" he asked, moving with ease across the spacious patio.

"Yes." No. She wasn't okay. She had goose bumps. Her nipples were hard. Her panties were damp and she felt all too...desirable—female—hot. And she was in the arms of the wrong man, the man who fueled her fantasies, the one man she shouldn't be with. Career disaster.

"Justin..."

"Quit thinking, Amy," he said, palming her lower back and smiling in a way that Amy found devastating. "Nothing's going to happen that you don't want, so stop worrying. We're just dancing."

Maybe *he* was just dancing. She was self-combusting. His hands roamed her back, burning her with every touch. She might as well be naked. God, she really wanted to be naked, to feel flesh on flesh.

"Tell me what you're thinking," he whispered, his lips brushing her ear.

Her eyes drifted shut and she imagined him pulling down the straps of her dress and pressing his lips against her flesh. Scorching, searing her from the inside out. She wanted it so badly she could almost feel it. His breath was hot against her neck. She was trembling. She couldn't tell him what she was thinking.

"I'm thinking it's late and we have a meeting in the morning."

He stilled, pulled away, his smiling expression telling her he didn't believe for a second that's what she'd been thinking about. His mouth was so close she could breathe him in. One inch closer and she could feel his lips pressed against hers, could live the fantasies she'd only dreamed about for so long.

Instead, he stepped back and the spell was broken. “You’re right. Get some sleep and I’ll pick you up on the way to breakfast in the morning.”

He turned and walked away, letting himself out. Amy couldn’t make her feet move. Disappointment washed over her. He’d left her. Just like that. No argument, no attempt to seduce her. God knows it wouldn’t have taken much effort. She was practically liquid. She’d have been easy.

Too easy.

Now she was a quivering mess of turned-on woman with no outlet to relieve this anxiety. And no way was she going to do it herself. Not when one extremely hot man occupied the bungalow next to hers.

With a shuddering sigh, she stepped inside, determined to obliterate thoughts of Justin from her mind.

She heard the sounds of Justin moving about in his room, her mind conjuring up visuals of him stripping out of his clothes, climbing into his bed, his cock hard as he took it in his hand and jacked off thinking about what he might have done with her.

Oh, God, Amy, where is your common sense? Hadn’t she been spending years steeling herself against the possibility of this happening? Then one trip to Hawaii and a couple fruity cocktails and all her good intentions had gone down the drain?

Sleep. She needed rest and a clear head. By tomorrow, this would all be forgotten and she’d be herself again.

If she could sleep tonight. She got ready for bed, slid between the sheets and stared out her door, listening to the undulating waves crashing against the shore, wishing it were Justin crashing against her body.

Yeah, right. There’d be no sleep for her tonight.

Why the hell hadn’t he taken what she would have so obviously given him?

What the hell was wrong with him anyway?

Justin’s dick had been rock hard all night. Really not conducive to getting a good night’s sleep. He at least hoped Amy had suffered a bit, too. When he left her, she’d been

damn near panting, her cheeks flushed, her nipples like tight pebbles against her flimsy little sundress. Her lips had been parted in silent invitation. If he'd moved in and pressed his mouth to hers, she wouldn't have objected.

It had taken all his willpower to walk away from her. But he wanted her to know that he didn't just consider her a fuck. He wanted her sober and clear headed when he took her to bed. Amy had to make the decision, to know exactly what she was doing.

He hoped it wouldn't take long. In fact, he intended to give her the full court press today. He knocked at her door at nine-thirty a.m. She opened the door, a little tinge to her cheeks as she greeted him.

"Morning," she said.

"How's it going?"

She grimaced. "I have a headache. No more fruity cocktails for me."

He laughed. "Sorry. Should have warned you about those. Stick to straight alcohol from now on."

"I'll keep that in mind. I just need to grab my jacket. Come on in."

He stepped in, leaning against the door and watching as she filled her briefcase. She wore a short skirt today, along with a well-fitting sleeveless silk blouse that she quickly covered up with a jacket. Buttoned it. All three buttons, too.

"Amy, it's too warm for that outfit."

"We're going to Mitch's office today. I'm dressing appropriately."

He rolled his eyes. "You know Mitch is informal."

"But I'm not." She grabbed her briefcase and joined him at the door. "Ready?"

He lifted his laptop case. "I have everything here. We've been ready for this for months. Just relax. It'll be over soon and then we can kick back and enjoy ourselves."

She gave him a wary look. "Uh-huh. I'll relax when the papers are signed and the merger is complete. That's what we're here for."

That's what she thought.

Magruder, Inc.'s office was located on the twenty-seventh floor of the main hotel. Perfect, since Mitch also owned the hotel, one of his other business interests. It was a

short walk down the cement path and through the main lobby to the elevators. Amy was quiet throughout the walk. Justin wondered if her mind was on business or something else. It had to be something else. Typically before a client meeting she'd chatter nonstop, making sure they had everything lined up, that nothing would go wrong. It was completely uncharacteristic of her to go dead quiet like this.

A smiling receptionist wearing the clothing of aloha greeted them and showed them to the conference room. Justin opened his laptop while Amy busied herself with spreading out the paperwork Mitch would have to sign.

Mitch stepped in, dressed about the same as Justin in casual slacks and a polo shirt. Justin grinned and shook his hand.

"Mornin," Justin said.

"Hey," Mitch said, then turned to Amy. "Did you two have fun last night?"

Amy straightened, her gaze shooting to Justin. "Fun? What do you mean?"

"I mean did you enjoy the sights, take in one of the clubs, go for a night cruise? Anything?"

"Oh. No. We left right after you did."

Mitch shook his head. "Amy. I refuse to let you leave this island until you unwind a little."

She smiled. "I am unwound, Mitch. Honest."

"Uh-huh. We'll see about that. Justin and I might have to do this together."

Amy's eyes widened. "Do what together?"

"Relax you, of course."

"Shall we get started?" she asked, though there was a definite waver in her voice.

"Sure." Mitch sat at the head of the table and Amy and Justin took him step by step through the paperwork. A tedious, but necessary process of going through each page.

"Is it warm in here?" Amy asked, unbuttoning her jacket.

"Yeah," Mitch said, pushing back from his chair and moving toward Amy. "There's a glitch in the air conditioning system. I've got people coming over today to fix it. You should lose your jacket."

Justin didn't bother hiding his smile. This should be good.

Chapter Four

Amy supposed that fighting Mitch for her jacket wouldn't be a good idea. She would look ridiculous. She allowed him to slip it off her shoulders and drape it over the back of her chair. Damn it, why hadn't she worn a thicker bra today, or a less revealing blouse? Or fewer clothes? And why was Justin smiling at her like that?

And where the hell was her normal concentration?

And why was it so goddamn hot in here? And what the hell was wrong with her nipples? It wasn't cold, so why were they standing up like beacons?

Jesus. Her brain was mush. She had to get control. Her mind had been wandering all through the signing. She hadn't been able to focus at all, except on the two men flanking her. And her thoughts had not been centered on business. It was a damn good thing she could walk through an acquisition in her sleep, that she knew the paperwork backwards and forwards. Otherwise, she'd be so screwed right now. So far she'd been able to cover adequately. But when Mitch had pulled her jacket off, his fingers brushing her bare shoulders, and Justin gave her that knowing smile as if he knew exactly where her thoughts had been...

Surely she was imagining it all.

Forcing her mind back into work, they continued walking Mitch through the paperwork, though it was Justin who carried the meeting. Despite her intent, Amy couldn't concentrate. Well, that wasn't entirely accurate. She was concentrating. On Justin's mouth. And Mitch's strong, large hands. The easy camaraderie the two men shared.

Would the two of them mind sharing anything else? Like maybe her?

Dear God, Amy, get a grip.

And it was still hot in here!

It didn't help that Justin kept sliding glances her way, his gaze heated. And then Mitch would look at her, gracing her with a knockout smile that made her toes curl. And they both noticed her breasts straining against her blouse, the way her nipples stood at attention. She might as well strip naked and lay spread-eagled on the conference table so they could take turns fucking her.

Thoughts like that were not helping.

"Are you all right?" Mitch asked.

"Excuse me?"

"You groaned, Amy," Justin said.

Oh, shit. "I did?"

"Yes." Mitch stood. "I know it's warm in here. Let's take a swim."

Amy's eyes widened. "A swim? Mitch, we're not finished here."

"So? We'll finish later. The heat in here is brutal. We need to cool down. It's almost lunchtime anyway. We'll meet at the beach in fifteen minutes, swim for a bit, then we'll have lunch and wrap the paperwork up this afternoon. Or tomorrow, if we're having fun outside."

"But Mitch..."

Apparently Mitch wasn't taking no for an answer, because he stood and walked out of the conference room. Amy slipped her hair behind her ears and looked to Justin for help. He only shrugged and said, "I guess we're going for a dip in the ocean."

Great. Just great.

Thirty minutes later, Amy stood on the patio of Mitch's private beach with Justin. Justin wore his swim trunks and a tank top. She'd put on her bikini. And her cover up and her sunglasses and her sandals, determined to watch Justin and Mitch do whatever they wanted to in the water while she sat inside the cabana where she would sip tea and do some work.

Mitch approached, wearing his board shorts. Shirtless, he looked tanned, gorgeous and way too incredibly well muscled for a man in his forties. Amy swallowed as he stopped in front of her and frowned.

“Tell me that’s not your laptop,” Mitch said, motioning to the thick bag in her hand.

“Okay, it’s not my laptop.”

Mitch signaled for one of the attendants, who rushed over. “Take Ms. Parker’s bag to my office and lock it up in the safe.”

“Yes, Mr. Magruder.” The attendant waited. Mitch arched a brow. Amy sighed and handed over her bag to the attendant, who rushed down the sidewalk toward the hotel.

“I said we’re going to play in the water. That means all of us.”

“Really, Mitch, I—”

“You going to take all that off or are we going to toss you in the ocean with your cover up and sandals on?”

Justin pulled off his shirt, showing off a broad expanse of shoulders, biceps and a well defined chest and abdomen. Amy couldn’t breathe surrounded by all this...testosterone.

Maybe the water would cool her off. And maybe they’d forget about her once she went in to take a swim. She kicked off her sandals and took off her sunglasses, then drew the cover up over her head. “Fine. I’m ready for a swim.”

Mitch and Justin both stared at her. She supposed turnabout was fair. She’d ogled their bodies, too.

“Amy, you are gorgeous,” Mitch said. “Why you hide a body like that under business suits is beyond my ability to understand.”

Okay, now she was blushing. “Thanks.” Honestly, she wasn’t used to being looked at. She did hide her body. She was curvy. She had big boobs. She wanted to be appreciated for her mind, not breasts and hips and long legs.

“I’m going for a swim,” she said, brushing past them and heading toward the water. Where if she was lucky, they wouldn’t follow.

But they did. She felt them behind her. Watching her. Looking at her ass, no doubt.

For some strange reason, she no longer minded that they were looking.

The sand was hot. She hurried to the water's edge, relieved when the waves lapped at her feet and ankles. It was cold. She needed the cool water to knock some sense into her. As soon as she was in waist high, she dove in, letting the waves crash over her.

It was heaven. She swam out a few yards, loving the feel of the waves undulating under her. It was incredibly freeing, and oh so relaxing. She finally stopped, treading water and feeling for footing, landing on a sandbar. She stood in the water up to her breasts. Mitch swam up next to her and grinned as he stood up, shaking his head.

"Now that was refreshing," he said with a wide grin.

"Yes it was. I needed that."

She screamed when arms encircled her waist and swept her off her feet. Flailing about, she turned, realizing she was being held in Justin's arms.

"You scared the hell out of me," she said, splashing water in his face.

He shook his head and laughed. "Thought I was a shark, didn't you?"

"Maybe." All too aware of how good it felt to be nestled against his chest, she said, "You can put me down now."

One raven brow arched. "Oh, I don't think so." Instead, he bent a bit, then lifted her, clear out of the water, and she went sailing in the air, screaming at the top of her lungs. Instead of landing somewhere in the water, she was caught by another set of strong arms. This time, it was Mitch.

She glared at both of them. "You guys are not funny."

"We think we are," Mitch said, cradling her close, turning her toward him so her breasts were mashed against his chest. "You're safe with us, Amy. Don't worry."

She wasn't worried at all. Justin swam up and linked hands with Mitch underneath her, dropping her into the middle between them. She lay in their arms in the water, cradled against their chests while the two of them carried on a conversation about sports, seemingly ignoring her. It was a man hammock. She was comfortable, safe, and absolutely petrified. She was a sandwich in the middle of two amazingly desirable men.

Finally, she relaxed, letting her head rest against Justin's chest as they rocked her back and forth, the sound of their voices a constant comfort. She closed her eyes and let the sun bake her, the waves lapping over her skin.

She imagined the two of them taking her right there in the water, stripping off her top and each of them sucking a nipple into their greedy mouths, licking and biting until she writhed on top of the waves and begged them to fuck her. Her pussy clenched and she whimpered with need. Too long. She'd waited too long for an orgasm. Too long for a man. She craved strong, callused hands between her legs, searching her swollen slit and pumping fingers into her core, caressing her clit until she cried out in climax and demanded a hot cock to replace those fingers.

Maybe Santa would bring her *that* for Christmas. A nice fantasy come true in her stocking.

She smiled. Then felt the press of lips against hers.

Her eyes drifted open and Justin's face loomed in front of hers.

A million words hovered on her lips, all of them denial, every single one of them obliterated when his mouth came down on hers again, this time harder, hungrier. She gasped against him and his tongue slipped between her teeth, finding hers. It was an electric shock, a velvet fire as he licked her, his lips doing dangerous things to her senses. He dragged her upright. She bobbed in the water, her legs adrift, her arms clasping around his neck as he drove into her mouth with more intent.

She'd always known there was a primal side to Justin, this barely unleashed animal he kept tucked away in business suits. Now he was letting it out, letting her see it, and she couldn't get close enough to this side of him. She wanted more.

But another set of arms came around her, dragging her away from Justin. Justin smiled at her, nodded, and as she was turned she found Mitch in front of her, his hands slipping around her waist to draw her against him. Her heart slammed against her ribs, her mind nothing but liquid. She couldn't think this through.

"Don't," Mitch said. "Don't think about it. Just let it happen."

He laid her against his arm, and touched his lips to hers. Where Justin was all fiery passion, Mitch's kiss was softer, more coaxing and gentle, but still demanding that she pay attention. She was out of breath, and completely out of her mind.

Her world exploded as she realized that in the space of thirty seconds, she had been kissed by two different men. For someone who almost always lived in a man drought, this was overload to her senses. She felt Justin's presence behind her, his chest against her back, his lips pressed to her neck while Mitch continued to kiss her. As Justin's body pressed full against hers, she felt his cock—hard, insistent, rocking against her buttocks. Mitch's hard-on rested against her hip.

Oh, God. Fantasy was one thing, but this reality? She wasn't nearly ready for this. She palmed Mitch's chest and he broke the kiss. Justin backed away. Mitch grinned.

"I told you, Amy. You're safe with us. You don't need to worry." Mitch pushed off the bottom and swam to shore.

Shaken, Amy pushed back her hair and raised a trembling hand to her lips. She was almost afraid to turn around and look at Justin, afraid he'd mock her, accuse her. But she knew she'd have to face him sometime. She pivoted and he jerked her into his arms, his lips crashing into hers, still filled with the hunger that had consumed her with his first kiss.

She should pull away, regroup, gather her bearings. But God, she wanted him, had wanted him for a long time. She reached down, palmed his cock, shuddering at the rock hard feel of him against her hand. She wanted him inside her.

Justin dragged his lips away, leaned his forehead against hers. "I could fuck you right here, Amy."

Her breasts felt heavy, her sex on fire with need. His words only inflamed her more.

"But not here. I want you alone. I don't want anyone else watching. Not right now." He took her hand and they walked out of the water. Every step was agony, seemingly taking forever to get to shore. Without a word they grabbed their things and headed back to the bungalows.

She thought that by the time they got back to the bungalows her ardor would be cooled.

Oh, no. It was worse. Walking alongside Justin—he'd held her hand the entire time—only made her want this more. She'd stopped questioning why. She knew why. The scene with Justin and Mitch in the water had just been a warm up. She didn't really understand why Mitch had left, and frankly, she didn't care. It had been fun kissing two men. Hot. Incredible. But she wanted Justin.

The realization was somewhat shocking. Though she didn't know why she was so surprised. Justin had been her fantasy man for a very long time. Maybe because she had never expected this to become a reality. And now it was going to be. It was really going to happen between them.

They reached the bungalows and Justin automatically went to her door, turning and waiting for her to get her key. Her hands were shaking—her hands were actually shaking! She couldn't believe it. She was no virgin. She'd had sex before. Quite a few times, in fact. But not for a while. And never with a man she'd wanted in the way she wanted Justin.

She handed him the key and he opened the door, holding it aside while she stepped in. He shut it, flipped the deadbolt, and didn't bother to turn on the light.

Amy set her bag on the table.

"I need a shower. Ocean salt. Makes me itchy."

Justin smiled and took her hand, led her to the bathroom and turned on the shower.

"Turn around."

She did, and he untied the string at her neck. She held onto the bikini top covering her breasts as he untied the laces at her back. Justin swept her hair to the side and pressed a kiss to the back of her neck. She shivered.

"Amy."

"Yes?"

"Let go, babe."

She wasn't sure if he was referring to her bikini top or the tension rocketing her body. She was nervous. God, she couldn't believe she was about to get naked with a coworker. If she thought about it too hard, she'd probably shut down completely.

She decided not to think about it at all. She let go of the top and Justin reached out, peeled the top away from her breasts. He inhaled.

"You're beautiful. I've thought about your breasts for years."

"Really."

"Yeah. Really. Wondering what they looked like under those crisp suits and blouses you hid them under." He swept his hands under her breasts. Oh, his hands felt so good. She'd been dying for him to touch her. She laid her head against his chest and just watched. He covered her breasts, reached for her nipples, using his thumbs to gently sweep over the buds. They tightened, her breasts swelling into his hands, her nipples like sharp, aching points.

She could stay like this for hours, letting him touch her. His hands were rough and she loved the feel of them playing over her sensitive nipples. He let go, and she whimpered. But then he moved in front of her, bent down, and reached for the ties at the sides of her bikini. He looked up at her, pulled the laces, and drew the material away.

She was naked. And then Justin looked at her pussy. His face was right there, his mouth so close. Her pussy quivered at the thought of what those full lips could do to her. She'd fantasized about it so many times, had made herself come thinking about him sucking her clit, sliding his tongue inside her, making her scream.

"I want to eat you until you come for me, Amy."

Her legs wobbled. She couldn't breathe normally. His breath warmed her sex. So close.

But then he stood, dropped his swim trunks. Amy swallowed. God, he was so perfect, just as she'd imagined. Amazingly well built, his cock erect and making her mouth water. He opened the shower door, stepped inside and held his hand out for her. She went in with him and he closed the door, drawing her under the spray.

“I figured we’d better get this shower out of the way or the water would get cold,” he said.

Amy managed a shaky laugh. He was so right. She’d been lost in what he was doing, completely oblivious to the steamed up bathroom. She wet her hair and reached for the shampoo.

“Let me.”

Surprised, she handed the shampoo to Justin, who poured some onto his hand. “Turn around.”

She did, and Justin lathered her hair, massaging her scalp and neck. It, too, was a sensual experience. He didn’t wash her hair like she did, doing it fast and perfunctory. He took his time, using his fingers in slow, circular movements. Oh, God the man had expert hands. She was melting. He moved her back and rinsed her hair, then poured conditioner on it. While she rinsed, he poured soap onto his hand, a wicked smile curving his lips.

“Turn around and place your hands against the wall,” he instructed.

She palmed the wall and he placed his hands on her shoulders, sliding soap there and along her back, washing her, using the same slow motions he had used to wash her hair. He washed her entire body that way—her arms, her legs, reaching around to do her belly and breasts, but making sure to avoid her most sensitive areas until she was writhing under his hands, desperate for him to touch her. Then he pulled her under the spray and rinsed her.

She was throbbing all over, reaching for him, but he only smiled and placed a hand on her to hold her away. Instead, he poured more soap on his hands and washed himself, making her watch. And oh, did she ever enjoy watching him touch his own body. She finally had a chance to really look at him, from his well defined arms, to the way his biceps flexed with every movement to his six pack abs that showed how hard he worked on his body. When he soaped his cock, stroking it back and forth, she leaned against the wall and licked her lips.

“I can’t take much more of this, Justin,” she said, not used to this kind of foreplay. She was accustomed to guys who got right down to business. This was torture.

He stepped under the water and rinsed his body, washed and rinsed his hair, then turned the shower off, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around her to dry her off. He dried her hair, then let her go grab a brush so she could brush out the tangles while he dried off.

She didn't take time to blow dry her hair. She didn't care. This time she took the lead, grabbing Justin's hand and leading him out of the bathroom. But Justin wasn't having any of that. He swept her into his arms and carried her. She thought he was going to take her to bed.

He didn't. He took her to the back door, to the patio.

"Justin, it's the middle of the day." The sun was out, and though they were located on a private stretch of beach, someone could still walk by.

"I don't care. You look gorgeous in sunlight. I want to see you." He placed her down against the door. She leaned against the wall, the sunlight streaming across her body.

"Perfect," he said, then crouched down and spread her legs.

She palmed the wall, wishing she had something to hold onto.

"I told you, Amy. I'm going to eat you until you scream. I've been dying to hear you scream. "

Chapter Five

Amy might scream right now. Her clit pulsed, her pussy clenched and she was wet. She was primed and ready and he hadn't even touched her yet.

Justin lowered his head and brushed his lips across the inside of her thigh. She shuddered out a moan.

"You smell so good. You always smell good. Edible." His tongue snaked out and licked along the seam of her pussy lips, making her quiver. He reached around and grasped her buttocks in his hands, tilting her upward, then planted his mouth over her.

Amy tangled her fingers in the wet strands of Justin's hair, holding onto him as he licked and sucked her clit. Hot, wet pleasure sizzled throughout her nerve endings, her whole body tense with need. She wasn't going to last. This had been building too long. Wetness trickled down her thighs—whether it was his saliva or her juices she couldn't tell, didn't care. She was wet, hot, wanted to come, wanted it now. She pumped her hips, driving her pussy into Justin's face.

He licked her up and down in slow, deliberate motions, then plunged his tongue inside her, lapping up the cream that spilled from her as she bucked and writhed against him. She pulled his hair, releasing a moan as she reached the very edge of endurance. When he slid two fingers inside her and then pressed his mouth over her clit and sucked, she was gone. She climaxed, her pussy gripping his fingers as the spasms racked her body in uncontrollable bursts of lightning.

Justin took her down easy, giving her time to catch her breath, keeping his fingers inside her and pumping them with slow movements. She finally remembered she was clutching his hair and let go, smoothing the strands with her fingers. He kissed her sex again, then stood, pressing against her, his mouth wet.

He leaned in, kissed her. He tasted like her—dear God that was hot—his tongue plunging inside her mouth like he was desperate for her. And she wanted him again. Just

like that, she was needy all over again. She lifted her leg and wrapped it around his hip, feeling his cock heavy and hard against her belly. He lifted her, brought her to the bed and laid her down.

“I’ll be right back,” he whispered, slipping on his swim trunks. He was gone only a few minutes. When he came back, he had a few foil packets in his fingers and a wide grin on his face.

Amy leaned up on her elbows. “You didn’t bring the whole box?”

“Voracious, are you?”

“I might be. There’s been a drought.”

“Here, too. We’ll see who cries uncle first.”

“It won’t be me. I can guarantee it.”

“I like a challenge,” he said, wagging his brows.

“You would.”

He slipped out of his shorts and tore open a packet, slipped on the condom, and crawled onto the bed, spreading her knees so he could climb between them.

She loved that things between them were so easy, so lighthearted. She didn’t know what she’d expected. Tension, maybe, like what they usually experienced when they worked together? It hadn’t been like that since the moment they landed.

Maybe it was the air here in Hawaii. Maybe she finally relaxed. Maybe she was just ready for this and tired of dancing around the inevitable.

He pressed down on her, keeping his weight off but laying his body fully against hers. She loved the feel of his body against hers. There was so much she wanted to do with him, but not right now. She’d waited a long time for this.

“Fuck me, Justin.”

His eyes went dark, and all sense of fun and laughter went out of them, replaced instead by that animalistic hunger that made her belly tumble. He grabbed her wrists and pulled them over her head, bending down to take one of her nipples into his mouth.

She arched her back, crying out when he sucked it hard between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. How did he know she needed more than just a light flick of tongue, a

gentle caress? How could he seem to know her body so well? He suckled her nipple, teasing it with his tongue, his mouth, even nibbling her with his teeth until she wriggled uncontrollably underneath him. When he released her nipple, it stood upright and glistening, wet, and hard. He took the other in his mouth, conducting the same sweet torment until she begged him to stop, to fuck her.

He popped that nipple out of his mouth and nipped at her bottom lip. “You want my dick inside you, Amy?”

“Yes,” she whispered, lifting her hips as if she could grab his cock and slip it inside her pussy.

“Do you know how long I’ve wanted to fuck you?”

“As long as I’ve thought about you fucking me. Now do it.”

His mouth captured hers at the same time his cock found the entrance to her pussy and slid inside with one, sweet thrust.

No surprise, he fit her perfectly. He let go of her wrists so she could wrap her arms around him, her fingers roaming the hard planes of his flesh as he lifted and plunged inside her again. And again. Her walls tightened around him, gripping, raking her with pleasure each time he pulled out and drove into her with punishing force.

And she loved it, loved the way Justin powered his body inside her, gripped her buttocks to lift her so he could penetrate her deeper. He mastered her body, rubbing his pelvis against her clit, at the same time thrusting inside her and finding that special spot that sent her flying again. Her eyes wide open, she moaned his name, clutching his shoulders when he gave her yet another orgasm. And he watched her, just watched her, still pumping inside her and holding her close while she rode the wave, then slowed his pace, let her catch her breath.

But then he started in on her again, slowly at first, then picking up speed and voracity. Like a hurricane, he built the pressure until she couldn’t take it anymore. This time, when she burst, he went with her, and he let her see the way his face tightened as he came, the way he gripped her shoulders and shuddered when he let loose a torrent of come and collapsed against her, burying his face in her neck.

Spent, she stroked his back while he played along her waist and hip. She waited for the awkwardness to set in, the moment when this fantastic experience became uncomfortable.

It didn't happen. Justin rolled to his side and took her with him, still inside her, waiting until he softened to pull out and dispose of the condom. Then he crawled back into bed and gathered her in his arms again, pulling her close and pressing his lips to hers.

She was drained. Happy. Apprehensive. Content.

Sleepy. Justin stroked her hair and she let her eyes drift shut, figuring she'd let worry set in later. Right now, she was going to fall asleep.

Justin woke with Amy in his arms. They'd slept a couple hours. She was still asleep. Good.

He inhaled, let it out, stared at the ceiling and smiled. He couldn't have planned this better. Hell, he hadn't planned on this. Not all this...feeling. He'd wanted to show Amy a good time. He was pretty certain she'd had a good time. He hadn't counted on the gut punch of emotion that being with Amy had caused.

In the ocean, kissing her. Then with Mitch...goddamn, that had been hot. And Amy had been turned on. Really turned on. So had Mitch. He and Mitch hadn't even discussed Amy. They hadn't needed to. Mitch had just gone along, had sensed Amy's need. But Mitch knew what was what. He wasn't entrenched.

Was Justin?

Yeah. He was.

The big question though...was Amy?

She stirred in his arms, lifted her head, smiled. God, she was sexy, her hair disheveled from sleep, her lips swollen from his kisses.

"What time is it?"

"Four-thirty."

"Oh, God." She sat up, swept her hair back. "I never nap in the afternoon."

"You probably never get your brains fucked out in the afternoon, either."

She snorted. “No. That rarely happens.”

Justin laced his fingers behind his hand. “Rarely?”

She looked down at him. “Okay, never. I don’t do this, Justin.”

“I know. And whether you believe it or not, neither do I.”

She blushed. He loved that about her. Didn’t she know how special she was?

“So now what?” she asked.

“We have the rest of the day. We can do what we want.”

“We need to finish signing the papers. What Mitch must think...”

“Mitch is probably off doing his own thing and happy not to be stuck in his office. Trying to corral him back in the office now would be impossible. We’ll take it up in the morning. We can finish in an hour or less. The rest of the day is ours.” He leaned up, grabbed Amy and pulled her on top of him. Her breasts pillowed against his chest, her legs aligned with his. He liked how she felt, loved putting his hands on her. He threaded his fingers through her hair and pulled her face toward his, kissed her, slow and gentle at first.

No hesitation on her part. She opened for him willingly, sliding her body against him. Like satin, she glided over him, her belly cradling his quickly hardening cock. She moaned against his mouth, rocked her hip against his dick, massaging him, making him crazy.

She pushed off with her hands and lifted, smiling down at him. Her teeth captured her bottom lip and her eyes...so sexy when they were half-lidded like that.

She kissed his jaw, moving over his neck and lower, to his shoulders, climbing down his body and nipping at him with her teeth. He tossed his head back on the pillow and just watched as she tasted his skin. Rock hard now, his balls drew up tight against his body. Her hair was splayed out across his skin as she maneuvered her way across his chest, pausing to lick his nipples, bite at them, tease him.

“Christ, Amy.” The sensation shot straight to his cock. He reached for her, but she brushed him away and continued south, kissing the planes of his abdomen, sweeping her

hands down over his thighs, disregarding his throbbing dick that begged for her attention as she moved down his body.

Her face was aligned with his crotch now, and she looked up at him, smiled, then wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, sliding upward in a spiraling motion that rocketed his hips off the bed. He drove into her hand, fucking the soft satin of her palm. She squeezed him as she neared the tip, rewarded with a pearly drop of liquid from his cockhead. She bent over and licked it away with the flat of her tongue.

His hips jerked up, propelling his cock against that warm, wet velvet. He could come right now from that one lick. But he wanted more. A lot more. He grabbed a handful of her hair and wrapped it around his fist, holding tight while she surrounded the crest and sucked, grazed it with her teeth, then took his cock fully into her mouth inch by inch.

He didn't know what was hotter—watching what she was doing or being able to feel each sensation. She really seemed to love licking and sucking him, from the tip of his cock all the way down to his ball sac. It made him insane when she dragged her tongue over his balls, then below to the sensitive ridge underneath. She explored every inch of him, then devoured his shaft until it disappeared in the warm recesses of her mouth. He pumped upward, letting her take as much as she could. She never balked, gripping the base of his cock and stroking him as she sucked.

He was going to go off in her mouth and that's not what he wanted. He wanted to be buried inside her. He pulled her hair, releasing his cock from between her lips, then dragged her upward.

"Fuck my dick, baby," he whispered, his voice hoarse with need.

Amy smiled, her mouth wet, and she leaned over and grabbed a foil packet, tearing it open. She put his condom on, taking her damn sweet time, too. He gritted his teeth as she slid the condom over his aching cock, then straddled him. He had a bird's eye view of her sweet pussy lips hovering right over the top of his dick. She paused, leveled a killer look at him that reduced him to ash, then mounted him inch by torturous inch.

Justin gripped the bed sheets, trying not to groan as she surrounded him with gripping heat. He was already on the edge. Amy wasn't making this any easier. Her

breasts spilled forward and he captured them with his hands, pulling on her nipples until they stood prominent and hard. She gasped as he tugged them, tilted her head back and held her breasts out for him to fondle. At the same time, she ground her pussy against him until he saw stars, his balls tightening, filling with the come he was eager to shoot.

No, not ready yet. He wanted more of this. He pulled her forward, bringing her chest against his, dragging her lips to his for a hard, hot kiss. He roamed her back with his hands, sweeping against the fine sheen of sweat coating her skin, knowing she was working for this just as he was. He grasped her buttocks, loving the feel of the firm globes in his hands, the way she bounced on top of him, rocking against him as she took her fill of his dick.

When he spread her cheeks and probed the soft crack between, she gasped, stilled, and began to pant.

Oh, yeah. She liked having her anus touched. He could tell from the way her pussy clenched, spasmed around him. He rubbed his finger outside the hole, teasing her as he lifted his cock and buried it deeper inside her. Her moans, the way she shifted against him, told him what she liked.

When he slid his fingertip inside her anus, she cried out, clenching his shoulders, her pussy gripping him in a trembling vise. Her juices poured over his thighs.

“You like it in the ass, Amy?” he asked, shoving his finger in deeper while shoveling his cock in and out of her. “Do you like the thought of being double fucked?”

She didn’t answer, just panted, whimpered, and dragged her nails across his skin. He slid his finger in further, burying it all the way, and she cried out, bucking against him as she came with a wild shudder.

Fuck. He couldn’t take anymore. He pumped hard and fast, feeling his own orgasm rip through him. He thrust repeatedly against her, riding out one hell of a climax until he was empty and out of breath.

He continued to hold her, just like that, not wanting to let go of her. Finally, she climbed off and they went into the bathroom to clean up, both of them quiet. Amy fixed

them drinks and they sat naked on the chairs in the living room. He liked that she wasn't modest. He mostly enjoyed looking at her naked.

He really liked that she'd enjoyed his finger in her ass. It made him wonder what else she'd enjoy. But he didn't want to push her, didn't want her to think this was all about sex.

"How about we get dressed and go get something to eat? I don't know about you, but you've fucked me into near starvation," he said.

She laughed. "Sounds good to me. I'm hungry, too."

Justin went next door and changed, and came back to pick up Amy. She'd put on a short skirt and a halter, her hair pulled back in a ponytail. Damn, his cock twitched just looking at her. As much as the business Amy turned him on, this carefree, sexy side of her made him even hotter.

"It's nice to see you relaxed," he said when they were seated in a nice, dark both at a trendy little beach restaurant.

"Actually, this is quite a departure for me."

"Yeah. I know. I see you almost every day. Sometimes even on weekends. I probably know you as well as any of your friends," he said, pouring wine for them both.

"That's true. I don't have that many friends anyway."

"Why's that?"

"Who has time? The friends I do have are busy building families. They have husbands, children. I haven't...gotten there yet," she said, staring into her wine glass.

"Do you want to?"

She looked up at him. "Yes. I guess so. I don't know. I'm thirty-three and I just don't know yet."

Justin shrugged. "You don't need kids to complete your life, Amy. There's no official roadmap, you know."

"Tell that to my parents. They're livid I don't have a husband and family yet. On more than one occasion they've had the gay talk with me."

Justin nearly choked on his wine. "The gay talk?"

“Yes. The ‘we’ll still love you even if you’re a lesbian’ talk. I was mortified.”

“You’re kidding.”

“I only wish I was. I mean, it’s great they’re so open minded. If I was gay, I’d have the best parents in the world. But I’m not. I’ve been focusing on my career, not my personal life. They just don’t get that. They think there’s something wrong with me.”

Justin smirked. “Most parents don’t. Mine thought I should find a girl and settle down right out of college.”

“See? So yours pressure you too?”

“Yeah. And the whole idea of me traveling around and interning while in college was unacceptable to them. Especially when I hooked up with Mitch. They thought he was a bad influence.”

Amy lifted her glass, took a sip. “Was he?”

“Probably.”

She laughed. “He seems to have done quite well for himself.”

“He wanted me to work for him after college. We hit it off really well.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because we were close friends, and I didn’t want any favors when I started out. I wanted to do it on my own. Make sense?”

“Yes. It does.”

She was studying him. He wondered what she was thinking. Or maybe he already knew. “I’m not using you, or sex with you, to advance my position at the firm, Amy.”

“I wasn’t thinking that.”

“Yes you were. It’s no secret there’s been a competitive animosity between us for years.”

She nodded. “It’s true. We didn’t start out on the right foot.”

“You feel threatened by me.”

“I do not. I just find your tactics aggressive and over the top.”

“We don’t approach bringing in clients in the same way. It doesn’t mean my method is wrong. It works, doesn’t it?”

She glared across the table at him. "It does work. But it borders on unethical."

He snorted. "Just because it isn't your way doesn't mean it's the wrong way." He grasped her hand. She snatched it back.

He grinned. "It makes my dick hard when you get all high and mighty like that."

Her eyes widened, then narrowed. "Are you playing with me?"

"Not yet, but I'd like to. I didn't know you liked it in public, Amy. How kinky."

She rolled her eyes. "Justin, I don't know what to make of you."

He held up his hands. "What you see is what you get. I won't lie to you. Ever. Amy, I've wanted you since the moment I walked into the firm."

"Yeah, right. I didn't like you at all."

"Is that the truth?"

She paused. "You're five years younger than me. You were a kid when you first started."

"Honey, I wasn't a kid then and I'm not now. Or haven't you figured that out yet?"

Her eyes went smoky. "Yeah, you're definitely all man. But this isn't going to work between us."

"Why not?"

"Age difference. We work together. Those two alone spell disaster."

"It would work if we make it work. You're just reaching for excuses." And he wasn't going to let it happen. Now that he had her, he wasn't going to allow her to walk away.

"What do you want from me, Justin?"

Now it was his turn to pause. He wanted her full attention.

"Everything, Amy. I want it all."

Amy stared at her laptop, trying to get the brief written, but it wouldn't cooperate.

Justin had wanted to come into her room after they'd finished dinner. He'd wanted to take her to a club. He'd wanted to do a lot of things. With her. She'd said no to everything, claiming she needed to get a little work done because she was behind schedule.

That much was true. She had a brief to write, her schedule to update. She wanted to go over Mitch's paperwork—the rest of it—one last time before they finished it all tomorrow, since she'd been utterly distracted this morning.

Bad news—she was still distracted—her dinner conversation with Justin occupying her mind this time. Which was the main reason she'd begged off spending any more of the evening with him.

She needed some distance, some time to think about what had happened between them.

What she'd done was irreversible. She'd slept with a coworker. He'd never take her seriously now. She knew that no matter what Justin said, he was ambitious. He wanted a senior partnership at the firm, and she knew he would let nothing get in his way.

Especially her. Which meant he was going to use sex as a stepping stone. Whether that was thinking he could warm her up as a way to gain access to the partnership, or blackmailing her into advancing, she didn't know.

Being with him had been fun...oh God it had been more than fun. It had been everything she could have imagined, and more. Justin was an incredible lover. Considerate, passionate and making sure her needs were taken care of.

She wanted more. A lot more. But that wasn't going to happen. She had to forget about it and hope to God things could go back to the way they were before.

The problem was, she couldn't stop thinking about him. About the two of them together. They fit so well. Not only sexually, but in other ways, too. Both driven, competitive, their backgrounds were even similar. They made a good pair.

Too bad it was never going to be. She simply wouldn't allow it. It would be a dangerous career move, and her career was everything. She'd spent the past fifteen years thinking of nothing *but* her career. She'd sacrificed. She wasn't going to throw it all away now simply because Justin was good in bed.

Oh, man was he ever good in bed.

Stop it, Amy. Work.

She focused on her laptop and the brief outlined in front of her.

But it wasn't at all what she had on her mind.

Chapter Six

Amy was already in Mitch's boardroom the next morning at the designated time. She hadn't waited for Justin, and the look on his face when he walked into the conference room told her he was irritated.

She always knew when he was mad. His jaw clenched tight and he barely spoke.

Yes, she'd deliberately avoided him. She'd eaten breakfast in one of the hotel restaurants, then wandered around outside until it was time for their meeting. And she knew Justin would come to her door in the morning wanting to have breakfast. Or maybe more than that.

Too bad. He was going to have to get used to business as usual, because that's the way things were going to be from now on. They'd had their fun, but after yet another sleepless night, Amy had come to the realization that she couldn't possibly jeopardize her future on an affair. And that's all she and Justin could ever have—an affair.

What else could they have—a relationship? The firm would never allow it, which meant that either one of them, or both, would lose their jobs. She'd worked too damn hard to walk away now, and she knew Justin wouldn't either. That left a stalemate. Best to end things now before they got too involved.

At least the air conditioning was working in the conference room today. Because looking at Justin made her hot. And she'd dressed appropriately this time. Sleeveless top, no jacket, and a cotton skirt. Casual. Comfortable. And a good, sturdy bra that would reveal no traitorous nipples.

"Good morning," she said to Justin as he slid his briefcase across the table.

"Morning." He went for the coffee. Didn't even look at her.

She felt a twinge in her stomach, but brushed it aside. She had nothing to feel guilty about.

Amy busied herself with the paperwork, setting them up where they'd left off yesterday so they'd be ready to dive in as soon as Mitch arrived. It was Christmas Eve. If they were lucky, they could wrap this up and catch a commercial flight home. Not that she had anything to do. Her family was on a ski trip in Vail and she wasn't the least bit interested in skiing over the holidays. She intended to catch up on work. But spending Christmas in Hawaii? With Justin? Too—romantic, which meant risky. No thanks. She'd rather jingle her bells alone and watch reruns of *It's a Wonderful Life* and *A Christmas Story* and a few of her other favorites on television. She'd call her family on Christmas Day which would take care of the familial obligations. Then she'd dig into more work. By the day after, she'd be ready to head back to the office, the entire messy holiday thing behind her.

Ho, ho, ho. Or maybe she was humbug. Whatever.

"Maybe we'll finish up early today and can catch a flight," she said to Justin.

"Can't wait to get away from me?" he asked. "Was it so bad, Amy, that you need to run?"

"No. No, it's not like that. Justin, please."

"Forget it. I thought you were an adult, Amy. I was wrong. I thought you could handle this—us—that maybe...forget it." He grabbed one of the portfolios and pulled it in front of him, flicking open his pen.

Never mind what? What was he going to say? "Justin, what—"

"Morning, everyone."

She had no chance to probe further because Mitch walked in.

"Good morning, Mitch," she said, turning her gaze to the reason for their being in Hawaii. Focus. She had to remember that, though her heart was pounding and it had nothing to do with finalizing the deal on the table.

"Ready to get this one in the bag, Amy?"

She gave Mitch her brightest smile. "You know it. This shouldn't take long. We had almost finished up yesterday."

Mitch pulled up a chair and opened the portfolio. "Right. Yesterday. Before playtime. Always have to find time to play, Amy." He leaned across the table and captured the tendril of hair she'd left loose today, dragging it through his fingers. "You have a gorgeous mouth."

The air was sucked out of the room as Mitch reminded her what had happened between the two of them yesterday. Or the three of them. In the ocean. The kisses.

"Mitch. Business."

"You can have both, Amy. Quit worrying. The merger isn't in any jeopardy."

Her breath caught, held, until he let loose of the curl he'd held in his hand, then resumed studying the paperwork in front of him. Amy's gaze shot to Justin. She expected to see anger. All she saw was...interest. And then he, too, dropped his gaze to the acquisition papers, leaving her alone with her confused thoughts, none of which had anything to do with business, and everything to do with the two men occupying the room with her.

"As usual, you two have done a fine job. You negotiated all the changes I requested, and the financial aspect looks fine." Mitch signed the last page of the paperwork and handed the three copies over to Amy. "We're done."

"Congratulations, Mitch," Justin said. "Amacor Sports is a fine company and they'll do right by yours and your people."

"I know they will. You did a good job brokering the deal. And now that's one less worry for me. And a lot more capital to invest in other fun projects." Mitch leaned back in the chair while Amy and Justin filed the paperwork away in their briefcases.

Amy blew out a breath, thankful that was over with. It had taken a little longer than expected, mainly because Mitch had to break a couple times for telephone calls. But it was finally done. She glanced at her watch. "Mitch, can I get your secretary to check flights for me?"

Mitch frowned. "Flights? Why?"

"I thought I'd catch an early one out."

“You have plans with your family for Christmas?”

“Oh. No. They’re all in Vail. I don’t ski.”

“Boyfriend?”

She laughed. “No. Just me and some classic television and a bit of work to catch up on.”

“Amy, it’s Christmas Eve. You’re not spending it alone.” Mitch turned to Justin. “Were you flying back today?”

Justin shook his head. “Hell no. Christmas in Hawaii? I wouldn’t miss it.”

“Good. Then it’s settled. We just secured this deal and I’m in the mood to celebrate. Amy, go change. We’re going out on the boat. Meet me downstairs in a half hour.”

Oh, no. “Mitch, really.”

“Do you want me to call David and tell him that one of his junior partners wasn’t placating his biggest client?”

Shit. “But that’s blackmail, Mitch.”

Mitch grinned. “So it is. Half hour?”

She shook her head. “Half hour.”

Boat? The one hundred and twenty foot beast was no boat. Yacht, definitely. And a true beauty. Sleek as one of the most beautiful dolphins she’d ever seen. Blue and white and it cut through the water like it was sailing on glass.

Amy stood at the bow and let the wind whip through her hair, the salt of the ocean stinging her face and the fresh breeze cool her sun warmed skin.

Truthfully, she was glad she came. Mitch’s yacht had every amenity, from food to drinks to music and servants catering to her every whim. There was even a spa room and she was told she’d be having a massage later so she could unwind. Mitch’s orders.

Yeah, she needed to unwind all right. But right now she was simply enjoying being out on the water.

“Miss?”

She whipped around at the strange voice. A smiling crew member held a tray of drinks in his hands. She gave him a suspicious glare.

“Is there alcohol in this?”

“No, ma’am. This is tea. Raspberry on your left, and regular on your right.”

She giggled. “Sorry. I had a bad run in with a Mai Tai the other evening.”

The man laughed. “My wife can’t handle those either. They pack a hard punch.”

“You’re telling me.” She selected a raspberry tea, thanked the servant and leaned against the railing, enjoying the way the yacht effortlessly skated through the water.

Justin and Mitch were at one of the tables, having cocktails and smoking cigars. And laughing. Amy couldn’t bring herself to join them. She felt guilty.

No, that wasn’t quite right. She felt like a wretched, awful bitch and she’d treated Justin like shit. And he hadn’t deserved it. Just because she had no intentions of starting up a relationship with him didn’t mean she should discard him like yesterday’s newspaper. She owed him an apology. And apologizing to Justin was something Amy hadn’t done before.

She took a long swallow of tea and maneuvered her way toward their table, stopping between them. Justin gazed at her, his eyes hidden behind smoky dark sunglasses.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey yourself.”

“Enjoying the water, Amy?” Mitch asked.

“It’s heaven on earth, Mitch. Thank you for making me stay.” She turned again toward Justin, swallowed hard and said, “I’m sorry.”

Justin smiled and reached an arm up to slide around her waist.

And just like that, she was forgiven.

Wow. She didn’t deserve for it to be that easy. She so didn’t understand men. And Justin rubbed her lower back while seemingly ignoring her, which made her chew her bottom lip.

Did she want his attention? Hadn’t she spent the past twenty-four hours trying to figure out a way *not* to get his attention?

“I think I’ll go get that massage now,” she said, backing up a step. “Enjoy your drinks.”

“Enjoy your massage,” Mitch said with a grin.

“I intend to.” She needed it. She was wound up tighter than a violin string.

The spa was part of the gym, which was quite expansive, with state of the art equipment, including a sauna and whirlpool and separate showers for Mitch’s guests. Amy was greeted by a smiling woman who directed her where to change into one of the fluffy bathrobes, then escorted her into the room where a petite young woman named Collette was waiting to give her a massage.

Collette was mercifully quiet and concentrated on massaging the kinks out of Amy’s tight muscles. Thank God she wasn’t one of those masseuses who talked your ear off. That would have only made Amy more tense.

She started with Amy on her back, working her fingers into Amy’s scalp, then temples and down into her neck before moving onto her arms and fingers. It was heaven and Amy felt the tension drain from her body. By the time Collette moved down to her legs, Amy was half asleep.

“You must turn over now, miss,” Collette whispered near her ear.

Amy stretched and Collette held up the towel while she flipped over onto her stomach, her face down in the little hole in the massage table. She closed her eyes and shut out the world along with it.

Oh, yeah. This was heaven. Collette’s strong fingers started working on the backs of her arms, then up to her neck.

“Excuse me, miss. I’ll be right back.”

“Mmmm, hmmm.” Amy didn’t care if it took her a half hour. Just lying here with the soft music playing in the cool, candlelit private room was absolutely perfect.

Collette returned quietly. Amy hadn’t even heard the door closed. She might have even dozed off. She heard Collette rub her hands together, no doubt having poured more of that delicious scented oil on her hands, and then started working on her shoulders.

Oh, that was so good. Her touch was firmer now, rougher, digging deeper into her muscles. But slower. It was almost a sensual massage, the kind of caress a lover would—

Amy lifted her head, turned it over her shoulder.

Justin was in the room, not Collette. Smiling down at her as he moved his hands over her back. Her sex clenched, her clit trembling with the force of her attraction to him.

“Justin, what are you—”

“Lay back down and let me massage you.”

His cock was hard, outlined against his shorts. She wanted to reach out and massage him, too, but she did as he asked and resumed her position face down on the table, anticipation making her tremble.

So much for her resolve. Did she have *any* willpower around him?

He worked that tight spot between her neck and shoulder blades where her tension always seemed to settle. His hands were strong, his fingers firm and he had no reluctance about digging deep into her muscles, melting away each knot until she groaned with utter pleasure.

He had great hands.

“It makes my dick hard when you moan like that,” he said, continuing to minister to her back.

“Does it now?” Her sex tingled.

“Yeah.” He moved to her lower back, using his thumbs now and swirling in a circular motion. When he poured more oil on his hands and let them slide over her rear, she arched her hips up, wanting more. He squeezed her flesh and she whimpered, wanting his fingers elsewhere.

“Justin.”

“Yeah, babe.”

“Please.” Her body was so sensitized to his touch, so needy for him that she wasn’t above begging.

“Shh. I know what you need. Just relax.” He poured oil right onto her skin. It trickled down the crack of her ass, onto her pussy, and she quivered at the sensual contact. When

he followed it with his fingers, she shuddered, spreading her legs wide to give him access.

“Yes. That’s it,” she whispered, lifting against his hand. When she started to turn, he pressed his palm flat against her lower back.

“Stay there.”

She raised her head and looked at him. “I can’t touch you this way.”

“This isn’t about me. Now lay your head down and concentrate on what I’m doing.”

She did, and he rewarded her by cupping her pussy, sliding his oil-slickened hand over her throbbing sex. Rubbing her like this, forcing her to focus only on the movements of his hand around her clit and pussy lips soon had her writhing against his hand. She felt engorged, and utterly desperate to release the physical and emotional anxiety that had wrapped around her for so long.

But he teased her—he was so good at it—seeming to know when she hung right on the top of the wave, and refusing to let her crash. And each time he brought her closer and closer, only to move his fingers away from the sweet spot.

By now she was panting, gripping the edge of the table in desperate attempt to drive her clit against his hand and make herself come. But he knew it and he was in charge here, not her. She wanted to say she enjoyed the ride, but she clung to the edge of sanity, frantic for the searing wet heat that awaited her, that only this man could give her.

“Goddamnit, Justin.” She’d had enough. She lifted, but he used his hand to hold her down again, and this time he cupped her pussy, dragged his thumb over her clit in very deliberate motions, and didn’t stop.

She climaxed in great, heaping waves, crying out and not caring who heard it. She’d been denied too long and she deserved this release. She intended to take every loud second of it and then some. When the ripples had died down to trickles, she breathed a satisfied sigh and relaxed, completely spent.

Justin pressed a kiss to her shoulder. “When you come...you really come.”

She turned her head to the side and smiled. “You made me work for it.”

“You’re nothing if not tenacious about something you want bad, Amy.”

He knew her so well. “What am I going to do about you?” she wondered aloud.

“I have a list of about forty-five things.”

She snorted and sat up, then swung her legs over the side of the table. “I can think of one thing that’s probably number one on your list.” She directed her gaze to his cock, now tenting quite prominently against his shorts. She leaned over to reach for him, but he grabbed her hands, pulled her upright and kissed her knuckles.

“I told you, Amy. This wasn’t about me. It was about you.”

“But Justin, you’re—”

“Hard?” He smiled. “Yeah. I’ll live.”

“I can take care of that.”

“Don’t I know it. We’ll talk about that later. You’re relaxed and content. Let’s leave it at that.”

He leaned into her, pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Not a passionate kiss, but one with feeling, with emotion behind it. It left Amy surprised, and profoundly confused. When he pulled back, making sure to put distance between them, she slipped an errant hair behind her ear and fumbled for a topic. “I suppose Collette is off gossiping about the hot sex one of Mitch’s guests is currently enjoying in the massage room.”

Justin leaned against the wall. “Mitch pays his employees extremely well. I doubt they say a word about anything to anyone. No one would want to lose a job working for him. And discretion is mandatory if you’re employed in his upper realm.”

“Good to know.” She shrugged into her robe and stood. “Where is Mitch?”

“He was on the phone when I left him.”

“Speaking of someone who needs to take a day off...”

Justin laughed. “Yeah. He takes plenty of time off, but he still always works.”

“You know him pretty well.”

“Well enough. We spent a lot of off hours together when I interned with him, and I’ve continued to hang out with him through the years.”

“You like him a lot.”

“Yeah. We’re good friends. He never treated me like a kid, even when I was one. I respect that about him.”

Amy could understand that appeal, especially for someone like Justin. Brilliant, up and coming, years ahead of the curve, but always younger than his peers. It had to irritate. Amy was probably one of the biggest offenders there. She had judged him on his age instead of his skills.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?” he asked, brows knitted.

“For doing exactly what you hated most. For treating you like you were too young to be as good as you were.”

He shrugged and grinned. “It’s okay. Everyone has to prove themselves, not just talk about how good they are.”

She smiled, remembering what he was like when he first came to the firm. “You did plenty of talking.”

“Yeah, I did, didn’t I?”

“But you also delivered on every promise. And I was jealous as hell.”

“The great Amy Parker, jealous? Please. You had me running in circles just to keep up with you. I’ve never faced a more formidable opponent.”

She blushed under his compliment. “Now you’re full of shit.”

“I never lie, Amy. I worked twice as hard to be half as good as you.”

Was that a line, or was it the truth? She searched his face, but found nothing there that would lead her to believe he was telling her anything but the honest truth.

“Thank you. Coming from you, that’s an incredible compliment. You’ve been breathing down my neck since your first day at the firm. I keep waiting for you to pass me by.”

“We’re both good at what we do. That’s why we’re so well matched.”

“I guess so.” Justin, man of never ending surprises.

“How about we go drag Mitch off the phone and see if he wants to do some fishing before we head back to shore?”

“That sounds great.”

Chapter Seven

After fishing and then eating, they'd spent the better part of the day out on Mitch's yacht lying around in the sun and talking. And Justin could tell Amy had had a wonderful time. She'd forgotten about work, about flying home, about everything except enjoying herself.

Exactly what he'd wanted for her.

And the massage hadn't hurt any, either. Making her come had sure seemed to improve her mood in a major way. She'd been smiling, laughing and much more relaxed since then.

While his balls had stayed in a knot and he'd suffered a perpetual hard-on the entire time.

Erections built character, right? Or something stupidly philosophical like that. All he knew was it hurt like hell and his mind was singly focused on sinking inside Amy's hot pussy and relieving the ache that plagued him all over.

After they disembarked, Amy had excused herself to take a shower, especially after Mitch had insisted they come to his place to spend Christmas Eve with him tonight. Since they had nothing else to do, they had agreed. With Amy gone, it had given Justin time to meet with Mitch and make a suggestion. A really personal, intimate suggestion.

Mitch had raised his brows, asked if Justin was certain that's what he wanted, and more importantly, what Amy wanted. Justin wasn't a hundred percent sure what Amy wanted, but he wanted to offer her a Christmas gift she'd never forget. And if she was game, then it was on.

He and Mitch had shared women before. It was no big deal. Until now. Because Justin was in love with Amy. Even Mitch knew that. But this was a once in a lifetime experience for Amy, something she'd fantasized about. And he wanted her to have it.

Once. After that, he intended to tell her how he felt, and that he didn't intend to ever share her again. After that, the ball would be in her court and the decision up to her.

He hoped things would go his way. But he wasn't in charge of Amy's heart.

After taking a shower, he put on a pair of black pants and a black and red flowered, Hawaiian shirt to get in the spirit of both the islands and the holiday. He slipped on a pair of shoes and went to knock on Amy's door. She opened it.

"Wow. You're gorgeous."

"Thank you. So are you. Great shirt."

A week ago she'd never have said that about a funky shirt like this. And she was gorgeous in a red body hugging dress and sandals. She'd gotten into the spirit too, with a hibiscus in her hair, tucked behind her ear. He leaned in and pressed a soft but lingering kiss to the side of her lips.

"You ready for a special night?"

She tilted her head to the side. "I guess so. I'm not much for Christmas. My family doesn't do presents. They just fly off and ski."

"You've missed out," he said, holding the door open for her. "I guess I'll have to come up with a special gift for you."

She quirked a brow, then walked out the door.

They walked over to Mitch's private cottage overlooking the beach, all glass and modern angles. Justin held Amy's arm as she maneuvered the back steps and bypassed the pool and spa. He didn't bother knocking on the back door, just punched in the security code and slid open the door.

"You and Mitch must be close if he gave you the code," Amy said as they stepped into Mitch's living room.

"He trusts me," Justin said with a wink. "Hey, Mitch. We're here!"

"Be right down," Mitch said from the top of the curving staircase.

"This place is gorgeous," Amy remarked. "I've never been in here. Modern, yet very comfortable."

“Yeah, Mitch likes it to look lived in.” From the comfortable cloth-covered sofas to the rugs spread all over the polished tile floor, it made people feel welcome. Justin always felt like he could slip off his shoes and put his feet up. At some rich peoples’ homes he was afraid to even move, let alone sit down.

Mitch came downstairs, looking casual as always in khaki pants and a polo shirt. And a Santa hat.

“Cute,” Amy said, her lips curving.

Mitch moved to the bar. “Ho, ho, ho. Gotta get into the spirit. And speaking of...spirits?”

Justin went to the bar and pulled out a stool for Amy. She slid onto it, giving him a glimpse of upper thigh. Mitch noticed, too.

“What would you like, Amy?”

“It’s Christmas Eve, Mitch. I’ll leave it up to you.”

Mitch arched a brow. “That could be dangerous.”

“I’ll live dangerously tonight then.”

The air in the room crackled with tension. Did Amy have any idea what was up? He hoped so. He hoped she wanted what he wanted to give her.

Mitch fixed drinks and handed them out. Amy took a sip, then another. “Oh. This is really good. What’s in it?”

“You don’t want to know,” Mitch said.

“Okay, then,” she replied with a tilt of the glass in his direction.

Whatever was in it, there was a ton of alcohol. Justin shook his head at Mitch. “Are you trying to get my lady drunk?”

Amy’s gaze shot to Justin. He waited for denial. All he saw was warmth and the hint of a smile.

“Maybe I am,” Mitch said. “What happens when you get drunk, Amy?”

“I lose my inhibitions.”

“Then drink up.”

She laughed. “You’re a bad boy, Mitch.”

“You don’t know the half of it, Amy.”

“Maybe I’d like to.”

This was interesting. Justin moved in closer to Amy, his hip brushing her shoulder. She leaned alongside him without hesitation, her hair tickling his arm as she rubbed her head against his arm.

Was she trying to tell him something? He tested his theory by wrapping his arm around her shoulder, lazily tracing her collarbone with his fingertips. Mitch watched intently. Amy watched Mitch, yet didn’t try to move Justin’s questing fingers as they crept lower, closer to the swell of Amy’s breast.

Justin’s cock began to swell, too, and he exchanged glances with Mitch. Mitch’s gaze was heated and he didn’t seem to want to spend time looking at Justin. His attention shot back to Amy, to Justin’s fingers tracing a pattern over Amy’s right breast.

“Do you like that, Amy?” Mitch asked, looking casual and relaxed as he sipped his drink and watched.

“Yes.”

“Does it bother you that I’m watching?”

“No, Mitch. It doesn’t.”

“Would you mind if I came over there?”

Amy paused. This was it, Justin thought. Decision time.

Amy tilted her head back and regarded Justin, indecision clear in her beautiful eyes.

“Justin, I—”

“I know what you want, babe.”

She frowned. “I don’t understand.”

“You want us both, don’t you?”

Amy’s breath caught, held, her heart in her throat.

You want us both. Justin had said the words, had voiced her naughtiest fantasy. How was she supposed to answer that?

With the truth. She'd waited a lifetime for this, and she was seconds from being able to have it. But her feelings for Justin were different than they were for Mitch.

She was confused.

"We'll sort us out later. Tonight is just for you. I want this for you," Justin said. "I want to give this to you."

"You planned this." He knew. Somehow, he knew.

"Yes. To a certain extent. It's obvious you're attracted to Mitch."

"And you're okay with that?" Was she okay with it? With Justin being so willing to share her after what she and Justin had done? Her mind whirled with the possibilities.

And suddenly, Mitch was right there next to her, his hand resting above her left knee.

"I think the two of you have some personal relationship issues to sort out," Mitch said, sweeping her hair over her shoulder. "But not tonight. Tonight is for fun. Just the three of us."

The three of us. Dear God, could she?

She looked down where Mitch's hand rested on her leg. "Mitch, you're a client."

"Not tonight, Amy. Tonight, I'm a man who finds you incredibly desirable. Tonight, Amy, you're fired."

She sucked in a breath, certain the room was spinning. Her mind was awash with thoughts—too many to sort through.

"Maybe it's time to stop thinking and just enjoy," Justin said, licking the sensitive spot just underneath her earlobe. "Maybe it's time to give yourself a Christmas gift—two men to unwrap, Amy."

She shuddered at the thought. Two men. Just for her.

What the hell was she waiting for? She'd never have another moment like this. She'd be insane to pass it up.

She tilted her head back to look at Justin while she placed her hand over Mitch's.

"Yes."

Justin leaned in and took her mouth, kissing her with a passion that took the last of her breath. At the same time, Mitch's hand moved up her leg, creeping toward her thigh.

He leaned in, the warmth of his breath caressing her neck. When his lips pressed against her throat, she shuddered at the sensation of being cocooned between the two of them. Neither one of them crowded her, pushed her too fast. Instead, they...worshipped her, with slow, deliberate kisses meant to drug her, to turn her on, to bring her pleasure.

She was going crazy, her mind going off like sparklers on the Fourth of July as she tried to process what was happening. Instead of two hands on her body, there were four. Instead of one set of lips, there were two. On her mouth, her neck, her shoulder, the swell of her breasts. Hands moved to the straps of her dress, dragging them down her shoulders and arms. They stood her up and moved her into the living room—to the sofa, she thought, she really wasn't sure because someone was kissing her while she was led into the other room. They swapped, first Justin's mouth on her, and then Mitch would drag her into his arms and press his lips to hers.

She didn't need alcohol. She was drunk on sensual kisses, languorous caresses to every part of her exposed skin. They stood her between them and she felt the tug of her zipper. She was facing Mitch now as Justin pulled her dress down, baring her breasts to Mitch.

In all her ménage fantasies, she thought she'd be embarrassed to be laid bare in front of two men. Instead, she felt exhilarated, empowered, like a goddess undressing for her subjects. Men who were about to pleasure her—because tonight, it really was all about her. And she reveled in it with unashamed abandon, didn't care that she felt selfish about it. This was only going to happen once and she intended to make the most of it.

"You are so beautiful," Mitch said, reaching out to trace his fingers over her breasts. Her nipples puckered as he circled her areolas, then cupped her breasts and skimmed her nipples with his thumbs. She gasped when Justin pushed in behind her, holding her breasts.

"Lick them," Justin urged, and Mitch did just that, placing his mouth over one distended nipple.

Her legs buckled, but Justin held onto her as she arched into Mitch's mouth, the sensation shooting straight to her pussy. She gripped Justin's forearms, crying out as

Mitch sucked and licked her nipple—first one, then the other. Justin’s cock was hard against her ass. She could only imagine the picture they presented. Her, naked from the waist up, leaning against one man while another sucked her nipples.

She wasn’t unwrapping her Christmas gift. She *was* the gift, and she was the one being unwrapped. And she wouldn’t have it any other way, especially when Mitch tugged on her dress, letting it drop to her ankles. He bent down and pulled the dress away from her feet, leaving her wearing only her red silk thong.

“Now there’s one hell of a sweet Christmas present,” Mitch said, his eyes sparkling with devilish delight. He stayed on his knees, pulled the fabric aside and planted his mouth over her throbbing sex.

Amy cried out. Mitch’s tongue licked the length of her, lapping up the juices pouring from her pussy. Before she could recover, he moved to her clit, drawing slow, lazy circles around the tight bud until she wanted to scream.

“Is it everything you imagined?” Justin asked, his voice low and husky. He plucked her nipples as he watched Mitch over her shoulders.

“Yes,” she managed through gritted teeth. “Oh, yes.”

“It’s only just beginning, babe. We’re going to make you come over and over again.”

She might not survive Christmas Eve. She didn’t think she cared. Not when Mitch was bringing her closer and closer to orgasm, and Justin’s fingers danced over her nipples, his tongue laving her neck until her pulse threatened to jump out her throat.

She was dizzy, overwhelmed, tuned into every sensation, trying to commit it all to memory, yet wanting to enjoy it as it happened. She was close, oh so close, and she began to pump against Mitch’s face. He teased his fingers along her swollen slit, sliding two inside her pussy to pump fuck her in slow gentle rhythm as he latched onto her sex and began swirling his tongue around her clit.

“Oh, God. I’m coming,” she cried, tensing against Justin as she flooded Mitch’s face. Her climax was a whirling vortex, zapping her of thought and strength. Wave after wave crashed inside her like she was making her way onto the shore. She rode it with abandon, enjoying every single pulse until she went limp against Justin. He held onto her, tilting

her head back to kiss her, forcing his tongue into her mouth and licking at hers until she was wound up and sparking with arousal yet again.

Mitch kissed his way up her belly, her ribs, lingering at her breasts to tease her nipples again. She didn't think she could cope with this much sensation, yet the more they gave her, the more she craved. Mitch pulled her from Justin's arms, gathering her close and kissing her deeply, letting her taste her come on his mouth. She licked at him, whimpering with need as he palmed her buttocks and drew her against his erection.

She heard the rustle of clothing behind her. She shivered, thinking about Justin getting naked.

"Can you stand, honey?" Mitch asked.

She nodded. "Barely."

Mitch grinned, placed her gently on her own two feet, then pulled his shirt off and began to unzip his pants. Amy swallowed. Justin tapped her shoulder and passed her a cocktail. She took a long swallow, parched from her whimpering and panting—God, she'd been like a bitch in heat, begging for it. And she wanted more. Her sexual drought was over. The monsoon had begun and she was eager to stand right in the middle of it and get soaked.

Especially when Mitch removed his pants. He was so different from Justin. Justin's chest was bare, Mitch had a crop of dark hair covering his chest. His cock was long where Justin's was thick. Her pussy quivered at the thought of what was going to happen, anticipation trickling down her thigh.

Amy wanted to experience both of them, inside her, to suck one while the other fucked her. She wanted it in so many ways, just like in her fantasies.

And she wanted it now.

She turned to Justin, threading her fingers through his hair as she pressed her lips to his, wanting to make sure he understood how much this meant to her. Was this easy for him, watching her with another man? Or did he even care? She didn't quite know where the two of them stood, relationship wise. Or if what they had could even be considered a relationship. She pushed those worries to the back of her mind for now. The only thing

she concentrated on was the feel of his lips sliding across hers—so smooth, yet so demanding. The way he crushed her body to his in such a possessive manner thrilled her. He made her feel like she was the only woman for him.

Maybe she was.

Maybe she wanted to be.

Don't think, Amy. Not now. Just feel.

As she kissed Justin, Mitch moved behind her, his cock rubbing against her hip as he leaned in to press his lips against the column of her spine. He drew her away from Justin's greedy mouth, dragging her onto his lap on the sofa.

"Condoms are in the downstairs bathroom, left hand drawer," Mitch said.

Justin nodded and left the room. Mitch drew Amy's hair to the side and licked her neck.

"God you smell good. I could lick you all over."

She shuddered at the wet warmth of Mitch's tongue against her skin, his hands roaming her body and his cock pressing against her lower back.

"I need to fuck you, Amy. I need to fuck you while Justin watches. Do you want that?"

Mitch painted an erotic visual she couldn't wait to explore. "Yes. I want that, Mitch." She was so wet she was drowning in it, throbbing incessantly at the thought of what was about to happen.

Justin returned, his gaze riveted on Mitch's wandering hands. Amy's legs were spread over Mitch's thighs, exposing her pussy to both of them.

"Damn, you have a pretty pussy, Amy," Justin said, taking his cock in his hand and stroking it as he stood beside the edge of the sofa.

Mitch cupped Amy's thighs and pulled her up so her butt rested on his stomach. "I don't want to wait," he said, holding out his hand to Justin. Justin grabbed a condom packet and handed it to Mitch. Once Mitch had it on, he positioned Amy over his cock, letting her slide down onto the head.

In the meantime, Justin leaned over, dragging his fingers through her hair to grab her attention. He wanted her mouth, kissing her again just as Mitch seated his cock fully inside her. Amy pulsed around him, overwhelmed with sensation. Mitch's shaft moved in and out of her with a slow, deliberate rhythm, his hands covering her breasts and doing delicious things to her nipples. Justin licked at her tongue, then pulled away and held her head in place as he replaced his mouth with his cock. She grabbed his cockhead between her lips, licking the wide crest before capturing it in her mouth and sucking it with a greedy hunger.

She had them both now, and Mitch held onto her hips, fucking her with gentle ease while Justin stroked his cock between her lips—soft velvet combing her tongue with salty liquid, signaling his pleasure. She stared up into his tightly strained face. He was watching her, his gaze switching between her face and where she and Mitch were connected. He held the back of her head as he pumped into her mouth, and she reached up to cradle his balls in her hand, giving them a tender squeeze. He hissed and tightened his fist in her hair. She knew he held back, trying not to bruise her throat by fucking her mouth hard, but she wanted his passion, especially with Mitch being so soft and gentle with his stroking of her pussy.

She needed more, and let Mitch know. It was time to direct this game. She leaned back and took Justin's cock out of her mouth, then maneuvered herself into a standing position.

"Need a break?" Mitch asked.

She shook her head. "Oh no. Just a position change. I want you to lean back on the sofa this way." She directed Mitch to recline against one end of the couch. When he did, she straddled him, sliding down on his cock until he was buried deep inside her. She pulsed, gripping him, and Mitch held onto her hips, pumping upward. She gasped, fighting for control, then gave Justin a look over her shoulder.

"Are you sure?" he asked, coming toward her, his cock still wet from her mouth.

"Yes. And hurry." She was already anticipating the moment he would fill her—they would fill her. Just like her fantasies.

She turned away and placed her palms on Mitch's chest. He smiled up at her, swept her hair away from her face, and lifted his hips, driving his shaft deeper. She gasped, her lips parted, sucking in air.

Justin knelt on the sofa, his hands on her buttocks.

"Tell me again this is what you want, Amy."

She reached behind her, her fingers curling over his cock. "Justin, please. Yes, I want you."

"Christ," he whispered, right before he spread her ass cheeks and cool liquid spread over her anus, followed by his fingers, coating her with lube.

Amy turned away, tangling her fingers in the crisp mat of hair on Mitch's chest, her pussy contracting around his cock. She heard the foil packet tearing, then felt Justin maneuvering behind her.

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Amy?" Justin asked, caressing her lower back.

"No."

"Ever stuck a toy in there, like a dildo?"

God, did he know all her secrets? "Yes."

"Did you fantasize about two men fucking you?" Mitch's gaze was intent, curious, his eyes like the crystal water they'd sailed over earlier today.

"All the time, Mitch." She dug her fingers into his chest as Justin fit the head of his cock against her anus.

"Hang on, babe. Relax and breathe through this. If it hurts, tell me and I'll stop."

Mitch halted his movements and Justin took it slow, penetrating her with just the head of his cock. It burned, but she'd expected it. She wasn't lying when she said she'd fucked herself in the ass before. She'd double penetrated herself with her toys, always imagining what it would be like to be fucked by two men simultaneously.

Now it was really happening. She wasn't going to stop. Instead, she relaxed her muscles and breathed deeply, leaning forward against Mitch's chest, lifting her ass in the air. And then Justin pushed in deeper, sliding more of his cock past her tight muscles. She

blew in, out, feeling every inch of him penetrate her until he was fully sheathed in her ass.

She stilled, her eyes closed as she captured the moment, adjusted, really felt them. Both of them were inside her, barely separated, no doubt able to feel each other. She'd never felt more filled, could hardly breathe through the sensations pummeling her from both sides. Her clit was nestled against Mitch's pelvis, and the slightest movement set off a storm of vibration. Her pussy quivered, her anus tightened, and then Mitch and Justin began to move.

Like a piston, Mitch drove up while Justin pulled back, then vice versa, and the feeling was incredible, like a slow, drugging assault, ripping her apart in slow motion. They didn't hurry, didn't ravage her with hard strokes. Instead, they took their time and treated her with gentle care.

She had always thought this would be wild and crazy, that it would hurt, that she would be torn apart by insane, crazy sex. Instead, it was terribly emotional, and she was coming undone because of it. Justin spread his body over her back, kissing her neck, whispering to her as he speared her with his cock, and Mitch held onto her hands, encouraging her to let go.

How could she not with these two at the helm? She gave herself up to the sensations and moved with them, holding onto Mitch's hands, tossing her head back against Justin, and reveled in being sandwiched between them as they took her to the edge, then over.

When she came, it was like being squeezed into the most exquisite death imaginable. Her pussy gripped Mitch's cock as she spiraled out of control, and the muscles of her anus gripped Justin's shaft. She felt the contractions everywhere and it intensified her orgasm tenfold. Fighting for air, she tilted her head back and could only let out a croaking sound and violently shudder while they both held onto her, rocketing into their own orgasms. This time they did pound into her, Mitch driving deep and Justin pumping hard into her ass.

Spent, she fell forward, Justin wrapping his arm around her waist and holding tight to her, his heart pounding a fast rhythm against her back.

It took her a long while to recover. By the time she could move, Justin had already withdrawn and left the room. Mitch leaned up, picking her up with him and carrying her to the bathroom.

Justin already had the shower on and was waiting for them. Mitch handed her over with a soft kiss and a whispered 'thank you', and Justin pulled her into Mitch's oversized shower, letting the warm spray soothe her overused body.

He kissed her, a gentle brush of his lips across hers, then he washed her all over before taking care of himself.

"You okay?" he asked after he was rinsed.

She nodded, because she was without words, could only smile and remember.

It had been everything she could have ever wanted, and she couldn't think of two other men who could have made it better for her.

Justin dried her off. Their clothes were lying in the dressing area outside the bathroom, and they got dressed. Mitch was already showered and waiting for them in the living room when they came out.

Mitch pulled Amy into his arms and kissed her, a soft, lingering kiss that curled her toes. He dragged his thumb across her bottom lip and she shuddered.

"No regrets?" he asked.

She shook her head and gave Mitch a warm smile. "None at all."

Mitch nodded. "I'm flying out first thing tomorrow. I have to be in Australia day after Christmas and the whole time zone change whacks me out, so this is goodbye for us until the next time I see you."

Amy gripped Mitch's forearms. "I don't know what to say other than thank you for giving me such an incredible gift."

Mitch grinned. "Believe me, sweetheart. It was my pleasure." He pulled her into his arms for a hug, then released her and bear hugged Justin.

"Anytime you want to leave that stuffy firm, I've got a job for you," Mitch said.

"I'll think about it," Justin said with a wink. "You take care of yourself, old man."

Mitch snorted. "Merry Christmas, Amy."

“Same to you, Mitch.”

She and Justin left, walking hand in hand back to their bungalows. But instead of seeing her to her room, Justin took her to his, pulling back the covers on his bed and unzipping her dress.

“Tonight I want you to sleep with me,” he said.

Amy had no objection, just let her dress fall to the ground. She crawled into his bed and let him curl up behind her and pull her close.

This was perfect. Almost too perfect. Because it wasn't real.

It had all been one fantastic fantasy.

And with tomorrow, came reality. She already knew the reality. Was intimately familiar with the way things really were, the way they were going to be after this idyllic few days in Hawaii.

Nothing was going to change.

But tonight, she was nestled in Justin's arms and had just experienced the fantasy of a lifetime.

She'd worry about the reality later.

“Do you want to talk about this?” Justin asked, his warm breath tickling the hair on the back of her neck.

“No. I don't ever want to talk about it again.” Though she'd relive it, over and over again. Not just the ménage with Justin and Mitch, but every moment she'd spent with Justin.

“Sure. Whatever you want.”

She waited, but in a few moments his breathing evened out and she was certain he'd fallen asleep.

Amy exhaled, ran her fingers over Justin's hand. Touching him made her belly quiver.

That was so not good. Being here with Justin in Hawaii, spending time with him, talking with him, made her realize the truth.

She was in love with him.

Even having sex with another man hadn't changed that. It had only reaffirmed her feelings for Justin.

Mitch was hot. Sexy. Rich. Successful. Older than her, and a prime catch for someone in Amy's position.

Fucking Mitch hadn't made a damn difference.

She wanted Justin. And only him.

And she wasn't going to have him. Their relationship was doomed from the start and she was putting a stop to it first thing tomorrow. Cutting it off now, before either of them started hurting more, would be for the best.

She blinked back tears, hating that she'd allowed it to get this far.

She already missed him. This was going to be so damn difficult, but they'd weather through it. She knew Justin would see the reason behind her decision. His career was as important as hers. He'd understand. This had been just a fling for both of them. Fun, but that's all it was and all it could ever be.

People like them didn't fall in love, didn't have relationships.

They had careers. And that's all they had.

It was time to get back to her career. Fun time was over.

Chapter Eight

Justin had woke Christmas morning alone. He'd like to say he was shocked to find Amy gone, but he wasn't.

He'd expected it. He'd also expected to find that she'd checked out, taken an early morning flight back to Los Angeles, hadn't left a note.

It had been one hell of a Christmas Day.

Amy had run like hell after their night with Mitch. Just as he expected her to.

Justin took it as a really good sign.

He was really shocked when he got back to work the day after Christmas to find Amy had switched some cases they were working on together, assigning them to another attorney. His assistant said Amy claimed she was overloaded and just making some adjustments. When Justin went to confront Amy, her secretary said Amy had taken a few days off.

Amy's assistant seemed as surprised as Justin, since Amy never took time off. Her secretary said she'd be out of the office and working at home until after the new year.

Justin holed up in his office and pondered this new development.

It was even better than he'd thought. She was cutting all ties with him, and it sure as hell wasn't because she hated him.

Miss Amy Parker, Esquire, was in love with him, and this was her way of dealing with it.

But now it was time for Justin to play his hand.

He had some serious decisions to make. And a phone call.

Then he had to go see Amy.

Amy grabbed the steaming cup of tea and padded into her living room, sliding onto her sofa and glaring at the laptop screen.

Adjusting her client files and trading off with one of the other attorneys meant getting up to speed on new cases. More work.

And her powers of concentration were shot. She hadn't slept since she'd been back from Hawaii.

She missed Justin. A stab of guilt pained her stomach, but she pushed it aside.

He hadn't called her. Had she really expected him to since she left his bed in the early hours Christmas morning, left no note, and then obviously told him what she thought of him by cutting all professional ties? Not only wouldn't they be sleeping together anymore, they'd barely be working together.

She really was an ice queen, wasn't she? She'd become quite adept at burying her emotions so the only thing anyone saw was a cool professional exterior. Icy. Unapproachable.

Too bad it wasn't working on herself. She was miserable, couldn't eat, couldn't sleep and she goddamn hurt inside.

This was for the best? For whose best? Hers? Justin's?

It sucked.

The doorbell rang. She sighed, setting the tea down and heading to the door. It was probably the messenger from work delivering the case files she'd asked for. She opened the door, shocked to find Justin standing there.

"Justin."

"Amy."

Before she could utter a word, he'd brushed past her and entered her apartment.

"Uh, come in why don't you?"

He had a package in his hand. A Christmas present. A big box tied with an oversized red bow.

"Thanks. I think I will." He turned to her, surveying her apartment. "What? No Christmas tree?"

She rolled her eyes. "I'm never here. A tree seemed pointless."

“How appropriately humbug of you. I’ll just set this down here, then.” He laid it on her coffee table.

“Justin, really, you shouldn’t have.”

“Yes, I know. You don’t deserve it. I did it anyway.”

She crossed her arms, feeling profoundly uncomfortable. “Why are you here?”

He took a seat on her sofa, grimacing at the laptop. “Obviously you’re not at home because you’re sick. Your cheeks are pink and you look fine to me. My guess is you’re avoiding me.”

“I am not. I just needed to catch up on some work and wanted to do it uninterrupted.”

“Oh, yeah. Learning all those new cases because you swapped client files with Jamison.”

She sank onto the other end of the sofa, hating the confrontation that was coming, but knowing it was inevitable. “Justin. Let’s be realistic.”

“Okay. Go ahead.” He shrugged out of his jacket and slung it over the back of the sofa.

Amy wanted to run her hands over his cashmere sweater. Or under his cashmere sweater to feel his smooth, heated skin and the play of muscles in his abdomen. Instead, she steeled herself, reminding herself why she’d done this in the first place.

“We have no future together.”

“Really? Why?”

“You’re younger than me.”

“Do you really consider that a valid excuse?”

No. “When I’m fifty you’d be—”

“Forty-five. I can do math, Amy. I still don’t get your point. I don’t love you because of your age. And I think it’s damn hot that you’re older than me.”

Oh, shit. “You love me?”

“You graduated summa cum laude from Stanford. If you can’t figure out that I love you, then I’m really disappointed in your perceptive powers. Of course I love you. Would I put up with your bullshit if I didn’t?”

Her throat constricted and she fought back tears. "Love doesn't last."

"And you base this on?"

"May/December romances never do. I'll get wrinkly. I'll get jowls."

His lips lifted. "I'll put a bag over your head when I fuck you."

She couldn't help it. She snorted. "That wasn't funny."

"And I don't love you because of how you look. I love you because of who you are. You're brilliant. You can be funny. You love adventure and you have no fear. We have the same backgrounds. We're both driven and competitive and I like being with you. I like making love to you, like having you sleeping next to me at night. Do you think five years make any difference to me?"

No, she didn't. Dammit, she didn't. Her mind whirled trying to come up with something else.

"We're constantly competing with each other in the firm. It would destroy us."

He grabbed the box and placed it in her lap. "Open your Christmas present, Amy."

"I—"

"Just open the goddamn box."

"Fine." Anything to get through this and get him out of her apartment before she fell apart. She pulled the bow on the giant box and lifted the lid, lifting out miles and miles of tissue paper. At the bottom of the box was an envelope. She pulled the envelope out and slanted a quizzical look at Justin.

He nodded. "Open it."

She sliced through the envelope and opened the single paper in there. Her blood went cold when she read the contents.

"You didn't," she whispered, her gaze shooting to Justin.

"I did. This afternoon."

"Oh, Justin. Why?"

"I turned in my resignation at McKenzie and Shoals for two reasons. First, because I love you and I don't want this whole thing about us being competitive and you thinking I

wanted to fuck my way to the top—or using you and our relationship—coming between us. Now it's not between us anymore.”

She couldn't believe he'd resigned. He'd been working his way through that firm for years. He was poised on the brink of partnership. “Are you insane?”

He moved closer to her, tossed the box and all the paper on the floor and took Amy's hand in his. “No, Amy. I'm in love.”

Shock froze her in place, her mind refusing to register what he'd done on her behalf. Because he loved her? “You've ruined your career.”

“No. I've just started it.”

“What do you mean?”

“What do you think of Garrett and Parker?”

Her pulse raced. “Garrett and Parker?”

He smiled. “Yeah. You, me, our own law firm?”

“You've lost your mind.” Excitement warred with trepidation. “We don't have the capital for that kind of venture. Or the clients.”

Justin arched a brow. “No, that's true. *We* don't have the capital to start our own firm.”

It hit her instantly. “Mitch.”

“Yes.”

“Oh my God. Mitch would do that?”

“Of course he would. And he'll move all his business to us, too.”

Amy couldn't breathe. “Why, Justin?”

“Because I love you, and because neither one of us is making partner fast enough at McKenzie and Shoals. You know it and I know it. They're a great firm, but they're slow to promote. And you and I are ambitious go getters who want to push the envelope. They're not right for us, Amy. We need our own gig.”

He was right. Dear God, he was right. He'd seen it where she hadn't. All this time, she'd been playing it safe, toeing the line, doing everything right in the hopes to make it to the top. And trying to keep her peers from getting there before her—like Justin.

Justin had taken the risk and was offering her the opportunity of a lifetime, and his love, too.

“All you have to do is say yes, Amy.”

He’d done all this because he loved her. And she hadn’t even told him—

“I love you, Justin. Before we go any further, you need to know that.”

“I know you do.”

“You do?”

He grinned. “When I woke up Christmas morning and you weren’t in my bed or even in Hawaii anymore, I knew it.”

“How?”

“You ran because you were scared of your feelings. If you didn’t care, you’d have gotten on that plane back to L.A. with me and wouldn’t have blinked.”

She tried to take it all in. “Sometimes you scare me because you know me so well.”

“That’s why we’ll make such good partners. Nobody understands me like you do. Nobody is less willing to put up with my bullshit as you are.”

She laughed. “We make quite a pair, don’t we?”

“There’s something else.”

“Okay.”

“I read the email you sent to your friend Gloria. The one where you said you wanted a ménage.”

Her eyes widened. “What? When?”

“A week or so before we left for Hawaii. You’d tossed your laptop at me to pull a document off, and I couldn’t find it so I thought it was in your email attachments. I found it there.” He at least had the decency to look guilty.

“That’s how you knew about my fantasy.”

“Yeah.”

“I should be furious with you for invading my privacy.”

“Yes, you should.”

But she wasn’t. He’d given her the greatest gift she could have ever asked for.

“And another thing, Amy.”

“What is it?”

“That night with Mitch was great. It was hot. You were incredible. But it’s never going to happen again.”

“It isn’t?”

“No. I don’t share what’s mine. You had your one and only ménage.”

She let her eyes drift closed, unable to believe she’d found a man like Justin. Then she opened them and saw him—really saw him, for the brilliant, loving man he was. He’d done all that for her, to make her happy.

“I really do love you,” she said, palming his cheeks and brushing her lips across his. He pulled her closer, deepening the kiss, sliding his tongue inside her mouth to claim her with passionate intent.

Desire flared and burst inside her. Going two days without Justin had been horrible. She’d felt empty inside. Now she needed him to fill her.

His mouth still doing delicious things to hers, he dragged her flat onto the sofa, searching under her T-shirt and finding her breasts, skimming her nipples until she writhed with need. But when she tried to lift up so she could undress her, he held her down.

“Stay there,” he said, reaching for her sweatpants and jerking them off, leaving her naked from the waist down. He slid off the couch, using his hip to push the coffee table out of the way. He dug a condom out of his pocket and unzipped his jeans, shoving them down his thighs.

“Hurry,” she whispered, lifting her hips while he applied the condom. He pulled her to the end of the sofa and plunged inside her so hard she cried out, her body flexing to accommodate him. He held onto her while he pumped her with relentless strokes, claiming her, possessing her in a way only Justin could. She raked his forearms with her nails, her need for him almost violent in its intensity.

She couldn't get enough, pushing her pussy onto his cock, wanting him deeper, needing him to fuck her harder. Her pussy poured over him, over them both. She was so close and she wanted him to finish with her.

"Come with me," she said, grinding her sex against him as she tried to hold back. But she was tightening, spiraling, losing control.

Justin growled, shuddered against her and she climaxed, spasming around his hot cock, bucking up off the couch as she gave him all she had.

He lay his head on her breasts as they recovered and she stroked his hair, unable to believe this magnificent man was all hers. A man she'd stupidly tried to throw away.

Relaxed, feeling Justin in her arms and knowing he was never going to leave, she whispered, "Parker and Garrett."

Justin lifted his head. "Huh?"

"Parker and Garrett. I think that sounds better."

"In your dreams. We're going alphabetical. Garrett and Parker."

"We're going by age. Parker and Garrett."

"You won't win. I have the bigger dick."

She gave him a knowing smile. "But I have the pussy."

He thrust against her, his cock swelling within her again. "I can tell these negotiations might go well into the night."

She sighed and gave him a wicked smile. "I'm used to working all night."

About the Author

To learn more about Jaci Burton, please visit <http://www.jaciburton.com>. Send an email to Jaci Burton at jaci@jaciburton.com or join her Yahoo! group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/jaciburtonsparadise> to join in the fun with other readers as well as her newsletter at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/jaciburtonjournal> for updates about future releases.

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Crimson Ties

Love, larceny, and lies.

Miss Lonely Hearts

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When is a love letter not a love letter? When it's mail fraud. Or in this case, female fraud.

Jason Alexander is one angry Alaskan, and he's out to get his woman; the letter-writing Lolita who's running the Miss Lonely Hearts con game in his bailiwick. She's taking lonely Alaskans for a roller-coaster ride and cashing in on love. When she hits the patrons of his bar The Last Resort, the retired gambler takes it personally and goes out for justice.

Cassandra Adams has just been dumped by ex-fiancé number two. She's fed up with Romance Roulette and ready to trade her rosy daydreams for hardheaded practicality. The logical solution? She's going to search the classifieds for the mail-order marrying man she wants.

She thinks she's found him in Jason, alias Alex Sanders. He thinks he's hooked Miss Lonely Hearts. And the regulars at The Last Resort think it's high time Jason got married, so they're not about to clarify matters when they discover his mistake.

Together Jason and Cassandra will have to cut their way through the tangle of love, larceny and lies to unmask Miss Lonely Hearts and find a happy ending that's a sure bet.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Miss Lonely Hearts:

Jason Alexander looked up from the dull and repetitive task of polishing the shiny oak bar top when the door of The Last Resort swung open. Good, a customer. Something to do, something to relieve the tedium, someone to talk to.

Until he realized the two large men making their ponderous way to the padded barstools were Dwight and Duke Lawrence.

The twins never talked. It was an amazing phenomenon, but true, nevertheless. Jason had wondered at it from the first time he'd seen them take those same seats on his first night in residence as the new owner of The Last Resort.

They hadn't shown the least bit of surprise that the place had changed hands, or any interest in his identity. They'd simply waited until one of the other locals piped up and told him they always had one shot of bourbon and one draft apiece.

Never one to back down from a challenge, Jason had summoned his considerable charm and slid the beverages in front of them with a smile and a friendly greeting.

Silence. The only sound came when Duke rustled a bill in paying the tab. Even the raising and lowering of the glasses occurred in an incredible silence, the heavy restaurant glass never clunking when it made contact with the oak bar, but settling gently on the cocktail napkins without a whisper. That this feat of steady, soundless movement came from two men big enough to be mistaken for a pair of Yeti was nothing short of miraculous.

The tandem performance had amazed Jason then, and it amazed him now. Sometimes he wondered if they even realized the bar had changed hands. The previous owner, Lucky Day, had been abandoned by his namesake in Reno. The outcome of that fateful poker game had left Jason Alexander, professional gambler extraordinaire, the sole proprietor of a rustic bar in Southeast Alaska.

Maybe, he thought with a flash of wicked humor, they couldn't tell the difference because all bartenders looked alike in the dark.

Not that it was all that dark just then. It was only spring, but already the days were visibly lengthening. The bar's traditional dim lighting was highly augmented by the sun, streaming in through the small windows at full strength. That was one of the things he truly loved about the area. In the summer, the extended daylight lent everyone a kind of exuberance that made up for the long, dark winters. Nobody slept or stayed inside if they could help it.

In fact, the restless energy of this little city on the Tongass Narrows with the dubious honor of being named Alaska's Rain Capital had appealed to his adventure-loving soul immediately.

From the moment he'd stepped off the ferry, he'd felt like he'd come home.

Here, in a place with a history of gold rushes, on a little plot of land in the former red-light district, was a place a gambler and wanderer could settle down in as easily as he could settle behind a blackjack table.

It fit him and he'd made up his mind immediately, with a gambler's sure instincts, that he wasn't selling The Last Resort. Or putting it up as collateral, either. He was leaving the life of plush hotels and room service behind forever. He was twenty-eight years old and it was time he had a home.

So Jason had taken up his position behind the bar and never looked back. Two years later, he wasn't sorry.

But he still hadn't ever managed to get a word out of Dwight or Duke in all that time. He only knew which was which because Duke always sat on the left. Also, his well-developed powers of personal observation had detected very slight differences that distinguished one from the other. Dwight sported a faint scar on one cheek and Duke had thicker brows. Still, they were as identical as it was probably possible to get without actually being one and the same person.

But something about them was different tonight. Jason studied the two dour faces as he served the usual drinks with a flourish. "On the house this time, Duke," he said, knowing it was the left-hand twin's turn to buy. They traded off, another well-established ritual they never deviated from.

He thought he actually saw a glimmer of surprise in the man's pale eyes. "You're welcome," he responded, as if Duke had spoken instead of nearly blinking.

With these two, body language was about as verbal as he could expect.

"Least I can do for you two, since you're looking so down," Jason went on. Dwight definitely twitched as he reached for the bourbon. Interesting. Now what could these two be bothered about? Jason pondered the possibilities. Probabilities were his forte.

Odds were, they'd finally gotten tired of each other's companionship and gotten lonely in a purely masculine way. That being the case, and being as alike as they were, the two had probably then settled their affections on the same woman.

"Woman trouble does that to us all," Jason stated in commiseration. "We men have to stick together. Though in your case, I don't recommend you take that too literally. The

law doesn't recognize three-way marriages." Although employers and official agencies were recognizing every other kind of arrangement these days, and polyamorous groups weren't exactly unheard of. Live and let love. But the law was conservative.

Both Dwight and Duke rattled their shot glasses when they replaced them on the heavy oak slab. Jackpot!

"You know, you two might try asking her to choose between you." He offered the suggestion in the time-honored spirit of supportive advice from the bartender to his burdened patrons. Dwight and Duke were apparently unacquainted with the custom personally, but he suspected they stopped in night after night mostly to listen to the talk, even if they didn't participate actively.

Now, as lacking in verbal skills as they were, how likely was it they'd ever actually say something like that to a woman? It was amazing that they'd even gotten as far as saying hello. Too amazing, Jason realized. Which meant that they hadn't. Which meant they'd been doing their wooing in silence. Which meant...

"Of course, maybe you shouldn't do a thing like that through the mail. It might go better in person."

Then it happened.

Dwight's big fist curled up and thumped the bar in a single, silent shout of frustration and despair. And he spoke.

"Too late. She dumped us both."

The rusty admission drew a nod of agreement and pure misery from Duke who chimed in, "Jilted," in the heaviest, creakiest, rustiest voice Jason had ever heard.

Jilted. Now, that was serious. Jason eyed the two, surprised they'd proposed on paper. Well, not really. How else would they do it, unless they met a deaf woman and communicated by holding up a ring?

"You mean she agreed to marry both of you?" he asked as the implications of Duke's single contribution to the conversation sank in.

Two woeful heads nodded once. Two ham hands raised and lowered heavy beer mugs in unison.

Jason would have given an awful lot to meet the woman who'd do that, he really would. Imagine. Taking on the two Lawrence men. The two enormous Lawrence men. The mind boggled. Whoever she was, she was truly an adventurous soul. Although it seemed she'd thought better of her decision to walk on the wild side at the last minute.

"Well, at least you found out about her in time," Jason offered.

Two heads hung low.

Now what did that mean? He swiftly concluded it meant they'd lost more than their hearts. Jason's former life began to pass before his eyes, and the words *con artist* rang in his head. "My friends," he said, "You have just been done in by Miss Lonely Hearts."

She wants the adventure of a lifetime and isn't willing to sacrifice it for any man... All he wants is to keep the girl he loved and lost safe, even if she hates him for it...

Unconditional Surrender

© 2007 Denise A. Agnew

Archaeologist Fredricka “Freddie” Bodine returns to her hometown for her twentieth high school reunion, unaware that her old crush, Keith Wallace, has blown back into town. One memory is etched deeply on her brain—the high school prom where she shared a single, emotionally revealing dance with him. They’d both left town after graduation, feelings unresolved and teen angst firmly in place.

Keith doesn’t want her to travel to Los Diablos, a lawless area he’s visited during Special Forces ops, and the place where his sister was killed years ago.

As they grapple with family pressures and the exploding passion between them, their battle of wills may just lead them to the truth living in both their hearts.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Unconditional Surrender:

Oh, she’d been stupid. She hadn’t thought past the end of her nose. “My God. I understand now. You weren’t in the desert on your last tour, you were in Mexico.”

“No, I was in Iraq. But you know that intuition I had as a kid? It’s screaming that it isn’t a good idea for you to go to Los Diablos.”

At first she wanted to take in his caution, a rising anxiety making her vulnerable to fear. “Arnold wouldn’t set up a tour if it was dangerous.”

“Yeah, I think he would. He told me he’d checked out reports and heard nothing about extraneous danger. I told him to call a guy I know at the embassy down there.” He shifted closer, his eyes serious and dark with emotion. “Do you think I’d lie to you about something like this?”

“No. No, I don’t think you’re lying about what you feel. But I’m a scientist, Keith. Intuition is all well and good, but when it comes down to it, I need more than a passing gut feeling that Los Diablos might be dangerous.” She sighed. “Are you sure this isn’t because of what happened to your sister?”

She saw him wince, and then anger flashed through his eyes. “No.”

For all of a few seconds she considered his plea. Then she realized if she agreed to abandon her dream, she’d never forgive herself. She’d worked too long and hard and paid her dues. Giving up would hurt to the bone. “I’ve worked for this and come a long way. I’m not giving up my dream because something bad *might* happen. No one’s life ever gets lived thinking like that. If I don’t go, there will always be a part of me that would regret it. Haven’t you ever taken a risk for something you wanted?”

He clasped her shoulders, then caressed gently. Desire melted in her stomach. She didn’t want him to stop touching her, even if he gazed down at her with consternation.

“Do you trust me?” he asked.

She didn’t need to think. She knew. “Of course. But Keith—”

“A man you haven’t seen in twenty years?”

She went silent.

He cupped her neck, and she fell into his eyes, finding a heat there she didn’t want to ever leave. He brought her up against him. She wanted his touch, and craved his kiss. As he leaned in, she touched his hard chest. He felt so good. Solid. Reliable.

“I know one damned thing for certain,” he said, his voice husky. “You’re dangerous to me.”

Keith tasted Freddie’s mouth softly. Tenderness flowed through her as she fell into the moment. His tongue plunged in to take, to caress with hot intensity. Passion erupted inside her as she sank into his arms, embraced him wholeheartedly. His arms wrapped tight about her back. Her body reacted as if she’d loved him, made love to him forever. Heat burned low in her belly and pooled between her legs. She felt wet, hungry, aching to know him deep and hot. God, she wanted him.

He drew back and took in deep breaths, his eyes smoldering with his intentions.

His arms stayed tight around her. “That was...wow.” He grinned ruefully.

She couldn’t help but smile along with him, the happiness swelling in her chest and dying to escape. “What are we doing here? Are you kissing me to convince me not to head to Mexico?”

His eyes cooled. “No, damn it. Why do you think that?”

Instant regret charged through her. “Keith, what is this we’re doing? Are we starting something that...”

“We can’t finish.” His expression turned somber. “That’s what you think?”

She cupped his face. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. I’m...this whole thing took me by surprise.”

He released her. Keith traced her chin with his index finger. “Me, too. Let’s just take it one day at a time, okay?”

Her heart sank, but she should have felt relief. Maybe. Otherwise she’d have to admit inside that she didn’t want to take it slow. She wanted him between her legs, pumping out his satisfaction and firing hers. She wanted him with a fierceness that stunned her.

Oh, yeah. I’ve got it bad.

“Come on. Let’s go back inside before one of your siblings sneaks out and sees us kissing,” he said.

“In that case, let’s give them something to look at.”

His eyes widened, then a slow smile broke over his lips. “You sure?”

She giggled, feeling girlish despite the seriousness of their conversation a moment ago. “If I know my family, they’re probably taking a peek right now trying to see where we went.”

“That nosy, eh?”

“That nosy.”

She slipped back into his arms, and they came together in a fresh kiss.

This time Keith kept his kiss civilized, not as uncontrolled. His earlier kiss still raged inside him, a ferocious explanation for the tumult he experienced. Temptation slammed him. He wanted her. Here. Now. He wondered if she was as hot for him as he was for her. Her breasts pushed against him, warm circles he longed to cup. He wanted her hard nipples under his tongue, wanted to taste the folds between her legs. Freddie’s tongue flicked over his lips, but he pulled back. Part of him wanted her writhing in his arms. The other wanted her yearning for him, dying for it.

They heard the screen door squeak from far away, and she eased from his arms. She sighed, and he wanted to hear other sounds coming from Freddie’s throat. Moans of

satisfaction, his name on her lips. His restrained his lust enough to keep his cock under control, but it wasn't easy. He wanted her with a sword-sharp pain. Her dad walked toward them, a mischievous grin on his face.

“You think he’s walking this way now to kick my ass?” Keith asked.

She laughed. “No. And I don’t think he could kick your ass.”

“Never underestimate the protective instincts of a father.”

“Maybe I don’t need protecting. I’m a big girl, remember.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

Her irreverent smile stayed with him, even after he’d left for the night.

He promises to indulge her secret fantasies, if only she dares to accept.

Sneak Peek: Show Me

© 2007 Jaci Burton

Socialite Janine Bartolino has always been in the public eye. Managing her late father's philanthropic interests, she keeps her pastimes above reproach. But when a surprise thirtieth birthday celebration at a private club opens her eyes to wicked pleasures, and an intriguing man offers her the chance of a lifetime to indulge her every secret fantasy, Janine takes a leap of faith...at great personal risk.

Phillipe "Del" Delacroix knows what Janine wants, even if she isn't aware of it herself—a chance to explore the world of voyeurs and exhibitionists. Soon, the once staid and reserved woman transforms into a daring and passionate lover, giving Del everything he could ask for in a partner. But when something happens that puts Janine's reputation, her career, all she's worked for, in jeopardy...Del must prove that loving him is worth the risk.

See Watch Me by Shelley Bradley for the first story in the Sneak Peek Duet.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Show Me:

"Your friends thought you'd run."

She shrugged and took a long swallow of rum. It burned, but it felt good. Courage-inducing. "They're very adventurous. Me? Not so much."

"So, you're the conservative one in the group?"

"I'm hardly conservative." Boring, maybe, but not conservative. She led a wicked, sexy, adventurous lifestyle—in her fantasies. Her reality was something entirely different.

He drained his glass and set it back on the table. "Why do I get the feeling you're trying to convince me of something that's not quite true?"

“My friends, Susan, Terri and Melinda have fascinating lives. One’s an author of mystery books who travels the world researching and doing nationwide book tours. One’s an actress and the other’s a model. Their careers alone are profoundly more exciting than mine.”

“And what do you do?”

“I manage my father’s estate. He’s the late Louis Bartolino.”

“Ah. I’ve heard of your father. My condolences on his death last year.”

She nodded. “Thank you. I took over the Bartolino Foundation after his death. That’s my work.”

Del crossed his arms. “Big job for one person.”

“It can be. I handle it. Nevertheless, it hardly makes me...exciting.”

His lips twitched. “I don’t know about that. I find you intriguing.”

It would be rude to snort. “Right. Of course you do.”

Del picked up their glasses and refilled their drinks. “Being exciting has nothing to do with your career, Janine. It’s an inner quality, a glow.” He walked back to her and handed her the glass, his fingers brushing hers. She felt a zing of electricity.

“You shine like a woman who has a secret.”

“I have no secrets.”

“Is that right. None at all?”

“No.” She sipped the rum, wishing she’d never come in here. Del made her uncomfortable. He was too probing, as if he knew something about her that she didn’t. Which was ridiculous.

“We all have secrets, Janine. Sometimes things even we aren’t aware about ourselves.”

“I’m an open book. Read the society section in the newspaper. You’ll find out anything you want to know about me.”

“That’s surface. Public relations. That’s not who you really are.”

She shook her head, fighting back a laugh. “Really. You’ve known me for ten minutes. Who am I?”

He shrugged and moved away from her. "Not sure. Let's find out." He pressed a button next to the mirror and the lights went out.

Janine startled, not sure what was happening. But then the mirror glowed. No, wait. A picture was forming. What the hell was that?

It wasn't a picture. It was a two-way mirror. On the other side was a room, with a bed and a chair and nothing else.

There was a man and a woman in the room, both young and extremely attractive. The man was tall, well built, with cover model good looks. He was naked from the waist up, wore no shoes, only a pair of jeans with the top button undone. The woman had long blonde hair loosely cascading down her back. She wore only a scarlet red bra that barely contained her copious breasts, and a matching thong. She looked like she worked out, her body in fine shape. She was on her knees in front of the man, dragging the zipper down his jeans.

The blonde licked her lips, anticipation clearly showing on her face.

Janine licked her lips, too, her throat gone dry. What was she looking at? It was an intimate, personal moment between two people. She should turn away, walk out of the room, but she couldn't move. Her feet seemed to have glued themselves to the floor.

And her body's response to what she saw was off the charts. Her nipples tightened, her breasts felt hot and swollen, and her clit quivered. She was turned on in a major way, and she sent up a thankful prayer for the darkness surrounding her. What would Del think of her?

What kind of place was Sneak Peek?

As if in answer to her unspoken question, Del moved behind her, his body seemingly surrounding her, crowding her personal space. She inhaled, picking up his scent, letting it fill her. His cock was rigid against her ass as he pressed against her, letting his hands rest on her hips.

"Sneak Peek is a sex club, Janine. A club for voyeurs and exhibitionists. If you look across the room you'll see another window. There are over a dozen people watching."

She tore her gaze away from the couple, finding the window Del mentioned. Men and women stood on the other side of a glass enclosure, some fully clothed, others in

various states of undress. Some merely observed, while there were some couples fondling each other as they watched.

“The couple you see in the other room are exhibitionists. They enjoy having sex knowing that others are watching. It heightens their pleasure. In this scenario, we’re the voyeurs.”

Oh, God. She shouldn’t be here. Not this kind of place. For so many different reasons. Her head spun in a million directions, the urge to run strong.

But still, she couldn’t tear her gaze away from the couple on the other side of the mirror, especially when the woman pulled the man’s sizeable cock from his jeans and enveloped it between her full, painted lips. The look of ecstasy on the man’s face made Janine’s breath catch. The woman’s gaze was glued to the man’s as she sucked his cock in deep. With one free hand, the woman tucked her fingers into her own pussy and began to pleasure herself.

Janine’s pussy quivered, as if she, too, could feel the sensation of finger fucking herself, could taste the man’s thick cock between her lips, could feel the heated gazes of dozens of people watching them. She wanted to close her eyes and pretend she was anywhere but here.

At the same time, she couldn’t deny that she wanted to *be* the woman on the other side of the mirror.

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