



Incognito: Winning Angela  
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## **Incognito: Winning Angela**

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### **Incognito: Winning Angela**

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ISBN: 978-1-60088-072-8

Cover Artist: Sable Grey

Editor: Tracy Seybold

Excerpt from **Incognito Seducing Olivia**

by Madison Layle & Anna Leigh Keaton

Sneak Preview of **Incognito: Healing Heather**

by Madison Layle & Anna Leigh Keaton

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## **Dedication**

To our faithful Desires Unleashed members...  
This series wouldn't be what it is without you.

## Chapter One

Catcalls and whistles peppered Angela Patterson as she walked past a half dozen construction workers toward the foreman's trailer. Typical men, she thought with a smile, watching for any movement of the blinds in the window. There it was. He knew she was here.

Her heart raced with anticipation, and her steps lengthened as the lunch she carried for two swung in her right hand. She made it only as far as the first wooden step before the door opened to reveal Garrett Storm.

Aptly named, his dark eyes sparked like ominous thunderclouds. His thick jet-black hair, always a bit disheveled, fell to just below his collar. Stubble shadowed his chiseled features, giving him a sexy, bad-boy look that male cover models spent hours trying to achieve.

His well-worn jeans had a rip at the knee and molded over lean hips and powerful thighs. He wore a white muscle shirt tucked into the pants with a short-sleeve, blue-collared shirt over the top, which he left unbuttoned and hanging out. Her fingers itched to rip off the shirts so her eyes could feast on his tanned six-pack abs and biceps that only a skilled outdoor laborer could attain.

*God, he's gorgeous. And all mine.*

With a broad grin, she held up the Chinese takeout. "Lunch is here."

He flashed a pearly set of straight whites as he held the door open wide to let her in—one of the few gentlemanly things he ever did. But as soon as she was inside and the door clicked shut, the Garrett she knew

and loved had her back pressed against the wall.

With one hand curled around her neck, he held her in place while his mouth stole her breath in a soul-searing kiss. Her heartbeat hammered under his fingers as his tongue dueled with and ultimately conquered hers.

When he finally pulled back, letting his thumb continue to caress her raging pulse, she could hardly get enough air to form a coherent word.

"You said...you...were hungry."

"I am. For you." His deep base rumble shook her foundations, and the Chinese takeout hit the floor as her arms swept around his broad shoulders.

He kissed her again, pulling her body hard against his as he walked them across the floor. When her butt touched his desk, his hands scooped her thighs so she sat straddling him.

"You aren't wearing panties underneath this skirt, are you? I don't want to have to spank you for disobedience."

His words sent a quiver rippling up her spine, and she almost wished she had disobeyed. "No, I-I took 'em off in the car, when I left work to come here."

He pushed the skirt over her hips to reveal the truth of her words. With an approving growl, he jerked her toward the bulge in his tight jeans. The sudden friction of rough denim against her clit made her breath hitch.

"Lie back."

"Did you lock the door? Someone might come in." She tried to look around him, but his broad chest and shoulders blocked her view of the doorknob.

A grin was his only answer as he repeated his order. "Lie back."

She had to push a computer keyboard, some pens and papers out of the way, but she did as told. The thrill of possible discovery heightened her arousal. Moisture and heat made her pussy throb, and her breaths grew shallow.

"Unbutton your top." While her trembling fingers worked on the

tiny buttons, his warm, rough hands ran up and down her bare thighs, his thumbs almost touching her. There, where she most wanted him to be.

He traced her bottom lip with a fingertip, then ran it over her chin, down the center of her neck and between her breasts. As she finished with the last button, he grabbed her wrists and pinned them at her sides.

"Don't move," he commanded, waiting for her slight nod before he released her hands. Barely touching her skin, he lifted the two sides of her blouse away.

His eyes were so dark, his jaw set in a hard line—his desire for her blatant in the way his eyes narrowed, the way his nostrils flared ever so slightly with each deep breath.

Her chest rose as she sucked in a deep breath in a failed attempt to stem the tide of desire and love swamping her senses.

His index finger slid beneath the front clasp of her bra. "Tsk, tsk. Still you hide." He undid the clasp then pulled it and her shirt over her shoulders, leaving the material bunched at her elbows, using her own clothes to bind her arms. "That's better."

His work-roughened hands offered excruciating stimulation in the gentle caresses he bestowed on her body. She arched her back in a silent plea for more. He squeezed her breasts, lifting and holding them for his mouth. Leaning over, he suckled one coral peak, nipping the tip with his teeth. She stifled a cry of pleasure at the quick, sharp pain, but he laved the sting away before moving on. When he latched onto her other nipple and slid a hand between her thighs, his deliberate motions drew a moan from deep within her.

He chuckled. "Any louder and my men won't have to open the door to know what I'm having for lunch."

"Garrett, please..."

"Why the rush, tiger? I have a long lunch break." He caught her earlobe between his teeth. "And believe me. I intend to enjoy every bite."

Her head tossed from side to side, and her hands fisted as he continued to devour, tease, and torment her flesh. His fingers stroked her pussy without mercy, even as her first orgasm neared.

"Shh. Remember, Ange," he murmured, "there are men just

outside the door." Then he sucked one nipple hard and repeatedly plucked her clit with merciless focus.

She gritted her teeth and arched her neck as the climax ripped through her body. Her thighs trembled, and her hips bucked against his hand.

He lifted her by the arms and flipped her facedown on the desk. Since she was still reeling from the aftershocks of the orgasm, the quick move left her lightheaded. Her arms remained tangled in her clothes, so she had only the front edge of the desk to hang on to.

A flick of his wrist tossed her skirt over her back a second before she heard the blessed rasp of his zipper. He pulled her scrunchie to release her ponytail and ran his fingers through her hair. Gripping a handful, he pulled her head back and slammed his cock home.

"Ah, *yes*," she cried, as his forceful entry sent her spinning into another orgasmic storm.

"Shh, tiger. Don't make me gag you." Like a piston, he rammed his hips against her, driving him deeper into her wet heat.

She bit her lip to keep from shouting her pleasure. She loved his strength and dominance, his inherent ability to tame her wilder side, if only for a moment.

An uncontrollable whimper tore from her throat. He ripped off his blue shirt and stuffed part of it between her teeth.

On the next withdrawal, he pressed a moistened finger into her ass, and her whole body jerked in response.

"That's it, Ange. Hungry for more?"

She could do nothing more than grunt in reply, as his cock drove deep inside her pussy.

A second finger spread her ass with thrusts timed perfectly to his powerful cock. She bit hard on the cloth to hold back her scream as the pleasure-pain shot through her nerve endings.

"Growl for me, tiger," he said with a breathy chuckle. "Let me feel you come."

Stars. She saw stars as a kaleidoscope of sensations spiraled from her core to outer limbs. Her inner walls clamped around Garrett's cock,

trying to keep him set deep. The friction increased with each impact as he stroked inside her several more times. Then, with one last fierce thrust, he found his own release.

After their world settled back to earth, Garrett pulled out, helped her up, and removed his shirt from her mouth. Her legs still wobbly, she plopped into the closest chair while restoring her clothing to its rightful place.

Garrett tossed his shirt over the back of his desk chair and walked to the tiny bathroom at the other end of the small trailer. A moment later, she heard water running. When he returned, his pants were fastened and his eyes bright with a pleased, post-coital gleam.

"I've worked up an appetite," he said with a grin and picked up the bag of Chinese takeout.

She laughed. *The man was insatiable in more ways than one.* "We seem to have made room for a meal on your desk."

"So we did." He winked and walked around the desk to take his seat.

As they dug in to the sweet and sour chicken, she wondered whether she should've bought another container of the beef and broccoli.

"You want my egg roll?" she asked.

"Mmm, yeah." His fork didn't veer off course or even pause on its way to his mouth as he took the egg roll she held out and set it next to his.

She finished her smaller meal in half the time it took him to devour every crumb and grain of rice. By the time he tossed down the last gulp of ice water, she was sitting back in her chair with an amused grin.

His dark gaze collided with hers, and a slow smile curled his tempting lips. "Why the grin, tiger? You look like you just got the last drop of cream."

"I did." She raised her brows, and he laughed.

He leaned forward, his arms folded on the desk in front of him. "Seriously, what were you thinking just now?"

"That I'm so happy."

His eyes were penetrating. "I love you."

Her grin widened. "That's why I'm happy."



"I can make it even better."

She propped her elbows on the desk and cradled her chin in her hands. "Oh, really. How?"

"You know that house I showed you with the private beach? The one we won the contract to remodel?"

"Yes..."

"The work will be finished in another week."

"That's great. Congratulations."

He took her hand, looked deep into her eyes. All teasing left his expression, causing a sense of dread to settle in her stomach.

"I bought it. For us. I want to share it with you."

She yanked her hand away and surged to her feet to pace across the room. "Damn it, Garrett. You know I can't do that."

He stalked around the desk and grabbed her arms. "What's the problem? The place is big enough for three. I'm not saying you have to give up your other lover. I just think it's time we stopped pretending the other man doesn't exist."

"He needs more time. He's not ready."

"Then dump him. We'll find another from the club."

"I can't. I love him."

Garrett's eyes turned as cold and hard as granite. His hands dropped from her arms. "What about me, Ange? What about what I need? Am I supposed to be left with crumbs? Do you expect me to remain satisfied with this?"

"No! I love you. You know that." Her fingers bit into his biceps as if she could persuade him to see things her way through pressure. "Please, try to understand."

He jerked free. "I have been understanding. Damn it, you're sleeping with another man."

She flinched at the force of his voice.

He slapped a hand against the wall and leaned on his arm, his head hanging. When he spoke, his words came out softer, filled with pain. "I can accept that you need more than I can give. That's not easy for me, but I can deal with it. I can accept sharing you, if that's what'll make you

happy, but it must be in an open relationship. All together or nothing at all. I can't stand the secrecy, the unknown, anymore. It's too much like cheating, and it's eating me alive." He turned to face her, his eyes filled with sorrow. "If he can't accept me in your life, then we can't ever truly be together."

Tears blurred her vision. She could see how much she'd hurt him, and it tore a gash in her heart. Her hands rose toward him in silent supplication.

He gestured toward the door. "Go on. Get out of here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Angela threw her head back and moaned in delight as she impaled herself on Blaine's long, rock-solid cock.

"Touch me," she demanded, bringing his hands to her breasts. "You know what I like."

Blaine raised himself up to lave her pebbled nipple, cupping her breasts ever so gently. She rolled her hips, rubbing her clit against the thick base of his cock, feeling his hard thighs against her ass.

God. He's good.

"So beautiful." He rubbed his smooth-shaven cheeks between her breasts, plumping her around his face. His spicy, citrus cologne filled her nostrils, adding to her pleasure.

Candlelight danced in the highlights of his hair, making it appear more like gold than ever before. She speared her fingers through the neatly trimmed silk, held his head against her, and reveled in the gentle, loving play of his tongue.

"Touch me more." She rolled her hips again, her hot juices coating him as her climax slowly neared. They fit so perfectly she couldn't tell where he ended and she began.

Releasing her breasts, he slipped one hand between their bodies and tweaked her clit.

"So beautiful," he said again. "I could watch you come all night long. Spend my life worshiping your body." He dipped his head and

suckled one nipple between his lips, his tongue flicking the hard nub.

"More."

Blaine pinched her clit, and she cried out.

Breathing hard, she shoved him to his back, saw excitement flash in his brilliant blue gaze. "Make me come. Now!"

He pulled her down to suck her nipple, his teeth sharp and painful. He thrust his hips up, grinding into her, and rubbed her clit better than any BOB she'd ever used. Her nails dug into his shoulders and left crescent shaped marks as the orgasm crashed through her, drawing out a long, low moan of pure satisfaction.

But she wasn't done. Not by a long shot.

She grabbed his wrists, pulled his fingers away from her clit, and pinned his hands above his head. "Look at me."

"I'm so close," he warned, his voice strained, his hips bucking under her. "Sweetheart...ahhh."

"Not yet." She pulled off his cock and welcomed his needy groan. He tugged his hands, but she refused to release him, and instead moved up the bed until she straddled his face. "Lick me, baby. Make me come again."

For a brief pause, he stared at her from between her thighs. Then his tongue flicked her, soothed her, and stroked her into a frenzy until she rubbed herself against his mouth. His hands flexed against her hold, but she held him firm, knowing he liked feeling helpless to her, which brought an added thrill for her to their love-making. She loved the trust he had in her. The control he relinquished into her care.

"More," she growled.

He groaned, and the vibration tantalized her. When she released his hands to hang onto the headboard, he sneaked one behind her and pressed gently against her anus. The tip of one finger slipped inside, and she released an encouraging moan as she jerked her hips. She weaved one of her hands through his hair, tightly gripping a fistful.

"More!"

His finger pushed deeper into her ass, shooting hot pleasure through her.

“Yes! Just like that.”

He sucked her clit hard, grinding his face against her pussy and tonguing her with renewed enthusiasm. His finger moved inside her faster and shoved her to new heights. She screamed as the shocking sensations sparked inside her. A muffled grunt sounded from beneath her. His finger pulled free. Then his hands cupped her ass and held her to him while he lapped at her with lazy, intoxicating strokes.

No. She couldn't stop now. They were far from finished. Before he could take a breath, she scooted down and jammed herself onto his ready cock. When he reached for her, she said, “No,” and snatched his hands again, replacing them back over his head. Then she leaned down and captured his mouth in a tongue-dueling, teeth-clashing kiss. Their combined tastes sent her over the edge once more. Her body contracted around his hard length.

“Oh...yeah, Angel,” he said when she released his mouth from the rough kiss.

She rode him hard and fast, her ass slapping against his thighs with every frantic thrust. Without a pause in her ride, she held his wrists with one hand and reached behind her with another to cup his sac. She felt it draw up tight, heard him suck in a harsh breath. He was almost ready.

“That's it,” she murmured breathlessly. A smile pulled at her lips as she watched sweet passion shadow his face. “Hang on.” She interlaced her fingers with his, keeping both hands raised above his head.

“Angel!” His cry was urgent and so damn erotic.

Gripping his bottom lip between her teeth, she bit just hard enough to hurt and gave a throaty laugh. “Come now.”

His fingers laced with hers in hard fists as his body went taut, his hips thrust off the mattress, and he lifted her into the air. He came with a shout, and she felt his cock swell even more the instant before he exploded inside her like a volcano, which sent her into another mind-blowing orgasm.

Moist with perspiration, she collapsed on his solid chest, heaving for much-needed air. Their heartbeats clattered against each other, fast and erratic. His arms came around her, his hands sliding down her damp

back. She snuggled closer to him.

"I love you, Angel."

"Mmm. I love you, too, Blaine."

He rolled to the side, taking her with him, holding her against his body. After smoothing her hair behind her ear, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, then settled a soft kiss against her lips.

She'd never get tired of his tenderness. His need to snuggle in the afterglow. His long, lean body wrapped around hers. She yawned and dipped her head, kissing his lightly furred chest.

The scent of jasmine candles and the crushed rose petals they lay on mixed with the smells of sex, leaving her in a satiated euphoria.

His smooth palm skimmed over her shoulder, down her arm, leaving a wave of gooseflesh in its wake. She giggled and flung her thigh over his hip.

"Angel?"

"Hmm?"

"I love you."

She grinned and kissed his chin. "Yeah, you already said that."

"I've been thinking about something since we went to Rachel and Jon's wedding."

She skimmed her fingers over his soft chest hair, circling his nipple. "What's that?"

"I want you to be my wife."

Angela's heart stalled and tears sprang to her eyes. *Not again. Oh, please, not again.* What was wrong with these men all of a sudden? First Garrett and now Blaine. She rolled away from him and sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Sweetheart?" He touched her shoulder, but she pulled away and stood, then walked across the room to retrieve her blouse from the floor.

Shoving her arms into the soft cotton, she glared at him. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I love you. You say you love me. I want you for myself. I want you in my bed every night. I want your face to be the last thing I see before I fall asleep and the first vision I see when I wake. Sweetheart, I'm

tired of splitting my time with you with some nameless, faceless...other."

His precious face looked so ravaged. She couldn't stay mad at him. She pulled on her panties then moved back to the edge of the bed. "You knew when we got together that I had someone else. I do love you, Blaine." She laid her hand against his cheek. "I do. But I love him, too." Her heart twisted at the thought of losing either one of them. God, what a mess she'd made of everything. And she knew she was hurting him.

He pulled away from her and paced across the dimly lit bedroom toward the bathroom. "It's time you made a decision. I'm not going to keep playing second best."

"No!" She ran after him and grabbed his arm. "Blaine. No. You are *not* second best. I love you."

"Then dump him."

She swallowed. "I can't." And she refused to think that it was already over between her and Garrett.

Blaine stared down at her with hard, cold eyes, so unlike his normally sweet demeanor. "Can't or won't?"

He made her feel small and ashamed of herself, of what she'd been doing for so long. But she hadn't been unfaithful. They'd both known of the other man in her life. She wouldn't have done it any other way. And they'd chosen to stay in the relationship, accepted the presence of another lover in her bed...until now. So why was today any different than yesterday? Or last week? Or even last month?

"I can't go on like this," he said, seeming to read her thoughts. "I want more. Need more. I want a real home with you. Not this part-time bullshit."

"Don't," she whispered, her stomach knotting with fear of his next words.

"You need to take your things with you when you leave tonight." He motioned toward the closet where a few of her work outfits hung. "If I'm not good enough to be the only one, then I can't see a future for us." His jaw ticked, and she saw the telltale signs of tightly reined in tears as his midnight blue eyes reddened around the edges. "What's it going to be, Angel?"

Her heart was breaking in two. "Please," she said softly. "Don't do this. I love you."

"Obviously not enough." He walked into the bathroom and shut the door.

## **Chapter Two**

Crystal blue water trickled over the rocky surface of the little waterfall to splatter into the Montgomerys' swimming pool. Normally, Angela found the view and sound of the waterfall appealing. Today, it mocked her.

The summer sun beat against her back as she squirted more eucalyptus oil onto her palm and massaged it into Olivia Montgomery's skin.

Olivia was one of the few customers whose husbands paid extra to have the treatment done in their home. Usually, Ryan and Dylan liked to watch, but today Olivia was alone. Angela had first met the Montgomery brothers at Incognito, a private fetish club she frequented with Garrett.

Olivia grunted. "Stop, please, before I have no more skin left."

"Oh, God, I'm sorry." Angela wiped her hands on a cloth then held out a thin robe for Olivia as she sat up.

"A bit rough today, Angie."

"I'm so sorry."

Olivia grinned. "It's okay. Something on your mind?"

Angela glanced toward the closed French doors.

"Don't worry. My guys won't be back for at least another half hour." She stood and tied the belt to her robe. "Come over here and share a drink with me."

They moved to a shaded table, and Olivia poured two tall glasses of iced tea from a moisture-beaded pitcher.



"Okay. What's up?" she asked, handing Angela one of the drinks.

Angela took a sip, which turned into a long drink as she realized that discussing her personal life with anyone but Blaine and Garrett proved difficult at best. They were her sounding board, her support. Until now, she hadn't noticed how secluded she'd become over the past year.

Olivia maintained a pleasant, unimposing expression, and Angela knew the woman wouldn't judge her. Someone with two husbands was in no position to criticize another for dating two guys simultaneously.

"You know I've been seeing Garrett Storm for a couple years now, don't you?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, taking a sip of tea.

"Well, I've also been dating another guy for about a year."

Olivia's aqua gaze sparkled. "Is he that tall blond who looked so debonair in a tux? The one you were with at Jon and Rachel's wedding?"

Angela smiled. "Yeah, that's him. Blaine Worthington. He works for Jon's brother, Jack."

"Ah. Nice choice."

"They know about each other, but no names. They haven't actually met. I was so concerned they'd ruin Jon and Rachel's wedding, since each knows one of the brothers, and they were both invited. I almost didn't go myself. But then Garrett was detained on that job out of state..." Angela leaned an arm on the table. "How do you do it?"

Olivia laughed. "I was wondering the same about you. Juggling two boyfriends for a day is hard enough. For a year takes super-woman strength."

"Or lunacy." She squeezed a lemon slice into her tea. "They're not satisfied with status quo. One bought a house. The other proposed. Both are pushing for more. Commitment. Long term."

"And what's wrong with that?" Olivia lifted her hand to let the sun's rays reflect off her wedding ring. "Marriage is a wonderful thing, and having them in the same house would make it easier, don't you think?"

"But your husbands are brothers, like Jack and Jon. They're so in sync, as if they share the same brain or heart. Or both."

Olivia grinned.

"You've seen Blaine, and you know Garrett. What would you do if you were in love with two men that would mix as well as crude oil and Evian?" She gave a self-deprecating laugh.

"You have a point," Olivia said, fiddling with the tiny padlock pendant on her silver choker. "I guess brothers are a safer bet. At least they've had years together to grow up and overcome any boyish attitudes."

"Garrett's familiar with alternative lifestyles, so he's been a trooper. He even says we'll find me another guy if this one doesn't work out. Garrett just wants me happy, but I love Blaine. I physically hurt from missing him." She stared at her drink as a drop of perspiration snaked down the glass. "Blaine's different. He's so...vanilla, you know? Suit, tie, marriage, white picket fence. I don't know how to talk him into moving in with Garrett and me, or convince him to even try."

"If they've never met, how can you be sure they won't get along? They already have something very special in common." Olivia touched her hand. "They're both in love with you. Maybe you should give them the chance to prove it. After all, it's their choice to make."

"Puss, where are you?" Dylan's voice called out.

"On the patio," Olivia answered as she stood, removed her robe, and walked buck-naked toward the house.

Angela took the silk garment and began packing up her supplies. Casting a glance toward the French doors, she watched Olivia kneel before the sexy twin brothers. Dylan and Ryan took her hands, lifted her to her feet, and each kissed her thoroughly in his own turn.

What she wouldn't give to have the kind of loving relationship the Montgomerys had.

*Is Olivia right? Dare I give it a try?*

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're drinking pretty early," Jonathon Sinclair said with a masculine pat to Garrett's back.

"Yeah." Garrett drained his glass of bourbon. The music and noise at Incognito helped dull the senses the alcohol hadn't yet reached. "How else would you celebrate eight days of celibacy?"

"Ouch." Jon winced before taking the stool next to him. "So, is that the reason you stood me up today?"

"What?"

"Your place. I was supposed to meet you at eleven. You really should answer your cell phone, you know. Been searching for you for three hours." Jon studied him until he had to fight the urge to squirm. "Boxes. Duct tape. Moving in to the dream house on the beach. Ring any bells?"

Garrett cursed.

Jon signaled the bartender for another round. "Guess you do remember. So what happened? Hurricane wipe out the beachfront while I wasn't looking?"

Curling his fingers around his new glass, he snorted. "A hurricane named Ange."

"I thought you and she were tight."

"Yeah, we were. I fucked up. Pushed too hard, too fast. Hell, I don't know." He swallowed, hissed, let the liquor burn his gut. "You're a psychiatric sex therapist or some such shit. You tell me."

"There's an interesting description of my credentials."

"I'm serious. What the hell is wrong with wanting to share your life with the girl you love?"

"Nothing." Jon held his own drink in place on the shiny surface of the bar.

"I'm even willing to share her with another. I've been sharing her with a man I don't even know. How pathetic is that?"

"Not very, but then I may be biased, considering my brother and I married the same woman."

Garrett slammed his empty glass down. "Right. You did it. The Montgomerys did it. I'm willing to. But it's not enough. I bought her a house. Not enough. She's got my heart on a string, and even that's not good enough. Fuck, what am I going to do?"

She should've called him by now. Each day she didn't the fuse on his temper grew shorter. His men were walking around the construction site as if the yard were filled with landmines.

He never should've told her to go. He didn't want to lose her. She was his, damn it. His little tiger. But how many more claw marks could his heart take? They couldn't go on forever as they were. Stuck in a limbo of separate lives sprinkled with occasional sex. He loved her too much for that. He stabbed his fingers into his hair as he held his throbbing head, his elbows on the bar.

"Tell you what. You're going to pull yourself together," Jon said. "Stop making things worse by drowning in alcohol and go after the woman you want." He slapped him again on the shoulder. "And if she doesn't come along nice like, I'm pretty good with kidnapping techniques."

Garrett laughed, the first sound of humor his scratchy throat had managed all week.

When his cell phone vibrated, he almost ignored it, as he had all day. But duty finally won out. Jon was right. He should answer his calls. He couldn't keep out the rest of the world forever while he soaked his troubles in booze. Besides, it could be work and if so, it better be damn important. Snatching the phone off his belt clip, he growled, "Storm."

"Garrett."

"Ange?" His heart slammed against his breastbone like a demolition ball. He held a hand to his other ear to block out the club's noise.

"Yeah."

God, he'd missed that seductive sigh. He closed his eyes, his head falling back.

"I miss you, Garrett."

His fingers tightened on the phone. "I've missed you, too, tiger."

"I need to see you...about the house...about us. Please?"

She wouldn't be calling if she didn't plan on accepting his offer to move in together, would she? He struggled to keep his voice steady.

"Where?"

"My place. Six o'clock. I'll have dinner ready. Can you come?"

He thanked his lucky stars she didn't name some place public.

Only bad news came at public meetings, where the parties involved were less likely to make a scene. "I'm on my way."

"Garrett..."

"Yeah?"

"I love you so much."

He grinned. "I love you, too." He snapped the phone shut and made to leave until Jon grabbed his arm.

"Oh, sorry, Jon. That was Ange."

"I figured as much."

"Then you know I gotta go. I'll call you later to reschedule the move. Tomorrow, maybe? It should be back on after tonight."

Jon nodded but refused to release his arm. "Tomorrow's fine. Garrett?"

"What?" he snapped, a bit perturbed at the delay.

"Go home first. Drink some coffee. Black." Jon grinned. "And for Pete's sake, take a shower and gargle."

\* \* \* \* \*

A stack of paperwork sat piled on Blaine's desk. The red message light on his phone had been blinking for an hour. He couldn't bring himself to give a rat's ass. Nothing really mattered anymore. Not now that his angel was gone. The past week without her had been a living hell.

He'd thought she would come around. That she'd see what was missing if they weren't together. That she'd miss him.

He scrubbed his hand over his itchy eyes, feeling as if he hadn't slept in days. He hadn't. Not really. Not since he told Angel to pack her things and get out.

"Blaine."

He swiveled his chair toward the door to see his boss and mentor, Jackson Sinclair. "Jack." He sat up from his slouched position and straightened his tie.

Jack chuckled. "Don't bother. You still look like hell." He sauntered in and lowered his long, muscular body into one of the two guest chairs on the other side of the mahogany desk. "I've let it go for a few days now, but I think it's time we talk."

Ten years his senior, Jack had taken Blaine under his wing and taught him the business from the ground up. Sinclair Securities and Brokerage Corp was a multi-million dollar real estate investment firm. With a wealth of knowledge, given to him by Jack, he would one day strike out on his own and make it big in his own right. But as much as he admired the man, Blaine had never, in twelve years under his employ, spoken of anything remotely personal.

"Come on. I can't have you sitting at your desk staring into space for no good reason." Jack steepled his fingers and grinned. "Your sulking has the smell of a woman about it."

Blaine nodded, uncomfortable. He didn't like talking about Angela. She was his private happiness. Or had been.

"Angie?"

Of course Jack knew her. That's how they had met. She'd come to the office to give Jack a massage after he'd thrown his back out during a company baseball game. She'd been so cute with her frosty hair pulled back in a youthful ponytail. Her luscious little curves hugged by a white lab coat. He'd fallen in love at first sight.

"Do I need to beat it out of you?"

Blaine's gaze jumped to meet Jack's. His boss was no longer smiling.

His phone buzzed, and he picked up the receiver, relieved to avoid Jack's question for a few more moments. When his secretary said Angela was on the line, his heart leapt into his throat. He hit the button to connect to her.

"Angel?"

"Hi, Blaine." Her voice was so soft, so soothing. He closed his eyes and pictured her sitting at her desk at the spa, her hair pulled back, her lips rosy pink.

"Hi, sweetheart. How are you doing?"

"Not so good." The sadness in her voice couldn't be mistaken. She missed him as much as he missed her.

"Me either."

"I've missed you so much. I need to see you."

He let his head fall back against the leather chair, a relieved smile cracking through the worry that had etched lines in his face all week.

"I've made a decision," she said.

"A decision?" He gripped the phone and prayed like he'd never prayed before.

"Would you have supper with me tonight? There's a lot we need to discuss."

He couldn't control the wide grin that spread over his face. "Of course. Where should I make reservations?"

"Nu-uh. My place. Six o'clock. Can you make it?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world. I love you."

"I love you, too, Blaine. Please try to remember how much."

Before he could ask what she meant, she disconnected from the call. He didn't care. She was going to be his. He cradled the phone and wanted to let out a whoop of delight, but Jack sat there watching him with a dark, hard gaze.

"That was Angela."

Jack nodded. "I assumed so. You're grinning like a madman. Must have been good news."

What the hell, Blaine thought. If all went well, Jack would be attending his nuptials before too long. "I proposed last week. She turned me down, but now she's changed her mind."

Jack raised one skeptical eyebrow. "She said that?"

"Well, not in so many words, but she invited me over for supper and said we have a lot to discuss. What else could it be? If the answer was still no, she wouldn't have bothered. I haven't spoken to her in a week. I thought it was over."

His boss rose from his seat and paced across the room, stopping to stare out the ten-foot-high window overlooking the bay. "Are you sure you're ready for that kind of commitment?"

"Of course."

"Are you ready to give her everything, do *anything*, to make her happy?"

Blaine frowned and picked up his gold plated pen from the desk. Why was his bachelor boss who, incidentally, lived with his brother and sister-in-law, talking to him about marriage and commitment?

"I'd do anything, give her everything she needs to be happy."

Jack faced him and smiled. "Good luck to you, then." He strode toward the door, and Blaine could have sworn he heard him say, "You're going to need it," as the door shut behind him.



### Chapter Three

Angela picked up the matchbook to light the candles. Her hand shook as she held the flame to the wick.

She'd spent hours trying to make sure everything was perfect. Trying to figure out the exact words to say and still, she drew a blank. Looking around her tidy, economy apartment, she wondered whether she was insane to attempt to live with two men who were such polar opposites. They all lived alone, had their own little quirks.

*Will we all be ready to kill each other in a month?*

She sank into a chair. "This is crazy. I'm nuts."

Fidgeting, she straightened one of the butter knives by a plate, silently congratulating herself for being wise enough not to cook anything that required sharper instruments.

The oven timer dinged at the same time she heard a knock.

Jumping up, she nearly toppled the chair in her dash to the door. A peek told her Blaine was as punctual as always. With a big, held breath, she put on a casual smile and opened the door.

"Hey, Angel."

With a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a bottle of their favorite wine in the other, he leaned in for a kiss. Their lips touched as the beeping timer registered in her brain.

"The lasagna! Come in. The flowers are gorgeous...and the wine,

thank you. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be right back." She darted for the kitchen.

Blaine chuckled. The door clicked shut.

She snatched her hand back with a muttered curse, having forgotten to grab the oven mitt in her haste. "I'll be out in just a sec. Make yourself at home."

She set the pan of pasta on a hot plate and turned on the tap, then dug under the kitchen sink for a vase.

"Angel?"

She reared up, bumping her head on the cabinet.

"What?" She rubbed the sore spot and filled the vase with water.

Sarcasm laced his words as he asked, "Are we expecting a guest for dinner?"

She carried the crystal vase out of the kitchen to see him standing by the table set for three. "Well..."

A key turned the lock. The front door swung wide.

Garrett strolled in. "Hi, honey, I'm... Fuck me."

"I'd rather not," Blaine said through gritted teeth. "But apparently my angel has."

Her gaze jumped back and forth between the two men she loved more than life itself, and knew she'd made a huge mistake. Blaine in his tailored charcoal Armani looked as if he'd just been slugged in the gut, while Garrett, endearingly rumpled in jeans and black T-shirt, looked like a thundercloud ready to strike.

How could she have ever thought this would work?

As the door clicked shut again, she thought it sounded more like a death knell.

"You've gotta be shitting me, Ange. Not Jack's pup-in-training."

Her heart sank, but before she could respond, Blaine spoke.

"At least I'm housebroken. You don't even have the decency to knock."

Garrett rattled his keys, and she winced. "Don't need to when I have a key, asshole."

Angela stepped between them. "I see introductions aren't

necessary." She set the vase down, grabbed the wine bottle from Blaine before he thought to use it as a weapon, and tried to ignore the killer glares the men exchanged like two dogs ready for a junkyard brawl.

"Garrett, enough. Blaine, have a seat. Dinner's getting cold."

Afraid to leave them alone for long, she ran for the kitchen and back again with the salad bowl. "Here, dig in. I made lasagna, Garrett, your favorite." As she headed back to the kitchen, she called out, "And Blaine, I have one of your favorites. Chocolate fondue for dessert."

Garrett snorted, but as soon as the pan of pasta touched the tabletop, he grabbed the serving spoon and filled his plate. Blaine eyed him and reached tentatively for the salad tongs. Angela headed back into the kitchen to open the wine and steal a quick gulp for courage. Make that two. Then, with three glasses and the bottle in hand, she went back to face her future, for better or worse.

"Thank you for the wine," she said again to Blaine as she set the glasses on the table.

"You're welcome." He got up and held her seat, then took the bottle and began pouring.

She wondered whether he'd pour the third, but she shouldn't have bothered.

"Got a beer?" Garrett asked, taking another bite of the lasagna.

"Sure." She ignored Blaine's scowl as she fetched Garrett a bottle of draft.

She returned to see Blaine still holding her chair, so she gave him a smile and sat, handing the cold bottle to Garrett. He used the table's edge to pop the top that he could've easily twisted off.

She kicked him under the table, making him grunt. He didn't look up, but the toe of his boot rubbed her calf. She hid her frustrated groan behind a sip of wine. The damn man was acting the jerk on purpose. He wasn't usually this big of an ass.

She glanced at Blaine who ate without a word, and she wanted to sigh. Why the hell did she ever think the three of them had a chance?

They didn't speak as they cleaned their plates and Garrett went back for seconds, then thirds. When she brought out the desert, he stabbed

a strawberry with his fork.

Blaine removed the cloth napkin from his lap, folded it neatly over his plate, and then brushed a hand down his tie. "Lovely dinner. Now if you'll excuse me," he said, looking at Garrett with more than just a hint of rancor. "I'm through sharing a table with this Neanderthal."

Garrett grinned and poked a slice of banana.

Her hand shot out to clutch Blaine's arm. "Please, don't go."

"Angel, this is pointless. I've sat here for the past forty-five minutes listening to Mr. Caveman chew his food."

She laced her fingers with Blaine's, refusing to let go, then reached for Garrett's hand, needing the support for what she was about to propose.

"Do you love me, Blaine?"

His lips thinned as his gaze slid to Garrett.

"Look at *me*. Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"And I love you, both of you. I'm keeping you both."

Garrett gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Blaine pulled away, and she felt the wound in her heart rip open. "That's not your decision to make. I told you. I won't settle for second best."

She shook her head and clung to his arm with both hands. "That's not what I mean. I want you both, equally. Together." Oh, damn it. She was bumbling this, if Blaine's look of confusion was any indication. "I want us all to live together."

"You're crazy." Blaine gulped down the rest of his wine and used the glass to point at Garrett. "No way am I going to live with...with *that*."

"But he's not that bad...usually."

Garrett didn't help matters by reclining in the chair with folded arms and a stupid grin on his whisker-stubbled face.

"He's a chauvinistic pig, and I can't believe you've been..." Blaine stopped, stood and straightened his tie, one of his nervous habits she usually took time to treasure. "He's not good enough for you."

Garrett slammed a hand on the table, making her jump. "You think

because you were stupid enough to spend an entire paycheck on one pair of pants that you're good enough? Let me tell you something—"

"No! Stop it. Both of you." She stood and glared at them. "Either you told me the truth, Blaine, and love me enough to try things my way for a month, or you lied, and I've been nothing but a piece of ass that's stupid to boot. Because crazy as it is, I fell in love, head over heels in love, with both of you."

Blaine looked skeptical when he asked, "A month?"

Garrett earned Blaine's scowl by saying, "I'm in."

"In where?" Blaine looked at her. "We can't possibly both live here in your one-bedroom apartment."

"No. Garrett has a house—"

"You want me to move into *his* house?" He looked so appalled she could almost picture what he thought Garrett lived in.

"Are you offering to let me bunk at your place, hotshot?" Garrett asked with a challenging smirk as he leaned his chair back on two legs. She swore to herself that if he propped his feet on the table, she'd knock him over.

"No, I—"

Before Blaine could say more, she grabbed his face and made him look at her. "You said you wanted a home with me. I want that, too. I want you with me always."

"Angel..."

"He has a large house on the beach. A month. Please. At least give it a try. For me?"

His blue eyes softened, yet wariness remained. He raised his hand to cradle her face, his thumb caressing her cheek. "Angel, what you're proposing is impossible. What are we supposed to do, swap nights? Have a written custody agreement? Week on, week off? It's still only half."

"I don't want it to be like that. I want you both in my bed. Every night."

Obviously stunned, he dropped his hand and his eyes rounded.

"You want me to sleep with him, too?"

Garrett mumbled a curse.

"In the same bed," she said. "Sharing the bed. Sharing me. He's not gay."

Garrett blew him a kiss and grinned.

"Damn it, Garrett! Knock it off." She scowled at him then checked on Blaine. He was looking decidedly green around the gills.

"I...God, Angel. I don't know if I can..." He glanced from Garrett to her. "Share. Like that. With him...there."

She gave him a sly smile. "Yes. You can." She slipped four fingers into his waistband and yanked him toward her. Rising on tiptoes, she slipped her other arm around his neck to pull him down for a kiss.

After a shocked moment, his tongue twirled with hers. Without releasing his mouth, she made quick work of his belt and pushed his slacks and boxers down. When they dropped, he tried to grab them, but she pushed him so that he sat hard on the chair.

"Angel?"

"Don't move," she said, watching his knuckles whiten on the chair's wooden arms.

She pulled the bowl of melted chocolate toward the edge of the table and heard Blaine swallow.

As she kneeled between his thighs, Garrett moved his seat around the table to sit a few feet away but directly in front of Blaine. So he could watch. Garrett liked to watch. All the better to prove her point to Blaine.

"Sweetheart? This isn't a good... Ah!"

She'd gotten a little chocolate on his shirt, but most of it hit the target as she held the base of his cock in a tight fist. She swiped the tip with her tongue, circling the head, and then sucked him deep into her mouth.

He grew rock hard in less than an instant, and he hissed as the chair creaked under the strain of his grip.

The chocolate mixed with his pre-cum and made her forget everything else around her as she focused on tasting all he had to give.

"Angel, don't... Stop. Oh, damn."

She wasn't sure whether that meant, don't. Stop. Or don't stop. But she chose to believe the latter, since she didn't intend to quit now. She

cupped his sac, fondling him lightly, as she took his cock repeatedly in and out of her mouth.

A glance up told her he'd closed his eyes. When she increased her pace, he let his head fall back, and his hips lurched forward.

She moaned her encouragement, let the rumble surround him, and increased the pressure.

His hands grabbed her head, his teeth clenched, and she knew he was close. With an inner smile, she slowly drew back, letting her teeth gently graze the silken flesh, and then pulled him in hard to the back of her throat.

With a sound of surrender, he came with a low groan, and she drank every drop of his salty seed. She spent extra time licking him clean while his shallow breaths calmed and his hands stroked the top of her head.

"Now I see why that's one of your favorite desserts," Garrett said.

Blaine opened his eyes to glower at Garrett over her head.

"See. Everything will work out fine," she said, climbing onto Blaine's lap and giving him a kiss.

He returned her kiss, even wrapped his arms around her, but then he pulled back, looking deep into her eyes. "I need time to think about this."

She studied him a moment, then nodded. Touching her lips to his cheek, she whispered, "Remember, I love you." When he didn't respond, her hope dimmed. She got up to let him right his clothes.

When he was done, he touched her cheek, glanced at Garrett, and then headed for the door.

"Blaine." Garrett walked past her, holding a hand up when she moved to stop him.

Blaine paused with his hand on the doorknob. Garrett gave him something, but she couldn't see around him to figure out what it was. "When you're ready..." His voice dropped below her ability to make out the words.

Garrett stepped back. With one final look at her, Blaine left.

"What was that?" She fisted her hands at her hips. "If you're

planning to meet him later so you can beat the shit out of him, you best call it off, because —”

Garrett snatched her around the waist and pulled her hard against him. “I wouldn’t lay a hand on him unless he hurt you, so rest easy.”

“Then what was all that at the door? Exchanging secret handshakes?”

He chuckled. “I gave him the address.” At her stunned look, he said, “What? You want me to draw him a damn map to my place, too?”

She smiled. “Thank you.”

Obviously uncomfortable with her gratitude, he muttered, “Don’t mention it.”

He blew out the candles and without letting go of her waist, grabbed the little bowl of melted chocolate. Then he walked her backward through the living room and into her bedroom, planting kisses on her forehead, cheeks, and mouth.

“You can be a real softy when you want to be, you know that?” she murmured.

“Tiger, there’s nothing soft about me.”

She squealed as he toppled her onto the bed. After setting the chocolate on the nightstand, he crawled on top of her.

Laughing, she slapped his shoulder. “That’s right. I’m mad at you.”

He lifted his head from where he was nuzzling her neck. “What for?”

She gave him the best angry look she could muster with his warm body blanketed over her. “For acting like an ill-mannered brute at dinner. You could’ve driven him away.”

“If he lets me get rid of him, he’s the one who’s unworthy of you.”

Garrett unfastened the buttons that ran down the front of her summer dress, planting a kiss on every inch he uncovered. For a moment she forgot her anger at his behavior, forgot the concern that had weighed heavily on her heart since Blaine’s departure, and luxuriated in Garrett’s attentive mouth.

“Mmm, you won’t win me over that way,” she said, but knew the lie for what it was.



With a husky chuckle, he swatted her bare thigh and pushed off the bed to remove his own clothing. She watched him with half-closed eyes, but her concern returned. She started thinking. Worrying. She chewed her bottom lip.

"Garrett, I'm scared I'll lose him." He gave her a straight, steady look. "What if he talks himself out of it and doesn't show?"

Lying back down, Garrett pulled her into his arms and held her close in a warm, comforting embrace. Then, he nibbled her earlobe. "He'll be there. By tomorrow night."

She pushed on his shoulders. He sighed, rose up again on one elbow, and looked down at her.

"How can you be so sure?"

"As fast as he came? No man with half a brain would give up your tasty little mouth after what you just did to him."

"Garrett!" She tried for a stern offense, but he grinned, and she had a hard time pulling it off. "If it's just sex he wants, he can get that anywhere."

"True. Then I could have you all to myself." He dipped his head to kiss her, but she turned away and shoved his shoulder.

"You're not helping."

He sighed and rolled to his back. She rose over him, her hand resting on his warm chest, his heartbeat strong and steady. She bit her lip and frowned.

"I'm sorry. I know he loves me. I know you do, too. And I'm making a mess of this whole thing."

One of his dark eyes opened and pinned her in place, then the other opened, and he grabbed her arms, pulling her more fully on top of him.

She peered at him. "I just want the two men who mean the world to me to be as happy as I know I can be when I'm with you both."

He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. His hands settled on the small of her back. Then, one of them moved up her spine to her nape.

"I know, tiger. If he loves you as much as I do, he won't let you go so easily. He'll be there because his heart won't let him do anything else."

"But—"

## Incognito: Winning Angela

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He kissed her then, and didn't stop until they were both an exhausted, chocolate-smeared, sated tangle of limbs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blaine laid his suitcase on the bed and flipped back the lid, went to the bureau, and opened his sock drawer. This was ridiculous. How could Angel ask this of him? He scooped up a handful of paired socks.

A month. Sharing a bed with her and...Garrett Storm. He shuddered and laid the socks in the bottom of the suitcase. Why Garrett of all men?

And why was he even contemplating going along with this crazy scheme?

Because he loved her with all his heart, that's why, he reminded himself as he returned to the dresser for a dozen pairs of neatly folded boxer shorts, which he laid next to the socks. Because she was his heart and this last week without her had been the worst of his life.

It wasn't as if he hadn't known she was sleeping with someone else. She'd been open with him about that from their second date. At first he'd been shocked, but he admired her honesty, which helped him deal with the idea of her having another lover. Not having a name or face to picture also helped while he bided his time, hoping she'd someday break off the other relationship. For a year he'd cherished every second he'd spent with her, and had tried his best not to push her into a decision.

In the walk-in closet, with hands on hips, he glanced over his suits, shirts, and rows of neatly aligned shoes.

Jack had offered him a promotion. A big one. With the added income, he'd be able to afford the new house he'd been eyeing for a few months. A home for Angel and him to start a family.

He grabbed a stack of suits and carried them to the bed.

He didn't understand. How could she want them both? They were so different. He'd been raised in a well-to-do family. His father may not have been loving, but he had been a prominent state legislator. And his mother had made sure Blaine attended the finest schools. He had a degree

from Harvard, for crying out loud.

Storm literally grew up on the wrong side of the tracks. How he ever managed to start his own company was still a mystery to Blaine. The man was crude, rude, and dressed slovenly. What the hell did she see in him?

Sinking down on the side of the bed, he stared at the picture on his nightstand. Angel had given it to him last Christmas. Framed in silver, the picture showed her laid out on a red satin bedspread, posed like a seductress in a sheer white teddy, her long blonde hair flowing around her shoulders, her lips painted the deepest red, and her gorgeous hazel eyes sparkling with mischievousness. Devil and angel all wrapped up in one petite, curvaceous package that he couldn't get enough of. Would never get enough of.

Digging into his pocket, he pulled out the business card and key Storm had handed him just before he left Angel's apartment. On the back of Storm's card was a scribbled address. 1950 Beach Crest Road. Blaine knew the area. He'd worked with Jack on some developments there. The homes on that five-mile stretch of beach were worth a minimum of a million apiece, some worth double that. Not exactly where he'd pictured Storm living. No, he'd imagined a run down trailer in some dingy little mobile home park with a pit bull staked out front.

Damn it, he wanted to be the one to give Angel a home. He flopped back on the bed and stared up at the textured ceiling.

"Don't disappoint her, or I'll have to hurt you," was Storm's warning when he gave Blaine the key. As if Blaine would be afraid of that imbecile. He had muscle, but that was all he had.

Although, the growled warning Storm had given him had seemed sincere. Did the man truly care for his angel? Storm couldn't possibly love her as much as he did.

No, the real question remained. Why was she slumming with Storm when he'd willingly give her everything she could ever possibly want? Sure, Storm's beach house was probably nice, but the man was a bum. That's what didn't make any sense. When he'd pictured her with the other lover, he'd assumed the man was another corporate executive, or

maybe an actor or...or someone who could give her what he gave her. Security.

What the hell could she be getting from Storm?

He reached for the phone on the nightstand and hit the speed dial. After five rings, Angel's sleepy voice answered. "Hello?"

"Sweetheart, it's me." He heard sheets rustle, and a male voice say something. He gripped the phone until his fingers ached. "He's there?"

"He's going to the other room. What's wrong? You sound funny."

Don't think about it, he told himself. *I'm the one who left tonight. If the situation had been reversed, I would've stayed the night with her.* Letting out a slow breath, he relaxed his tensed muscles. "I have to know something."

"What, baby? Anything."

"What do you get from him that I don't provide for you?"

"Umm," Angel stammered. "It's not like that. Both of you provide what I need; it's just that you each give me the same things in different ways."

"Am I not good enough in bed? Is that it?"

She had the audacity to laugh at that. And damn it, as much as he wanted to be furious, the sound melted his heart.

"You're fantastic in bed. This really has nothing to do with whether I'm sexually satisfied."

"Then explain it to me, Angel. I'm dying here."

"Oh, baby." She sighed. "I know this is hard for you to understand, and maybe I'm being a little selfish... Okay, a lot selfish, but I can't choose between you two. I love you both so much. Trust me, if I had found a man that was the perfect combination of you both, I'd be with him. But it didn't happen that way."

"You're not answering my question. Tell me what he gives you that I don't."

"Monday night football."

"What? You don't watch football." Blaine rubbed the aching spot between his eyes.

"Not with you, I don't. But I don't go to the symphony with Garrett, either."

"That's because the man wouldn't know the difference between a tuba and a piccolo."

Her laugh was deep and sexy. "And you know the difference between a quarterback and running back?"

Point taken, he thought. "What else? Is that all?"

"Monster Truck rallies and Toby Keith concerts. Things that you wouldn't be caught dead doing. But Garrett would rather saw off his right hand than attend an opera or a wine tasting. You cater to my cultured side. Garrett...he feeds my—"

"Bad girl side," Blaine said, finally understanding what she was talking about. He'd always known Angel had a wild streak. He should have realized.

"Yeah."

He thought about the incredible blowjob she'd given him tonight, and the fact that Storm had watched the entire thing. He wasn't sure he could sit back and watch while she pleased Storm. He was too jealous. Knowing she was fucking another man wasn't the same as seeing it.

"Blaine? You still there?"

"Hmm? Yes. One more question."

"Okay."

"How many times has Storm seen you give head to another man?"

"A few, before I met you."

"How many times has he watched you fuck another man?"

"Never. Garrett's very possessive. You're the only man he's ever shared me with. It was his idea to share a house with you. He wants an open, honest relationship."

"I don't know if I can do this. It's not normal."

"Normal is what we make it."

Blaine sat up and stared at himself in the mirror across the room. If he said no, he lost Angel forever. If he said yes, would he lose himself?

"I love you," she said, her voice as soft as a caress. "I love Garrett. You both love me. I need you both. I want to know what it feels like to be truly happy."

Taking in a deep breath, he forced his tense muscles to relax. There

was always the chance that, after living with the two of them for a month, she'd see what an ass Storm was and would be able to choose. And he'd definitely come out on top. A month. What was a month when his entire future was at stake?

"I'll see you tomorrow night."

## Chapter Four

"Where do you want these?" Rachel Sinclair asked Angela. She held up a coffee mug taken from a box of glassware.

Angela turned in a circle, looking for where she'd left the hammer. "In that cupboard over the dishwasher. There should be hooks for the mugs."

"I know I've said I love this house, but have I mentioned that these cabinets are spectacular?"

Angela laughed. "No, but I'll be sure to tell Garrett you approve. He takes great pride in his woodwork."

Finding the hammer under some discarded newspaper, she went to work hanging an elegant still life painting on the wall next to her grandma's antique hutch. She ran her hand over the smooth, aged wood before stepping back to admire her work. The hand-me-down treasure looked so much better now that it had a home again, instead of the stuffed storage building where she'd kept it since she didn't have room in her apartment.

Rachel put the last glass in the cupboard, then stretched her back and looked around. "Well, this room is coming together."

"Yes. We won't have to sit on the floor and eat off paper plates anymore." She chuckled.

"I don't know," Garrett said, coming into the kitchen and stealing a kiss. "I enjoyed our picnic on the living room rug earlier today."

While she blushed, he took out a glass Rachel had just put up, filled

it with cold water from the refrigerator's door dispenser, and gulped it down.

Rachel's husband, Jon, strolled in behind him. "Water, just what the doctor ordered."

"All done?" Angela asked, stuffing the last of the newspapers into an empty box.

"Ha. Not hardly." Garrett refilled his glass.

"We've been at this all day. I think the boxes are multiplying." Jon winked. "The next time you move, I demand advanced notice so I can plan my vacation to Tahiti for that week."

Angela laughed. "It wouldn't be so bad if you didn't have to drive to different places."

They'd begun retrieving her things out of storage before sunup, then worked their way to Garrett's condo. She refused to give up her apartment until she was certain of what Blaine would do, so the only things she'd taken from there were clothes and essentials. Garrett didn't like it, but he let it go, at least for now.

"Or if we had a bigger moving truck, five extra guys to do the hard labor, and Garrett wasn't such a damn pack rat," Jon said, motioning toward the door with his glass. "Did you see his collection of Sports Illustrated and baseball cards?"

"All catalogued and accounted for, I assure you." Unsympathetic, Garrett toasted him and swallowed the last of his water.

"How much more is there to do?" Angela asked, taking his empty glass and setting it in the sink.

"Just brought the last load of furniture from my old place. Still gotta unload it." Garrett slapped Jon on the shoulder and headed for the door.

Angela turned with a smile, and pointed out the window with a thumb over her shoulder. "I think you have at least one extra helping hand. Look who just pulled up."

Garrett glanced at his watch. "Hmm. Earlier than I expected."

As the men headed outside, Rachel sidled up beside Angela who was staring out the window.



Blaine removed his designer sunglasses and got out of his platinum Mercedes Roadster. She couldn't tell by his expression what he thought of the two-story, Tuscan-style home, but at least he hadn't turned and fled. He walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, and reached for a suitcase.

"Uh oh," Rachel whispered. "Looks like he just spotted Jon."

Angela nodded as she watched Blaine slam the trunk closed, leaving the luggage inside. He appeared nervous and uncomfortable, but smiled at Jon as they shook hands.

After he exchanged a few words with Jon and cast a scowl in Garrett's direction, which seemed to send Garrett into a fit of laughter, Blaine slipped off his suit jacket and tie. He grabbed the opposite end of the leather loveseat Garrett was pulling from the truck.

"He's going to haul furniture in those clothes?" Rachel giggled. "Does he even own jeans? The last time I saw him was at our place for the company picnic, and he was wearing designer chinos and a dress shirt."

Angela shrugged. "I've never seen him in any. A real shame with that fine ass, isn't it?"

Garrett and Blaine came through the front door with the loveseat, while Jon carried a heavy antique end table. All three men looked so good, their muscles bulging under the effort.

Angela sighed and smiled. She couldn't deny the relief she felt that Blaine had shown up. Even though he'd said he would, she had doubted.

Now to figure out how to keep him here.

Two and a half hours later, the sun had set and Jon and Rachel said their goodbyes. When the door closed, Garrett collapsed on the sofa with a loud groan.

Angela turned to Blaine. "Can I get a kiss now that our guests have gone?"

With a glance of challenge at Garrett, Blaine pulled her hard against him and laid one on her with more force than he normally used. She knew the kiss was more for Garrett's benefit than for her, but she wouldn't let a little male competitiveness stop her from enjoying herself.

She was about ready to haul him upstairs to bed when Garrett

grunted and got up.

"When you're done devouring Ange, I'll help you with your things." He patted Blaine on the arm as he headed for the front door.

"Least I can do, since you helped haul my furniture."

"It's just a suitcase and garment bag," Blaine muttered.

Angela wondered if he actually planned to stay a month if that's all he brought.

"Go on. I'll give you the nickel tour afterward." She headed for the kitchen to clean up the leftover pizza boxes and glanced out the window when she heard a motor rumble. Garrett walked toward the house with both pieces of luggage, while Blaine pulled his car into the three-car garage.

When Blaine came in through the kitchen, she gave him a smile, took his hand, and led him upstairs to the master bedroom. Garrett had already left the bags lying side by side on the large, hand-carved four-poster bed.

Blaine whistled. "Nice workmanship." He slid his hand over the detailed scrollwork.

"Thanks," Garrett said, coming out of the walk-in closet.

"Garrett built it himself." She grinned.

Blaine raised a brow and dropped his hand to his side. "Where can I unpack?"

Garrett motioned toward the closet. "Left you room in there. Second drawer of the built-in is also empty. If you need more space, you'll have to bring your own dresser." He yawned, stretched, and pulled his T-shirt off, dropping it on the floor in the corner. "I'm headed for a soak in the Jacuzzi bath. Anyone care to join me?"

Grinning at Blaine's overwhelmed expression, she answered, "I'm going to help Blaine unpack. You go ahead."

Scratching his head, Garrett nodded and closed the bathroom door behind him.

Blaine's gaze jumped from the door to her. "If he lays one hand on my ass, I'm out of here."

She laughed and unzipped the garment bag.

"Does that nickel tour you promised include pointing out where another bathroom with a shower is located?"

After unpacking and showing Blaine to the spare bathroom, she quickly readied herself for bed. Beating both men, she climbed into the center of the luxurious bed, thankful to finally be off her feet. Pale moonlight shone through the wall of windows that faced the ocean, the surf's rhythmic sound offering a hypnotic allure. Such a peaceful contradiction to her nervous heartbeat.

A few minutes later, footsteps signaled Blaine's return. She caught a glimpse of the blue and white striped boxers he wore before he switched the light off by the door. He cast a glance around the room, pausing on the bathroom door that was still closed. Then he walked across the spacious room to crawl into bed. He'd just settled the linen sheets over him when Garrett opened the bathroom door and strolled out buck-naked except for the towel he used to dry his hair. He tossed it on the floor by his shirt as he neared the bed.

The mattress shook, first from Blaine dropping his head back onto his folded hands, and second when Garrett slipped in on her left. Under the covers, she felt the warmth of his hand through her silk nightgown as he touched her hip. He gave her a hard but quick kiss and murmured a tired, "Good night."

Angela rolled toward Blaine, and when her head touched his arm, he pulled her closer to his side. She closed her eyes and tried to will her sore muscles to relax. His thumb rubbed tiny circles on her shoulder. She squirmed a bit, trying to get comfortable.

"Sore, huh?" he asked softly.

"Mmm hmm. Long day."

He pulled her body on top of him and wrapped his arms around her. As she tucked her head under his chin and listened to the steady cadence of his heartbeat, he began to knead her back and shoulders.

She loved his soft hands and talented fingers. As a licensed masseuse, she spent countless hours working on other people's stiff muscles, aches and pains, but seldom had anyone return the favor, except for Blaine. He seemed to always know when she needed a little TLC. With

a tiny whimper, she melted over him.

The sound of a chainsaw erupted in the silent room as Garrett snored.

Blaine groaned. Angela was more vicious. She punched Garrett in the shoulder, and he burst out laughing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ahh."

Blaine came awake through a euphoric haze of Angel's hands and mouth making love to him. Her teeth scraped his nipple. Her hand skimmed over his already solid cock. God, he loved her.

Eyes still closed, not wanting to lose the fantasy in his mind, he raised his hands to cup her head, his fingers weaving through her tangled hair. He pulled her up to sink his tongue deep into her mouth.

The bed rocked as if on a stormy sea. Each motion in harmony with the waves that crashed ashore just yards from the open window.

Her teeth nipped their way over his jaw, then to his neck. Her hand ran over his chest, brushed lightly over his abs, to slip beneath his boxers and grip his cock.

"Yes." Her voice was morning husky, sexier than sin.

Yes, his mind echoed.

She kissed him again, stabbing her tongue into his mouth in sync with the sway of the pounding surf. Without bothering to look, he fumbled with his waistband and yanked the boxers down just enough.

"Mmm." His voice rumbled into her mouth. The way she kissed him, touched him, caressed him... His hips lifted.

She rubbed his cock with long, demanding strokes, which made him suck in a harsh breath.

"Yes," she repeated. "Fuck me harder."

*What? She was the one...*

Her teeth bit into his shoulder, and he heard a heavy groan that was not his own. His eyes shot open.

*Storm.*

In the predawn light filtering through the sheer window coverings, he saw too much.

His body warred with his mind. He was so hot, so ready to explode. Angel's hands and mouth wouldn't stop as they combined to wreak havoc on his libido. Yet, there was his nemesis, kneeling behind his angel and pounding into her.

"Growl for me, tiger," Storm said, his face a portrait of carnal mastery. He gripped Angel's hips as his thighs slapped against her ass again and again.

"Angel..." *Oh, God.* Blaine squeezed his eyes shut. If she didn't stop with the rubbing and nibbling, he was going to come all over them. He tried to stop her hand by grabbing her wrist, while his other hand fisted in her hair.

Angel did growl then, like the tiger Storm called her. Her teeth scraped over his chest. Her hand pumped his cock.

Relentless. Demanding. Erotic.

His balls tightened. He couldn't prevent it. He pushed his head into the pillow, his teeth grinding against the pressure to let go.

She breathed hot little puffs against his flesh, whimpering with every thrust from Storm. He knew those sounds, knew she was about to climax. His own breathing sped as he watched her face strain with her need for completion. He cupped her head and lifted her mouth to his, attacking her lips as he knew she loved, thrusting his tongue hard against hers. He couldn't help himself. He had to be a part of her when she came.

His lips and tongue stifled her scream of release. Her nails dug into his shoulder, pulling a low moan from him. His cock throbbed, jumped, as if seeking more of her.

"Fuck him, tiger," Storm said. "He needs you."

Before Blaine could draw a breath, she straddled his hips, guided his cock with her small, delicate hands and impaled herself.

She was so hot, so wet, so incredibly...

"Ah...God. Angel!"

Blaine thrust his hips, spearing into her to the hilt. She grabbed his hands and pressed them against her breasts an instant before she leaned

forward, braced her hands on each side of his head and rode him like never before.

With every bounce of her luscious ass, he met her halfway.

"Now," she shouted.

He pinched her nipples, and her molten core contracted around his cock, sending him over the edge into a haze of pure ecstasy.

Angel collapsed on top of him, her rapid pants hot against his neck. He wrapped his arms around her and held her tight, trying to ground himself. The room seemed to spin, or was that his head?

"Wow," she murmured, settling a bit more comfortably against his chest.

"I gotta shower. Join me Ange?"

Blaine's teeth gnashed together at the sound of Storm's voice, and he refused to open his eyes. The last thing he wanted after that incredible experience was to see his enemy's face or lose the feel of Angel in his arms.

He tightened his hold on her. They always snuggled afterwards. Talked. Rested. He wasn't about to let her leave him yet.

She stretched her legs out on top of his and sighed. "I don't have a client 'til ten. I think I'll stay right here."

Blaine heard the smack on Angel's ass, felt her jerk, and then she giggled. His eyes popped open, and he glared at Storm, wanting to pound his face.

He smoothed his hand over her butt where Storm had slapped her. He'd never hit her. Never.

"It's okay, baby," she said, rising up on her elbows. "He was just playing."

*The asshole didn't even bother to shut the bathroom door.*

She took his chin and turned him to face her.

God, he thought, she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. With her frosty-tipped hair mussed from his fingers, her lips swollen from his kisses, the soft gleam of sexual fulfillment in her hazel eyes....

A gleam he alone didn't put there.

His stomach twisted, and he rolled sideways, depositing her on the

bed. Then he restored his underwear to its rightful place. He'd just...

"Blaine?"

He sat on the edge of the bed, giving her his back. He thought he might be sick. How could he admit to himself that he'd had one of the most incredible orgasmic experiences of his life, and part of it was because he'd watched her face contort with pleasure while another man fucked her? Pounded her like a two-bit whore, that's what Storm had done. And Blaine had gotten more turned on by watching it than he'd ever been in his life.

*I'm a sick, sick bastard.*

"Baby," she whispered, her hand warm and soft on his back.

"Don't."

*I already did.*

She kissed his shoulder. "I love you."

He closed his eyes and buried his face in his hands. That was the crux of it. He loved her so damn much he didn't know how he'd survive without her. He'd agreed to this whole weird mess because of that love. But would she love him if she knew what had just happened to him?

Storm came out of the bathroom, still bare-assed and toweling his hair dry. Blaine frowned at him. Storm's gaze flicked from him to Angel. Without a word, he walked to the bed, leaned over and gave Angel a kiss, then gathered his clothes and left the room, after he'd dropped his towel on the growing pile by the wall.

Blaine stared silently at the ocean through the wall of windows as the room lightened while dawn drew out and eased into day. The sheers billowed in the early morning breeze. The sound of the surf taunted him with the memory of the sounds of passion from moments earlier.

Angel moved next to him, took his hand in hers and pressed it to her chest. "Talk to me," she whispered.

He sat there thinking about his options until the sun rose high enough to sparkle on the ocean and the room began to warm. Then he turned his head and met Angel's beautiful hazel eyes. "I just don't think this is going to work."

She was silent for so long, he thought she was going to agree with

him. When she finally spoke, her voice was soft, gentle. "I thought everything worked well this morning. You have no idea what it meant to me to have you both here. To wake up between you, feeling so safe and warm. I finally had all I could ever want. The two men I love more than anything in the world."

Blaine pulled his hand away from her. "It's just not right. Normal people don't live like this, or do what we just did. My God, Angel, this shit only happens in porno movies."

She burst out laughing, which made him frown. How could she find this funny? He pushed to his feet and strode through the open French doors and onto the balcony, which overlooked the property's stretch of private beach.

It was gorgeous here. Maybe he should buy a beach house instead of one farther inland. Being able to roll out of bed and take a morning swim in the ocean could be heaven. Of course, he'd be alone. Because Angel had her mind set on Storm.

He shook his head.

"What?" Angel asked, moving to stand next to him. She'd slipped on her slinky, silky white nightie that did nothing to hide her pebbled nipples.

"What about marriage? Children?"

"Marriage can be tricky, legally speaking, but it's workable. And children? I want them...eventually. But that's something we can all sit down and discuss later."

Blaine gripped the guardrail until his fingers ached. She spoke so nonchalantly about this, as if it was...*normal*. She'd just fucked two men, pretty much at the same time. Maybe she was the deviant, not him. How could he not get turned on when she was pawing him all over?

"I want what Jon and Rachel have," he blurted out. "I want a future to build together as a couple. I want children and retirement plans and a fucking dog that sleeps at the foot of our bed."

He turned to look at Angel, to try to convince her, but she was grinning up at him like an idiot.

"You're not taking me seriously," he chided. "How can this be a



joke to you?"

She pushed up on tiptoes and kissed his chin, wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him tight. "You said you want what Jon and Rachel have."

"Yeah? So?"

She actually giggled and squeezed him. She'd lost her mind. Maybe she needed to go talk to Jon. He was a shrink, after all.

"I don't think Garrett would mind getting a dog."

Blaine grabbed her by the arms and pulled her away from him. Staring down into her smiling eyes, he couldn't think. She messed with his mind. Hell, she'd talked him into sharing a bed with another man. And he'd done it!

He opened his mouth to tell her he was going to take his things and go, but she leaned up and kissed him. So soft. Sweet. "I love you," she said with a big smile. "I love you so much." She threw her arms around him again and hugged him tight, her face buried against his neck.

Yep. She was insane. So was he. And Storm was certifiably nuts, because he'd opened his home and his bed, and his woman, to another man.

"Better get ready for work," she said, pulling away. "I'll make some coffee. I bought those nuts and berry muffins you like. Meet you in the kitchen." She kissed him once more. "I'm going to come by the office and have lunch with you today, okay?" Before he could answer, she danced inside, her gorgeous ass looking good enough to eat in that slinky nightgown.

Blaine groaned and dropped into a padded lounge chair. How could he walk away from her? How could he stay? Maybe he'd be able to talk to her easier in his office, with them both fully clothed. Without Storm anywhere in the vicinity.

## Chapter Five

"Angie..."

Jack's bright smile met her as his secretary showed her into his office, but it disappeared after the door shut and they were alone.

"Jon told me about yesterday." He walked around his desk, propped a hip on the front edge, and folded his arms.

"What do you want me to say? You were right. He's not taking this well." She plopped into a chair. "The question now is, am I kidding myself or is there a chance he'll come around?"

"There's always a chance, particularly where the heart is concerned. Just don't overwhelm him too soon. Blaine stands to be hurt as much as you if your gamble doesn't pay off."

She sighed. "This morning he said he wants what Jon and Rachel have."

Jack's lips thinned, his gaze steady. Then one dark eyebrow rose. He wasn't going to make it easy for her.

"I didn't tell him," she said quickly. "I know your privacy means a lot. I mean, you and Jon kept my secret when I didn't want them to know each other's identity. But now..."

Silence. He made not a move. Just waited.

Damn, sometimes dealing with Doms was tough.

"Is there any...could you...? I need to show him, convince him that the relationship I'm suggesting is possible. That it can work when three people love each other."

"Why not talk to the Montgomerys? I'm sure Olivia could persuade Dylan and Ryan to be your social model."

She frowned. "He looks up to you. Respects your opinion. If he could see how well your marriage is working, he might be willing to give our relationship a fighting chance."

"Or he might turn in his resignation, leaving me with a vacancy on the board of directors."

Her own eyebrows shot to her hairline. "Board of directors?"

"He's being promoted. He didn't tell you?"

Her gaze dropped to his polished wingtips. "No. He didn't. No wonder he's trying to hide." She looked back up. "But if he knew his boss had found a way to have the woman he loves, Blaine wouldn't feel the need to hide it from you anymore, would he?"

The office door opened unexpectedly.

"Jack, I have the prospectus—Angel? What are you... Is it lunchtime already?" Blaine stopped and glanced at his watch.

She got up and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"I was a bit early, so I thought I'd stop to say hi to Jack."

He held her right hand, interlaced their fingers, and smiled. "Oh. Well, if it's okay with Jack, I could take off a few minutes early. We could get a couple cappuccinos at that new shop on the corner."

"Fine with me," Jack said with a small curve to one side of his mouth. He gestured to the paperwork in Blaine's other hand. "We can go over that stuff later this afternoon."

"Great." Then, almost as an afterthought, he asked, "Would you like to join us? I was planning to take her to that little Italian eatery."

"Thank you, but I already have other plans."

"All right. See you after lunch." Blaine headed for the door with her in tow, but Jack stopped them.

"Oh, Angie...?" She paused, turned, still holding Blaine's hand. "I'd love to come to the house-warming dinner. Thursday, right?"

She blinked then grinned. "Yes. Around six. And you'll see if Jon and Rachel can come?"

"Of course. They wouldn't miss it."

Blaine walked out of the office so fast she practically had to run to keep up. When they reached the elevator, they found it empty. Blaine stabbed the button for the ground floor.

"What have you done?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"A house-warming dinner, a fucking party, and you invited Jack?"

"He's your boss. It would be an insult not to invite him."

Blaine turned his back on her. "I don't believe this. Do you want me fired, is that it?"

She huffed. "Jack's not going to fire anybody. What you do after work is your business. Nobody else's."

"He doesn't know I moved in with Garrett and you, even if it's only temporary. God, what I told him... He thinks... He saw you kiss me just now."

"You're upset over a peck on the cheek?"

He wasn't listening. "And Jon thinks you and Storm are together. Shit." He slammed a hand on the elevator door.

"Would you please trust me? Everything will be fine."

"No, I knew this was nuts. Jack's going to fire my ass because I'm—"

"If he does fire you, it'll be because you're an inconsiderate jerk."

"What?"

The elevator doors opened, and she stomped out with him hot on her tail. She shoved out the double glass doors and into the muggy midday sun.

"Whoa." His grip on her arm stopped her in the middle of the sidewalk. "Look, I'm not the one being inconsiderate here. Did you ask me about this party of yours before you planned it? No."

She didn't ask because she hadn't planned the party, but she'd be damned if she'd tell him that now. He hadn't told her about his promotion, either. Why would he keep news like that a secret?

"And I suppose you've told me everything you've ever planned to do, cleared it with me, shared everything good or bad that's ever occurred in your life?"

"Angel, that's not the point—"

"That's exactly the point. You know love goes hand in hand with trust. You should try it some time. You might find life a lot less stressful if you did." She turned and hailed a cab. "Taxi!"

"Where do you think you're going? What about lunch?"

"I'm suddenly not hungry. When you calm down and realize that I'd never do anything to hurt you, much less jeopardize your precious job, then you know where to find me." She swiped a damn tear from her cheek and got in the cab. "Go."

She didn't look back as her heart broke in two.

\* \* \* \* \*

Garrett parked his pickup in the circular drive behind the silver tin can Blaine called a car. Puzzled over why Blaine was home when he should be enjoying lunch with Ange, Garrett bypassed the kitchen and his own lunch plans in search of his new roommate.

He found Blaine sitting on the bed, staring at a framed picture he held in his hands, with his suitcase open but empty beside him.

Garrett leaned against the doorjamb, crossed his ankles and arms, and watched Blaine startle. "Leaving already?"

Blaine dropped the picture to the bed, and Garrett got a glimpse of Ange in a pose similar to a photo she'd given him for Christmas last year. When he looked back at Blaine, the man glared, his jaw tense. "What the fuck do you want?"

"Looks like I'm about to get what I want. A bit earlier than I'd thought, but then I can afford to lose a hundred-dollar bet." As Blaine's blue eyes narrowed to slits, Garrett grinned. "I expected you to last at least a week."

"You're an asshole. You know that?"

He shrugged. "Hey, we all have one. So, are you going to tell me what's sent you packing? Maybe it'll work on the next stray Ange brings home."

Anger flared in Blaine's eyes, and he came to his feet. His hands

fisted, but he didn't strike. His discipline impressed the hell out of Garrett, not that he'd admit it aloud.

"Does it look like I've packed anything?"

"Oh. My mistake. Do you air out luggage over lunch breaks often?"

"Bastard."

"Actually my parents were married three years before I was born, but that's old news. Why don't you tell me what's really got you twisted in knots, as if I can't already guess her name?"

"What do you care?"

"I don't." Garrett shrugged. "If you're in the dog house, then I've got her and the bed to myself tonight."

Blaine spun toward the French doors and stared at the ocean view with his hands still balled into fists.

Garrett pushed away from the doorframe and sauntered to the bed where he picked up the silver-framed photo. Same red satin sheets, but in the photo she'd given him she'd been wearing the tiniest, black leather bikini he'd ever seen. And nothing else. Not the white, frothy, almost virginal-looking thing she wore in this picture.

"Nice picture," he allowed.

Blaine snatched the photo from his hand, tucked it into the suitcase, and met his gaze with a sneer. "I suppose she told you about the house-warming dinner this Thursday."

Garrett let his surprise show.

"She didn't? Well, imagine that. She invited Jack. Didn't bother to ask me what I thought about a damned party, just did it. Invited your buddy, Jon, too. Done deal. And I'm supposed to accept it."

*Ah. That was the problem.* He suppressed a smile. "I see." He settled back against the large bedpost and crossed his ankles and arms once more.

Blaine gave him a look that had suspicion written all over it. "You do?"

"Sure. We can't trust her to make these kinds of decisions. She can't go around inviting friends over to her own house without checking with you first. She damn sure didn't clear it with me, so do you want to form a

united front? You gonna spank her or should I?"

Blaine blinked, his face hardening with anger. He looked like a cobra ready to strike. "You lay one goddamn hand on her, and I'll beat the shit out of you."

The man obviously had a lot to learn. Garrett wondered how far he could push him. "I didn't say abuse her, you idiot. And for the record, I laid more than a hand on her this morning and all you did was come, so cut the crap." He maintained his casual lean against the bedpost, but kept his eye on Blaine, just in case. "The fact is you're pissed. Not because she did something without your permission, but because you're scared your boss will find out about our little ménage à trois and think less of you."

Blaine looked ready to explode. As much as he liked the idea of Blaine being in hot water and squirming like a worm, it wasn't worth the price of having Angie hurt. The sooner he helped Blaine see the light, the better off they'd all be. Blaine was an intelligent man. Why couldn't he see how this was tearing Angie up? Knowing she posed for those pictures, and even took special care to represent herself to each of them in a manner she knew would turn them on... He shook his head and scowled at her other lover.

"What you don't seem to remember is that Jack was Ange's friend long before you two were an item. Hell, I met her through Jon." He straightened and stuck a thumb in one denim pocket. "She's never been one to hide her feelings. They're always out there on her shoulders for the world to see. So if you think Jack and Jon don't know she's been with both of us all along, you're deceiving yourself." He pointed at Blaine. "But before you decide what to do, maybe you should ask yourself this; have they ever treated you poorly, even knowing what they do?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Blaine called the office and told Jack he needed the rest of the day off. Fortunately his boss approved the spontaneous leave without probing questions. In all the years he'd worked at Sinclair, he'd never taken a personal day that wasn't prescheduled. But he knew he had too much to

make up for with Angel, and he needed the time to prepare.

He called the florist and had two-dozen long stem yellow roses delivered to the house, and then he ran to the grocery for the ingredients to make her favorite supper.

As he pulled the grilled chicken from the oven, he glanced at the clock and worried. It was nearing nine o'clock, and she wasn't home yet. Was she coming back? He didn't have all night, but Garrett had granted him a couple hours without him around. The beast was going out to some club with his buddies.

He mixed the Parmesan and thick cream in a small saucepan, adding seasonings and butter, then pulled the angel hair pasta off the back burner and poured it into a colander in the sink. The front door opened, and a flood of relief washed through him.

She poked her head around the corner. "I smell stinky cheese and chicken."

He grinned and nodded. "Come try the sauce. Tell me what's missing."

She looked tired as she neared the granite countertop where he worked. Dark smudges marred the pale skin under her eyes. She'd been crying. He felt like the biggest ass on earth.

She took a lick from the wooden spoon he held for her, closing her eyes as she savored the thick, creamy sauce. He couldn't help himself. He had to taste her. He leaned down and kissed her rosy lips. Her eyes shot open, and she pulled back, the movement like a knife through his heart.

"I'm sorry, Angel. I acted like a total jackass today. I... I've never lived with anyone before, and it wasn't like we laid down any rules."

She crossed her arms over her middle, her lips pursing. "Rules?"

"Oh, hell. That's not what I meant." He dropped the spoon to the counter, pulled the sauce off the stove so it didn't burn, and then took her hands in his, practically having to pry them away from her body.

"Sweetheart, you know I love you, and I hate that I hurt you. I just felt that I should've been asked first or at least told, before you invited my boss to dinner."

She opened her mouth, her brow furrowed, but he cut her off



before she could start. He didn't want to fight tonight. "I was way out of line. I know Jack and Jon are your friends, and you have every right to invite them to see your new home."

Her mouth closed with a click of her teeth.

He took a deep breath and looked into her eyes. "I'm trying, Angel. All I ask is that you be patient with me, and know that I do trust you. I've already given you my heart."

She nibbled on her bottom lip for a few seconds, but her gaze never wavered. "I'm sorry, too. I might have overreacted today." Her smile was small and sweet. "I was pretty mad at you. Jack had just told me about your promotion, and you never said a word. That hurt, too."

"Ah, sweetheart." He pulled her into his arms and hugged her close. "I was going to tell you the other night at dinner. But then Storm showed up, and with your proposal and then moving in here...it just got pushed to the back of my mind." And everything else that he'd planned to discuss with her had dissolved into thin air. Like that new house and marriage and children.

She pulled back and looked up at him. "It's been a pretty big shocker, I know. I'll try to be more patient. I guess I've just been thinking about this for so long, I expect everyone else to be ready and willing."

She kissed his chin, then his lips. Her mouth was so sweet and soft, he went hard in a rush and longed to lift her onto the counter and take her now, but he needed her to know he wanted more than just sex.

He had to prove he could give her everything she possibly dreamed of. As much as he wanted to tuck tail and get the hell out of this absurd living arrangement, he couldn't do it. He couldn't hand her over to Storm without a fight. He'd die before he let that brute have her to himself. His angel belonged to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

God, could he kiss, Angela thought as she slowly withdrew from his arms. She shouldn't forgive him so quickly, but who could stay mad at him when he'd cooked her favorite supper and gave her those sad puppy

dog eyes? She was such a sucker for his baby blues.

"Want me to set the table?"

He shook his head, seeming reluctant to release her. "It's all set up out on the patio."

She tilted her head and peered at him. "Really?"

His smile was precious. "Why don't you go pour the wine, and I'll bring out the food."

Curious now, she walked through the living room and out to the deep flagstone patio that overlooked the beach. Her breath caught and her hand flew to her heart.

*He is the biggest sweetheart in the world.*

Yellow roses stood in several vases scattered about the patio. Candles flickered from every corner. The glass-topped table was set beautifully with candlelight dancing inside glass globes, reflecting off Blaine's expensive China and silverware. To finish off the perfect setting, as if he'd ordered it just for her, the full moon hung low and huge over the ocean. A trail of moonlight shimmered like a road to heaven on the water.

"I hope you approve."

Angela spun toward Blaine's voice and wanted to run into his arms, but he held two steaming plates of delicious smelling food. Her stomach rumbled, reminding her of her missed lunch and the late hour.

"It's absolutely stunning." Her throat felt tight as the gentle warm breeze floated over her, bathing her with the sweet scent of roses and salty sea. She couldn't let this man go. Not ever. He knew how to make her melt with his kindness, his romance.

He set the plates on the table and held her chair for her. When she sat, he leaned down and kissed her neck. "I have a bottle of Dom Perignon and fresh strawberries for dessert," he murmured in a seductive purr.

"Mmm. I'd say we should skip dinner, but I'm too hungry."

He chuckled, a sound she adored, as he lowered himself into his own chair across the small table from her. "Dig in then, sweetheart. Because I plan to pamper you all night."

Dig in she did, with gusto. They ate in companionable silence to the sound of the crashing waves and serenading crickets. The chicken was

superb, the pasta al dente, exactly as she liked it. Everything was just about perfect.

She idly wondered where Garrett was, but he had a habit of going off on his own sometimes. She didn't mind. She figured that all of them would need space now and then. They were all around thirty years old and had lived alone for a very long time. This...*closeness*...was going to take some getting used to. Especially for the men.

"Done?"

She glanced up from her plate to see Blaine's anxious expression. She laughed. "Yes. I'm finished."

He grinned like a little boy and got up to gather their plates. "Stay right here."

When he returned from inside, he carried a bowl of strawberries, a bottle of champagne and two tall flutes. He must have been planning this seduction all afternoon. When he motioned to her with his finger, she followed him to the far side of the patio where a thickly padded lounge sat illuminated by one small candle set into a tiny shelf in the wall.

He set the dish of berries on the ground then poured the champagne. "Have a seat, sweetheart," he said, his voice low and so damn seductive she felt herself grow wet with the expectation of what was to come.

She lowered herself to the lounge, her legs off to one side and her back toward the house. He handed her a glass, then knelt in front of her on the ground. After dropping a strawberry in each flute, he held his up for a toast. "To us."

## Chapter Six

Angela forced a smile as their glasses touched, and she took a sip of the champagne. The look in his eyes made her worry that he still viewed them as a couple not a triad.

Blaine took the crystal flutes, set them aside, and ran his soft hands up her calves. She didn't try to stop him as his fingers caught the hem of her sundress and skimmed over the curve of each knee. Her legs parted when he leaned forward to give her a gentle kiss, as if he sensed her need for succor.

He was so tender with her she wanted to cry. His love for her showed in the myriad of gentle ways he touched her. And yet, would he never be able to give her the total combination she needed to truly thrive?

She lifted her hips as his hands pushed her dress higher. He paused, giving her a curious look, when he discovered her lack of underwear.

"You forget something, sweetheart?" he asked, his tone teasing, a tilt of humor to his lips.

She traced his smooth jaw with a fingertip and met his sapphire gaze. "Garrett doesn't like me to wear panties."

His smile froze. A shadow darkened his eyes, but a blink later he restored his pleased expression.

"I like you in nothing at all." Holding her gaze, he slowly lifted her dress, running his hands over her sides and chest. She raised her arms and closed her eyes. A second later the garment sailed through the air to hang

over the other end of the lounge. Her bra soon followed, leaving her exactly as he liked.

She reclined on her hands, her fingers digging into the opposite side of the cushion.

Blaine brushed his knuckles over her face and left a tingling trail down her neck and torso. He pulled her hips forward to the edge, her inner thighs rubbing against his clothed body as his tongue dueled with hers.

Her breathing grew unsteady when he stopped, his hands at the crease between thigh and hip, his thumbs drawing tiny circles across the sensitive flesh above her sex.

Her nipples were hard, her heart raced, her pussy moist. He'd yet to kiss anything but her mouth, but her body was already responding.

Angela wanted to scream for him to hurry, had opened her mouth to order him to take her, when she sensed him tense. She peered at him, but he watched the doorway over her shoulder.

*Garrett.* He hadn't made a sound, but she knew he was there.

Blaine's gaze slid from Garrett to her. For a long, suspended moment, he knelt before her, studying her face. She didn't ask, but she let the longing show in her eyes as she watched him struggle with the reality of her desires.

Normally she took control in their bedroom play. Blaine seemed to like her wild and demanding in his arms, and she got a thrill from such a strong, sexy man's subjugation. But tonight he'd set the stage. He would have to decide who the players would be.

He glanced over her shoulder again and back to her face, capturing her gaze.

"Hold her," he said, a soft surrender. A hesitant command.

The breath she hadn't realized she was holding rushed from her lungs.

Garrett moved like a shadow toward them and knelt behind her. He didn't grab her wrists as she expected, but wrapped his warm arms on either side of her. His rough hands sliding over her stomach made her suck in the salty ocean air.

Blaine moved back, held her knees farther apart, and looked at Garrett's face, then his hands.

Her head fell against Garrett's strong shoulder when his fingers dipped between her thighs, flicked her clit and opened her for Blaine, who wasted no time in taking what he wanted.

She moaned when his tongue licked her moist pussy and his lips sucked her clit. Her hips tried to rise, seeking more of the sensual titillation, but Garrett held her in place.

His hot breaths teased her neck and shoulder. His cheek rubbed against hers, his rough whiskers providing contrast to the smoothness of Blaine between her thighs.

Blaine pressed a finger inside her while he continued to suckle and lick her clit.

"Ah, baby... Please." She didn't know what she pleaded for. *Don't stop. Faster. More. Fuck...me.* The commands rattled through her brain, but her mouth hung open in silence. She'd let Blaine give or take whatever he wanted, however he wished. She just hoped she'd survive the exquisite torture.

He added a second finger and increased the pressure and pace, driving her higher.

The burning need inside huddled, fused, intensified.

Then Garrett's teeth nipped her earlobe, and his husky voice whispered so softly, "Come for him, tiger."

The climax burst through her system like a shockwave, leaving her muscles trembling uncontrollably in its wake.

With one last long stroke of his tongue, Blaine pulled away. She breathed heavily as he made quick work of his pants, not bothering to completely remove them or his shirt.

Garrett slid his hands from her thighs to her breasts, where he cupped and kneaded them, thumbing the hard tips to keep them that way.

When Blaine moved back between her legs, he wavered less than a second as his gaze met Garrett's. Closing his eyes, he grabbed her hips and slammed home to the hilt.

Their euphoric shouts, Blaine's and hers, mingled with the rustling

sound of the ocean's waves. As he withdrew and plummeted inside once more, Blaine used one hand at her back to lift her toward him.

Garrett still held both breasts as Blaine captured one peak in his mouth. Her senses overloaded, she lost all ability to breathe. Her pulse pounded in her neck, a complimentary cadence to Blaine's thrusts into her pussy. With each stroke, he forced her shoulders to rub against Garrett's hard chest.

"Blaine?" The question came not from her, but from the man who held her in his arms.

Blaine paused, his chest heaving as he fought through the passionate haze that surrounded them. At his abrupt nod, Garrett released her and Blaine powered into her body again.

She collapsed back on her elbows. Her cry of disappointment came out more like a moan, but the sound of Garrett's zipper restored her hope.

Then he was there, his hard hands turning her face toward him, his thick cock pressing for entrance into her mouth. She gave it gladly. Her lips opened wide, her tongue licking his hard length even as Blaine's strokes knocked her senses into another tailspin.

Garrett hissed. Or was that Blaine?

She wasn't sure, didn't care.

Garrett took her mouth hard, controlling the movement of her head, his fingers tangled in her hair. Blaine draped her legs over his arms and leaned over her as he pressed deeper again and again.

She'd lost all command. They dominated her, mastered her, and pleasured her like never before. The feel of her men taking their desire from her body sent her over the cliff into an orgasm so intense she nearly passed out.

A few tandem thrusts later, each man found his own release and joined her in oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Angela stirred the melted cheese dip on the stove, her mind on anything but cooking. The Sinclairs would arrive within the hour. Blaine

had come in late from work and gone upstairs, probably trying to figure out another way to best Garrett or avoid supper altogether.

Things had been going well since that night on the patio, at least on the surface. But as time passed, she noticed changes in Blaine. They were so subtle they left her confused, uncertain. She had the feeling there was a competition going on between the men, although Garrett seemed unconcerned by the outcome.

"Ange, if you don't turn the fire down, we're going to be eating scorched cheese."

"Oh shit." She took the dip off the stove and poured it into the serving bowl centered in a platter of tortilla chips.

Garrett turned off the stove.

Dumping the empty pot in the sink, she switched on the vent hood. Grabbing a dishtowel, she started to wipe off the splatter.

"What's wrong?" Garrett took her wrist and pulled her into his arms, tossing the towel on the granite countertop.

"They'll be here any minute. I have to get th—"

"You have to answer my question first."

She looked toward the kitchen door.

"He's in the shower. I heard the water turn on as I came downstairs."

Uncomfortable, she pushed against his shoulders, but he refused to release her, so she took the offensive. "Are you and Blaine competing over me?"

He let her go and leaned his butt, tightly wrapped in button-fly denims, against the counter. His form-fitting burgundy shirt pulled tight across his muscular chest as he propped his hands on either side of his hips.

"I'm not, but I'm pretty sure Blaine is."

So she wasn't the only one sensing something different about Blaine. "What makes you say that?"

"Maybe it's the way he keeps trying to get you alone. Or it could be that I caught him reading a library book in the study the other day."

Confused, she asked, "What's that got to do with anything?"



"It was on the fundamentals of football."

She blinked. "He hates football...calls it barbaric."

Garrett shrugged. "That explains why his eyes were glazed over."

She scoffed, then opened the oven and checked on the beef enchiladas. Grabbing a stack of dishes, she shoved them at Garrett, then took the tray of chips and dip to the dining room. "Men. Why does everything have to be a competition with you?"

Garrett followed. "Hey, you don't see me reading *Fine Art for Dummies*, do you?"

Setting down the platter, she turned and put a fist on her hip. "Don't make fun of him. He's obviously trying very hard. This isn't easy for him."

Garrett walked around the table setting plates. "And now you're defending him when you were the one who brought it up?"

She huffed out a breath. "I don't know. God, I never imagined this would be so hard. And it wouldn't hurt if you'd stop egging him on."

He smirked, then picked up the stack of silverware and napkins. "I can't help it if he's so easy to annoy."

She frowned and fisted her hands. "Lay off him. If he didn't feel so threatened by you, maybe we could make this work. You're being an ass."

Dropping the silverware with a clatter, Garrett rounded the table and gripped her chin. "Excuse me?"

Heat flared inside her, and she narrowed her eyes in challenge. It had been a long time since Garrett got riled. "You heard me. You're being an ass. I want you to behave tonight."

His hands grabbed her ass, pulled her hard against him. His arousal was obvious.

"You are being a very bad girl, talking to me like that." His deep rumbling threat made her knees tremble with anticipation. Her eyes widened in mock fear.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Without warning, he spun her around and pinned her face forward over the back of a chair. "I ought to turn your ass red." A sharp slap landed on her right butt cheek.

She moaned as heated moisture dampened her pussy.

"But I'd rather fuck it. Are you going to make it worth my while to *behave*?" His fingers snaked down her thigh and tugged the hem of her skirt.

"Don't you dare, Sir."

He raised her skirt and gripped her hip, thrusting his hard, denim-covered cock against her bare ass. "I always dare, tiger."

She couldn't hold in the groan of pleasure. Barely able to keep from grinding her ass against him, she braced her hands on the tabletop. Plates rattled.

He released her hips, and she heard the muffled pops of his button fly opening. She spread her legs in anticipation of his invasion. She knew he'd take her fast and hard. She needed the frenzy to relax her before this damned dinner party.

The doorbell rang.

"Fucking sonofabitch."

Angela felt the same way, but couldn't keep in the giggle at Garrett's snarled curse. She stood up straight and lowered her skirt as he struggled to refasten his jeans over his thick, long erection.

"Later."

"Oh yeah," she agreed, wondering how she'd ever make it through dinner at this rate. She glanced down to see the hard ridge of his cock straining against his jeans. "I need to be punished." With an impish grin, she traced her finger over the bulge.

He hissed and snatched her wrist in a firm grip.

The doorbell rang again.

Pushing up on tiptoes, she kissed his chin when he released her wrist with a growl. "Don't forget to behave," she tossed over her shoulder as she headed for the door.

Taking a calming breath, she pulled open the front door with a wide smile plastered on her face. "Welcome!"

Jonathon and Rachel Sinclair stepped inside. Jon handed her a humongous gift basket. "We thought you'd like some—" he waggled his eyebrows, "—entertainment items."

As she carried the basket to the coffee table, she peeked through the blue cellophane to see a variety of body oils, lotions, and lubes. A pair of police issue handcuffs—the good ones, not the flimsy novelty kind found in sex shops—and rolls of PVC tape in a variety of colors.

“Oh, this is great,” she said with a thrill of excitement, thinking of how everything could be used. “Thank you.”

“Wow. He does own a pair of jeans.”

Angel turned at Rachel’s odd comment to see Blaine descend the stairs in a package-hugging pair of jet-black jeans and a lightweight, baby blue, V-neck sweater.

*Holy shit. The party’s over. Guests go home. I need my men.*

She glanced in the direction of the dining room where Garrett remained busy arranging silverware...or his clothes. She grinned. This should prove to be an interesting night.

“Jack’s running a little late,” Jon said, giving Rachel a strange look as she watched Blaine step off the bottom stair.

Blaine shook Jon’s hand and smiled companionably. He even leaned over and kissed Rachel on the cheek. “Care for drinks, anyone?”

“I’ll take a brandy. Rachel will have a screwdriver.”

Angela bit her lip when Blaine’s forehead wrinkled. “Wine cooler for me, baby.”

He nodded and headed for the small wet bar at the other end of the living room. “Coming right up.”

After he turned his back and crossed the room, Rachel fanned her face and rolled her eyes, then burst out giggling.

Jon popped her on the ass and murmured, “Behave, pet,” which sent Angela into peals of laughter.

She looped her arm through Rachel’s, giving Jon a smile. “Come on, let’s sit.”

They moved to the array of Garrett’s leather furniture. Jon took a wide easy chair and pulled Rachel onto his lap. Angela slipped out of her sandals and folded her feet under her at one end of the long sofa.

“Where’s Garrett?” Jon asked.

“He’s, um...setting the table.” Her answer made Jon cock an

eyebrow. She bit her cheek to keep from laughing. "He'll be out in a minute."

As Blaine handed out drinks, she asked Rachel, who was a defense attorney, about her latest case.

"There's really not much I can disclose. My client is accused of embezzling a large sum from his employer."

As Blaine handed her the wine cooler, he sat beside her on the couch and sipped his own drink, though he didn't touch her in any way.

"Did he do it?" Angela asked.

Rachel smiled. "I don't ask. I let the evidence tell me, and then I give my clients the best defense that evidence will allow." One of Jon's hands rubbed Rachel's arm as she spoke.

Garrett walked in. "Ange, the timer went off in the—"

"Oh, damn it. My enchiladas." She jumped up and headed for the kitchen to see what she could salvage, but Garrett caught her about the waist and spun her around with her back pinned to his front.

"They're fine. I took 'em out."

With his arms banded about her, he walked them back to the couch. As he took her spot, pulling her onto his lap, Blaine scooted over, and then used the excuse of offering to get Garrett a drink to get up.

She tried not to frown as she watched him walk back to the bar.

"Angie has you cooking now, does she?" Jon said with humor sparkling in his dark blue eyes.

Garrett snorted. "There are special benefits I enjoy when I *behave* a certain way. But cooking isn't on my To Do list." His hand squeezed her hip.

Angela bit her lip then asked, "Should we wait for Jack?"

Jon grinned. "If the dinner's hot and ready, I say Jack's on his own."

Angela chuckled, pushed off Garrett's lap, and swept a hand toward the dining room. "Then by all means, let's eat."

Blaine handed Garrett his drink when he stood, then looped Angela's arm through his and followed in Jon and Rachel's wake. As Blaine escorted her to the dining room, she dropped her other hand

behind her and felt Garrett squeeze it once.

Maybe things would be okay after all.

The chairs were positioned three on each side of the long, rectangular, cherry wood table. Blaine pulled out the middle chair, seating her directly opposite Rachel, and took his place to her right. Jon sat across from Garrett who'd not only put the enchiladas on the table, but had also lit the tapers.

She noticed Blaine eye Jon with curiosity when he took Rachel's plate and filled it for her. Angela scooped some rice onto her own plate, in case Blaine had any intention of trying that on her.

Garrett and Jon made small talk as the meal progressed. Blaine kept Rachel chatting, and Angela kept her eye on him. She'd made it through only a third of her enchilada when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it." She pushed her seat back before anyone else could respond.

Jackson Sinclair apologized as soon as she opened the door. "When I suggested Thursday, I didn't expect my conference call with an Alaskan client to stretch so long. I forgot about the time zones."

"That's all right. Come on in. Everyone's at the table already."

As he took the lead back to the dining room, she thought she caught a muttered, "Show time."

He didn't seem nervous about what he'd reveal tonight, but then Jack had always been good at hiding his emotions...and keeping secrets. None of his employees or clients—except for a chauffeur who'd no doubt been sworn to secrecy on penalty of death—was aware of Jack's marriage to his brother's wife, or that the brothers had been called the *Masters of Sin* for their risqué performances at the Incognito fetish club. Since marrying Rachel they still visited the club, but were more inclined to conduct their sexual activities in the privacy of their home.

"Hello everyone. Sorry I'm late."

Blaine stood to shake his employer's hand as Angela took her seat.

Garrett opted for a brief wave. "Welcome to the party."

"Thanks."

"We didn't bother to hold up dinner," Jon said with a grin before

stuffing another bite of enchilada in his mouth.

Jack raised an eyebrow. "So I see."

Blaine sat and took a drink at the same moment Rachel stood to greet Jack with an embrace and kiss.

Blaine choked. Angela put her hand on his back. Jon continued to chew his food, calmly glancing from his brother to Blaine and back again.

Jack cut off Rachel's kiss and chided, "You really could've timed that better, pet."

Blaine coughed harder, took his napkin and, without a word, bolted for the kitchen.

Angela started to go after him, but Jack held up a hand. "I think I best go and talk with him."

## Chapter Seven

Blaine snatched a glass out of the cupboard and coughed, his eyes tearing, as the water slowly filtered into the cup from the refrigerator's door dispenser. When it reached half full, he gulped it down.

"Blaine."

He pivoted on his heel, nearly dropping the glass. "What—" He cleared his throat. "What the hell was that?"

Jack sat on a stool at the breakfast bar. He folded his arms across his chest and targeted Blaine with those steely blue eyes. Predator eyes, Blaine had once thought when he'd been fresh out of college and sitting in front of the intimidating man for an interview. Eyes that saw way too much of a person's soul. But fuck, they obviously hid a lot.

"Rachel belongs to both of us, though only one of us could legally claim her. In our hearts, the only place it truly matters, she is married to us both."

Blaine's glass thumped onto the granite countertop. "I don't fucking believe this," he mumbled, leaning on the counter as he stared at his hands. "I've been going crazy all week thinking that once you saw this..." He waved his hand toward the dining room. "...I was going to be fired for deviant sexual activities. Then you waltz in here and practically swallow your sister-in-law's tongue."

Jack threw his head back and laughed. Blaine glared, unable to find humor in the situation. From the moment he walked into this house his entire world had gone topsy-turvy. Nothing felt right. Well, except for the

sex. That had never been better. But even that seemed wrong because every time he was with Angel, so was Storm. He'd never entertained voyeuristic tendencies before, but damned if seeing Storm fuck his woman didn't turn him on.

"Rachel's my wife, not my sister-in-law. Well, legally she is my sister-in-law, so I guess you could say she's both. But the point is, I love her as much as Jon does." Settling his elbows on the counter, Jack grinned at him. "And she loves us both equally. Angie knows how hard this living arrangement is on you and asked us to...reveal ourselves to you. I agreed because I trust you. I want you to know that. But I also care about Angie. That woman is crazy in love with you, and I'd hate to see either of you hurt."

"She talked to you about us?" He scrubbed his hand down his face. Great. Just what he needed, his lover sharing bedroom secrets with his boss.

"Jon and I have known Angie for years. We met her at this little, private fetish club called Incognito."

Blaine's heart hit his toes. Had his angel fucked his boss? Damn it, he could only take so much.

"*Friends*, Blaine," Jack said, his tone stern. Damn if his boss couldn't read him like a book. "Jon and I were looking for someone much different from your Angie. She'd never submit to our will. She's much too self-reliant."

"What was she doing in this club? What the hell kind of fetish? A whole club full of women with two men?"

He pulled a half bottle of wine from the fridge and poured some in his empty water glass. It wasn't strong enough, but he needed something. He held the bottle up to offer some to Jack, but his boss shook his head.

"The club is for alternative lifestyles."

"Gay? Oh, hell no, you are not. Angel's not. I *know* she's not."

"Stop jumping to conclusions. You're going to make yourself nuts." Jack shook his head and smiled. "Alternative can mean any number of things. For Jon and me, it means domination. We want—no, we need total control over our lover. And we wanted one who could belong to both of



us.” He shrugged, obviously making no apologies. “Rachel was like a dream come true. She’s our deepest fantasies come to life. We take care of her, and she...” He gave Blaine a wolfish grin. “Let’s just say we’re all very compatible.”

“What do you mean by domination?” He couldn’t see anyone dominating Angel. Hell, if anyone got dominated when it came to sex, it was him by her. Not that he’d admit that to his boss. He did love it when she took control and told him exactly what, when, and how to do whatever she needed. He enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing he pleased her. But his sexual secrets were his alone.

“Depending on who you ask, you’ll get different answers. Some mistakenly think of it as a power trip. But it’s not. It’s more about trust—the trust a sub gifts to her Dom through submission, and the honor that accompanies the Dom’s responsibility to the sub.

“But that’s not all there is,” Jack continued before Blaine could get a word out. “There are different levels to the D/s lifestyle. What you and Angie and Garrett have is unique. You share. From what I’ve observed of them at the club, it’s obvious that Garrett is her Dom but, I’m not so sure where you fit in.”

Blaine frowned at the observation that hit way too close to home.

“They use the Dom/sub routine for fun. Foreplay. I know Garrett would never dare try to control her outside of sex. Angie doesn’t strike me as someone who’d allow that.”

Blaine’s brain zeroed in on only one thing. “Garrett and Angel go to this club together?”

Jack nodded. “That’s where they met. Jon introduced them, thinking they’d make a good match. Both like to play, but neither is a hardcore enthusiast. Although, I’m sure their role-playing is serious enough in the bedroom.”

He decided against any comment on what Angel did with Garrett in or out of the bed. “This whole threesome thing, did she get the idea from you?”

Again Jack shrugged. “I believe you met our friends, the Montgomerys.”

"Dylan and Olivia, right?"

"And Ryan, Dylan's twin brother. They are also in this type of marriage. Olivia is a very good friend of Rachel's and one of Angie's clients."

Lord, Blaine thought as he pushed away from the counter to pace, there were more of these people.

"Blaine, you told me you loved her. Is that still true?"

He slid a sideways gaze to Jack and nodded.

"Love is a fragile emotion. Above all else, there's one thing that can destroy it for a couple and a triad."

He turned back to his boss, his mentor—hell, that word just didn't seem to mean what it used to.

"Lack of trust. In a pure Dom/sub relationship, regardless of what level, if the sub doesn't trust the Dom, or should the Dom betray that trust, then it won't work. Trust is essential. As a Dom, my responsibility is to give my pet everything she could ever need or desire emotionally, physically, and sexually. She has to trust me to provide for her, so that we can find fulfillment."

"Angie doesn't want to be provided for. She has a career."

"So does Rachel, but self-reliance means something different to different people. You obviously provide something she needs or you wouldn't be together."

He remembered their phone call the night before they all moved in here. She said he gave her things Garrett couldn't. The symphony and wine tasting, he catered to her cultured side. It wasn't all about sex, he realized. "Yeah, well, if I called her a pet, she'd deck me."

Jack nodded, chuckled. "But do you trust her? And Garrett. You have to trust both of them."

"Storm is a domineering jerk."

"My brother's an asshole at times, but I'd trust him with my life. I trust him with the life of my one true love."

This was getting weirder by the second. Blaine downed the wine as if it were water, and then poured himself another. "This just can't be right. What happened to one man, one woman, white picket fences, and little

league?"

Jack smiled and propped his chin on his hand. "Triads are not new, Blaine. Polygamy has been around for thousands of years. It's a choice. It's not a matter of what's socially acceptable as long as the relationship is consensual, if everyone involved is happy. Are you happy, Blaine?"

Was he?

He didn't even know anymore. He loved Angela with all his heart and had wanted to marry her. Still did. But she wasn't happy with only him. What killed him, even though he'd tried his damned best all week to get her alone, to show her he could give her what she desired, was that she seemed happiest when both he and Storm were with her. And it didn't matter if they were having sex or just watching the late movie. She wanted them both.

How could he fight that?

Jack's hand gripped his shoulder. "The lifestyle's not right for everyone, and you shouldn't feel bad if it's not for you. But that also entails honesty. With Angie and yourself."

"I can't lose her," Blaine said, feeling the words from the deepest part of his soul.

"Then you need to accept and embrace."

Accepting and embracing Storm was the last thing he wanted to do. But for Angel, he'd try. To accept, at least. Even if it killed him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Angela made mush of her enchilada, aimlessly pushing the food around her plate.

What was happening in the kitchen? She'd heard Jack laugh a moment ago, but then nothing. Would he come back alone or would Blaine be with him? If they didn't return soon, she'd go ballistic. *Funny-farm, straight-jacket needed.*

Footsteps stopped her heart and lungs. She turned her head toward the door.

Blaine came in first as Jack patted his shoulder. "My apologies.

Drink went down the wrong pipe."

She glanced to Jack who gave her a smile and took Rachel's hand as he sat. She picked up her fork again, peeked at Blaine out of the corner of her eye, and leaned toward him when he took his seat.

"You okay?"

He turned her head with a finger under her chin, gave her a chaste kiss, and smiled. "I'm fine. No harm done."

The curve of her lips was timid, uncertain. She determined that she'd get him alone later so they could talk.

Blaine looked at Jack and asked about the Alaskan account, steering the conversation to more mundane topics of business. Jon and Jack were openly attentive to Rachel, and Angela caught Blaine staring more than once with an inquisitive gleam in his eye.

After dinner, she gave Jack a tour of the house, but since Blaine felt compelled to accompany them, she was unable to question Jack about the man-to-man talk he'd had with Blaine in the kitchen. When everyone gathered on the back patio overlooking the ocean, the mood became more relaxed. Talk turned personal, and Blaine revealed the first signs of open curiosity.

"So tell me more about this club called Incognito."

Garrett glanced at her, and then they both faced Blaine. Since he hadn't addressed anyone in particular, a suspended moment passed before anyone answered.

Jack was the first to respond. "A woman named Katriona owns the place. Once you meet her, you'll never forget her. Incognito is a private club. Membership by referral only."

"And that's where you all met?"

"Actually, Rachel was a client of mine," Jon said then grinned. "She'd never been to the club until she forced her way past Kat to make a point."

Rachel's cheeks turned rosy, visible even in the dim illumination.

"And what goes on in this club? Topless dancers swinging around poles?" Blaine's voice took on a skeptical tone, as if he felt compelled to ask but didn't like it.

Angela grinned.

"That depends on what room you go into," Garrett said, drawing Blaine's poker-faced attention. "But the undeniable answer would be sex."

"So, it's a brothel."

"No!" Angela said. "You don't pay for sex there."

Jack said, "It's a fetish club. Members go there to...fulfill fantasies." He leaned forward in his chair, resting elbows on his knees. "Some people are exhibitionists. The idea of an audience excites them. They like to have sex in public, but authorities frown on coitus in city parks or on sidewalks. Incognito offers an alternative, since other members of the club are voyeurs and like to watch."

Blaine showed no reaction to Jack's revelations, but Angela could imagine the wheels spinning in his mind. She knew he'd never dreamed of many of the things he'd done this week, yet he'd learned that he could not only participate, but be aroused by doing so.

"Then there are the other rooms," Jack continued. "Not everyone who finds bondage and dominance appealing can afford to stock their homes with the equipment available for such activities. Some wouldn't want the stuff in their homes and prefer to dabble in the lifestyle privately, on their own terms. Incognito supplies what they need, without risk of exposure. Other rooms are set up for private role-playing—no voyeurism or exhibitionism—and provide an intimate fantasy setting. Something couples might like to try, but have never had the opportunity to experience."

"I see." Blaine lowered his gaze to what was left in the glass he held in one hand.

"If you'd really like to see," Garrett said, "I suggest you go with me and Ange sometime."

Blaine's gaze shot to Garrett's, as did Angela's. "What?" they said simultaneously, then peered at each other.

"No secrets, Ange." Garrett looked from her to Blaine. "If you want to see the club, we'll take you, let you see for yourself. Just don't ever expect me to ask to attend *Shakespeare in the Park* with you and Ange. I'm not interested."

"You don't know what you're missing, Garrett." Jack chuckled and stood. "Come, pet." Rachel immediately got up and took his hand. "It's getting late. We should be going. The house is beautiful."

"Thank you for dinner," Jon added, joining his brother and wife.

As they said their goodbyes at the front door, Rachel gave her a hug, a whispered, "Good luck," then said aloud with a wink, "Enjoy the gift basket."

Jack smacked her on the butt. "Let's go, pet. You're riding home with me."

Laughing, Angela shut the door and turned to ask Blaine to go with her for a walk on the beach. She only made half the turn when Garrett lifted her and swung her facedown over his shoulder. Completely off balance, she let out a yelp when he slapped a hand on her ass. "I've behaved long enough, tiger. Now I intend to collect."

As he carried her up the stairs, she struggled to hold her hair aside and saw Blaine staring dumbfounded at them from the foyer.

"You coming, Blaine, or not?" Garrett asked. He reached the top landing and turned so she could no longer see Blaine.

"Bring the basket...in the...living room," she shouted amid huffs caused from bobbing on Garrett's shoulder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Garrett dumped his bundle on the bed. He gave her a hard look when she tossed her hair out of the way and smirked.

"Strip," he demanded.

He could already make out her tight nipples poking at the thin cotton of the curve-hugging bodice, and knew if he took her clothes off he'd tear them. He'd been on a sexual edge all evening.

She slowly slid to the edge of the mattress, her skirt riding up supple thighs he ached to have wrapped around his waist.

His cock hardened, and his abs knotted.

She'd toyed with him earlier, dared him, then left him hard and wanting. He'd ensure she made up for it.

And now that Blaine had opened the door with his probing questions, it was time her boy-toy learned what his angel really liked.

"Don't waste my time, tiger. You don't want me to rip that dress off you," he warned, pulling his shirt over his head in one move, his fingers dropping to release the button fly of his jeans.

The crinkle of cellophane signaled Blaine's arrival.

"Put that by the bed," Garrett told him. As Blaine followed orders, his frown made Garrett grin.

When Blaine neared Angela, she dropped the skirt he'd ordered her to remove back into place and reached for Blaine. Garrett clenched his teeth at her disobedience, but let her strip her other lover. He marveled at how the man could just stand there motionless like that and watch while she took control. One touch from Ange's hand anywhere near his own cock, and he'd be pushing her down and ramming it into her hot, sexy mouth.

Unable to watch any more, Garrett walked nude to the basket by the bed and looked inside. Spotting the PVC tape, he smiled and made a mental note to thank Jon personally for the gift.

He turned to see his tiger bare her claws as she raked Blaine's back with her nails and kissed the man into a stupor. Without releasing his mouth she turned him until his back was to the bed, then pulling away with a laugh, she shoved him backwards.

Blaine fell onto the bed with a bounce and grinned up at her, having obviously forgotten Garrett's presence, but he'd remedy that.

Garrett banded her waist with one arm from behind, grabbed her collar and ripped the tiny pearl buttons off the front with one smooth yank.

Blaine's smile flipped. "Hey..."

She sucked in a breath and lifted her arms to circle his head as he nuzzled her neck and stared at Blaine. "I told you to hurry."

Blaine had pushed up on his hands, but froze, frowning at him.

He watched Blaine while he fondled Angela's exposed breasts and caught her earlobe between his teeth. She groaned and tilted her head to give him more access. He nipped her neck then released her. "Strip, now."

As she did, Blaine reclined on his elbows, his cock as hard as Garrett's.

"Get in the middle of the bed. Ange...on top of him." Garrett grinned when Blaine's gaze locked with his. "You want to know what happens at Incognito? We'll give you a little taste." He faced Angela, who stood boldly between them. So tiny like a porcelain pixy, so aroused she quivered from the need. "Move, tiger."

She crawled onto the bed and guided Blaine to the middle of the mattress. The man appeared unsure, maybe even a bit scared, but curious in spite of himself. Garrett stood a few feet from the bed and didn't budge a muscle as he watched his seductive tigress stalk and tame the man on the bed.

She kissed Blaine gently, touched him all over, and became the center of his world when she finally straddled him, taking his cock into her tight channel. When she was fully seated on him, her fingers dug into his chest as he grabbed her arms and let out a needy sigh. Then her eyes opened, blazing with passion, and she snatched his wrists and yanked them above his head.

"Ah...Angel."

She didn't move on him, just held his body still and stared into his eyes. "Do you trust me, Blaine?"

"Yes."

Garrett retrieved a pocketknife from the dresser and approached the bed.

"Hold my hands." She laced their fingers together and kissed him after a whispered, "Don't let go."

Garrett would make certain the man didn't as he took command again. He quickly wrapped PVC tape around their wrists, binding her and Blaine together.

Blaine shook free of her kiss. "What the hell?"



## Chapter Eight

Garrett used more PVC tape to attach their hands to the headboard, while Angela kept Blaine lodged inside her body, her legs bent on either side of him.

"Ah, fuck." Blaine yanked.

"Shh, baby." Angela planted tiny kisses on his cheeks, jaw, and neck. "Trust me."

"Angel..."

Garrett moved to the foot of the bed and without warning, pinned Blaine's legs.

"Damn it, Garrett!"

He held Blaine's ankles, ignoring his shout, and wound tape around them to keep him from kicking. After one final revolution, he cut the roll free.

"Lie back and enjoy the ride," he told Blaine.

Angela moved her hips then, stroking Blaine's hard cock with her pussy and making him hiss.

Garrett tossed his pocketknife onto the dresser, the roll of tape into the basket, and pulled out some lubrication. He glanced at the bed. As Angela moved faster over Blaine, the man's eyes went from wide, wild, and furious to tightly closed in surrender.

As Garrett straddled Blaine's legs and moved into position behind Angela, Blaine bucked harder into her. Trying to dislodge him? Garrett ran his hands over her butt, the curve of her hips, waist, and up her back.

"You've been a bad girl, tiger, haven't you?"

A whimper was her only answer.

With a tight grip, he held her hips still, not allowing her to fuck herself on Blaine's ready cock. "You toyed with me in the dining room." Two quick slaps of his hand on her ass made his blood pump harder through his veins.

Blaine snarled, but there wasn't a damn thing he could do, which was exactly what Garrett wanted. This part of the night was between him and his tiger. It was time to tame her.

"You dared me." *Smack.*

She jerked.

"Goddammit!" Blaine tried to yank his hands free, but the bindings held.

"You defied me just now when I told you to hurry and undress." *Smack.*

"Let me up, you sonofabitch. I'm gonna beat the shit out of you." Blaine squirmed to no avail.

"Baby—"

Garrett ignored Blaine and cut Angela off by spanking her hard again. "I can't have that, now can I?" *Smack.* "Answer me."

"N-no, Sir."

Garrett soothed the ache on her rosy red ass by dipping his fingers lower. When he touched her pussy lips spread wide with Blaine's cock, he heard both of them moan, one with desire, the other with rage.

"My little tiger likes a good spanking, don't you? You're soaking wet." He drew some of the moisture up to her anus and watched her head rear back. "Yeah, you like that. You're damn near ready to come all over that hard cock inside you." He lifted her hips and pushed her back down on Blaine.

"Ah...fuck! Angel?"

Garrett wanted to make it last, keep the torment going until the two under him screamed for mercy, but his own cock was ready to explode. He grabbed the lubrication and smoothed it over her asshole. When he pressed two fingers past the puckered rosette, she gritted her teeth, and

then attacked Blaine's mouth.

Unable to wait any longer, Garrett positioned his cock at the opening and thrust hard inside. He stopped, suspended deep in Angela, fighting to hold back his climax as her muscles contracted around him and Blaine. She was so tight, more so with the combination of both of them filling her. He could feel the presence of the other man through the thin skin separating them. When he heard harsh male breaths, Garrett knew Blaine felt it, too.

He squeezed his eyes shut as he withdrew a couple inches and pressed home again. This time his groan joined the sounds coming from the woman and man beneath him.

The sudden realization of his responsibility weighed on him, a near impossible burden, pleasing them all. He skimmed his palms along Angela's spine, her soft body blocking his view of the other man she loved. His happiness depended on hers...and hers on the man beneath her.

The urgent throb of his cock matched that of Blaine's. The need to move grew inside him, but he held still a moment longer to lean over them. His lips brushed the back of her neck.

"Kiss him, tiger," he murmured, letting his hands wrap around her to cup her breasts. Then as he ran one hand into her hair, he gripped her hip with the other and took her with long steady strokes.

Each thrust moved his cock deep into her hot ass and rocked her body on Blaine. When Garrett felt her first orgasm ripple through her, he changed course. Pausing, he gulped in huge amounts of air. His fingers bit into her hips, his biceps flexing as he pushed and pulled her onto their cocks.

Needing more, Garrett increased the pace and slammed against her next stroke, grinding into her, his balls colliding with Blaine's. Angela screamed as another orgasm seized her, the inner walls of her pussy clenching around Blaine and her ass fisting around his own cock.

"Oh...I can't...hold...Angel!"

Blaine groaned, his hips bucked hard and, as he spilled into Angela's womb, Garrett let go and roared with his own climax.

They remained locked together for several seconds as each tried to

regain their breath. Garrett, not wanting to crush Angela, pulled out. Leaving them on the bed, he grabbed his pocketknife again.

He cut free Blaine's ankles first, then their hands. Blaine gently pushed Angela aside and rolled off the bed. Garrett had just closed the knife when Blaine landed the first punch.

\* \* \* \* \*

Angela, still in a haze of pleased euphoria, stared at Blaine as he took a swing at Garrett, not fully comprehending what she was seeing. They'd just shared the most amazing sexual experience of her life, and now they were...fighting?

"Don't you *ever* do that again." Blaine swung once more. Garrett sidestepped, but Blaine's fist smacked into his shoulder.

Realizing Blaine's attack was deadly serious, Angela scrambled off the bed. "Stop it!" She dashed between them. "Stop. Blaine. What's wrong with you?"

His eyes were blue granite. His chest heaved and nostrils flared as deep breaths burst from him. He stood rigid with hands fisted and muscles taut in obvious effort to contain his rage. He looked magnificent and angrier than she'd ever seen him.

"Get out of the way, Angel. I'm going to kill the bastard."

"You better call off your puppy, Ange. I don't want to have to hurt him." Garrett took a step back, but he, too, braced for a fight.

Blaine growled and lunged, going for Garrett's throat. Angela screamed and threw herself between them, nearly taking a fist to the side of the head. She wrapped her arms around Blaine, burying her face against his chest.

"Stop this. Please." Anger and disappointment warred within her.

Blaine would never accept this way of life. What they'd done tonight had been so mild compared to some of her fantasies. Things she'd hoped to one day experience with Blaine and Garrett. Now she saw all her dreams crumbling before her eyes.

She could feel him shaking with fury, his muscles corded, ready to

strike again.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Garrett demanded.

Angela squeezed her eyes shut and kept a tight hold around Blaine.

"What's wrong with me? You're the one hitting her!" He gripped her arms as if to push her away, but she held fast.

"Hit her? I'd never *hit* her," Garrett said. "But I'll damn well give her a spanking when she deserves one."

"You're a pig! No one hurts my angel."

"Blaine, he didn't hurt me. He'd never hurt me." She pulled back a bit to look into his face, relieved his anger was about the spanking, not the bondage and sex. "He didn't."

Garrett huffed out a breath. "If you'll look, asshole, you'd see there's not a mark on her."

Blaine stared down into her eyes. His jaw clenched as he tried to stem his rage. God, how she loved him. He'd protect her from anything. Anyone.

"He hit you. That's unacceptable."

"He didn't hit me in anger. He'd never strike me like that. He'd never harm me. But his spankings...they sound worse than they feel. In fact, his hands arouse me. I like it." She reached up, touched his cheek, and smoothed the strained wrinkle in his brow. "Thank you," she whispered then kissed him softly, her heart feeling so full she was sure it would burst.

"Thank you? For what?" His rigid stance slowly relaxed. He flexed his hands, loosening his fists.

"If anyone ever tried to abuse me, really hurt me, I know you'd stand up for me and stop them. That makes me feel so safe. And you've got to believe me when I say, so would Garrett."

"Damn straight I would." Garrett took a step closer, until she was almost squished between them and the men were nose-to-nose. "Ange is mine. I take care of what's mine. I'm willing to share with you because she loves you, but if you ever take a swing at me again, I'll put you down."

Angela elbowed Garrett in the ribs. "Back off. He didn't understand."

Ignoring her, Blaine said, "And if I ever see one mark or bruise on her, I'll kill you."

Angela turned sideways between them and shoved with both hands. "You two are acting like dogs fighting over a bitch in heat! I won't stand for it. If you don't knock it off right this second, you're *both* outta here. Got *that*?"

Two pairs of eyes zeroed in on her. Well, at least she'd gotten their attention. She folded her arms over her bare chest. "I've had enough of this posturing and competing. No more trying to best each other. Garrett, you're just being an ass for the sake of being an ass. Stop it."

She turned to Blaine. "And you, Blaine, are not fighting for my hand. Accept us, me and Garrett, or you and I don't stand a chance. It's this or nothing. No more..." Her throat went tight as tears gathered in her eyes. She might be shoving Blaine out the door if she didn't shut up. "I love you both. Equally. That's not going to change. It's up to the two of you to decide if you can live with it."

She grabbed her dress from the floor and strode out of the room, belatedly remembering the ripped bodice. She'd let them alone and see if they killed each other. A woman could only take so much testosterone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blaine pulled his Mercedes up in front of the foreman's trailer in the construction yard. His temper already at the boiling point, he flung the door open, got out, and slammed it. He drew in a few deep breaths, pulling his anger back under control.

When he thought he could face Storm without punching the guy out, he stalked up the stairs and through the trailer's open door.

Garrett looked up from the blueprints spread over his desk, then glanced at his watch. "Wasn't sure you'd actually show."

"Shove it." Blaine folded his arms over his chest. "Would you like to tell me why I've been summoned?" For a half hour he'd debated ignoring Garrett's high-handed demand that he come down to the site and meet with him. Damn him. Curiosity over what the asshole wanted

outweighed his ire, but it was back in fine form now.

Garrett raised an eyebrow. "Have a seat. We need to talk."

Blaine threw himself into the chair across the desk from him. "You said that on the phone. That's all you said. I'm here, so let's have it. I need to get back to work."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk." Garrett leaned back in his chair.

Blaine growled and shoved to his feet. "What was this, some kind of power trip for you? To see if I'd actually come when you called?"

Storm's grin was nothing short of smug. "You did come when I called. That's a good start."

"This is pointless. We've got nothing to discuss." Blaine headed for the door. He wasn't going to play these fucking mind games.

"Angie's upset."

That stopped him. He turned back. "What'd you do?"

Garrett rolled his eyes. "I didn't do anything. You're doing it."

"Bullshit."

"I know what you're up to, and it's not going to work. You keep it up, and she's going to leave us both."

"What the hell are you talking about? I've done everything she asked, up to and including sharing a bed with *you*."

Staring at him with those steely gray eyes, Garrett made him want to squirm. In the past couple of weeks, Blaine had come to realize the man wasn't the big imbecile he'd once thought. There was much more to this guy than first met the eye. After questioning Jack, he now knew Storm was a damn good businessman. He'd found out the guy had a college degree and made a hell of a lot of money as a contractor.

"You're not going to win her," Storm said, "because this isn't a competition. She wants us both. Your not-so-subtle attempts to divide us are hurting her, and I'm not going to put up with it."

A firestorm of fury flashed in Blaine's gut, but was quickly extinguished when he realized Storm was right. He'd seen the hurt in Angel's eyes last night when he asked if he could have some private time with her. He'd wanted her to himself for just one night. Like it used to be. Even though she'd acquiesced, their time together hadn't led to

lovmaking. She'd been silent and sullen as they sat on the patio overlooking the sea. When he'd tried pulling her into his arms, she'd claimed she was tired and went in the house, leaving him standing alone. When he crawled into bed later, he'd found her curled against Garrett, asleep, her eyelids puffy from crying.

He sank back into the chair and buried his face in his hands. He *was* hurting her. But couldn't she see what this was doing to him?

"You've got to stop trying to compete with me for her."

"I can't."

"You want her to kick your ass out?"

Blaine scrubbed his hands over his face and sat up. When he met Storm's gaze, he didn't see any arrogance there, none of the cocky bullshit attitude the man normally tossed at him.

Garrett reached into a bar fridge next to his desk and pulled out a cola. He stood up, rounded the desk, and handed it to Blaine before he leaned back against the desk and gripped the edge. "There's only one way this is going to work out, and that's for us to settle our differences and to accept each other. If you can't do that, then you need to be honest with Ange right now. Don't drag her heart through this, letting her hope and believe we've got a chance."

"That's just it," Blaine said, staring at the cola in his hand. "This *we* thing. We are living in *your* house, eating *your* groceries, sleeping in *your* bed." His head snapped up. "This was all *your* idea, wasn't it? You and that damn club you drag her to all of the time. She's too sweet to come up with this shit on her own."

Garrett dropped his head forward and let out a slow breath. Then he raised his head and nailed Blaine with those hard eyes. "Don't be an idiot. You want to buy the groceries, go right ahead, but don't think for a minute that I made her the way she is. I told you I met her at Incognito. She'd been a member long before I started going there." He pointed a finger at Blaine. "And *you* have been in an alternative relationship since the day you first bed her."

Blaine's mouth dropped open. "I have not. We never. You're the one who fucking taped us together!" He surged out of the chair and



pointed an accusing finger back at Storm who didn't even flinch, which only pissed Blaine off more. "She'd never have done that if you hadn't talked her into it."

"She never tied you up?"

"No. Never!"

Garrett peered at him. "Really? You're telling me she never bound your hands in some way, or dominated you by either word or action? Think about it. Think real hard."

Blaine's mind zoomed in a thousand different directions. No, Angel had never tied him up, but she liked to pin his hands above his head. She told him not to move while she did what she wanted to his body. Made him squirm with need. And then demanded that he touch her a certain way, pleasure her as she wanted to be pleased. She hadn't needed rope or tape or whatever. He'd willingly complied because he loved seeing her pleasure in his...*submission*...to her commands.

"Fuck." Blaine paced across the trailer and stared out the window without seeing anything. He had been in an alternative lifestyle relationship with his angel. He shook his head. But that didn't mean he wanted to be in one with Garrett calling all of the shots.

"I know you love her," Garrett said, his voice low and quiet. "I don't doubt that for a second, not with the way you attacked me the other night because you thought I'd hurt her. But you're going to have to understand her and accept what she is, or you're going to have to walk away before you destroy her."

Blaine turned around and faced Garrett. "What do you mean, what she is? She's a woman. One who'll eventually realize that this isn't what she wants and will make a decision between us."

"No, she won't." Storm scooted back to sit on the desk and leaned forward, propping his elbows on his knees. "Ange is what is called a switch. She's a top and bottom, a sub and a Domme."

Blaine shook his head, even more confused.

"Think about it. Think about the difference in the way she treats us. She'll get up and fetch me a beer, but expects you to hold her chair for her and pour her glass of wine."

"Because you're an ass and treat her like shit."

Storm laughed. "It's because she wants to be told what to do. She wants to cater to someone. It's part of her nature to want to nurture."

"Bullshit. She wants to *be nurtured*."

With a raised eyebrow, Storm went on. "Yes, a part of her also has a need to be catered to, a need to dominate, to control. When you had sex with her, when you two were alone without me there, who was on top? Who was in charge of the lovemaking?"

Blaine crossed his arms and glared. He was not going to fall for this crap.

"She was, wasn't she? Did she tell you when to strip? Where to touch her? Did she prevent you from climaxing until she said so?"

Storm was hitting way too close to the truth.

"You're her submissive. You cater to the side of her that wants to dominate and control. You wait on her hand and foot. You'd do anything to make her happy, wouldn't you?"

When Blaine didn't answer, Garrett nodded. "It's obvious you would, because you agreed to share her with another man. Agreed to that a year ago when you first started seeing each other."

"Yeah, well, if she's your submissive," Blaine said with defiance, "why'd you let her see another man? How could you let her go off and fuck another guy? If you control her, what the hell were you thinking?"

A small smile quirked Storm's lips. "I may dominate her in the bedroom, but even I'm smart enough not to try and change who she is, or tell her what she can do with her life."

"You just said..." Blaine shook his head then dropped back into the chair. "I don't get it."

"I knew I wasn't giving her everything she needed. Since we started seeing each other, I knew she had this other side—one I can't give her because I am not the least bit submissive."

"If you love her, why couldn't you be?"

Garrett stared at him for a long moment before saying, "Could you spank her?"

Blaine gritted his teeth. He still hadn't come to terms with Storm

hitting Angel, even if it was only a few slaps on the butt.

"No, you couldn't." He slashed his hand through his hair. "The same way that I couldn't just lay there and let her touch me, kiss me, fuck me, and not grab her and take her hard. It goes against my...the way my brain is wired, I guess you could say."

Blaine leaned back and sighed. "So, you're saying that even if she dumps me and stays with you, eventually she's going to find another...someone like me? And you'd accept him in your bed, too?"

Storm shrugged. "If it's what would make her happy. As her Dom, it's my responsibility to see that her needs are met. I love her, as you do, and I want her happy."

"But it's not natural. It's nuts."

"I know how you practically worship the ground Jack walks on. Are you going to look him in the face and tell him he's crazy?"

Blaine wanted to shout that they were all insane, but he bit his tongue.

"Didn't think so." Storm hopped off the desk and rounded it. "At any rate, the next move is yours. Give us a chance, *all of us*, to make this work, or get out now before Ange gets hurt even worse. Because if that happens, I'll have to kick your ass."

Blaine took that as his cue to exit. After climbing into his car and pulling out of the construction yard, instead of heading back to the office, he veered off toward the beach house. He needed some time to think.

The house was deserted, as he knew it would be at eleven in the morning. He filled a glass of water from the dispenser on the fridge and went out on the patio.

The sun was high overhead, the heat and humidity almost stifling. He stripped off his jacket and tie and undid the top three buttons of his shirt before sitting down in one of the plush loungers.

After a deep drink of the icy water, he set the glass on the floor and leaned back his head, closing his eyes against the too-bright sky.

His mind spun with everything Storm had said to him. He knew Garrett was right about the fact that Angel loved both of them. She'd made that more than clear over the past few weeks. Ever since his

proposal.

He'd bided his time, knowing she was involved in a long-term relationship with another man, until he just couldn't take it any more. That's when he'd popped the question.

And it had backfired on him. He knew she loved him and had expected her to make a decision without batting an eye. When she'd actually packed up every single belonging she had at his place and walked out, he couldn't believe it. But then she'd called. Only this time, she'd been the one with the proposition.

Obviously she felt she couldn't live without both of them.

Was he... Could he... If he walked out on this relationship, was he being a coward?

It still seemed very strange to him, this need that Storm said she possessed to be both a caregiver and a commander. A need to be taken care of and dominated. There was no doubt he and Storm had major differences in personality, but until today, he'd thought that difference would be the Ace in his hand that won her over to his way of thinking.

But Storm was right. She wouldn't make a decision. If she did, she might just dump them both as she'd threatened once before. Part of him said it might be better if she did, because he sure as hell didn't want her with Storm if she dropped him. But that one week without her had been a living hell. Way worse than anything he was experiencing now, here, with both Angel and Storm.

Hell, the sex had never been better. He got to see Angel more often than ever before, cradle her close to his side at night... And...Storm wasn't all that bad. He was a slob, but pretty handy to have around the house. Other than the Sundays taken up with hours upon hours of sports on the television, he wasn't too difficult to live with.

"What am I thinking?" he said on a groan as he adjusted himself into a more comfortable position on the chair. Forever? Live in this house for the next fifty years with Garrett Storm?

He chuckled. When he'd pictured his old age, it was sitting on a porch swing with Angel, holding hands and watching the grandkids play in the yard. He couldn't imagine what his old age would be like with

Storm around, too. The three of them sitting on that porch swing?

Grandkids?

Who would father the kids? "Shit." Well, they didn't exactly look alike, so they'd probably be able to tell whose kids they were.

What would that do to him? Could he help raise another man's kids? Would he be Dad, too, or Uncle Blaine? Angel said she wanted kids, even while she knew she was going to ask them to all live together. What would she want? Who would she want to father her kids?

His chest tightened. He wanted to be the father of her children. And if he was, could he share his kids? He'd have to, wouldn't he?

\* \* \* \* \*

Angela pulled up in front of the house and frowned. What the heck was Blaine doing home at this time of day? "Oh, no." She groaned as she threw open her car door and hopped out. He wasn't packing, was he? She ran in the front door and dashed up the stairs to their bedroom. He wasn't there.

She turned a circle in the center of the room, but couldn't see anything out of place. Garrett's laundry pile was in one corner, Blaine's laundry basket sat in another corner, his clothes neatly folded inside it, ready to go to the cleaners. She smiled and shook her head. He did have his quirks, she thought as she went back out the door and down the stairs.

She checked the kitchen. Empty. In the living room, she caught a glimpse of blue silk on the back of a chair on the patio. Blaine was lying on one of the loungers, his eyes closed, hands folded over his middle.

She silently unlatched the door and pushed it open. He didn't move.

"You know you burn if you're out in the sun too long."

Blaine's eyes opened, then narrowed as he squinted at her. "Who will father the kids?" he blurted out as he sat up and dropped his feet to the floor.

Her heart stalled for a second. This question she hadn't expected. Not yet, at any rate. She knew he was still struggling with the whole triad

thing.

“Who do you want to father your kids? Me or him?”

Oh, she thought as she sat down next to him, careful not to touch him. He wasn't accepting it. He was still trying to convince her he was the one. Well, she'd just have to be honest with him.

She looked him straight in the eye and said, “I guess, when the time comes that we all decide it's time to start having babies, then it'll be a matter of whoever's sperm gets there first.”

Blaine blinked once, then glanced away. “In other words, it wouldn't matter to you.”

“No. It wouldn't.”

He was silent for so long, she started chewing on her lip. He'd wanted to have children with her. Was this the breaking point?

No, she couldn't let it be. She needed him.

Reaching out, she placed her palm on his cheek and turned his head so he had to look at her. “Blaine,” she said, then raised her other hand to touch his other cheek, loving his smooth-shaven softness. Even relaxing on the patio he looked so sexy and...starched. “My baby, regardless of which one of you actually provides the biological matter to conceive it, will be loved and created because of a mutual love shared between me and its father. Our children will have two fathers to dote over them...protect them...”

“But won't they be totally fucked up? Who goes to father-son day or the father-daughter dance?”

“Why should our children be fucked up anymore than the thousands of children around the world today who are raised with two sets of parents following a divorce? Or those orphaned and growing up with their two sets of grandparents? Or those who are without any parents, who never know the love of a father at all?”

Was she getting through to him? She couldn't tell. She smoothed the frown from his forehead. “Are you telling me that a child of mine—if Garrett turned out to be the biological father—that you couldn't love that child? That you'd mistreat the child?”

“No! I'd never mistreat a child, Angel, you know that.” He pulled

away from her and stood up, paced a few steps away, then turned back. "But what happens if Garrett is the father of the child? Am I still called Dad? What would that child know? How do we explain this to him or her?"

She stood up and took his hand in hers. "Of course you'd be Dad...or Pop...or Father...whatever you wanted the child to call you. By the time we need to explain it to them, they'll already have years of experiencing our love and nurturing..."

Blaine's shoulders slumped. He looked out toward the ocean.

She laced her fingers through his and leaned into his side. "I know this is awkward for you, baby. I do. All I can do is tell you again how much I love you. How much I need you in my life."

He turned toward her then, pulled her into his arms, and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "I know, Angel. I'm trying to work it all out in my head. I love you, too."

That's all she could ask for at this time. That and his trust, but she kept that to herself. His trust had to come from his heart, not because she begged it out of him.

## Chapter Nine

Blaine jogged up the stairs, wiping his sweaty face on the white towel hanging around his neck. Just what he needed to rid himself of all the stress of the past week; a nice long run on the beach at sunset. Now for a cool shower, a glass of brandy and some Mozart while reading his new Tom Clancy, and all would be right with his world.

"Hey there, stud."

Blaine stopped in his tracks. Damn it all to hell, why did Storm have to be here now?

And what the hell was he wearing? He was on the bed, back against the headboard, legs stretched out—leather clad legs. Biker boots. Black ribbed V-neck shirt. Blaine smirked. He looked like a bad boy wannabe, right down to the silver chain around his neck.

"Ange wants you to hurry. We're meeting Jon, Jack, and Rachel in a half hour."

"Where is she?" He headed for the walk-in closet to find something appropriate to wear to meet his boss. "Wait." He strode back into the bedroom. "What do you mean 'we'?"

Garrett's grin was anything but reassuring. "We've got reservations at Incognito."

*Oh, shit.* Going with Angel, and even Storm, was one thing. Meeting his boss and his...his...*family* there was quite another. "I'm not up to it. I think I'll just stay home tonight. You two have fun."

Storm's rumbling chuckle grated along Blaine's spine. "No can do,



buddy. Ange has her heart set on it." With his foot, he nudged a pile of clothes that lay on the bed. "She even got you some new duds for the occasion. Can't let you disappoint our girl, now can I?"

"Where is she?"

Garrett cocked his head toward the bathroom and gave him an evil grin. "Right there."

Blaine turned. And nearly swallowed his tongue. "No. No fucking way." He shook his head. "You are not going out in public like that. Nu-uh."

Angela, his sweet little angel, was wearing something out of a dominatrix nightmare. Or his most vivid wet dream. The laced up, strapless leather bustier was so skimpy and so tight she looked like she'd pop right out the top. The laces left ample skin showing from mid-chest to just above the belly button. The skirt, if it could be called that, was so small it rode low on her hips and high, very, very high on her thighs.

Good God, the boots. Five inch black stilettos that laced up to just below her knees.

His cock didn't have good sense and went rock hard in a flash, but his brain wasn't going to listen to his dick. "Forget it. Not looking like that."

Storm laughed.

Angela's expression filled with gentle humor. "I look fine for where we're going." She strode across the room toward him, her hips swaying so damn seductively his mouth watered. He longed to take a bite out of her ripe breasts rising over the supple black leather.

She poked his sweaty chest with a finger tipped with fuck-me red nail polish. "You're the one who's going to have to change. Although you do look mighty sexy in those running shorts with your cock so hard for me." She leaned in, laid her hand flat over his burgeoning erection, and licked his neck. "Mmm. Salty."

He groaned and went light headed. And damn it, he wanted to fuck her. Now. He was reaching for her when Storm's voice cut through his haze of desire. "You can pounce on him later, tiger. We're down to twenty-five minutes, and hotshot here needs to shower."

Angel's laughter was dark and sexy, as if she'd become someone else. She spun away from him and picked up the pile of clothes from the bed. "Here. Go shower and put these on." When he didn't move, she pressed the clothes against his chest until he had to grab them, then she physically turned him around, shoved him into the bathroom, and shut the door.

He checked the clothes. The pants were his black jeans but the shirt...he held it up to examine it. "What, now I'm a fucking pirate?" He groaned at all the terrible jokes he'd heard about butt pirates in his teen years. The shirt was blue, kind of flouncy around the shoulders, and laced up the front.

Okay, he thought, this is for Angel. Just for Angel, he reminded himself as he shucked his shorts, stepped into the oversized shower stall, and turned the spray to cold. Damn, she looked hot. All he could envision was her breasts lifted and plumped by the leather bustier. Cold water didn't help at all.

He grabbed his cock and pumped. *Ahh*. He had a long night to get through in a place he wasn't sure he wanted to go, with her looking like a centerfold model. He leaned against the wall and stroked himself faster.

When they got back here, he was going to shove that skirt over her ass and slam into her. *She likes it rough? I'll give it to her rough. Maybe I'll even tape Storm to the bed and make him watch. He likes to watch. But I won't let him touch.*

He came with a low groan, his heart thudding hard in his chest. *Shit, what's happening to me?*

A knock on the door startled him. "Come on, Blaine! Hurry it up," Angela said.

"Fifteen minutes," Storm hollered.

He grabbed the soap and lathered, shampooed his hair and rinsed off. Then he stepped from the shower, grabbing a towel. He ran an electric razor over his chin and cheeks, splashed on some of Angel's favorite aftershave, then reached for the clothes. No damn underwear.

"Where the hell is the underwear?" he shouted through the door and then muttered a curse when all he heard was Storm's laughter.

He wrapped the towel around his waist, grabbed the clothes off the counter and pulled the door open. Angel and Storm were standing in the middle of the bedroom in a lip-lock. He growled and headed for the dresser to get his boxers.

"What are you doing?" Angela asked.

"Underwear." He pulled open the drawer.

She yanked off his towel. "Nope. No undies tonight." She winked, turned her back, spread her legs a bit and bent over.

*Fuck.*

Her pussy was cleanly shaved and pretty pink. Already wet. He went hard again, and his heart lodged in his throat. This was impossible.

Garrett moved to stand beside him to share the same vantage point. "Damn nice view."

She laughed and stood up, flicking her wild mane of hair over her shoulder. "Get dressed, baby."

"What the hell," he muttered as he pulled on the jeans he'd carried out of the bathroom. *When in Rome...*

With any luck he'd be out of the jeans soon anyway, and into his Angel where he wanted to be. He tucked his stiff cock into the denims, button fly thank God, or he might suffer grave injury in the jaws of an unforgiving zipper. When he pulled the shirt over his head, Angel helped with the ties, leaving them mostly open, baring a good deal of his chest. He felt like a goddamn fairy, but at least she hadn't picked a shirt with ruffles.

"Got something else for you to put on," Angel said and went to the nightstand. She pulled out a few pieces of jewelry and moved in front of him. "Give me your left hand, baby."

He frowned, but held out his hand to her. As she put a bracelet around his wrist, she said, "This is a symbol that you are taken. You have a...um..."

"She's your mistress," Storm said. "She owns you."

"I don't think so." Blaine went to pull his hand away, but Angela looked up at him with her beautiful hazel eyes.

"It's for your protection. It shows other women and men at the club

that you're mine and to keep their hands—and whips—to themselves."

Blaine swallowed. *Whips?* He didn't want to go. Couldn't they just stay home and screw all night? That sounded like fun to him.

"Don't look so scared," Storm said with an unsympathetic chuckle. "Ange will protect you. Kat's gonna *love* you. Just watch out for her riding crop."

Blaine glared at Storm over Angel's head. When she finished fastening the bracelet, he studied it. The thick chain was silver but instead of a clasp, there was a tiny gold padlock. She handed him a thinner chain that matched his, except the charm was a small gold key. He fastened it on her wrist, wondering, once again, what the hell he was getting himself into. If he would have just kept his mouth shut about the club...

"Come here, tiger," Storm said, his voice firm.

She smiled and kissed Blaine's cheek. "Trust me on this," she whispered in his ear, then stood in front of Storm.

She held up her hair as Storm fastened a choker around her neck. With a padlock on it. The chain around Storm's neck held the key, Blaine realized now. So, that's how it was. He belonged to Angel. Angel belonged to Storm. He didn't know exactly what to think of that, especially made so bluntly clear. Nobody owned him.

Angel turned toward him with a big grin and sparkling eyes. "Let's go, boys."

Maybe it wasn't so bad. She already had his heart. Why couldn't he give her the rest? But did Storm's ownership of her, transcend to make him Storm's property also? With a shudder at the thought, Blaine followed Storm and Angel down the stairs.

Moments later, he was surprised when Angel handed her keys to Storm and slid into the back seat of her little Isuzu Rodeo. She grinned as she patted the seat signaling for him to get in beside her. As soon as Storm pulled out of the driveway, Angela leaned over, grabbed his shirt collar and planted her cherry red lips on his.

"Sweetheart," he said on a groan, wondering how the hell he was going to make it through the night without attacking her.

"Mmm. You smell so good." She nibbled her way along his jaw,

down his throat. She pulled at the laces of his shirt and licked a hot path to his chest. "I could just eat you up." She bit down on his puckered nipple.

He buried his hands in her hair. "Stop."

"I'm in charge tonight," she said, her tone serious yet husky.

Storm chuckled from the driver's seat. "Be gentle with him, tiger."

"I'm so turned on right now I can barely stand it," he said as her tongue swirled around his nipple before she bit down again. His hips jerked and the confines of the jeans became almost unbearable. When she ripped open his button fly, his cock jumped free, and he sighed with relief.

"Oh, baby, you are." She dipped her head to his lap. When her hot mouth closed over his throbbing cock, he dropped his head against the seat and thrust against her lips.

She hummed and his balls grew tight. His hands fisted in her hair. Damn, she was good. So fucking good. His head grew light. Every nerve seemed to be directly connected to the tip of his cock as she nibbled and sucked, and ohhh, God... "Yes!"

"No." Leaving him on the very brink, she sat up and gave him a wicked little grin.

Hands still in her hair, he tried to push her back down to finish the job.

She shook her head, pulling away from his grasp. "Who's in charge?"

"This is no time for games. Come on, Angel. Help me out here." He didn't care if he sounded like he was begging. He was in pain!

"Tell me who's in charge."

"You. Now fix what you did."

"Don't be a naughty boy," she taunted. "If I'm the boss, you do *not* tell *me* what to do."

He gritted his teeth. "Please."

She laughed. "Now, baby, that didn't sound very sincere." She flicked the tip of his solid cock with her fingers, enough to make him jump in surprise but not really hurt. His balls, however, were about to explode. "Tonight you refer to me only as Mistress."

"Oh for the love of—Ow!"

She tweaked his nipple. "Excuse me?"

Blaine glanced into the rear view mirror, gauging Storm's reaction. Eyes on the road, he appeared as if he didn't even hear what was going on in the back seat, though Blaine was sure he did.

"He won't help you now, baby." She sat back a bit, ending all physical contact between them. "Put it away. I'll take care of it later."

*Put it away?* He glanced down at himself and would have laughed if he wasn't so close to climax. Screw it. No way was he going to be able to walk with this hard-on. Unable to believe he'd jacked off less than a half hour ago, he wrapped his fingers around his cock and pumped.

Angel grabbed him, her polished nails biting into the tender underside of his wrist. "I said, put it away."

Even in the dimly illuminated backseat of the car, Blaine could see the sexual heat in her gorgeous eyes. She was getting off on this shit. He shook his head, his lips curling into a slight, challenging smile. *How far would she take it?*

"Sir, do you have the cuffs?"

"Just a second, tiger." As they rolled to a stop at a red light, Storm reached into his back pocket and pulled out a pair of handcuffs and passed them back to Angela.

Blaine shook his head. He did not want to be handcuffed. Hell no. He didn't care what kind of club this was, he was not walking in there in handcuffs with an erection hanging out. Quickly, carefully, he tucked his stiff-as-a-board cock into his jeans and buttoned. Shifting, he tugged on his pant leg, trying to get comfortable, an impossibility at this stage in the game. Why the hell had he bought jeans? Slacks—loose trousers—would be much more comfortable in his condition.

Storm chuckled but kept his eyes on the road.

Angel nodded in satisfaction, twirling the cuffs around her finger. "Good boy. I truly didn't want to have to go to such measures...yet. Now for some basic rules of the club." She tucked the cuffs into the small clutch purse she'd brought along. "If you misbehave, I'll have to cuff you. Katriona doesn't like anyone misbehaving in her club."

The vehicle came to a stop, and he glanced out the window. They'd pulled into a parking lot in front of an old red brick mansion on a small rise above the ocean. Lush-looking lawns were lit by walkway lights. There wasn't another house in sight.

"Pay attention," Angela snapped, turning his head with her hand. "This is important. You're a sub, and you'll be treated like one from the second we step through those doors. I'll take care of you, but you have to follow the rules."

Blaine frowned. "I thought you were a sub, too."

"I am, sort of. But I'm also known here. I don't go in for any rough treatment. Everyone knows who I belong to, and that Garrett only shares me by invitation."

"Like hell." He turned his gaze to meet Storm's in the rearview mirror. "No one's sharing her but you and me."

Storm's grin was wide. "Sounds good to me."

When he turned back to Angela, she was smiling, her stern expression gone. She brought his hand to her lips and kissed his palm. "I love you."

"I love you, too, sweetheart."

Her brow wrinkled. "Who am I?"

He chuckled. "I love you, too, Mistress."

"Better. Now, the rules. You must obey at all times anything Garrett or I tell you to do. Don't give me that look, baby, or I will cuff you. And if that doesn't do it, I'll blindfold you. Don't push me. Not here."

Blaine didn't know if he should be extremely turned on, as he was, or frightened. He chose the former because his body was humming with expectation.

"Do not make eye contact with any Dom. It's seen as a sign of invitation or challenge. You can be punished for it, and not necessarily by me."

"Wait a second. You're telling me that some other person can *punish* me?"

She nodded. "I'd be there to make sure nothing goes wrong, but I'd also be bound by protocols."

Blaine sighed. "Okay. Don't look anyone in the eye." God help him, what had he agreed to in coming here?

"You mustn't speak unless told to do so or asked a direct question. You may ask permission to speak, but the request can be denied."

He nodded.

"Your disobedience is seen as an insult to me, and reflects poorly on me as your mistress. Don't disappoint me, baby."

He grinned. If this would make her happy, and get him laid *soon*, he'd follow all the rules without question. "Yes, Mistress."

Her laughter was throaty, sexy. His cock jumped, and he had to stifle a groan. This night couldn't end soon enough.

As they climbed the steps to the dark wood double doors, Storm said, "Oh, one thing Ange forgot to tell you."

Blaine lifted an eyebrow.

Storm grabbed hold of the door handle. "Stay close. If you wander off alone, you'll be seen as a stray and open game for anyone who wants you." He pulled open the door, and the sound of voices and music spilled out.

A stray, Blaine thought, and chuckled.

"And I'm not talking about just the women," Storm added with a smirk to hammer in his point.

Blaine sobered and shuddered.

"Ohh, Garrett," a woman's voice purred. "So good to see you've come to play."

Blaine stared at the figure in front of them. *Holy shit. Now here's a nightmare...or a sadistic wet dream.* From neck to feet she was covered in shiny black latex. Her lips were blood red, as were her nails. Her hair was as black as a moonless night.

Angel's nails on his arm were a sharp reminder for him to lower his gaze.

"The pleasure's all mine, Kat," Garrett said. "You know Angela..."

"Of course. Our submissive dominatrix. I see you brought a pet...or is he a slave?" Excitement snapped like a whip in her voice.

"He's not for sale, Kat."



*Sale?* Blaine whipped his head around and pierced Angel with a glare.

"What a shame," Kat said. "But I can still look at him, yes?"

The angel who met his gaze was bold, determined. She nodded. "Of course."

Blaine ground his teeth and held his breath to keep from lambasting her. This was going too far.

"Blaine, say hello to Mistress Katriona."

He turned back to face the woman. "Hello," he said through clenched teeth. He'd be damned before he'd call anyone but Angel, Mistress anything.

Kat chuckled, the sound sending a chill up his spine. "A real shame. I'd love to have this one in my cage. He's got a stubborn streak in his eyes that I'd love to take a crack at."

He opened his mouth to tell her exactly what he thought of being caged when the latex maiden from hell slapped a nasty looking riding crop against her thigh. His mouth snapped shut.

Katriona laughed. "The Masters of Sin are waiting for you in the lounge. Slave!"

A man seemed to appear out of the darkness behind her. "Yes, Mistress?"

"Show them to their table."

"Yes, Mistress."

The man knelt on the floor in front of Storm and bowed until his forehead touched the floor. He wore skin-tight, black spandex shorts and no shirt. Metal cuffs were on his wrists, ankles and neck, with chains connecting each one to a belt around his waist.

No fucking way in hell would Blaine subject himself to that much humiliation, no matter how much he loved Angel. He wouldn't wear that shit even in the privacy of their home. And hell would freeze before he ever bowed to Storm.

"Hello, Carl," Garrett said, as if this was totally normal.

Carl got to his feet, but never raised his eyes to meet Storm's. "Greetings, Master Garrett. This way please." He turned and led them

down a few steps, and into the labyrinth of Incognito.

Don't stare, Blaine thought, but couldn't keep his gaze from roaming to every nook and cranny. When they finally entered a spacious, dimly lit room, he was amazed. There were people everywhere, in every stage of dress.

At one table, there were four men carrying on a perfectly normal conversation about the rising cost of oil, but next to each of them was a woman on her knees wearing next to nothing but a collar around her neck.

From the ceiling hung hooks, ropes, and all sorts of torture rack looking devices. Blaine hoped to hell Angela didn't have any weird ideas about using any of them on him.

In the center of the room, on a black vinyl platform, lay a man with a woman impaled on his cock, another fucking his face. Blaine's temperature shot up. Wasn't two women the fantasy of every man from puberty forward?

As they walked past, Blaine realized the man was shackled, wrist and ankles, to the platform. The blonde riding the guy's face snared his gaze. She narrowed her eyes at him, an obvious threat.

Angel squeezed his hand, her nails biting into his palm. "Lower your eyes. *Now.*"

He did so, and nearly walked into Carl who'd stopped in front of a table.

"Sorry," he mumbled and stepped back.

He heard Jack's deep laugh and glanced up to see Jon, Jack and Rachel. A sigh of relief slipped out before he realized it. Normal people, he thought, then almost burst out in hysterical laughter. Normal people would not be in this den of erotic pleasures.

"Carl, you're dismissed," Garrett said to the slave who bowed at the waist this time and left.

Angel pulled a chair out opposite Jack and motioned for him to sit. When he did, she perched herself on his lap, one arm around his neck.

"I'll get us some drinks," Storm said, then leaned over and, right in front of his nose, gave Angel a deep, tongue-thrusting kiss. She moaned

into Storm's mouth and ground her ass against Blaine's cock.

"Wine cooler, please, Sir," she said when Storm disengaged.

He nodded. "Blaine?"

"Uh..." All the blood had left his brain.

Storm smirked. "I'll get you something strong."

After Storm walked off, Blaine looked across the table into the curious eyes of Jack and Jon.

Rachel sat between them wearing even less clothing than Angel and a choker much like the one Storm had put on Angela. Jon's arm was around her shoulders, his hand over her barely covered breast, while it was obvious Jack's hand was in her lap doing God only knew what. But she looked very content at the moment. Her eyes were glazed over, her eyelids at half-mast.

"What do you think of Incognito?" Jon asked, running his finger in light circles around the tip of Rachel's breast.

Blaine swallowed. Angel's fingers were toying with the hair at the nape of his neck, sending tingles down his spine. He wrapped his arms around her waist to hold her still because if she kept wiggling against him, he was going to come in his pants.

"Different," he answered when he thought his voice wouldn't crack.

Jack grinned. "See anything you like?"

Without bidding, his head swung toward the center area where the man was still getting it from the two women.

Angela gripped his chin and turned his head back to face her. "Sorry, baby. You only get one woman. And that's me." Her mouth claimed his, her fingernails scraping against his chest and the back of his neck as her tongue dueled with his.

*Fine by me, if I can get you soon.* He groaned and pulled her tighter, pressing her hip against his aching cock.

She withdrew from him with a teasing laugh. "Later."

Just then, Rachel whimpered. They both looked at her, and Blaine's cock surged against Angel's hip. Dear lord, the woman was having an orgasm.

Jon whispered something in her ear. She bit her lip and nodded. "Excuse us a moment," Jon said and stood, then took Rachel's hand.

Blaine could only stare as they walked toward a door near the bar. Watching nameless, anonymous people fucking was one thing. Seeing his boss, his friend...

"Sorry about that," Jack said, still seated across from them and wiping his fingers off with a handkerchief. "Our pet was very well behaved earlier, and we promised her a treat."

Blaine barely kept from gaping.

Storm returned with their drinks. Blaine downed the shot of strong bourbon in one gulp. He needed the burn to take his mind off everything he'd learned about his boss in the past few days. How would he ever look at the man the same way again?

"Your pet's looking a little shell-shocked, Angie," Jack said, his brow wrinkled with apparent concern.

Angel ran her hand down his cheek, then kissed his nose as if he were a child. A child who wondered if he'd ever be able to walk again after suffering a serious case of blue balls.

"I know. But he's being so brave." She smiled at Jack. "I'm very proud of him."

Her butt wiggled again. Blaine almost whimpered, wondering if he could have another drink.

The conversation continued mostly between Storm and Jack, although Angel did respond to questions about how business was at the spa. Blaine heard the discussion, but his body and mind had a hard time focusing on it with all of the titillating distractions readily available.

Jack leaned back in the seat and lifted his drink. "Have you seen the new voyeur rooms?"

"Yes. Kat did a very nice job designing them," Storm said. "Even if she didn't hire me as the contractor." He sipped his own bourbon.

Jack laughed. "Why don't you take Angie and Blaine to check them out? I think we're going to head off." He scooted out of the booth as Jon and Rachel returned to the table but didn't sit.

Angel stood and hugged Rachel. Blaine leaned forward, propping his elbows on the table, hoping no one saw his condition.

Jack slapped him on the shoulder. "Board meeting, eight-thirty, Monday morning."

Blaine nodded. Too weird. *Too fucking weird.* Just saw Jack get his sister-in-law — wife — off, and now he was talking shop. He buried his face in his hands.

"He'll be all right once he gets over the shock," he heard Jon say. "Remember your first time here?"

Angel laughed. "Yes, I do. Take care."

"Come on, Blaine. Ange will take care of your little problem." Storm chuckled at his own joke, earning him a glare from Blaine.

"Baby," she said in a whisper close to his ear. "Stop with the evil eye. Not here."

With a sigh, Blaine pushed up from the table. "Yes, Mistress," he said dutifully, feeling like an idiot.

She smiled at him and pressed her hand against his erection. "Ten points for maintenance."

Storm laughed.

It took all of Blaine's willpower not to grab her hand and keep it there.

On the other side of the bar, in the same direction Jon and Rachel had gone earlier, they bypassed the restrooms and entered a long, dim hallway with numerous doors on each side. A brass plaque on each door hung from a chain. Some had the word Occupied on them, Vacant on others.

Storm opened a few of the "vacant" doors and peeked into them before finally walking into one and holding the door for Angel and him to enter. He flipped the sign to Occupied, then shut and locked it.

A black vinyl sofa, loveseat, and easy chair were arranged on three sides of a black lacquer coffee table. Dim recessed lights in the ceiling were the only illumination. A blood red velvet curtain stretched across the length of one wall, which offered the only color in the room.

Angel moved in front of him, and he lowered his gaze to hers.

"You're turned on, aren't you?"

That was an understatement. He nodded.

"You enjoyed watching, just like Garrett does, don't you?"

He hated being compared to Storm, but how could he deny it? He hadn't even known that about himself until this past week.

"Want me to fuck Garrett so you can watch?"

He shook his head, his hands fisting at his sides. His gaze skittered toward Storm who had sat down in the center of the loveseat looking relaxed, except for the unmistakable bulge in the front of his leather pants.

"Look at me," Angel demanded, her voice hard.

He lowered his gaze to her lips, then to the swells of her breasts barely concealed by the leather bustier. His breathing grew shallow as he fought an overwhelming urge to grab her and take her against the wall.

"What do you want, baby?"

The opening he'd been waiting for. He grabbed her around the waist and hauled her body against his so he could grind against her as his mouth ate at hers. She tasted so damn good. Like sex and sin.

He yelped when she jerked his head back, her fingers entwined in his hair. He let go of her. She released him and stepped back.

"That was a very bad thing you did, baby." She reached into the little purse she'd dropped on the table and pulled out the cuffs.

"Come on, Angel. Enough with the games."

"Give me your hands."

If it got him off, he didn't care. Hell, he was ready to bow down and lick her feet if she wanted. He held out his hands, and she snapped the cuffs on him. They were heavier than he'd thought they would be. Cold against his skin.

"Sir?" she said, her own breathing none too steady. She lowered herself to her knees in front of Storm, put her hands behind her back and bowed her head.

"Yes, Ange?" Storm lifted her chin with his finger.

"Would it be asking too much of you, Sir, to help me teach my sub a lesson?"

"It would be my pleasure, tiger." He stood and stepped around

Angela. "Against the wall," he said to Blaine.

Blaine backed up, afraid that Storm was about to do something to him. Something he didn't want any man doing.

## Chapter Ten

Storm took Blaine's cuffed hands and stretched them over his head, hooking the chain of the cuffs over a hook in the wall he hadn't noticed. The move raised Blaine onto the balls of his feet. Then Storm pushed the coffee table over so the end was just to his left.

"Stand up, tiger." She did. "Turn around and bend over. Brace your hands on the table." Again she complied.

Storm shoved the skin-tight skirt over her ass and up around her waist.

From this angle Blaine could see her pussy, see the creamy moisture glistening on her smooth skin. Storm dipped his finger inside, and Angel moaned.

"You see, Blaine," Storm said as he opened the front of his pants and released his own stiff cock, "if you would've just answered her when she asked a question instead of attacking her, you could be the one standing here now instead of trussed up like a slave."

Yeah, he got it. Next time he'd ask first. Shit, he was hurting. He could feel each heartbeat throb through his cock. He needed to sink into her. Just one touch and he'd be lost. But he kept his mouth shut, knowing that anything he said right now would only make the torture last longer.

Storm turned them so his body wouldn't block Blaine's view. He didn't know whether to thank or curse him, but when Storm pressed into her, he couldn't look away. He was forced to watch Storm slowly bury his cock to the hilt, wishing like hell he could switch places with the man.



"She's so hot and wet. So goddamn tight." Storm rubbed her ass, gripped her hips and slammed into her pussy. Angel cried out and rocked against him. "Oh, yeah, tiger."

"Please, Sir."

Blaine thrust his hips to no avail. Without being able to touch himself, the agony wouldn't abate. He shut his eyes and dropped his head back, praying he'd survive this torment.

"Watch!" Storm and Angel said in unison.

His eyes snapped open, and he watched Storm pound into her with long hard thrusts that speared her again and again. Her face flushed red, she bit her bottom lip. The scent of her passion surrounded him. Her moans mingled with Storm's guttural grunts. Blaine wanted to cry with frustration.

Angel trembled and arched her back. She was coming and, damn it, he needed to come, too. Storm hammered into her three more times until he came with a shout. Blaine yanked at the cuffs.

Breathing hard, Storm fell back on the loveseat. Angel dropped to her knees, resting her forehead against her hands on the table.

What about me, he nearly shouted, but bit his tongue at the last second.

Angel turned her head and pushed her hair away from her face. "So, baby," she said, still panting slightly. "Did you like that?"

"No, Mistress."

She raised an eyebrow. "You better not lie to me."

"I'm not, Mistress."

"You're not turned on?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"What do you need?"

He chose his words carefully, finally understanding the game. It was torture. *Exquisite* torture. He'd never been so hard for so long in his life, and it was because Angel held the keys not only to the cuffs on his wrists, but also to his pleasure. His fulfillment. Without her permission, he couldn't come.

"Please, Mistress, I need you to let me come."

She smiled and moved towards him on her knees. "Very well said, baby." She tugged at his fly, the buttons popping open one by one. His thick, needy cock finally set free, he sighed with relief.

"Sir?" she said, turning her head toward Storm.

Blaine's lungs seized, his gaze glued to the man on the couch.

"Yes, tiger?"

"Maybe we should let him see what's behind the curtain?" She stroked her finger down the length of his cock, and his flesh jumped. His hips rose toward her.

Storm stood and fastened his pants, relieving some of Blaine's nerves, then swept the red curtain aside. Through a keyhole shaped window was another room, slightly lower than the room they were in, so they had a full view of a red satin bed. The walls were red velvet, the only light a lamp with a red shade.

Reclined in the center of that red bed was a naked man with a woman on her knees between his legs, her ass sticking up, her painted red mouth sucking him off.

"You like watching that?" Angel asked as she softly traced the thick vein on his cock with her fingertips.

He loved her touch even more, but he nodded. "I'd like it better if you were doing that to me, Mistress."

His breath caught when her fingers curled around his shaft. His heart nearly stopped when she leaned over and licked the tip with her tongue. "Tell me how bad you need to come, baby."

"Ahh. God. Angel. Mistress. Bad."

His hips bucked, and Angel grinned.

"Watch them."

Reluctantly, he raised his gaze from the angel at his feet to the keyhole window and watched the woman take the man deep in her mouth. She practically devoured him. When Angel duplicated that action, and he felt the sweet, hot suction of her mouth surround him, he groaned.

"Don't come yet, baby. You have to let me enjoy it first."

"I don't...know if...I—*Holy shit!*"

The man in the other room reared up and struck the woman across

the face, nearly knocking her to the floor. He grabbed her by the hair and hauled her back to him. He was yelling at her, but the room was obviously soundproof.

Blaine's stomach churned, and he twisted back and forth, moving his legs, nudging Angela away from him. "Get me the fuck out of these," he shouted, jerking at the handcuffs over his head, his gaze transfixed on the next room.

"Blaine?" Angela's voice filled with confused concern.

"Unlock the goddamn cuffs *now!*"

"Sonofabitch!" Storm surged to his feet and unlocked a cuff just as the man in the next room slammed his fist into the woman's cheek. Blood sprayed as the woman sailed off the bed to land hard on the floor.

Blaine gagged. "You..." He started to fasten his pants, the cuffs still dangling from one wrist. "You sick fucking bastard," he said to Storm, then threw the door open and ran.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Goddammit," Garrett said, making a grab for Blaine, but missing him. He didn't have time to deal with a runaway sub.

"Oh, God..." Angela had just noticed what was happening in the other room. She banged on the glass. "Hey. No!"

He ran out into the hall just in time to see Blaine shove his way past two people and dart into the restroom. Garrett stopped at the next door. Locked. He pounded on the solid surface, but knew it wouldn't do a damn bit of good. Not without Kat's master key.

"Garrett?"

"Go to Kat, Ange. Now! Tell her to bring backup."

She took off running down the hall.

"And stay with her!"

He couldn't reach the asshole locked in the room, but Kat's men would be here shortly to handle it. He didn't want to leave Angela alone in the club, but neither could he send her into the men's restroom to retrieve Blaine.

He weaved through the crowd, which grew in number as word spread that trouble brewed. Finally making it to the restroom door, he took a deep breath and pushed his way inside. He wanted to knock the shit out of Blaine for running out like that after being warned not to, for forcing him into a no-win situation. But Angela would never forgive him if he hurt the bastard.

The scene that met him, however, snuffed out some of his anger.

Blaine hung his head over a urinal, his knuckles white as he slammed the sides of his fists against the tiled wall, his gut dry heaving. Another man came out of a stall, warily eyed Blaine, and hurried past them toward the door.

Garrett made sure no one else was in the room before locking the door so as not to be disturbed.

"I'm sorry," he said, not knowing why, but certain it must be voiced.

"Leave me the fuck alone." Blaine's eyes were bloodshot and blazing with mortified fury. He recovered enough to stumble to the sink and wash his mouth out.

"Blaine—"

"You may get your rocks off watching women get the shit beat out of them, but I don't!"

Garrett leaned against the door, effectively blocking Blaine's escape route. "Damn it, what kind of man do you think I am?" He pointed in the direction of the room. "That was not supposed to happen. The asshole broke I don't know how many club rules by attacking that woman, and if I could've gotten through the damn door, I would've ripped his fucking head off."

Blaine turned toward him, wiping his mouth with the sleeve on his right arm.

"Instead, I had to send Angel through the club unprotected to get Kat and her security, because I had to come after your ass."

He sneered. "I didn't ask you to follow me."

"No, but you're Angel's responsibility, and she can't come in here. That leaves me, which means you get to tell me what the fuck this is all

about?" He gestured toward the urinal.

Blaine spun away, pacing to the opposite side of the room. "Seeing a woman abused while your dick's hanging out and your hands are cuffed is enough, don't you think?"

"To piss you off, yes. To make you physically ill? No."

Blaine snarled, his hands flexing for a fight. "Why the hell do you care?"

"Angela."

Her name said it all and soothed some of the angry lines from Blaine's face. He ran both hands over his face and through his short, blond hair. Then he slid down the wall until he sat with forearms resting on bent knees. The cuffs still dangled from his wrist, but he seemed to not notice.

Garrett went to lean against the dual-sink counter. An increase in noises from outside made him glance at the door. Angela better be with Kat, and be all right, or he would punish the man on the floor. Sick or not.

"The keyhole."

Blaine's softly uttered words attracted his attention again. *The keyhole?*

Blaine met his gaze with a hollow, wounded look. "I used to have to look through the keyhole. My mother would hide me, lock me up for my protection in the pantry whenever my dad—the illustrious, all-powerful State Senator—went on a drunken rampage."

Garrett closed his eyes, his fingers digging into the Formica. *Shit.*

Blaine's voice filled with acid. "He'd beat her, and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. Oh, he never struck her across the face where it might be seen. He may need his lovely wife for a photo-op. But when drunk, her body was his punching bag."

"I'm so sorry," Garrett said, meaning it like never before, and knowing the words were totally inadequate.

"Yeah, well. The bastard's dead now so what does it matter?" He gave a self-deprecating laugh. "Cirrhosis of the liver. Before I was old enough and able to beat him to death."

"Your mother must have been some woman," Garrett said, hoping to steer the childhood memories toward something positive.

Blaine's crooked smile was a relief.

"She was a lot like Angel. Small. Loving. Strong. She outlived him. By a few years."

No wonder he was so protective of Angela.

"I'm not your father, Blaine. I'm nothing like him—"

"I know that," he snapped, then blinked. A somewhat baffled look crossed his features before understanding shone on his face.

"There's a big difference between physical abuse and sensual discipline. I'd never lay a hand on 'your angel' in anger. I can promise you that," Garrett said, choosing his words carefully. "I'd rather have you flog the hide off my back than harm Angela in any way. I love her more than my own life."

Blaine studied him before finally nodding. "I believe you."

Garrett walked over to him and held out his hand. Blaine stared at it a moment then looked up.

"Come on. Angela needs us now." He took Blaine's hand and pulled him to his feet as the noise level increased again outside the door.

Moving quickly, he unlocked the cuffs and slipped them into his back pocket. Then he and Blaine opened the door and shoved their way through the curious throng, which moved like a wave back toward the main lounge. His height helped him scan over the crowd to find Angela near Kat as they trailed the club bouncers who were dragging the furious Dom toward the front door. Angela walked with her arm around the battered woman, until Kat motioned for some others to take her away for first aid treatment.

Relief swept through Garrett just knowing that she was all right. The club had strict rules to ensure safety, but Doms were still expected to watch over their subs and deal with any confrontations appropriately, within certain guidelines.

As Garrett and Blaine neared them, the man's threats and profanities became more apparent. When he turned his threats against Angela whom he blamed for exposing his personal form of sadistic discipline, Garrett saw red.

"Katriona," he called out.

"Stop," she told the bouncers who obeyed, still holding onto the struggling Dom. "Yes, Master Garrett?"

"I believe an insult has been made against my sub." He glanced to see Angela look back with a worried frown. "As is my right by the rules of this club, I seek an apology."

"I don't have to say anything to that fucking sub," the man snarled, unwittingly at his own peril. "The bitch should've kept her nose out of my business."

Blaine took an aggressive step toward him, but Garrett's hand on his chest stopped him. However, his move did not go unnoticed by the asshole.

Kat eyed the abuser then cocked her head, as if thinking things through. "You are correct, Master Garrett. Without an apology, punishment is required. With the offender being a Dom, however, I'm afraid your choices are limited." Kat slapped her riding crop against her thigh and glared at the man who'd no doubt forfeited his membership permanently, but wouldn't be allowed to leave until all debts were paid. She looked back at Garrett. "Name your pleasure."

"One on one."

An excited hum rippled through the crowd as the realization of the impending bare-knuckle brawl spread throughout the room. All members were required to know the house rules and sign release forms to join the club, so Dom against Dom conflicts were rare. What Garrett had in mind was even more so.

Angela chewed her bottom lip, obviously struggling with the urge to object.

"Do you accept this, Master Harold?" Kat asked with a look of disdain.

The brutish man glanced from Angela to Blaine, then to Garrett. A smirk curled his thin lips, and he nodded.

"Very well then. Outside."

The crowd poured out, forming a wide circle around them. The bouncers pulled the Dom to one side as Angela confronted Garrett with whispered urgency.

"What the hell do you think you're doing...Sir?"

He glanced at Blaine. "Feel like working off a little steam...for old time's sake?" He may not have been able to defend his mother against an abusive asshole, but Garrett knew Blaine could certainly take this one down a peg or two.

Blaine blinked, stared, then realization dawned, and he grinned. "Yes, Sir."

Garrett laughed.

"What the devil is going on? Blaine? Garrett?" Angela latched onto their sleeves.

Garrett pulled her wrists away and held her against him with his arms wrapped securely around her. "Behave, tiger. We won't be needing your claws tonight."

Blaine tugged his blue shirt over his head and held it out to Angela.

"Mistress?" he asked.

She made a sound, half whine, half whimper, but took the shirt and clutched it to her chest. Blaine, in a very *unsubmissive* act of impertinence, grabbed her face in both hands and kissed her hard on the mouth.

"Ready, Master Garrett?" Kat asked.

"My sub, Blaine, is."

Katriona's eyes flared, and one thin black brow rose. "This is most unusual, Master..."

Recognizing the insult, Harold shouted, "What the fuck are you trying to pull?"

"The initial affront was abuse of trust against a submissive member of this club." Garrett addressed Kat, but spoke in a voice loud enough to carry. "His second offense was to another sub who also happens to be Blaine's Mistress. He will administer punishment for the slight made against Mistress Angela. To give Master Harold another Dom's attention, such as myself, would honor him at a level I do not feel he's worthy." He looked at the man and grinned. "If Master Harold is unwilling to face a mere sub, then perhaps he's found the courage to apologize after all?"

"Like hell I will," he said through gritted teeth.

"So be it," Kat said. "Release him."



As soon as Harold was free, he came not at Blaine, but Garrett, who still held Angela in his arms. Garrett quickly moved her behind him, but Blaine cut Harold off before he ever reached them.

"Where do you think you're going?"

The man's eyes narrowed at Blaine. They were evenly matched in height, though where the other man had the advantage in bulk weight, Blaine was lean muscle and speed.

"Get out of my way, sub."

"No."

He made to shove past him and Blaine pushed, sending the man backward three steps.

"You like to threaten and beat subs when they disobey? Well, here I am."

The Dom swung first, his fist connecting with Blaine's jaw. Drawing first blood.

Angela's nails chewed Garrett's back as she peeked around him, ducked behind him, and whimpered with every blow struck regardless of who landed the punch.

Harold connected with a glancing right hook, but Blaine retaliated with a hard blow to the man's gut that knocked the Dom to his knees. Blaine's grin was sinister. "Come on," he taunted. "I thought you liked knocking around subs."

When Harold got to his feet, though, he held something in his hand. With speed and skill, he flipped the butterfly knife open until the blade gleamed. A collective gasp sounded from the onlookers.

"Shit," Garrett muttered as he stepped forward to end the fight. The rules stated bare knuckles. Hand-to-hand. He should've known this bastard would break every rule in the book tonight.

Blaine's concentration on the man never wavered, not even when Angela cried out, "Blaine!" But Garrett suddenly found himself hard pressed trying to prevent her from darting into danger.

"Damn it, Ange. Don't distract him," he gritted out in her ear. She slumped in his arms.

Blaine turned, following Harold as he circled with the knife held

out in front of him.

"Let's see you talk, now," Harold challenged, his hand swiping the air with the blade.

Cautiously, Blaine raised a hand, palm-up, toward Garrett, while his gaze remained fixed on the knife-wielding Dom. "The asshole's mine," he said, his voice low, menacing.

"Don't," Angela whispered. "No..." But this wasn't her fight; it was Blaine's.

"Then finish it," Garrett commanded, his hold on Angela tightening.

"I'll finish it," Harold shouted in fury and lunged with the knife aimed for Blaine's chest.

Blaine twisted aside, letting the Dom's momentum carry him off-balance. The sharp edge barely nicked Blaine's left forearm as he threw it up to grab for Harold's wrist.

Angela screamed. Garrett tightened his hold on her.

With a quick pivot, Blaine threw a knockout blow to the man's cheek that sent him staggering forward on all fours.

In trying to catch himself, Harold dropped the knife, which skidded across the ground.

Blaine yanked the man's head back with a tight fist in his hair, his other fist ready to strike. But Harold let out a whoosh of air, his eyes rolling back, and Blaine released him. The man went down. And didn't move.

Blood trickled down his arm from the small cut as Blaine stood over the man, hands balled at his sides, his chest heaving as he drew in deep breaths. Garrett knew the adrenaline coursing through him and continued to hold on to Angela instead of letting her rush to Blaine. The victor needed a few moments to collect himself.

As the spectators dispersed, Kat stopped next to them and popped Blaine on the ass with her riding crop.

"Quite a sub you have there," she said with a laugh at Blaine's glower.

Garrett released Angela to go to Blaine. He took his rumpled shirt

from her clenched hands and pulled it on, leaving the laces undone.

While her men hauled Harold off, Kat glanced at Blaine's arm and asked, "You need medical treatment?"

"No," Angela answered. "I'll take care of him."

Blaine took Angela in a firm embrace, buried his face against her neck.

"I think we'll call it a night," Garrett said. "It's been...unusual, as always, Kat."

She chortled. "Never a dull moment."

Chapter Eleven

Angela cradled Blaine's head in her lap as Garrett drove them home. The small cut in his lip no longer bled, but the growing bruise on his cheekbone was hot to her touch. She applied pressure to the cut on his arm, which had also stopped bleeding, although he might need stitches. She wanted to yell at Garrett to hurry and get them home so she could get ice on Blaine's face.

Damn that behemoth for hurting Blaine. She could kill the man for that alone, not to mention what he did to that poor woman he'd attacked.

"I'm okay," Blaine said, trying to sit up.

"Shh. Let me take care of you." She hung onto him.

He surrendered against her with a sigh. She ran her hands through his mussed hair, checking for any other wounds. Her eyes stung with unshed tears. "I'm so sorry, baby. I can't believe this happened. I've never seen anything like it at the club before."

He took her hand in his and kissed her fingers. "I'm not that fragile, sweetheart. I should think I just proved that." She could hear the humor in his voice, but seeing the discoloration form on his skin—his face, his knuckles—she didn't feel like joking right now.

She hated what had happened. She didn't understand why he'd panicked so badly and run off, but she'd seen the mortified mask of agony on his face. Guilt weighed heavily on her heart for having played a role in his distress. He wouldn't have even been there if it weren't for her. She was the one who'd decided it was time to take the next step with him. The past few days, since their discussion on the patio in the middle of the day, he'd changed. Made an obvious effort to embrace their life together.

What had happened between him and Garrett tonight? Something profound, that was for sure. She knew by their exchange before the fight that he did it for more reasons than just an insult to the Dom.

She ran her hand over his shoulder, then leaned down and kissed his forehead. "I love you, baby."

He tipped his head and captured her mouth in a slow, sweet melding of lips. "I love you, too."

As soon as they reached the beach house, Angela sent Blaine up to shower while she grabbed the first aid kit, made an icepack, and poured him a glass of brandy.

"He's going to be all right, you know," Garrett said, holding her by the shoulders so she couldn't pass him and go upstairs to Blaine.

"I know." Her insides quivered, as did her bottom lip. She caught it between her teeth.

"Talk to me."

She lifted the kit, bag of ice, and drink. "I need to get upstairs."

"He's in the shower. You have time. Talk to me." His big, hard hands ran down her arms, then back to her shoulders.

She looked up at the ceiling, keeping the tears in check that wanted to fall. "The club was too much for him. We shouldn't have forced him to go. I shouldn't have forced him into this whole situation."

Garrett took the items from her grasp, set them aside on the stair banister, and then pulled her into his arms, gently rocking her from side to side. "I think that's for Blaine to decide, not you."

"I've been so selfish." The words shuddered in her throat as she fought the urge to weep. "He proposed, and I threw it back in his face. He doesn't want to be here. He doesn't like this lifestyle. I knew that and still I forced his hand that night at dinner. That's not I-love." Her sobs broke free and she buried her face against Garrett's shoulder.

"Shh, tiger. Don't cry." He ran his hands up and down her back then wrapped his warm, strong arms around her until her tears abated.

Hugging him close, she tried to gather herself. After a few minutes, she sniffled, nodded, and pulled away. "Thank you."

He leaned down and kissed her gently. "Ange..." He stopped and shook his head.

"What? Tell me."

"I forced your hand, too. I did the same thing to you. I didn't exactly give you an alternative when I suggested we live together or else. I'm not feeling very proud of myself right now."

"Garrett," she whispered, her heart feeling as bruised and battered as Blaine's cheek.

He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her again. "Do you doubt that I love you?"

"No." Her response came quick.

"Then have faith in Blaine. He knows you love him. Go on. Go take care of him. We'll all sit down and talk about it later."

When she nodded, he released her. She picked up her supplies and climbed the steps slowly, trying to compose herself before facing Blaine. He'd know she'd been crying. He always knew when she was upset.

Illuminated only by the dimmed light of the lamp next to him, he lay on his side of the bed, his hands behind his head, the sheet pulled up to his waist, and his chest bare.

Angela's heart hammered in her chest. Even bruised he was so handsome. He turned his head to watch her as she approached the bed. One more night, she thought. Just one more night and then she'd let him go forever. She couldn't trap him this way, couldn't make him live a life he didn't want.

"Hey, sweetheart." His voice was no more than a whisper, a little hoarse. She sat down next to him and handed him the glass of brandy.

"Thanks." He downed it like a shot of whiskey, rather than the expensive brandy he usually sipped. He set the glass on the nightstand and lay back against the pillows. His beautiful blue eyes told her nothing of his state of mind.

Slowly, she bandaged the cut on his arm, fighting back the tears that threatened. Then she carefully placed the ice pack on his cheek over the purplish-blue bruise. "Does it hurt?"

"Not now that you're here." When he placed his hand over hers on the ice, the locked chain around his wrist winked in the low light.

She turned when she heard a noise to see Garrett come into the room and head straight for the bathroom. Without a word, he shut the door behind him.

When she looked back at Blaine, his eyes had darkened, his pupils dilated. "I need you, Mistress." His finger traced the swell of her right breast above the leather corset.

She shook her head. "Don't call me that anymore." She pulled her

hand from the ice pack and took the key from around her own wrist to unlock his silver cuff. "I made a terrible mistake." When she reached over him to grab it, he dropped the ice pack and stretched his arm to the side, out of reach.

"What mistake?"

She leaned across him, trying to capture his wrist. He slid his other hand under her short skirt to cup her ass.

She froze and gave up the fight for his bracelet. Sprawled across him, she dropped her forehead to the mattress. "No, Blaine. Don't." Her last word ended on a moan as his fingers slipped between her legs and lightly teased her clit.

"I think I like this no underwear rule. For you, anyway." He chuckled. "The only mistake you made, Mistress, was not telling me about that rule sooner. If you had, the times you came to my office for lunch could have been much more...entertaining."

"Blaine," she said on a sigh as his fingers found their way through her damp folds. "You're hurt. You don't need...ohhh yeahhh." He inserted two fingers deep into her core, and there was no way to fight it. He turned her on so easily, knew just where to touch.

"Come for me, Angel," he murmured.

His other hand cupped her butt cheek, rubbing and kneading her flesh. When his thumb skimmed over her clit, every muscle in her body tensed and streamers of fire shot up her spine.

"Yes. That's it, my mistress. Soak my hand."

She lay draped over him, his stiff cock under her belly, and let her lover take her closer and closer to the edge. He called her his mistress, yet his words demanded her release. As her body responded to his command—the climax so close—she realized she'd never want his total supplication. Blaine Worthington was his own man, even while making love.

She thrust her ass into the air when a third finger joined the first two and he twisted his hand. "God, you're wet." His little finger flicked her clit with each stroke, while his thumb pressed into her anus. "You are so sexy like this. Writhing and moaning because of my touch."

His words pushed her over the edge, and she came with a cry, gripping the bedspread in her fists. He gently worked her clit until the last wave of the climax washed through her.

His fingers, slick with her creamy juices, played around her anus, sending more tingles from her center out to each limp limb.

"I want to fuck your ass," Blaine said, his voice husky.

Pushing up with unsteady arms, she looked into his face. He'd never done that to her before—never more than use his fingers, that is. The one time she'd offered, he'd made a face and refused. But now his eyes, so dark blue they looked like midnight, shone with the sincerity of his desire.

"I'd like that, baby. I want that—want you. But you have to stop. We need to talk first."

"Shh," he whispered. "It's okay now. I'm okay. We're okay."

She shook her head, confused. She moved so she lay over him, her face just above his and cupped his face in her palms. "I pushed you into this relationship. I hurt you. I demanded too much from you. And I'll never forgive myself for that. Tonight..." She skimmed her thumb over the bruise on his cheek. "You were so upset when you ran out of the voyeur room. I...I..."

His fingers combed through her hair, and he pulled her mouth down to his. His tongue teased hers, and then he withdrew. "I wasn't upset with you. You did nothing wrong. I was angry because I thought that kind of thing was expected. That Garrett enjoyed watching a woman get abused." He sucked in a breath then kissed her nose.

She shook her head defensively and opened her mouth to speak.

"Shh. It's okay. Garrett explained everything to me, Angel. I understand now that what I witnessed is not the norm. It just affected me more, I guess, because I grew up watching my father beat the shit out of my mother on a regular basis. I won't have that in my home or in my life."

"Oh, baby..."

He pushed her hair back over her shoulders. "There're still things I don't get. I don't understand why you like to be spanked, but at least now I know Storm will never truly harm you. I don't understand your need to



dominate and be dominated. But I accept it. I accept you." He paused, his gaze locked with hers. "And I trust Garrett."

Her heart felt as if it would burst with happiness. Words failed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, trying to convey her feelings to him. He understood, he accepted. He wasn't going to leave her.

His arms went around her, his big, tender hands skimming down her back, over her ass. Without warning, one long finger slipped inside her. She gasped into his mouth and moaned. His long, smooth finger, slick with her juices, slid up from her pussy to her ass. As she ate at his mouth, nipping his lips, that finger slid into her anus. Then a second. Her breath stuttered, her muscles trembled, as another orgasm began building inside her.

"Now, may I fuck this luscious ass of yours, Mistress?" He wiggled his fingers inside her then removed them, which made her want to snatch his wrist and hold him in place, but she didn't.

With a nod and a grin, she pushed off of him and onto her feet. Standing beside the bed, she reached for the ties of her corset, but he grabbed one of her hands and shook his head. "Leave it on. I like it."

A smile brightened her face, and then she threw back the bed sheet and straddled him. She leaned forward and ground her lips against his, speared her tongue past his teeth, and sucked his tongue into her mouth.

He groaned. His breathing was harsh and raspy when she pulled away from the kiss.

She reached for his cock, positioning it to take him into her ass, but he stopped her again with both hands on her hips.

"Turn around."

When she didn't move fast enough, he physically lifted her and faced her away from him. That's when she saw Garrett standing at the foot of the bed. Fresh out of the shower, water droplets slowly sliding down his wide chest, his cock standing out proud and long.

She shivered in anticipation and licked her lips, eager to suck his cock and taste his cum.

"Garrett," Blaine said. "Lube."

Without hesitation, Garrett went to the nightstand, retrieved the tube of oil, and passed it to Blaine. The cold lubrication touched her ass, causing her to suck in a quick breath. But Blaine's smooth, talented fingers warmed her flesh as he rubbed it on, and in. Then she felt the thick tip of his cock hesitantly pressing against her puckered opening.

"Take me in, sweetheart. Easy. I don't want to hurt you."

Even when aroused, his breathing ragged and hands shaky, he thought of her and was gentle. Her heart nearly cried at the sweet gesture. But she wanted most to please him, so take him in she did. She rose up and came down hard, giving him the tightest pleasure he'd ever experienced from her. A brief pain ripped through her, but she stifled her cry of discomfort.

"Oh, God, Angel..." Blaine shouted and gripped her booted ankles. His hips surged once as he buried himself deep. He didn't move, seemed not to even breathe for a long, drawn out moment.

Her body soon acclimated to his thickness and a low pulse of need beat inside her. She ached to move over him, but waited.

Meeting Garrett's dark eyes, seeing all the emotions they revealed, she knew she'd give these two men every inch of herself, her very life, if it would keep them with her.

Blaine's hands eased their grip on her ankles as his body settled back into the bed. He sucked in a few deep breaths then spoke. "Adjust your legs, Angel, and lie back on me."

His cock pressed deep inside her as she did as he said. When her stilettos caught in the sheet, Garrett was there and helped her. Blaine reached around her and unlaced the corset, just far enough to roll the top down so her breasts were freed, but still plumped by the tight leather. He flicked her nipples, and her inner muscles contracted around him in response. He hissed.

"You're so fucking tight. Show Garrett that lovely pussy, sweetheart. Spread your legs."

She bent her knees, her legs wide apart, baring everything to Garrett's view. His eyes appeared black with lust as he stood like a statue at the end of the bed, his hands fisted at his sides.

"Touch yourself, Mistress," Blaine said, a low seductive persuasion.

Inch by inch, she obeyed, sliding her hand over her abdomen to dip a middle finger into her damp heat. Her body hummed.

Blaine continued his exquisite torment of her chest, his fingers pinching her nipples and twisting slightly. His cock throbbed in her ass. And Garrett's gaze pulled her in like a whirlpool and made her heart pound.

"Are you hot, sweetheart?"

"Yes..." she said, panting. She was so close to coming she teetered on the brink.

"Do you want Garrett to fuck your cunt?"

Garrett's gaze moved from her to Blaine. There seemed to be some silent communication going on she didn't understand, or even care about at the moment. Her body was about to explode, and no one was moving. She needed to move. When she pressed her ass against Blaine, he tweaked her nipples, as if in punishment. She whined. "Please!"

At some barely perceptible signal from Blaine, Garrett crawled onto the bed. Blaine grasped her thighs behind her knees and pulled her legs wide, lifting them, exposing her fully.

She could barely breathe. Her heartbeat thrummed, the pulse felt in her throat, chest, and deep in her core.

Garrett loomed over her, bracing himself on hands planted on each side of Blaine. She couldn't take it any longer. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. His tongue took possession of her mouth the instant he rammed balls-deep into her pussy.

Blaine's groan mingled with Garrett's and shoved her over the edge. She screamed into Garrett's mouth and clawed at his shoulders.

*My men. Mine! I'll never let them go. Never!*

Garrett tore away from her mouth and sucked in a lungful of air. Muscles straining, arms quivering, he started moving inside her. Harder, faster, he pounded like a jackhammer.

Blaine moved from beneath, his heavy breathing and low grunts in her ear. Thrusting his hips up, he drove his cock into her in perfect unison with Garrett.

Her head spun. Her world shattered. She shouted as every muscle she possessed constricted and wave after wave after wave of pure rapture overwhelmed her.

*Mine*, she thought again, just before the world went black.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You think she's okay?" she heard Garrett ask softly as he brushed the hair away from her face.

She lay on her back with his body stretched along her left side.

"She's breathing fine." Blaine scooted closer, his firm stomach brushing against her right arm. He lifted her limp fingers to his mouth and kissed them. "Maybe that was just too much for her."

She didn't allow the smile she felt to show on her face as she kept her eyes closed, enjoying the last lingering tingles of post-coital bliss.

Garrett pressed a kiss to her temple and sighed. "What happened tonight?"

After a quiet moment, Blaine said, "I realized that what we have is too special to throw away. While I was puking up my guts at the club, I was ready to walk. Just get out. But then I saw how much she loves me, pampering me when all I got was a couple minor cuts and a few bruises." He chuckled and smoothed his palm over the swell of her breast. "How could I leave her?"

"She feels guilty for forcing you into this." Garrett ran a finger up and down her arm.

"I never saw her hold a knife to my throat, did you?"

Garrett chuckled. Then after a brief silence, he said, "I pretty much forced her hand. She worried that you weren't ready to face all of this, and I pressured her by buying this house and giving her an ultimatum." His hand splayed across her middle. "So I guess if this is anyone's fault, it's mine."

Blaine snorted. "Well, you weren't the only one turning up the pressure. I proposed about a week before all of...this. She turned me down, but I guess that makes me just as guilty." His voice still held a trace

of the pain she'd caused him.

"And you hoped that someday, she'd change her mind and marry you."

Blaine didn't respond, and she almost opened her eyes to see for herself the answer in his eyes, but Garrett's words stopped her.

"I've thought the same for myself, so there's no point in denying it. Even when we had our talk the other day, telling you she'd never choose, I still hoped."

*Oh...*

"I just want her to be happy."

"So do I."

Blaine laughed. "At least on that we can agree." His finger traced tiny circles around her areola.

She couldn't stop the nipple from hardening, but she concentrated on regulating her breaths, maintaining her expression of passive slumber.

Garrett's thumb caressed the underside of her other breast. "I've been thinking," he said.

Blaine's finger paused.

"Do you think she could turn us both down, if we asked her together?"

*Oh, God.* If they felt her pulse now, they'd call an ambulance.

Blaine cupped her breast, his thumb flicking the pebbled tip in rhythmic consideration. "A union like the Sinclairs'?"

"Sure. Why not? Jon married Rachel legally, but she and Jack exchanged vows on a yacht during the honeymoon."

"Share a marriage? Equally. The house, the mortgage, carpooling, little league."

"Yes, all of that...in time. That is, if you can accept that I love her as much as you do. And of course, she'd have to say yes. What do you think?"

Blaine was silent so long she thought she'd asphyxiate before she heard his answer. Finally, he said, "I think that if putting up with you is what makes her happy, I can do it."

"Hey, I'm not so bad."

“Right. You’re a loveable...jackass.”

Garrett laughed. “And your cleaning habits are enough to make a monk curse.”

“Well, if you’d learn to clean up after yourself—”

“I pick up the clothes when it’s time to wash them—”

“—moldy towels on the floor all week—”

“—neatly folded socks, for Pete’s sake—”

“—wouldn’t kill you to shave more than once a week—”

“—probably starch your boxers—”

Angela burst out laughing, cutting them both off. She opened her eyes, and she knew they sparkled with her happiness. “I love you two so damn much.” She wrapped an arm around both of their necks and pulled them down, kissing each of them in turn.

Blaine winked at Garrett, and they both grinned.

“We love you, too,” they said in unison.

**The End**

### **Authors' Bio**

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romances for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home.

Madison Layle avoided her childhood chores on the family farm by curling up with books, and disappearing into other worlds of fantasy, adventure, and romance. With maturity came the love of her own real-life hero (a.k.a. “my darling hubby”), and a real understanding of why her parents locked their bedroom door.

Madison and Anna Leigh first met online through a critique group, a meeting which sparked a strong friendship and a fun partnership. Together, their writing has taken on a spicier flavor, so while their hubbies are off at work, they let their imaginations soar....

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### **Visit Incognito on the Web**

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Also Available from Cobblestone Press, LLC

**Incognito: Seducing Olivia**  
**by Madison Layle & Anna Leigh Keaton**

**Chapter One**

*"Muchas gracias,"* Olivia Chandler said to the doorman as she entered the deluxe hotel on the elegant *Paseo de la Castellana*. After a brief talk with the clerk, she arranged to have her suitcases stored until she called for them later, and then headed for the elevator.

Keith Randall was in for a surprise, and she didn't want to waste time with a bellman carrying her luggage. The thrill of seeing her fiancé intensified as the elevator ascended, and she watched the numbers increase over the door.

By the time the doors slid open, she was almost giddy with excitement. She made a quick check of her appearance in a large gilded mirror, which hung in the hallway, before making her way to his suite. Sleeping on the plane had helped, as did the change of clothes she'd taken time to don after she landed. Her three-carat, solitaire engagement diamond winked at her as she slipped a stray strand of black hair behind her left ear.

Keith was in Madrid on a business trip and scheduled to return stateside tomorrow. She'd called him from the transatlantic flight to make



sure his plans hadn't changed. He shouldn't have any trouble postponing his flight to allow them a spontaneous pre-wedding honeymoon in Spain.

Her heart raced as she held her breath and knocked. When there was no immediate response, she frowned and knocked again.

A grumbled, "Hold on," restored her grin. Then the door swung wide and her heart leapt into her throat.

Keith stood with a white hotel towel draped around his trim middle, his blond hair adorably mussed. He was dry, although the sound of running water told her she'd intercepted him heading for the shower.

*God, I'm one lucky girl.* She let her gaze climb over his muscular form to settle on his blue eyes, which went from half closed to wide open in an instant.

"Olivia..." he said on a whispered breath.

"Surprise!" She laughed and draped her arms around his neck, reveling in the feel of his solid plains against her curves, and then gave him a hard kiss.

His fingers curled around her upper arms.

"Whoever it is, darling, get rid of 'em." The woman's voice coming from the bathroom struck Olivia like a bucket of ice water. "Mmm, hurry. The water's just right."

She pushed away from Keith as shock, pain, and anger warred within her. She latched onto the cold chill that ran up her spine and let it harden her heart. Keeping her face blank, she folded her arms and raised an eyebrow. "While the cat's away, is that it...*darling?*"

Keith took her lead and met her gaze with a poker face. "What are you doing here, Olivia?"

"I should think that's obvious. I decided to start our honeymoon early, but I see you had the same idea. Only you started without me." She slipped under his arm that held the door open. "Who is she?"

"Goddammit." He released the door and grabbed her arm.

She stopped, her gaze slashing to him. "Let. Me. Go." Her voice was flat, void of all emotion, and deadly serious.

"That's your fucking problem, Olivia. You want to control everything. Everyone." But he released her arm. "Leave her alone. She

didn't know about you."

"Since I didn't know about her, either, we should get along fine."

He raked his fingers through his hair, a move she'd previously found appealing. Now, it just pissed her off.

"They said you were an icy bitch," he snapped, "but I never realized how much until now." Looking like a trapped rat, he struck with a ferocious venom that left her spirit in tatters, but she'd be damned if she lost that infamous control in front of him.

As her heart bled, she laughed without an ounce of humor. "You have no idea." Hearing the shower cut off, she pinned him with a hard glare.

"Darling? Where'd you go?" The shower curtain scraped along the rod as the woman pulled it back.

Olivia spun for the bathroom, making him curse again. "Darling will be right there," she said as she slipped off her engagement ring and, with little more than a glance at the woman who yelped when she appeared in the doorway, she tossed her diamond ring in the toilet bowl and flushed.

"What the...? Fuck, Olivia, I'm still paying for that!"

Olivia dodged him as he lunged for the toilet to try and stop the ring from vanishing. She wished the whirlpool would suck him in with it.

"Who...?" The woman held the curtain across her body like a shield. "What...?"

"You can have him. Our wedding's off." With that declaration, Olivia let the last trace of her pride carry her out of the hotel room.

She kept the tears in check until she reached the anonymity of the Madrid sidewalks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dylan Montgomery stepped from his limousine and ordered the driver to circle the block. He wanted—needed—to stretch his legs with a walk in the park after spending hours seated at conference tables, haggling with corporate executives and lawyers.

His proposed plan to expand the family business overseas, with a foothold on both coasts of the United States, was coming together. At least the first phase had been successful. It would still be months, if not a year or more, before he saw his dream become a reality.

He removed his tie and tucked it in a pants pocket, then loosened the top two buttons of his shirt. As he strolled along the paved paths, he inhaled the sweet scent of flowers and freshly mowed grass. The greenery of the city park helped him relax despite the constant hum of heavy traffic in the background.

He'd have to call his brother to let him know how things went, but... He glanced at the Rolex Cellini on his wrist and calculated the time adjustment to Eastern Standard Time. Yes, the call could wait.

A stifled sob and sniffle made him glance around to see a petite woman seated on a park bench, her head held in her hands. Her trim, nylon-encased legs led his gaze up from elegant black heels to a hip-hugging skirt that stopped about midthigh. She wore a jewel-toned burgundy blazer to match the skirt, which broadcast her as a woman of sophisticated taste and elegance, despite her current position. Ebony strands of long straight hair hung like a silken curtain about her bowed face.

*"Perdón, señorita,"* he said, pulling a silk handkerchief from his jacket pocket.

She startled and swept her hair aside to peer at him with aqua eyes as alluring as the Mediterranean Sea. For a moment he could do nothing more than stare into her sorrow-filled gaze.

"May I be of some service?" he asked in Spanish.

"No, thank you," she murmured in slightly accented Spanish.

Her thick lashes lowered to fan across her damp cheeks. She blinked, and another tear trailed down her face.

He lowered himself to the bench beside her and held out the handkerchief.

She studied it for a few seconds then slowly shook her head. "No, thank you," she repeated, her hands fisted in her lap. She rubbed her thumb over her unadorned left ring finger.

He reclined against the back of the bench and silently watched her, although her hair blocked his view of her face.

"I'm not an icy bitch," she blurted out, her fists striking her lap.

Surprised by her sudden change to flawless English, he smiled and said, "Of course you aren't."

Those aqua eyes widened and turned toward him as if she'd totally forgotten his presence, or hadn't realized she'd spoken aloud.

Tilting her face with a finger under her chin, he wiped the tears from her cheeks. "You're a very beautiful woman, and whoever caused these tears is an exceedingly unfortunate and foolish man."

She caught her bottom lip between her teeth, and another tear slipped from her bottom lash.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dylan Montgomery."

Her gaze dropped, her lashes again shielding her tempting eyes. "Olivia."

He let his thumb graze the lush curve of her bottom lip, released her chin, and pocketed his handkerchief. "Olivia, I know this is short notice, but would you do me a kind favor?"

Curiosity shone as she looked up.

"I have reservations at a restaurant, but I dislike eating alone. Would you do me the honor of dining with me?"

She shook her head and glanced away.

"A drink then?"

When she looked up again, her eyes were darker and...suspicious.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Girlfriend?"

He smiled. "No."

In a move so sudden it pulled him off balance, she grabbed his lapels and roughly pressed her lips to his. By the time he recovered enough to respond, she'd already pushed away with an angry murmur.

"God, I'm sorry. I can't do anything right. Maybe I *am* too

controlling, but I don't mean to be." She didn't look at him as she continued to ramble. "I don't want to be. I'm not heartless, you know. I can let go. For once in my life..."

Deciding he'd heard enough, he slipped both hands up to cradle her damp cheeks and turned her face toward him. His lips cut off her self-deprecating chatter in midsentence, his tongue diving inside to claim her honey-sweet mouth.

When her hands started to encircle his neck, he caught her wrists. Her nails scraped over his skin, sending flames of desire scorching through him, before he moved them behind her back and pinned her body against his. He swallowed her moan as he continued the kiss until they were both breathless. His cock throbbed and, surprised by the speed of his own response, he had to pause to regain composure.

His lips hovered over hers as he pulled back just enough to see her closed eyes. He held her wrists gently in one hand, while letting his other fingers lightly stroke the delicate curve of her neck, feeling excitement in her pulse's heavy, erratic beat.

"If you wish to lose control, *mi gatita*, I can show you how."

Her lashes fluttered, unveiling a confused but intrigued haze.

One side of his mouth curved.

"Wh-what do you mean, show me?"

"Let go. Submit. Have you ever played the role of a submissive lover?"

Her look turned to one of uncertainty and skepticism. However, she didn't try to pull away. "No." He felt her tremble but couldn't tell whether it was from fear or arousal. "I don't know y—"

"Trust is a vital part of such play. The submissive relinquishes control, gaining the freedom to truly feel cherished, desired, and pleased. The master is really the one bound, as he must adhere to strict rules to ensure his sub's experience is a memorable one."

She bit her bottom lip, making him want to suck it into his mouth again. "I don't know if I can."

"You already have." He smiled when her gaze shot to his. "I hold you in my arms, your wrists in my hand. Tell me, Olivia..." He let his

fingers slide from her neck to the swell of her breasts barely visible in the V of her blouse. "...how did you feel when I captured them? How do you feel now?"

Her chest rose rapidly as her breath became unsteady. Her pulse pounded under his fingertips, reminding him that despite the blow someone gave her heart, it still beat with a need not unlike his own.

"Excited," she whispered, as if she thought sirens would sound if she made such an admission aloud. "But a little scared, too."

"More excited than afraid, I hope." He kissed the tip of her nose, and she gave him a shaky smile. "You need only to say your safe word, and I'd stop immediately."

"Safe word?"

"*Corazon*," he said, choosing the word *heart* as a reminder to her as well as himself that it, above all else, should be kept safe.

"*Corazon*?"

He released her wrists as soon as she spoke and moved back enough to break all physical contact with her.

Those beautiful eyes met his with surprise, then with understanding.

She rubbed her arms as if the sudden loss of his body heat left her chilled.

"I've never done anything like this before."

"Permit me to enlighten you? My place is—"

"No." She bit her lip. "Some place neutral."

He studied her for a moment, then nodded and said, "You choose."

She named a five-star hotel not far from where they sat. He'd had business clients stay there in the past and knew it well. The knowledge confirmed his suspicions that she was used to a life of some luxuries, if not extravagance. "You have a room there?"

"No. Not anymore..." Her gaze slid away from him, the pain of earlier shadowing her face.

He held out his hand and, after a brief minute of indecision, she took it. He led her back along the path and stopped at the street. When she turned puzzled eyes toward him, he smiled and squeezed her hand, then

grinned as the limousine pulled to a stop a short time later, and her eyes rounded with surprise.

"After you, *mi gatita*." *My kitten*. She reminded him of one. Curious and skittish.

During the quick ride to the hotel and, as they checked in under his name, he continued to hold her hand, tenderly caressing the back with his thumb.

As the elevator rose, he sensed her nerves becoming more jumpy—a speculation confirmed when she flinched at the ding marking their arrival on the appropriate floor.

At the room, he released her hand to slide the keycard in and push open the door. "Do you wish to use your safe word, Olivia?"

She faced him, examining his face for sincerity. He held still, met her gaze, and waited without touching her, allowing her time to determine whether he was worthy of her trust.

After what seemed like an eternity, she shook her head and walked past him into the room. Her poise indicated a woman of class and confidence, yet she continued to rub her arms. He determined to help heal some of the emotional scars left by whoever had hurt her.

He tossed the keycard on the dresser and watched her turn in a circle until she faced him once more.

"It's a nice room," she said with a brief laugh at her attempt at small talk.

"Made more beautiful by your presence."

Her lips parted slightly, her tongue darting out to moisten them.

Instead of touching her, he removed his jacket and tossed it across a nearby chair. His shirt was next. Her gaze followed his hands as he worked free each button and tugged the tails from the waistband.

"Remove your blazer, Olivia." He gave the command softly but with firm authority. He held out his hand to take it from her, but was careful not to contact her skin as she obeyed. "And the blouse."

Her fingers trembled, but again she followed his order. Pale ivory lace covered her breasts, the coral nipples barely visible beneath the seductive design. His cock hardened, but he held himself in check.

As much as he'd like to sink into her hard and fast right now, tonight was not about his pleasures, but hers. She needed nurturing.

Someone had wounded her, shaken her confidence. Such a lovely woman, she'd been dealt a crushing blow by someone who should've supported her, protected her, and cherished her. Loved her. She was a strong woman, but one in need of a comforting, yet firm hand.

"Tonight, you have no worries," he said in a husky murmur. "No concerns, duties, or burdens other than to follow my command. Tonight you're mine to control, to care for...as you deserve to be. Understand?"

She swallowed and then nodded. He smiled at her nervous regard.

"You have your safe word. Should you use it at any time, I'll stop instantly. But until then, I intend to master you, pamper you, and take you higher than you've ever been before."

"Master?"

Aroused adrenaline pumped harder inside him as he heard the word on her lips. He gave her an amused grin. "I like the sound of that."

She laughed, a brief but welcome sound.

"Turn around."

She did, but kept her head turned so she could see him over her shoulder.

"Unfasten your skirt."

When she did, he took her hands and, placing his over hers, pushed the skirt down until it pooled around her feet. The top of her head barely reached his nose. His eyelids drooped as he buried his face in her hair and inhaled her fresh, floral scent.

After planting a kiss to the back of her head, he knelt behind her and slowly stroked her arms. Her breaths came out in light, quick puffs. He tucked his thumbs into her nylons and pulled them down. She wore no panties beneath the pantyhose, which pleased him, though he didn't mention it.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and lift your foot." She hung on as he removed the last remnants of her clothing, along with her shoes.

With a gentle grip on her hips, he turned her to face him as he sat back on his heels, his knees straddling her feet. Her delicate fingers clung



to his bare shoulders, while he let his hands roam over the backs of her thighs and buttocks. Her skin was as soft as rose petals. He wanted to lick every inch of her creamy flesh. A small triangle of onyx curls sheltered the apex of her legs.

A growl rumbled up his throat. Soon, he thought, but not yet.

He stood, his palms resting on the swell of her hips.

*"Béseme, Olivia,"* he ordered with an uncompromising stare at her full lips.

She rose up on tiptoes to comply with his demand for a kiss and pressed those lush, pink lips to his.

He let her lead during the first few seconds, but her subtle, tentative touch was too much of a siren's call for his libido. He took command and thrust his tongue through her lips to raid the hot depths of her mouth. She made a sound of surprise, which he drank in.

His muscles flexed as he fought the urge to press her body against his hard length. He wanted to tumble them onto the bed and power into her. His cock throbbed with the need, but he couldn't, so he tore his mouth from hers and released her hips.

After catching his breath, he said, "Lie back on the bed, puss. In the middle."

With a hint of mischief, she flashed a set of pearly whites. "Yes, Master."

He chuckled at her playful tone, and was silently relieved to see the pain that had etched tiny lines in her brow earlier had disappeared.

When she was in place, he turned off all of the lights except for the bathroom, which he left on to spill through the crack in the doorway and provide a softer, more subtle illumination. Then, returning to the bed, he sat beside her.

She lay watching him with her legs together, her hands, one over the other, across her abdomen.

"You're very lovely." He ran a finger over her collarbone, down past the curve of one breast, to circle the pebbled tip. "Control is mine, puss?"

She nodded.

As he took her hands and raised them over her head, anticipation lit up her eyes. Until he withdrew the silk necktie from his pants pocket and wound it around her wrists.

**Coming Soon from Cobblestone Press, LLC**

**Incognito: Healing Heather**

**By Madison Layle and Anna Leigh Keaton**

With a secret grin for her naughty indulgence, Heather kicked off her sandals and hauled her summer dress over her head. Her bra came off with a quick flip of the front clasp, and she shimmied out of her panties. Casting one more glance over her shoulder, she ran into the ocean and dove through the next wave.

The rush of the cool water over her skin revitalized her. The sound of tiny bubbles and sand rubbing against sand soothed her even more. Her lungs burning, she shot to the surface and gulped in air. Floating on her back, she stared up at the twinkling stars and let out a breath that she felt she'd been holding for weeks.

She could stay here forever, trapped between the peaceful pitch-blackness of space and ocean. Her ears below the water, she felt isolated from everything. Every fear, anger, and hurt she'd ever experienced were vanquished by the steady water lapping against her body, rocking her as if she were a child.

The waves slowly propelled her toward the beach and, when she felt the sandy bottom against her butt, she sat up, wrapped her arms around her knees, and stared out at the distance horizon. So dark was the

night, the ocean looked like a shimmering sea of onyx. Only the soft waves that licked the shore, the little breakers tickling her toes, were as pale as her skin.

“Public nudity is an indictable offense.”

Startled, she bit her lip to stifle the yelp, but didn’t move. And when her heart settled its cadence, she grinned. Somewhere in the back of her mind she’d known—*hoped*—Paul would show up here. She knew he watched her every move. Deep in her heart it thrilled her, even though her mind insisted she should be pissed he’d disturbed her solitary peace and quiet.

Slowly, she rose to her feet and faced him. He was little more than a silhouette against the backlight of her bungalow. “Are you here to arrest me, Detective?”

She felt his gaze as if he’d stroked her, even though she couldn’t see his eyes.

“I could.” He stepped closer, but stayed far enough back that the water didn’t touch his booted feet. “I should.”

She’d told herself to avoid him. Stay away and don’t give in to his dominance. He was too powerful, and her heart would be shattered in the end. But what her logical mind said couldn’t compete with what her heart and body kept yelling at her. Let him in. Let him in.

*Let him in.*

She stepped toward him, each step measured, calculated to emphasize the sway of her hips, the thrust of her breasts. When she was but inches from his big, hard body, she whispered, “You wouldn’t dare.”

He moved like lightning, as she knew he would. No Dom worthy of his title would let such a blatant statement go without punishment. He spun her around and, before she could even suck in a surprised gasp, her hands were cuffed behind her, his arms around her middle, and her wet back was molded against his heated front.

“You have the right to remain silent—”

The cuffs were cold, hard metal. Beneath her fingers was the hot, hard bulge of his cock in his jeans. She tingled from head to toe. “And if I give up that right?”

He turned her again, slower this time, and cupped her face in his big, gentle palms. "Then you must be punished." His voice was as dark as the night. As seductive as the ocean.

Her heart pounded in excitement, her breaths ragged with anticipation. "You don't scare me."

This close she could see the depths of his eyes. They searched hers for a long moment as if asking whether she meant her words. She dropped her gaze from his in a show of respect and gave the slightest nod. She meant it. He didn't frighten her. Not the way he thought. Her fear of him came from the fear of giving her heart away. Of trusting in someone again. Of being hurt emotionally, not physically.

She turned her face to press a kiss into his palm, then leaned forward and touched her lips to his neck, the flesh exposed by the V of his shirt.

He seemed to hesitate, but eventually his arms wrapped around her. He dipped his head for a kiss, but she avoided his lips, sinking lower to his chest, nudging the material aside as far as she could. His hands released her and yanked the shirt over his head in one smooth motion.

"Are you sure, Heather?"

She answered by nipping his hard male nipple, which made him growl and bring them both to their knees.

"You're going to get us both arrested," he chastised, but that didn't stop him from unfastening his pants. Pulling his handgun from his waistband, he set it on the blanket.

She giggled and attacked his neck with more kisses, sucking and licking his skin, enjoying the slightly salty taste and the heady feeling of control he allowed her despite her bound wrists.

When his jeans tangled around his legs, he fell back on his butt, and she tumbled forward on top of him, between his bent knees. With his legs now bound by his own pants and her weight, he gave a bark of laughter and threw up his hands as if in surrender.