



LUST BITES

DOWN
AND DIRTY

DESIREE HOLT

Down and Dirty
by Desiree Holt

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Down and Dirty

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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Dedication

This one's for Michele, queen of the editors, who has the most infinite patience and skill.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Lone Star Beer: Pabst Brewing Company

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Botox: Allergan, Inc.

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Chapter One

Krista North pulled the souvenir bandana from the pocket of her jeans shorts and used it to blot the perspiration gathering on her cheeks and neck. Damn, it was hot. Not even the faintest of breezes stirred the leaves of the giant oaks surrounding the party area or the crepe myrtles standing guard in their rock beds.

She didn't think she'd ever seen so many people jammed into one space at the same time, even though the space was huge. At the bar. At the barbecue buffet table. Seated at the round tables that had been set up. Or just jammed together in clusters claiming whatever space they could find. And all of them seemed to be talking at the same time, at a fever pitch loud enough to be heard over the band playing off to one side.

Leaning against a tree at the edge of the crowd, she let her eyes travel to the horizon. The Lone Eagle Ranch stretched as far as she could see. Lynn had told her it was more than fifty thousand acres, one of the five largest in the state, and ran an enormous herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle. Besides the ranch, the owner, Clint Brody, had invested his money in real estate, electronics and an oil recovery firm. The chatter on the street was that whatever he touched made money.

She had yet to meet the man himself. She'd seen photos of him in the newspaper, usually with some gorgeous female on his arm, sometimes two. He smacked of arrogance,

although he'd probably earned the right. He was also, at least in black and white, the sexiest man she'd ever seen. She wouldn't mind having him star in a few of her sexual fantasies. Of course, her chances of meeting him in this unruly mob scene were slim to none.

Krista tilted the bottle of Lone Star beer in her hand and took a long, refreshing sip, wondering how the hell she'd ever let herself be talked into coming here to begin with. Oh, yes. Lynn. Her new self-appointed social director.

"Come on," she'd urged, waving the invitation in front of Krista's face. "I don't want to go alone, and you can't spend your life cooped up in your apartment."

"Where's Scott?"

Lynn and Scott lived in the apartment just below hers. Except for work hours, she seldom saw one without the other.

"Taking care of family business in Montana." She heaved a sigh of exasperation.

Krista's eyebrows lifted. "On Labour Day weekend?"

"Yeah. He was ready to leave for the airport when they had a huge storm. The roads are washed out. Can you believe it? Everyone in Texas wants to go to Clint Brody's annual bash and poor Scott is stuck in the boonies."

"Just how *did* you get the invite?"

"Our firm handles the web site for the ranch so we all get to spend one day a year pretending we live up there with the rich folks. Scott insisted I go, and I refuse to show up solo." Lynn put on her poor-me face. "Come on, sweetie. You've been here five months and you've hardly met *anyone*."

True, but for good reason. She'd had enough of people in her other life, especially Douglas who'd freaked out when she'd wanted to spice up their sex life. No, she was better off at home with her prized collection of toys and her fantasies.

Yet, here she was, wearing one of the ridiculous straw cowboy hats every guest had received on the way in, drinking beer which she normally hated and trying to convince herself she was having a good time. Maybe if she finally met a real cowboy, it would be worth the outing. Tall, dark, and sinfully deadly, a man who knew how to turn a woman inside out. Ride her like the sleek horses tossing their heads in the nearby corral.

Sighing at the knowledge that fantasy was probably all she'd ever get with him, she turned to dispose of her beer bottle only to have a woman bump into her and splash a drink on her halter top and shorts.

"Oh, Ah'm so sorry," the woman said, in the phoniest Texas drawl Krista had ever heard. She pulled a hankie from the cleavage of her denim halter top and began patting at Krista with it.

"It's all right." Krista pushed the woman's hand away as nicely as she could. "No problem. I'll take care of it."

She forced her way through the throng of people, heading for the sliding glass door that she figured had to lead to some place where she could clean up. She opened one door just enough to let herself through and found herself in a huge, darkened room with richly panelled walls and an enormous fireplace crawling up one wall. Letting her eyes adjust to the change from bright sunlight, she searched for some place

where she could repair the damage from the drink and spotted a bar against one wall. Sure enough, it had a sink with hot and cold water.

Setting her hat on the bar, she slid behind it and turned on both faucets. Wetting her hands, she splashed water everywhere the drink had landed.

"I've got what people tell me is the biggest shower in the world. It would probably do a better job than that."

The voice was rich as sin and warm as melted chocolate. Krista's head snapped up, and she nearly melted into a puddle at what she saw. Six foot five of the most mouth-watering male she'd ever seen. Thick, curly black hair crowned a face that the word 'rugged' was made for. Lashes equally as dark shaded eyes of smoky silver. A thin cotton plaid shirt and soft jeans barely concealed the hard musculature of his body. Crisp dark hair peeked out where the shirt was open at the neck, and the rolled-up sleeves revealed arms with well defined muscles that didn't come from any gym. As her eyes automatically swept over his body, they strayed to his crotch where an impressive bulge pushed against his fly.

"Would you like a closer look?" There was amusement in his tone.

Krista felt heat rise in her face. Was it possible for the floor to open and swallow her?

"Sorry. I'm just..." She wildly looked around for paper towels or a cloth or something to wipe herself with. Remembering the bandana, she pulled it out and began blotting herself.

"Here. Let me."

He was so close to her now that she felt as if he surrounded her. The heat of him, the male scent, clogged her senses. A smart woman would probably move or push him away. Actually run from the room. Except her feet seemed glued to the floor. Here he was, right in front of her, the type man who starred in all her darkest fantasies. She wondered if he noticed her suddenly hardened nipples poking against the thin fabric of her top or the way she squeezed her legs together to still the throbbing that beat in her pussy like a jungle drum on adrenaline.

He took the bandana from her unresisting hand then gently wiped the places she'd splashed water on herself.

"I saw Sue Ellen splash that drink on you," he went on in that melting voice, "and figured you'd come in here to clean up. Thought I should come introduce myself since you're a guest in my home and we hadn't met before."

One large hand was clasped around her upper arm, holding her steady, while the other one continue to pat and wipe.

"I'm Clint Brody, host of the three ring circus going on out there."

"I-I know," she stammered.

He stopped wiping and tilted up her chin with two broad fingers. "Now you're supposed to tell me who you are. That's the way it goes."

"Krista." She swallowed. God, this man was truly larger than life. "Krista North."

"You must be new in town," he commented. "I promise you, if you'd lived in San Antonio more than five minutes I'd know about it."

"Six months," she whispered, drowning in his eyes. "I moved here six months ago."

"And this is the first time I'm laying eyes on you? I must be losing my touch, then. Well, Krista North." He went back to easing the bandana over her throat and into the hollow where her pulse beat madly. "Welcome to Lone Eagle. Allow me to show you some good old-fashioned Texas hospitality."

His hands came up to cup her face as his head bent and his mouth covered hers. His hands set up tingles in the skin of her cheeks and the touch of his lips sent sparks of sensation showering through her. Her breasts suddenly felt full and moisture flooded the crotch of her thong. He nibbled at her lower lip, teasing at it, tugging it between his teeth. Krista clutched his wrists, unable to do more than hang on and hope she didn't fall. When she opened her mouth on a sigh, his tongue moved inside without hesitation, brushing every interior surface, the tip of his tongue tracing lines against the roof of her mouth.

His body moved fractionally against her, enough that his legs bracketed hers and the hardness of his cock pushed at her through his jeans. Heat consumed her, the walls of her pussy vibrated and she couldn't have pushed him away to save herself.

When he lifted his head, she was dazed and breathless, her eyes held captive by those unusual silver ones, now

darkening to a stormy grey. His tongue swiped lightly across her mouth.

"I think we need to take this somewhere a little more private. Don't you?"

Her brain seemed to have taken a vacation. "Wait. I don't ... I can't ... You can't..."

"Oh, yes we can, darlin'. Just hold on." Sliding his arm around her to hold her close to his side, he moved them effortlessly around a corner just as she heard the glass door slide open again. Clint fished a small black rectangle out of one pocket and pressed a button on it. "Hardy, you out there?"

The sounds of the party crackled at them from the instrument. "Holding the fort. Where you at, boss man?"

"Taking care of a little business. Keep those animals off my ass for a while, will you? Flash your pearly whites at 'em and crack open the rest of the bourbon."

"Okay," the voice came back. "Just make sure you're out here when it's time for the little speech you always make."

"No sweat." He shoved what was obviously a two-way radio back in his pocket and lifted Krista easily in his arms.

The sensible thing, Krista knew, would be to push him away, take care of cleaning up alone and find Lynn. Yes, that would be the sensible thing. But Krista wasn't in the mood for sensible. Clint Brody was every wet dream come true, every sinful man in her fantasies, dropped into her life by circumstance. No, she wasn't about to run away from this.

"I'm taking you away from your guests," she protested in a feeble voice.

His smile was slow and the look in his eyes was ravenous. For her. "Hell, they won't even miss me as long as the bar keeps going. Now, let's see. Where were we? Oh, yeah. I was suggesting you might want to take a shower, wash all that sticky alcohol off your skin."

Krista's heart pounded as he carried her down a long hallway and into the biggest bedroom she'd ever seen. He kicked the door shut with his booted foot and set Krista on her feet. His hands went to the knot of her halter at her neck.

"Now, let's unwrap the present and see what the gods have sent me."

She was lost in his eyes and his touch, this man who could easily be the central character of her fantasies. Her halter top fell away from her body and his big hands cupped her breasts, gently squeezing them.

"Jesus. You have the most gorgeous breasts in the world. And your nipples. What a beautiful shade of rose. I love that they're hard already." He bent his head and lightly bit each one in turn.

Krista moaned and arched into him. His tongue licked each place his teeth had touched, and his warm breath blew over the wetness. Again she clutched at him, steadying herself.

"I could suck these all day, darlin', only I want to see the rest of my present."

God, his voice was like a narcotic, slithering over her like molasses. She heard the snick as he opened the snap on her shorts and the rasp of the zipper being lowered. Then his hands hooked in the waistband and drew down the shorts and thong in one swift movement. He bent, lifting her again,

brushing off her shorts and shoes off with an impatient gesture as he carried her to the bed and laid her on the edge.

She made no protest when he knelt in front of her and arranged her legs over his shoulders, giving him free access to her cunt. Someone seemed to have taken over her body and dropped her into one of her fantasies.

"What a pretty pink cunt," he murmured, his thumbs stroking her labia, then opening her wide to his gaze. "And already so nice and wet. And that tiny little clit, trying to hide from me. We'll have to do something about that."

His pushed back the hood covering her clit, already throbbing in its demand for attention, and pinched it between thumb and forefinger, tugging on it.

Her hips arched off the bed. "Oh, God," she hissed.

"Like that, do you, darlin'? I think you'll like this even better."

He moved his head, and his tongue traced every inch of her slit, his tongue first flicking at her clit then tracing the seam of flesh from the bundle of nerves down to the opening of her vagina. When his tongue probed into that opening, she tried to squeeze her thighs together but his shoulders prevented her. Her pussy demanded something to fill its clutching walls, and he was teasing her.

"You taste so sweet." His voice hummed against her flesh. "Like strawberries and ice cream. You know, maybe we'll try that after a while."

After a while? How long did he think she was staying here? In the next moment, when he slid two fingers inside her cunt,

she didn't care. Pushing her hips forward, she silently urged him to penetrate her more, give her more. Fill her more.

"You have the most responsive body, darlin'. Jesus. How did I get so lucky today?"

A third finger joined the other two. Then he captured her clit with his mouth, and as his fingers plunged in and out of her slick channel, her body began to clench, the rising wave of an orgasm moving through her so fast it stunned her. In seconds, she convulsed, the walls of her vagina clamping down on his fingers as her liquid cream poured from her. He never let up on his dual assault on clit and pussy until the spasms died down and he eased her through the aftershocks.

At last, he shifted her legs from his shoulders and lowered them slowly to the floor, reaching forward to slide his hands beneath her and pull her towards him.

"That was gorgeous," he told her. "Watching you come like that made me so hard I don't know if I can walk. I think we need to do something about that, don't you?"

Krista drew in deeps breaths, trying to find some measure of control in the situation. How had this happened? One minute she was washing a drink off her clothes and the next she was naked with a man who made her hot enough to self-ignite.

"Um, don't you have to, you know, do your hosting duties and all? Smiling and shaking hands with all those people out there?"

He laughed, and the sound set up a flutter low in her tummy. "As long as there's plenty of booze and plenty of food

and they can all pretend how important they are, they won't miss me a minute. Let's go take a shower."

"But..." She started to offer a mild protest. "You don't even know me."

He grinned, and a dimple winked at one corner of his mouth. "I think we're taking care of that right now, aren't we?"

Oh, yes. Let's definitely take care of this. Thank you, Sue Ellen or whoever the hell you are, for spilling that drink on me.

By then, they were in the bathroom, as massively proportioned as the bedroom and a symphony of marble and glass and gold. Clint set her on her feet then reached into the shower to turn on the faucets. Jets of water sprayed from tiny heads set into the walls at a variety of heights and angles. He toed off his boots then stripped off his clothes and tossed them over a bench against one wall.

Krista couldn't help the gasp that exploded from her mouth.

Ohmigod! Ohmigod!

The man was finely tuned acres of tanned skin, muscles rippling when he moved, dark curls spreading across his chest and arrowing down past his navel to a thick nest that cradled the most enormous erection she'd ever seen. Not even in her fantasies had she imagined a cock this magnificent, bobbing at her in its splendour. The broad head flared out over a curl of flesh, blending with the thick, pulsing shaft wound with a rosy vein.

She couldn't help herself. She reached out a hand and wrapped her fingers around it, testing its hardness, feeling the soft velvet of the covering skin. Her thumb, almost with a mind of its own, rubbed lightly across the broad, flat, darkened head, brushing the slit and spreading the drops of opalescent fluid already collecting there. Krista was no stranger to men's cocks, but this one surely took the prize for Best in Show.

Ohmigod! Ohmigod.

Her vaginal muscles spasmed, and her own cream trickled down her thigh at the thought of this enormous penis filling her cunt.

Clint's stomach muscles contracted at her touch, and his hips shifted towards her.

"Like that, darlin'? Because I sure do. Right now, the only thing I'd like more than fucking you is watching you jack me off. I can't even decide which I want to do first." He removed her hand and linked his fingers with hers. "Come on. Let's get into the shower and see what develops."

As if in a fog, Krista let him pull her into the shower with him. She couldn't take her eyes off his body, especially that demanding erection and the heavy sac beneath it that rested on his muscular thighs.

Clint adjusted the intensity of the spray so it was a mist, a soft warm rain kissing their skin and wetting them down.

He looked down at her with heat flashing in his eyes. When he saw where her gaze was fixed, he chuckled, a low, throaty sound. "My turn first. Let's make sure we've got all of that sticky drink off of you first, darlin'."

He reached for a bottle of liquid soap. Pouring some into one hand and rubbing both hands together to form a thick lather, he started with her shoulders, smoothing the bubbles over her skin as if he was petting a cat. Soft, slow, gentle strokes. Her shoulders, the column of her neck, the ridge of her collarbones and the hollows above them. She thought she would die of anticipation before he finally let his fingers glide to her breasts. Even then he touched only the upper slope, skating his fingers back and forth over the plump swelling.

Krista clenched her hands into fists waiting for him to reach her nipples, and then ... Ah! There he was. Circling them with a feather-light touch. Unable to stop herself, she moved her hands to cup her breasts and lift them like an offering, willing him to hurry.

His smoky grey eyes captured hers, holding them as if pulled by a magnet. There was just a hint of humour flashing in them with all that heat. "In a hurry, darlin'? I like to take my time. Don't you?"

"Yes. No." She blinked her eyes. "I don't know."

"Is this what you want?" he whispered, pinching her nipples between thumb and forefinger. "Do you like it hard, Krista? Like this?"

He increased the pressure, and she moaned in response.

"I have something I'll bet you'd love" He massaged the lather into the hardened buds, the husky tone of his voice seducing her. "Have you ever worn nipple clamps? No? Oh, darlin', your nipples were just made for them. I can't wait to pull and suck on them until those luscious nubs are swelled like ripe berries, slip them in between those thin gold bars

and tighten them down. Then I can lick and nibble on them to my heart's content."

"Oh. Oh, yes."

She wanted to close her eyes as the streaks of pleasure raced from her nipples to her pussy, only his gaze mesmerised her, locking her eyes with his.

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Chapter Two

Clint poured more liquid soap into his hands, working it into a lather again.

"Look up at me, Krista," he commanded as his hands touched her hips.

She raised her eyes and watched his lips descend on hers. His tongue thrust into her mouth at once, sweeping every inch of it, drinking from it was if it was a pitcher of water and he was a man dying of thirst. His kisses were erotically sensual and sent streaks of heat to her hardened nipples and her quivering pussy. His tongue thrust in and out, suggesting to her what his body wanted to do, and as she clung to his arms for balance, his hands moved across the plane of her tummy and massaged the lather into the nest of curls covering her mound.

"You trim," he murmured against her mouth.

Trim? Oh, yeah. Trim.

"Y-yes. I do."

"Before the next time I see you, I want you waxed. I'll make the appointment. I like a naked cunt. There's so much more you can do with it."

Next time? Appointment?

Krista had the feeling things were spinning rapidly out of control. This was a man who decided what he wanted and just made it happen. Before she could gather her scattered thoughts, Clint had lifted her to the shower bench built along one wall of the massive enclosure and nudged her legs apart.

She had to brace her hands on his wide shoulders for balance. His soap-slicked fingers brushed lightly over her clitoris that peeked out from its protective hood.

When he slid two fingers into her pulsing vagina, her muscles clamped down on him at once, sucking his fingers into her deep.

"God, that's what I love to feel." His voice was thick with lust. "Such a tight little pussy. I'll bet you'll make my cock burn, darlin'."

He wrapped an arm around her neck and took her mouth again, his tongue thrusting in and out to mimic the motion of his fingers in her cunt. Krista thought she would melt into nothing on the floor. His fingers were wicked and knowing, finding the sweet spot in vagina with unerring accuracy and tilting her towards the top of that seemingly unattainable cliff. His thumb pressed against her clit, abrading it as a third finger slipped inside her.

A hot coil of need tightening low in her belly, sparks of fire shooting through her body. She pushed her breasts against the hard wall of his chest, rubbing them against the curls of wet hair, wishing she was wearing the nipple clips he'd told her about. Every pulse in her body kicked into overdrive and she rocked harder against his hand. Clint's touch was like tiny flames scorching the inside of her pussy. The calluses rasping against her sensitive inner walls only served to heighten her arousal.

"Hey, Clint. You in here?"

Clint's hand stilled at the sound of a deep male voice. Krista opened her eyes, still riding his hand, wondering what

was happening, her body too aroused and hungry to shut down at the sound of the strange voice.

Clint pressed his thumb hard against her clit and stretched his fingers inside her vagina. "Stay with me, babe," he whispered." Then he raised his voice. "Shane? What the hell are you doing inside? Can't a man have any privacy?"

Booted footsteps sounded on the marble floor, then the shower door slid open. Krista, lost in a fog of need, half-opened her eyelids to see a grinning tanned face topped by sun-streaked blond hair peering in at them with eyes a startling shade of green. She could barely make out his features, concentrating as she was on Clint's clever fingers playing with her cunt and his thumb doing sinful things to her clit.

Was he going to join them, whoever he was? Her heart thumped against her ribs as the level of her desire increased. A dark thrill raced along her spine and made her vaginal walls flutter even harder. One of her fantasies had always been a ménage, with two men paying excellent attention to her body and satisfying her every need. Her every whim. She'd never shared that particular desire with anyone, not even Lynn, for fear of their reaction. But at night, alone, when she pulled out her darkest wishes, this was always at the top of the list.

So she kept thrusting her hips against Clint's hand and rolled her eyes lazily towards the newcomer.

"Well." Shane's lips turned up in a seductive smile. "I can see why you're in here and not out in that mob scene with your guests."

"Something I can do for you, or are you going to give a man some privacy?" Clint continued manipulating his fingers inside Krista's hot channel, his other hand now cupping one plump breast.

"I came to let you know I was leaving, but I think I've changed my mind now that I see the treat you're hogging all to yourself. How about an introduction?"

Clint's hand tightened possessively on Krista's breast, the skin prickling under his touch. She wished he'd squeeze it just a little harder. "Shane Cordell, meet Krista North. I'm just giving her my version of an official welcome to Texas."

"How about letting me join you? I got pretty hot out there in the sun." His eyes raked over Krista's body. "This shower looks pretty good right about now."

Clint shrugged, his hands still busy. "Up to the lady." He put his mouth next to Krista's ear. "We can make you feel twice as good, honey."

Krista couldn't find enough saliva in her mouth to make her tongue work so she just nodded.

Clint turned his head. "The lady says come on in."

In seconds, Shane had toed off his boots, tossed his clothes to the side and stepped into the shower. "Are you just going to stand there and finger fuck her while my tongue hangs out?" he asked Clint. "Or do I get to play, too."

"I'm working on the front. You can have the back."

He lifted Krista from the bench, moving his hands from her cunt and her breast just long enough to set her on her feet. She moaned at the absence of his fingers. That fall from the cliff hung just beyond her reach, and she strained hard for it.

"Hold on, darlin'," Clint breathed. "Let's back down a little and give Shane a chance to catch up."

Hold on? Hold on? Was he crazy?

She needed to come so badly she was almost reduced to begging, nearly crying with pleasure when Clint seated himself on the bench and slid his fingers back inside her. In a moment, she felt Shane's hands rubbing the cooling lather of the liquid soap over her shoulders and down her arms. His fingers did a little dance down the length of her back, pausing at each bump on her spine to rub and massage. She waited for the feel of his hand in the cleft of her buttocks, but instead he knelt on the water-slick tile and wrapped his fingers around her ankles, sliding them gently up to caress her calves and her thighs. His thumbs smoothed the insides of her thighs, the tops of them barely touching the bottom edge of her swollen labia and the curve of her buttocks.

She moaned and tried to wiggle her hips to tell him what she wanted, only Clint had her impaled on his fingers, his other hand rhythmically compressing her breast again. At last, when she thought she'd have to shout what she wanted, Shane's soapy fingers slide into the cleft of her buttocks. As he brushed lightly over the delicate sphincter there, the muscles of her pussy clenched hard around Clint's fingers.

"I think we hit a hot spot," Clint said in his low, sexy voice. "Maybe you better explore that a little further."

Shane worked more soap into her cleft, his lean fingers caressing the separation of her buttocks with an experienced touch. He continued the feather-light passes over the tight ring of her anus several times, just skimming it, no more.

Each time he did, Krista felt her inner muscles grip down harder and the nerves in her clit scream for attention.

The coordination of their movements, of the measured pace, made it obvious the two men had done this before. Often. Clint would thrust his fingers into her tight pussy as Shane massaged the puckered skin of her anus. When Shane backed off and moved his hand to the cheeks of her ass, Clint slowed his movements and let his thumb just skip lightly over the tip of her clit. She was drowning in sexual hunger, desperate for some kind of release, but they seemed determined to make her hang on the edge as long as possible.

Then Shane's hands separated the cheeks of her ass with one hand and he pressed the soapy tip of one finger against her anus, pushing, pushing, until it slipped in past the outer muscle into the heat of her dark channel.

Oh God that feels good.

How often had she fantasised about this, read about it in the erotic books she devoured, craved the feel of it. Even with this tiny insertion the reality was far better than the fantasy. Dark need raced through her, a need demanding greater penetration. She wanted it all. Pushing back slightly, she tried to urge him silently to push his finger in further. But he merely twirled it around, moving it in only up to the first knuckle. Teasing her.

"More." She didn't even realise the word had escaped her lips.

Shane put his mouth close to her ear. "You want it deeper, darlin'? You want it all the way in?"

"Yes," she cried, rocking her hips. "More."

Shane worked his finger in until it was all the way to the bottom knuckle. Krista felt a low curl of dark desire unwinding through her and tried to imagine what it would be like to feel his cock in there.

"You're tight, darlin'," Shane crooned. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?"

Biting her lip, she shook her head.

"Well, we'll have to take care of that, won't we, Clint."

"That's a promise." Clint touched his mouth to hers. "You ready to come, sweet thing?"

She nodded, straining to reach for it. Clint increased the pace of his fingers in her pussy while his thumb flicked back and forth across her clit. Shane slid a second finger into her ass, scissoring them to stretch the hot tissues. He worked them in and out of that tight hole while one of his arms came around to her front. His fingers grasped one of her nipples while Clint's took the other. As if some silent signal passed between them, they both pinched down, hard, and Krista's orgasm rolled over her with the force of a cyclone.

She clung to Clint's shoulders and leaned back against Shane as her body shuddered with each spasm and every muscle clenched in desperation. Her womb clenched, her vagina clenched, the muscles in her tummy clenched like taut elastic bands. Her juices flooded from her, mixing with the slick liquid of the soap and coating Clint's fingers. Two sets of fingers continued to pinch and tug at her deliciously painful nipples and Shane never stopped his stretching of her rectum.

At last, she fell forward, Shane slipping his fingers from her rear and Clint sliding his from her cunt as he caught her with his arms and pulled her against his chest.

"Have a good ride, darlin'?" he asked in a low voice.

"Mmm," was all she could say.

"We need to pump a little refreshment into you and give you some energy," he chuckled. "Shane, dry off that big body of yours and get us some glasses and that pitcher of Bloody Marys out of the fridge in my bedroom. I didn't know when I stuck it in there I'd be sharing it with such sweet company."

Clint's penis was so hard he was sure he could hammer spikes with it. Krista's small, soft fingers wrapped around it earlier had aroused him so he'd had to grit his teeth to maintain some semblance of control.

He'd spotted her almost as soon as she arrived at his annual circus of a party. In her simple denim shorts and halter top, with the souvenir cowboy hat perched on her thick mass of dark hair, she stood out among all the artificial women who peopled his life. There was an aura of innocent sensuality about her that made his mouth water.

She was brand new or he would have known who she was, and he'd hoped she hadn't come with some asshole he'd have to beat up and chase away. He'd kept his eye on her even as he moved through the crowd, exchanging bullshit with everyone. When he'd seen that bitch Sue Ellen Clawson spill her drink on the girl who'd then gone into the house to clean herself off, he'd slipped away from his guests and followed her inside. He had become so jaded in his life—too much

booze, too many women, too much time chasing the biggest deal.

Now Fate had dropped this sweet treat into his lap, and he wasn't about to let her get away.

Playing with her in the shower had been a bigger turn-on than he'd had in a long time. She was incredible. Smooth, lightly tanned skin on a body that he wanted to suck every inch of—high breasts with firm rosy nipples that swelled in his fingers when he pinched them. God, he couldn't wait to get those nipple clamps on them. A slightly rounded tummy that sloped down to the sweetest cunt. He couldn't wait to take her to get it waxed so he could lap every naked inch of it. It sure had felt hot and tight inside that slick, slick channel.

Her thick tumble of dark brown curls framed a face with kissable lips, and clear hazel eyes with thick, chocolate lashes. He couldn't believe she tasted as sweet as she looked. Her cream was tastier than the finest confection.

She was as different from his usual women as night and day. For too long he'd played the game, hanging eye candy on his arm that looked good for his image but were as artificial as their breasts. Eager in bed but far too practised for his taste anymore. It took a little of the starch out of it when you knew you could do anything you wanted to a woman because she saw all the dollar signs and publicity next to your name.

He'd built his empire the hard way, with sweat and savvy, starting with the first little ranch he'd bought with a loan from his late uncle. No one had handed him a thing, and now when he had it all, everyone wanted to be his friend.

Krista North was a rarity in his world, her sweetness so obvious he wanted to wrap her up and lock her in his closet so she'd be untouched by all the fakery around him. Something had clicked between the two of them the minute he laid eyes on her, and he wasn't about to let her get away.

Down deep, he knew this was one woman he wasn't going to send home with a driver and a dozen roses and wipe from his memory bank. Having Shane show up the way he had was startling, but the two of them had been sharing women for a long time. Part of him resented the intrusion and part of him wanted to see just how far Krista would let herself be pushed. He was probably getting ahead of himself here, but if this turned into something more than a hot afternoon, he wanted a woman who wasn't afraid to push the sexual envelope and embrace almost anything.

Well, he'd see. He'd definitely see. But that scene in the shower had almost made him come with touching himself. Feeling her climax in his hand, watching Shane fingering her ass had turned him on so he knew he'd have to be inside her soon.

He'd almost told Shane to take a hike, that this one wasn't for sharing. Then that built-in protector he depended on to save him, to keep him from getting too involved with anyone, made him keep his mouth shut. He hadn't remained single and un-rope'd all these years by letting his cock lead him around. Still...

Swallowing a sigh, he dried both of them with the thick towels he preferred, picked up her unresisting body and carried her into the bedroom. Shane had already pulled the

covers to the foot of his oversized king bed and poured their drinks. Clint set Krista down in the centre of the mattress, placed a soft kiss on her lips and handed her a frosty drink.

"Here's to a great afternoon and evening." He touched his glass to hers.

Her eyes widened. "Afternoon? Evening?" Those clear hazel eyes stared at him. "I came here with a friend. I think right about now she's wondering if I've been kidnapped or fallen down an old well."

"A friend?" That was easily fixed. "Who drove?"

"S-she did. She was the one with the invitation and knew how to get here."

Clint laughed. "Darlin', everyone knows how to get here. Okay, what's her name?"

"Lynn. Lynn Richmond."

Clint asked for a description, then found his pants, pulled out his miniature radio and pressed the button on it.

"Hardy?"

"I'm here, boss. The natives are getting restless out here."

Clint made a face. "Start the rodeo a little early. That ought to keep them occupied. Listen, I want you to find someone for me." He gave the man Lynn's description.

"What do you want done with her? Shall I bring her to the house?"

Clint laughed. "Hell, no. I want you to go in my den and get one of those special gifts we give people. You know, the bracelet or watch or something like that. You pick. Thank her for bringing her friend here today and tell her Krista will be getting home on her own."

There was a short silence, and Clint could almost hear the wheels turning in Hardy's brain.

"You mean to tell me you stuck me with all these idiots out here while you're in there fucking your balls off with some sweet young thing?"

"Hardy, you have a dirty mind."

"But usually accurate. Okay, I'll take care of things out here. Over and out."

Clint tossed the radio onto the night stand. "Now, we don't have to worry about interruptions." He sat down on the bed next to Krista and opened the drawer in his nightstand.

"Krista, you ever use toys on yourself? Tease yourself a little?"

He saw a blush creep over her and smothered a laugh. Inexperienced but very eager. God.

"S-sometimes."

She turned her gaze to him, and in her eyes, he saw a flame of desire that almost took his breath away. Okay, then.

"Good. I've got some here I thought might make things interesting. You okay with that?"

She sipped at her drink and nodded.

"Finish your drink, then, while I get some things together."

If possible, his cock was even harder as images of what he and Shane would share with her flashed through his mind. He opened the drawer in his nightstand, took out what he wanted and placed them within easy reach. When Krista's glass was empty, he kissed her thoroughly, nodding to Shane. His friend moved onto the bed on the other side and began nibbling at Krista's neck and shoulder.

Clint stroked his hand idly over Krista's hip and down her leg, his senses jumping at the silken feel of her skin beneath his touch and the way desire flared in her eyes.

"You know we want to fuck you in the ass, sweet thing, but I don't want to hurt you. I want it to be pleasurable for you. So we're going to help things along. Okay?"

She nodded, the flame in her eyes dancing higher.

He turned her over and pulled her up to her knees, shoving a pillow beneath her stomach, pressing kisses the length of her spine. Her skin was like spun sugar beneath his lips, and he couldn't help remembering the taste of her flavour, her intimate juices, as he'd licked his fingers after making her come.

"I'm going to put a butt plug in your ass, darlin'." He placed a kiss on each globe of her ass, nipping lightly then soothing with his tongue. "This will help get you ready for us. Just close your eyes and take deep, slow breaths. I promise not to hurt you. Not ever."

He picked up the plug and lube he'd taken from the drawer and motioned to Shane to help him. When Shane's big hands pulled the cheeks of Krista's ass apart and began massaging the flesh a stab of jealousy cut at him, Then his eyes focused on the tiny, rosy opening winking at him he nearly lost it again, jealousy forgotten. God, this women didn't even know it but she was turning him inside out. He couldn't help himself. He had to lean down and place a soft kiss on that sensitive spot.

Krista jumped slightly beneath his touch, but the clenching of her muscles told him how arousing it was to her.

Squeezing an inch of the lube on one finger he rubbed it lightly over the ring of muscle, working it into the tight opening. Beneath his touch and Shane's, Krista pushed back and squeezed her thighs together. Clint nudged her thighs apart and dipped his finger into her slit, feeling the cream gathering, lubricating her pussy. He gathered some of the slick juice and rubbed it on her anus, mixing it with the lube, pushing it just inside the opening.

Her moan of pleasure made his cock throb even more.

Shane continued to massage the firm muscles of Krista's ass while Clint added additional lube to his finger and worked on the muscles of her anus, feeling the flesh soften under his touch. Slowly he worked one finger inside her feeling the clench of the hot tunnel against his skin. When he felt he'd spread enough of the lubricating gel inside, that penetration would be easy, he lifted the plug, covered it in the same gel, and pressed it against the hot opening.

Krista jerked at first, but Shane kept soothing her with his hands.

"Just relax," Clint told her. "Take deep breaths and push back easily."

His mouth curled in a grin of satisfaction when she took a deep breath, let it out and did as he asked. As he slid the plug in slowly with one hand, he slipped the fingers of the other into her hot, liquid cunt. God. Fucking her with his fingers made new sensations course through his body. He couldn't wait to get his cock in there, feel those hot, wet muscles clamp around him.

The only thing he could imagine being better than that was when he finally fucked her ass. His balls tightened and electricity shot through his spine just thinking of it.

"Hey, buddy." Shane's voice held a hint of humour. "Remember me? I'm over here waiting to join the party."

Clint gave himself a mental shake. "No problem. The party's about to start."

He just hoped he wouldn't regret it.

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Chapter Three

Hands moved the pillow from beneath her and rolled her over. Krista felt every inch of the plug in her ass, a feeling at once both filling and arousing. She was sure her pussy was dripping wet by now. Certainly Clint, with the brief glide of his fingers inside her, knew the same thing.

She felt the bed dip beside her, glanced to her left and saw Shane stretched out next to her. In a moment, Clint was lying on the other side of her, and two different hands reached up to cup her breasts. Fingers pinched and tugged on her nipples, pulling them and squeezing them until streaks of heat raced from their tips to her body.

Clint reach over and handed something to Shane, then leaned down and placed his mouth on Krista's giving her another of his all-consuming kisses. As his tongue swept across her inner cheeks and the roof of her mouth, Shane's drew a line along the shell of her ear, then pressed his tongue inside. Shivers raced along her spine and the walls of her pussy quivered.

Which one would fuck her first? Whose cock would she feel first inside her hungry vagina? Who would be the first to fuck her in the ass? She nearly climaxed just thinking about it. When she'd let Lynn talk her into coming to this party today, never did she think she'd fall into an erotic whirlpool and be able to make her fantasies come true.

Clint lifted his mouth from hers and lowered it to take a nipple between his teeth as Shane did the same on her other

side. She moaned as two sets of teeth scraped the sensitive flesh, two tongues licked and tasted.

"Close your eyes," Clint murmured in a husky voice.

Krista closed them obediently, and at once, felt warm metal against her swollen nipples. When she opened her eyes to look, Clint kissed each of them closed.

"No peeking." He put his mouth close to her ear.

"Remember those nipple clamps I told you about? They're going to look gorgeous on you."

Thin pieces of metal touched the top and bottom of her nipples. In a moment she felt the bars moving, compressing her flesh, squeezing, constricting.

"We're tightening them now," Shane told her, his hands as busy as Clint's. "Your nipples are so beautiful when they swell up like this. Little pinch, gorgeous. A tiny bite of pain to raise the edge of pleasure."

That's exactly what it was—a streak of pleasure/pain. At first, she opened her mouth to protest, but then she realised the sting of pain aroused her even more. Tongues licked the tips of the nipples, then bodies shifted on the bed.

"Open your eyes now, darlin'."

She looked up to see Clint kneeling beside her, his throbbing cock barely an inch from her mouth. She moved her hand up and wrapped her fingers around its thickness, loving the velvet feel of it. A tiny drop of pearl-like liquid beaded at the slit and she moved her head to swipe it with her tongue. Against her, Clint shuddered, so she did it again.

She reached out her other hand to find Shane, wondering how his penis would feel compared to Clint's, but he wasn't

there. Then she felt hands brushing the insides of her thighs, thumbs barely touching her curls covering the entrance to her sex, and she knew where Shane had moved to. She thrust her hips at him, each time she moved more aware of the plug filling her ass.

"Go on, darlin', "Clint urged her. "I've got great recovery time, and I don't want to go off too quickly when I'm inside you. Besides, I can't wait to feel those sexy lips around me and that delicate little mouth pulling at me."

Driven by sexual urges she hadn't even realised she had, Krista turned her head enough to slide her lips over the head of his cock. Clint braced himself with one hand and placed the other over her smaller one, easing the length of him into her wet, willing mouth. One inch at a time, he slid into her, his clasp tightening as her teeth gently scraped the skin covering the rigid shaft and dragged over the satiny head.

Krista hollowed her cheeks, sucking at him, pulling him inside further and further, tilting her head back to allow more of him to slide down her throat. When she'd taken it all she tightened her lips around him and sucked in earnest, her hand under his stroking up and down the hard penis.

Concentrating on Clint as she was, she was startled to feel Shane's hands lift her legs, bend them at the knees and press back on them with his forearms. Fingers spread her labia, and in a moment, his tongue swept the length of her slit, a living flame sparking nerves every place it touched.

"Delicious." Shane's voice was muffled, but there was no mistaking the lust. "God, Clint, she tastes like ambrosia. Her

juices are fit for the gods. Where did you find this tasty little package?"

"Fate dropped her into my lap," Clint answered, his voice uneven as Krista sucked harder on him. "But I don't think I'm giving her back."

Krista's heart stuttered, and a swarm of butterflies danced in her stomach. She didn't want to analyse what Clint had just said and disappoint herself. Anyway, at the moment her mind wasn't at its sharpest, focused as it was in the cock in her mouth and the tongue in her pussy.

Shane bent to his task again, his tongue busy thrusting in and out of her wet channel and flicking against the tip of her clit. Each time his tongue reached further inside, curling to capture her cream, his fingers holding her cunt wide open to give him better access. Krista pushed her hips as him, her inner muscles pulling at his marauding tongue as she worked her tongue and her mouth around Clint's pulsing cock.

The muscles in her tummy clenched as the need built inside her, waves of heat washing over her, every nerve sparking, the pulsing of her womb growing stronger. As she felt herself lifted towards an invisible peak, she shifted her hand on Clint's penis and reached down to cup his sac, rolling his balls in her fingers as she sucked him harder into her mouth.

They came at the same time, bodies shaking, Clint's hands clutching her head as he pulled it hard against his body. His hot fluid spurted in thick jets on her tongue, sliding down the back of her throat. She swallowed the semen, her throat muscles working convulsively. Her hips pushed against

Shane's wicked tongue, her inner muscles clamping down on it as her thighs squeezed his head. Spasms gripped her, and her cunt pulsed again and again, racking her body. Shane continued to lick and suck until the last aftershock died away.

Clint drew in a deep breath, let it out slowly and slipped his penis from Krista's mouth. As she swallowed the last of his cum, he leaned down and kissed her, gently this time, brushing her damp hair away from her face then cupping her cheeks.

"Open your eyes, darlin'." His voice soothed her raw nerves.

She lifted suddenly heavy eyelids and looked up into his silver eyes, now a stormy, dark grey. She reached up to his chest, felt his heart beating as fast as hers. "Hi," was all she could manage.

His lips turned up in a crooked grin. "That's some sweet mouth you've got."

"And some sweet pussy." Shane moved from between her thighs and crawled up next to her. "That is the most delicious cunt I've tasted in a long time, sweet thing."

He flicked at one nipple, engorged from the pressure of the clamp. A streak of pain shot through her breast and down towards her womb, replaced at once by such a rush of pleasure it made her dizzy. When she looked up at Clint, she saw knowledge and heat in his eyes.

"Surprise you? Shock you?"

She shook her head, running the tip of her tongue over her lips to wet them. Shane was brushing his thumb over each nipple in turn.

"F-fantasies," she managed, blushing at the admission.

A warm chuckle rumbled up from Clint's throat, and he exchanged a glance with Shane. "Fantasies, huh? Looks like this is my lucky day all around." He took her mouth in another devouring kiss. When she could think, Krista realised he hadn't allowed Shane the opportunity for *him* to kiss her and wondered briefly about that.

As if he read her mind, Clint bent to her ear and whispered, "Kissing's personal. I'm keeping that for myself."

He moved back as Shane crawled up until he was bracketing her with his thighs as he knelt over her. He very large cock bobbed at her. It wasn't as large as Clint's but Krista didn't think it would take a backseat to anyone else. She reached out a finger and traced the swollen vein wrapped around it, then caressed the plum-coloured, broad head.

"Like that, sweet thing?" Shane flashed her a grin. "Let's have a little fun with it."

He reached for the tube of lubricant Clint had left on the bed, squeezed some onto his palm and rubbed it onto his thick erection until the swollen rod glistened. Tossing the tube onto the night stand, he leaned forward and placed his palms on either side of her breasts. The moment he touched her, she felt the pleasure/pain again, and the pressure of his body on hers brought back the awareness of the plug in her ass.

"Sweet," he said again, his breathing rough and his eyes heated.

He pressed the mounds of her breasts until they compressed his cock like the walls of her pussy, then began to rock back and forth, fucking her breasts. Krista's breath

hitched as the pleasure/pain in her breasts increased, accelerated by the pressure of Shane's hands. His eyes, locked with hers, had turned almost black, just a hint of green in the fire that flashed in them. His face was flushed with lust, his breathing uneven.

"Has anyone ever fucked these stunning, mouth-watering breasts before? No? I can't wait to see my cum all over them, bathing you in my liquid."

Krista reached a hand up to touch the darkening head, but Shane shook his head. "Uh, uh, sweet thing. You just watch me. Maybe Clint will have a little treat for you to keep you occupied."

A treat? What kind of treat?

She was vaguely aware of Clint moving beside the bed, heard the sound of something being moved. Then there he was, between her legs, bending them so her feet were flat on the bed, his fingers warm around her ankles as he moved them further apart.

"You just concentrate on Shane and let me pleasure you, darlin'. You can tell me how you like my little toy."

Toy?

She was so absorbed in Shane's cock working between her breasts and the dancing pricks of pain in her nipples she couldn't make her mind work to wonder what he had in mind. Hazily, she felt his hands caressing her labia, stroking down from her vaginal opening to where the plug was lodged in her ass and back again. Brushing teasingly over her clit. A light humming barely penetrated her consciousness before she felt something cool and firm against the soft tissues of her cunt.

A vibrator!

The toy moved up and down her labia, tracing a line and setting her nerves to buzzing before settling for a brief moment on her sensitised clit. Her hips bucked at the contact, nearly dislodging Shane who caught his balance and constricted her breasts more tightly.

Inside me! she wanted to scream. *I want you to put it inside me!*

But Clint was a pure devil, playing, teasing her, touching the toy to every part of her now dripping flesh. He moved it up and down the length of her slit, then to the sensitive skin just above her anus. Then up and down along her inner lips. She kept trying to move her hips, but Shane had adjusted his body and had her firmly pinned in place.

Her blood felt as if it boiled, and her body no longer felt as if it belonged to her. She struggled for release, but it floated frustratingly out of reach.

The pattern of Shane's breathing increased, and his movements accelerated, his cock rubbing against the inside slopes of her breasts, his fingers pinching her swollen nipples where they peeked between the bars of the clamps. She was being assaulted by so many sensations she couldn't separate one from the other.

"Get ready. sweet thing," Shane panted. "I'm coming any second now. Clint?"

"All set here, buddy."

Clint slipped the vibrator into her waiting channel and turned it on high, mimicking the motions of Shane's body while his thumb tormented the swollen bud at the top of her

sex. That was all it took. As Shane's cream spurted onto her breasts and her neck, as his body shuddered over hers, the vibrator pushed her past the flash point and a huge orgasm tore through her.

It seemed forever before the aftershocks subsided, before Shane rolled to her side dragging air into his lungs, and she slumped boneless into the softness of the bed.

* * * *

They'd carried her into the shower and bathed her as if she was a baby, removing the nipple clamps and suckling the tormented buds until the bite of pain eased. Clint had eased the plug from her ass, and as they soaped and rinsed her, they paid special attention to her cunt and her rectum, slipping fingers in and out, teasing at the flesh, their touch a promise of things to come.

Dried and wrapped in a fluffy towel, she sat on Clint's lap in the big chair in the bedroom while Shane lounged on the bed. The pitcher of Bloody Marys was nearly empty. Krista felt as if every muscle and bone in her body had turned to soft cotton.

"Doing okay, darlin'?" Clint nuzzled her ear, his breath like a soft breeze, and nipped at the column of her neck. The hand not holding a drink had eased beneath the towel and his fingers were busy playing with the soft curls at the top of her mound and sliding his finger along her inner lips.

"Mm hmm." She leaned her head against his shoulder. If anyone had told her that morning that she'd be having spectacular sex with Clint Brody and his friend she'd have told

them they were crazy. It still seemed so unreal to her that apparently the lucky sex fairy had decided to make her fantasies come true. And drained as she was, the thought of Clint's cock in her ass, maybe while Shane's was in her cunt, made cream flood her vagina and a tiny pulse begin to throb deep in her womb.

Clint set down his empty glass and bent his head to her mouth just as his radio squawked at him.

"Son of a bitch." He picked up the small black box lying on the table beside his chair and pressed a button. "Yeah, Hardy? What the hell is it?"

"Hey, don't blame me, boss. This is *your* party. You need to make an appearance. Everyone's looking for you, and I'm having to strong arm half the women to keep them from searching the house."

"You keep those females out of here," he growled. "Give me ten minutes, and I'll be out there, but it's just a grip and grin, then it's all yours again."

They could all hear Hardy's chuckle. "Whatever you say, big man."

"You can't just walk out on your party, can you?" Krista asked as he slipped her off his lap.

"Clint Brody can do anything he wants," Shane laughed. "Just ask him."

Clint was busy grabbing fresh clothes and putting them on. "Hell, there's no one out there I want to spend more than two seconds with, anyway. I'll give 'em my big thank you for coming speech. Then Hardy can take it back from there."

Krista looked up at him. "You have to go back to the party?"

He stopped in the middle of buttoning his shirt, leaned down and kissed her hard, thrusting his tongue inside her mouth, tasting every inch of her and leaving no doubt that he wasn't happy about what he had to do.

"I'll be back before you even know I'm gone, darlin'. Promise. I still haven't gotten to the best part, where you feel my cock inside you. So just hang on." He sat down to pull on his boots then looked at Shane. "I'm leaving you here with my woman, buddy, but hands off until I get back. You hear?"

Shane lifted one eyebrow, a faint shadow of disbelief crossing his face. "Since when are you making rules and restrictions, cowboy?"

"Since I said so." He jammed his Stetson on his head, heading for the door. "Not one finger on her, you hear me, Cordell? And you know I mean what I say. See you in a few."

The bedroom door slammed behind him. Shane stared at the door, and Krista stared at him. She swallowed the last of her drink and set the glass down on the table next to Clint's empty one. Curling herself back into the chair, she tried to figure out what she was supposed to do next.

"Well, hell." Shane rolled off the bed, found his boxers and pulled them on. "That's a new one on me."

"Is he always like that?" Krista asked.

"Not even for a second. Clint has a use 'em and lose 'em philosophy about women. He's never possessive and always open about sharing. You'd be amazed at how many..." He stopped himself. "Never mind. That's not important. But I've

never seen him act this possessive about a woman in all the years I've known him. And baby doll, that's a lot of years."

Krista tried to force back the tiny thrill washing through her. Had she really had that kind of effect on the legendary Clint Brody? Simple Krista North who couldn't compete on her best day with his usual brand of female? She'd been thrilled to death that he'd even noticed her and was helping her fulfil her secret fantasies. Even more important, he seemed to have hung a sign on her that said "Mine. Keep Away."

"I have to say I'm stunned," she said at last.

Shane laughed. "No more than me, sweet thing. No more than me."

"So, what do we do now?"

He went to the built-in fridge and took out another pitcher of drinks. "I'd say we have ourselves a drink and wait." He refilled her glass then placed a very chaste kiss on her forehead. "Maybe you could tell me the story of your life."

* * * *

Clint finally managed to extricate himself from the last group of partiers, flashing his million dollar smile at them, kissing the women and shaking hands with the men. He'd given them the speech they'd all come to hear, all about how great they were then declared the bar open until the last person rolled out. Now he gave Hardy the signal that meant *Get me out of here and take over.*

Right on cue Hardy stepped up beside him. "Clint would stay here and party with y'all forever, but unfortunately

business calls. He's got a mighty important deal to take care of."

"Oh, Clint." The fake blonde at his right pouted with her Botoxed lips and batted her false eyelashes at him. "But I've hardly had a chance to see you today. Can't that nasty business wait."

"Sorry, Lula Ann." Hardy took Clint firmly by the arm and moved him away. "Not today, sweetheart."

The minute they were inside the house Clint swept his hat off and tossed it onto the bar.

"Lock that damn door," he told Hardy, "and use your key to go in and out the front. The ranch house is off limits for the rest of the day and evening."

Hardy's eyes widened a fraction. "Whatever you've got going, boss, it's certainly got its teeth into you."

"And she doesn't even know it. Thanks for everything, Hardy. Don't look for me until tomorrow." He shook hands with Hardy and strode off to the bedroom.

If that damn Shane has been helping himself to the goodies, he'll be walking around without balls. She's mine. Period.

Whoa! Where did that come from? Women are disposable, right?

Not this one, and I'm damned if I know why.

The feeling frightened him a little. At forty-one, Clint had lived a hard life and lived it by his own rules. He'd made up his mind early on that no one—man or woman—would put a bridle and bit on him. Life was a banquet to be sampled

constantly, and he'd worked too hard to get what he had to let someone get their hooks into it.

But Krista North was definitely a horse of a different colour. At her most elemental, in the heated throes of passionate sex, an underlying goodness shone through. Something that said this was a woman who would fill the empty spaces in his heart without putting a choke hold on him. He wanted the chance to find out if it was a damn good act or if she was the real goods.

He banged open the door to his bedroom, itchy about what he'd find there, but Krista was still curled up in the chair where he'd left her, and Shane was sitting on the bed in his boxers, legs crossed at the ankles, a fresh drink in his hand. His eyes studied each of them for telltale signs of secrecy and found none. He swallowed his sigh of relief, along with the twinge of guilt that he'd mistrusted his best friend and this woman who had been nothing but completely open with him. But this thing with Krista, so unexpected, was brand new so he was still feeling his way, more used to the double-dealing men and conniving women he usually spent time with.

"I'm all yours now, darlin'," he told Krista, brushing his lips against hers. "Now let's see. Where were we? Oh, yeah. First I've got to get out of these clothes.

* * * *

Krista closed her eyes and let sensations wash over her. It seemed Clint had hardly walked back into the room before the three of them were back on the bed together, everyone bare-assed naked. Her legs were spread wide, each one

clamped in place by a powerful set of legs. Two mouths suckled at her breasts and tongued her nipples. Two hands stroked her pussy and played with her clit, slowly and steadily, as if they had all the time in the world. Her pulses leapt to life in every one of her erogenous zones. If the two men hadn't been holding her in place, she'd have tried with her body movements to urge them to hurry.

"More," she moaned, barely recognising her voice as expert fingers strummed her sex. She wanted them inside of her. One of them. Both of them. "Please, I need ... I need..."

"Need what, darlin'?" Clint asked, lifting his mouth from one throbbing nipple.

"I need ... you. Inside me." Her juices were trickling from her vagina and down towards her buttocks.

"Soon, sweet Krista. Very soon. I want to make sure you're good and ready for us." His tongue licked the tip of her nipple, then traced the outline of her mouth.

Shane had moved his lips to the spot on her neck behind her ear and was licking it with the lightest touch.

Both tongues set her nerves to dancing. Her stomach clenched, and she squeezed the inner walls of her cunt, trying to appease the demanding flutter. She felt Shane shift beside her, his leg moving away from hers. In the next moment Clint was kneeling between her thighs, his hands widening them and lifting them, and Shane's cock was bobbing at her lips.

"Get me ready, sugar plum," Shane told her in a heated voice, his cheekbones stained with the flush of lust. "I want to feel those sweet lips wrapped around my cock and that hot little mouth sucking on it."

Breathing heavily, Krista wrapped one small hand around the thick shaft and guided it to her lips, opened her mouth and rubbed the velvety head over her lips. Her tongue teased the end, probing the slit and curling around the sweet/salty taste she drew from it.

Shane groaned, his hips jerking as she pulled on the length of him, her other hand cupping his balls, her fingers sweeping across the fine hair covering his sac. Her fingers moved rhythmically on him, grasping and release in time with her movements. Her teeth scraped lightly over the surface and the ropy vein that encircled his cock pulsed heavily.

Clint's finger stroked her slit, spreading her natural lubrication on her inner lips with a feathery touch that was like magic. Her empty cunt fluttered, seeking fulfilment. Seeking satisfaction.

Seeking someone's cock inside. Now!

But Clint was in no hurry. His fingers toyed with her until she wanted to scream, but when he filled her, it was with his tongue. He matched each unhurried thrust into her hot wetness with the movements of her hand and mouth on Shane's penis. He moved the fingers of one hand lower and rubbed her copious juices into the tight sphincter in the cleft of her buttocks.

She clenched against his touch, heat blossoming everywhere and a dark spiral of need unwinding from deep inside her.

Please, Clint. Don't make me beg.

She couldn't say the words because her mouth was filled with Shane's thick cock, but they boomed in her head so loud,

she thought he'd surely hear them. When Shane suddenly pried her fingers from his shaft and pulled away from her mouth, she thought, *Now? Will it happen now? Will it be one of them or both of them?*

Shane swung his leg to the side so he was no longer astride her and Clint kissed his way up to her mouth. She tasted herself on his lips, a flavour so erotic it aroused her even more, if that was possible.

"Get ready for the ride of your life, darlin'," he murmured against her mouth. He wrapped his strong arms around her and lifted her so she leaned against him.

"I am so very ready, sweet thing." Shane was now lying flat on his back where Krista had been, slowly rubbing his cock.

Clint turned her around so she straddled Shane and slowly helped her to lower herself on the rigid, protruding shaft. His fingers found her clit, massaging it until she was nearly mindless with need, plunging down on Shane with all the force she could manage. His large, warm hands came up to cup her breasts, thumbs rasping over her hardened nipples.

"I loved seeing these tasty buds in the nipple clamps, sweet thing," he breathed, his eyes dark with desire. "I could suck on them all day."

Every time he swept over the pebbled surfaces, her womb tightened in response.

His hands moved down over her ribs, fingers dancing at her waist until they came to rest on her hips.

"Move forward, Krista. Lean forward towards me."

Her mind hazy with growing lust, she did as he asked just as she felt Clint behind her, pressing her down until she was lying on Shane's chest, his fine hair tickling her erotically. When Clint's hands slipped into the crevice between the cheeks of her ass and one finger rubbed the thick lubricating gel onto her anus, she tightened around Shane's cock, bringing a groan from his lips.

"Jesus, Clint. She's killing me here. Hurry, man."

"Just getting her ready," he said in his slow, hot voice.

"The last thing I want to do is cause her unnecessary pain so dig deep for that famous control of yours, you hear?"

"Control, shit. That went out the window the minute I touched this exquisite female."

Clint forcibly tamped down on the flare of jealousy that surged through him. Clint Brody jealous? What the hell was happening to him? How had an afternoon of fun and games managed to penetrate the wall he'd built around himself. Nothing could erase the fact that Krista North touched him in ways no other woman had. He knew nothing about her, who she was, where she'd come from, what her life was like. Somehow, it didn't matter. He had to admit he was hooked, and everything else was just details to work out later.

He hoped Shane enjoyed this last little episode here, because it was the last time he'd ever get his hands on this woman.

Using great care, Clint spread the cheeks of the luscious ass in front of him with one hand. The other was wrapped around his cock as he pressed it against the rosy brown flesh

of her anus. Krista sucked in a breath the moment the head of his shaft pushed into her.

"Breathe, darlin'," he crooned. "Take a deep breath and let it out slowly. That's it. Now another one. Good girl. Okay, again."

With each breath she exhaled, he pushed into her a little further, until his cock was completely within her tight, hot rectum. He thought he'd have a heart attack, the feeling was so good. He'd fucked many women in the ass. More than he wanted to admit, if he was honest. But this! This was like being a virgin all over again. This was mind-blowing and soul-searing.

"Okay, darlin'?" His voice was ragged. Uneven.

Krista nodded, clutching at Shane.

"All right, baby. Here we go."

In the coordinated rhythm they'd used so many times before, he and Shane began to stroke their cocks in and out of her. In, out, in, out. Clint had to grit his teeth to keep from coming too quickly. He wanted this ride to last.

Krista couldn't breathe. Her heart hammered so hard against her ribs she thought it would break through, and her blood roared in her ears. This was her ultimate fantasy. Two cocks fucking her at the same time, her body so full she didn't think she had any empty spaces. Shane gripped her hips and soon she was riding him in a steady cadence, up and down, up and down, as Clint's cock moved in and out of her ass.

As she settled into the pace of movement, Shane's hands moved to her nipples, again, pinching them just enough to bring the anticipated bite of pain. Clint held her waist with

one hand as he rammed home time after time, his other busy rubbing and pulling on her clit.

Krista closed her eyes and bright colours swirled behind the closed lids, dancing against the nothingness of black velvet. Everything in her was concentrated on the nerves in her cunt and her ass, and the plane of pleasure they were driving her towards. The erotic dance went on for so long she lost track of everything but myriad erotic sensations bombarding her and the intensity in her body rising up and up to consume her. Hands, cocks, all focused on bringing her the ultimate satisfaction. She felt herself being pushed higher and higher. As if with some invisible signal, Shane pinched hard on her nipples just as Clint did the same to her clit, and she was tipped past the flashpoint, her orgasm shaking her like a giant fist.

She felt the hot streams of semen jetting into her pussy and her rectum. With each pulse of thick cum, her own juices released, and her muscles in both channels clamped down on the cocks throbbing inside. Her body had a mind of its own, riding and clutching, barely finished with one orgasm before she was thrown into another and yet another. They were relentless with her, demanding, and her body responded beyond any capability she'd dreamed she had. On and on until there was nothing left, until the last muscle had tightened and released, until breathing was a near impossibility, and she fell forward onto Shane's chest.

There was no sound in the room except the uneven tempo of their ragged breathing and the faint whisper of the ceiling fan overhead, cooling their sweat-slicked skin. Krista felt her

heart bumping against Shane's as Clint's beat an erratic rhythm against her back.

At last, when the final pulse had subsided, the last drop of semen pumped, the last flood of hot cream from Krista's pussy had bathed Shane's cock, they began the interesting job of untangling themselves. Clint slipped his cock from Krista's ass with infinite care, rocked back on his heels, and with his strong hands lifted her from Shane's body. He wrapped his arms around her, cocooning her, resting her on his thighs as he feathered kisses over her cheeks and neck and whispered words of erotic satisfaction to her.

Finally, groaning just slightly, he manoeuvred himself off the bed, still holding Krista in his arms, and strode towards the bathroom.

"Shane, you can use the one across the hall," he called over his shoulder. "Just get a robe out of my closet. No one's in the house, anyway."

In Krista's mind, the message was very clear. Triple-play-time was over. Clint Brody was staking his claim.

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Chapter Four

When they came out of the shower, Shane was waiting in the bedroom fully dressed, wet hair combed, and smiling at them.

"I'm going to take my well-used body home and have a good long drink of bourbon," he grinned. Then, despite the glowering look on Clint's face, he placed his mouth on Krista's and gave her a soul-searing kiss. "You take care, sweet thing. If this guy gives you a hard time, I'll be there waiting."

"You'll have a damn long wait," Clint growled.

Shane touched his forehead in a mock salute and made himself scarce.

Clint deposited Krista's boneless body on the bed, covered her with the quilt and kissed her hard, as if trying to erase the imprint of Shane's mouth.

"I'm going to do a walk around, darlin'. Check with Hardy, make sure we got rid of all the stragglers. Why don't you take a little nap?" He grinned. "I'm sure you can use it. We worked you pretty hard today."

"Mmm," she hummed, snuggling into the pillows. "'Kay."

She was asleep before he left the room.

* * * *

The last of the partygoers had finally left, escorted to their vehicles by the ultra-polite security Clint had hired. The caterers were efficiently packing away and cleaning up the last remnants of the revelry and Hardy had managed with his

usual skill to send off the more than slightly drunken women who were sure Clint was waiting for them in the house.

"What the hell am I going to do?" Clint asked Hardy as the two of them stood in the stables.

Hardy chuckled. He and Clint had been more than friends since the day Clint had hired him to be his good right hand. Their friendship was one that had nothing to do with jobs or money. "I'd say you've got your nuts in a vice, old pal. I've never seen you this twisted up about someone before. Especially a woman you met just a few hours ago."

"Yeah." Clint kicked at a piece of straw on the floor. "I know. I didn't even see it coming. Did you get the information I asked for?"

Hardy pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket. He was a man who could get any information on anyone on any given day of the week. "Not much there. She's been here six months after a bad relationship with what appears to be a real asshole. Everything's there. Her job, where she lives. All of it."

Clint studied it for a moment, then crumbled it in a ball and tossed it in a nearby trash can. "Damn it, she's almost too good to be true."

"Well, you've been kind of wearing yourself out on women these last few years. And you and Shane play all these games, thinking that's the only game in town. But the calendar doesn't stop. Maybe this is some kind of wakeup call."

"You know I'm terrified of relationships." This was something he never discussed with anyone but Hardy. The

hell that was his parents' marriage had soured him forever. But Krista ... God, she was like a fresh breeze blowing into all the hurt places and dusting off his emotions.

"I'd say at forty it's time to stop being afraid. Protect yourself financially, if that's worrying you, but otherwise go with it. As savvy as you are, you'll know in a heartbeat if she's just another piece of trash, and you can dump her."

Clint let out a heavy sigh. "Yeah. I guess you're right. I already told Shane playtime's over."

"Then you'd best get your ass in the house and take care of business."

* * * *

"Mmm."

Krista was dreaming. In her dreams, two gorgeous men were fucking her, plundering all of her orifices, pushing her into one orgasm after another. Hands caressed her, plucked at her nipples and her clit while tongues lapped her freely flowing juices. Then the two men morphed into one, and she saw only Clint's face. Clint holding her. Clint kissing her, trailing his hands over her body, touching all her secret places. Clint's fingers moving in a low rhythm inside her pussy while his thumb rasped across that hard bundle of nerves at the top of her slit.

"Mmm," she moaned again, like a satisfied cat.

But something was different. Something had changed. Her eyes flew open and there was Clint, in bed with her, naked, his hands exactly where she'd dreamed they were.

"Your poor little pussy is so swollen we need to give it a chance to recover." His low voice rumbled in her ear, setting off little threads of sensation. "Thing is, though, I can't seem to keep my hands off of you."

"S okay," she murmured and arched into his touch.

"Krista? Darlin'?"

"Mm hmm?" She slowly moved her hips in time to the pace of his fingers.

"We have to talk."

A bucket of cold water couldn't have brought her back to reality more quickly. So this was it. The big kiss-off. She knew all about his reputation, even if she hadn't lived here this long. Why did she think his words to Shane had meant this was something different for him?

Dumb again, Krista.

She shoved Clint's hand away and pushed away from him on the bed. With a supreme effort, she gathered her dignity around her like a cloak.

"You don't have to say anything." She made her voice cordial but cool. "I understand perfectly. You and Shane got to play your little games, and I got to live out my fantasies. We all won today, right?"

"No, that's not—"

"But playtime's over, and you don't owe me a thing." She barrelled right along, ignoring him. "I have no intention of clinging to you like some of those pathetic creatures I see with you in the newspapers. I enjoyed myself, and I want to thank you very much for everything, but I—"

Her words were cut off by a kiss that stole her breath, a kiss that bruised her lips and sucked at her mouth.

"Shut up," he said when he lifted his head. "Just shut up and listen to me because I had to work up my courage to say this."

"Courage?" She raised an eyebrow. "I can't believe—"

Another kiss to keep her quiet.

"This will take all night if you don't hush and let me finish." He lifted one of her hands in his and linked their fingers.

"Today was a revelation to me. A real wakeup call. I had my eye on you the minute you set foot on the ranch, and I knew something was different. Something special was about to happen. I just wondered if after all these years I'd have the guts to move forward."

"Clint, I'm a big girl. You don't have to make up fancy stories for me. I never thought I'd have a chance to live out my fantasies the way I did today, and I thank you for that. But you don't owe me anything." She gave him a weak grin. "Except maybe a ride home."

"Am I going to have to tape your mouth shut to finish?" He kissed her again. "What I'm *trying* to say is, I'd like to take this a little further, if you're interested. You know, get to know each other better. Spend some time together." *In bed*, his wicked eyes telegraphed.

Krista couldn't breathe. Was he serious? Spend time with the unattainable, gorgeous, mouth-watering Clint Brody? Be a part of his life?

"I'm not like the other women you ... date," she said in a slow voice. "I'm not even in their class."

He wrapped his arms around her and gathered her to his chest. "No, darlin'. You're in a class by yourself. And that's what I like." He swallowed hard. "Some things I have to tell you. I'm tired of running. I want to be put up in the stable and have a hot mare in the stall with me. I won't share you, so if that's not acceptable, tell me now. And you'll have more sex that you've ever had in your life because I know I'll want you twenty-four-seven." He brushed her hair away from her face. "The sex is great, Krista. I want to fuck you every way possible and then some. We'll try things you never thought possible even in your wildest fantasies. But for the first time in my life, I want more than that. What about you?"

She stared up at him for a long time, her powers of concentration slightly disturbed by his busy fingers that had gone back to work toying with her cunt and her clit.

"Okay," she said at last, needing to lay out her own feelings here. "You'll have to tell me exactly what you mean, what you're saying, because this is brand new for me, and I have some ground rules of my own."

A ghost of a grin crossed his face. "I wouldn't have expected anything less."

"I have a job. I like it. Don't try to 'fix' one for me because you think it would look better to your friends."

"It's your job, darlin'."

"Don't try to buy me. I like nice gifts once in a while, but truthfully, I'm not for sale."

"I didn't think so," he told her in a soft voice.

"You're a powerful man, Clint Brody. I don't want you to try and swallow me up."

The grin again. "Yes, ma'am. Is that it?"

She bit her bottom lip. "I think so."

"Okay, here are Clint's rules. You move in here so we can see how we do living together. When I take you places, everyone will know you're someone special in my life not a high society whore. If I want to buy you a present, it doesn't mean I'm paying for your sexual favours. Okay?"

She thought a minute, her heart pounding so at this unusual turn of events she had to force herself to think straight. Then she nodded. "We'll give it a try."

The smile he gave her was a slow, million-watt sizzler that made her tingle all over.

"Then I think we need to seal the deal."

She was already so wet from his words and his fingers that he was able to slide into her with one powerful stroke, the head of his cock touching her womb. Her cunt muscles, sore and swollen as they were, still gripped down on him at once. She wrapped her legs around his muscular ass to pull him closer.

He sucked her nipples, grazing them with his teeth as he told her he liked to do, all the while moving his hips in a steady roll and thrust. They rocked together, the pressure building, the need consuming them.

"Now," he groaned, as if unable to wait for her a moment longer.

As he exploded inside her, her own orgasm hit, her liquid heat bathing his cock, the rough hair on his chest abrading her breasts. The spasms went on and on until they were both

depleted and spent, and Clint collapsed on her, holding his weight on his forearms.

He placed his mouth close to her ear, and whispered one word. "*Mine.*"

From somewhere, Krista found the strength to nod. "Yours."

They fell asleep that way, his shaft buried deep in her body, her muscles locking him in place, sealed together in perfect harmony.

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About Desiree Holt

I always wanted adventure and change in my life, and I certainly got it. I grew up in Maine, a beautiful place to live, then lived in the Midwest and Florida. Now I make my home in the Hill Country of Texas, truly God's chosen place on earth. My husband, David, is a sixth generation Texan, tracing his roots here back to the time when Texas was a Republic, so retiring here was a dream we finally fulfilled.

I've had a lot of firsts in my life—first female sports report on The Michigan Daily at the University of Michigan; first woman to own a rock and roll agency in Detroit, the home of Motown; first woman president of the Pasco (Florida) Economic Development Council.

I graduated from the University of Michigan with a double major in English and History, and a minor in Economics, and went on to have at least four careers. When my children were small, I satisfied my need for writing by working for weekly newspapers. I had a wild and wacky time managing rock and roll bands. I joined the insanity of retail with a string of shoe stores. I worked in fundraising, public affairs and community relations. But writing fiction was always my dream. I had a lot of stops and starts, but it wasn't until we retired that I could devote myself to it full time.

My wonderful husband, David, encourages me and supports me in my dream. Our children are all grown and on their own, and are my biggest fans.

Down and Dirty
by Desiree Holt

When I'm not writing I'm an avid reader—anything and everything—and watching football, especially my beloved Michigan Wolverines. David and I golf and target shoot, and of course enjoy life in the gorgeous Texas Hill Country, where most of my stories are based.

I am a member of Romance Writers of America, and San Antonio Romance Authors, Diamond State Romance Authors, and Passionate Ink chapter of RWA.

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