



We Can Move You

Summerz Alan

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by Summer Alan

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Dedication

"We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act, but a habit." Aristotle

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Chapter One

Josie McDonald walked to the telephone table in her apartment and yanked the phone book out of the drawer. Flipping through the pages toward the yellow onion skin in the back, she sought a cheap, reputable, but most importantly *quick* moving company. She'd wasted enough of her life here, and when she'd stormed out of her office today almost in tears, she'd promised herself that she wouldn't waste another moment.

Stopping at the bank on the way home, she'd cashed in her last paycheck and taken every penny out of her bank account. She had no intention of explaining to the bank personnel why she was leaving their illustrious establishment. None of this was their fault, and she couldn't take it out on them. She had no one to blame but herself. She'd struggled to hold back tears of anger and frustration, but the teller's questions about service, operating hours, and the convenience of online banking had pushed her to the brink.

She'd barely gotten out of that building without grabbing one of those pens on a chain and shoving it into the woman's ear.

But she had gotten out and driven her car straight home. She knew what she had to do now, had in fact known it the moment Jack had spoken. She had to get drunk, she had to hire a moving company to come over here and box up all of this crap, and she had to leave.

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She had never been so furious and humiliated in her entire life as she'd been when she left her office today. Okay, so she shouldn't have been dating the boss. That was stupid and painfully apparent—she could admit that to herself now. But, when he'd announced his *engagement* to his assistant this afternoon, that had been the final straw.

She'd had no idea he was dating someone else. How many of them had known all this time that he was dating his assistant, and not a single one of them had told her? Did anyone in that place actually expect her to come in tomorrow morning and deal with customers and invoices as if nothing had happened? Well, they could kiss her ass.

With any luck, every one of them would choke on that pickled ham they pushed on an unsuspecting public.

Running her trembling fingers down the listings in the phone book, she came across exactly what she was looking for: *We Can Move You, Inc.* The ad stated they were bonded, had set rates, and were quick. *Perfect.*

She wouldn't spend a fortune to box up her meager belongings, and she wouldn't have to do it alone. The idea of going from room to room, placing all of her personal items into cardboard cubes as she tried to quell her rage and mortification ... *no way*. With any luck, she could get a couple of guys going on this pile of crap and be out of here within a few hours.

"*We Can Move You*. When can we help?"

"I want to move out today. Can you be over here in the next 15 minutes?"

The man chuckled, the sound deep and resonant. "Sure, I guess we can. Where's the fire?"

She quickly gave him the address. "I don't want to wait another minute. Will you come right now?"

"Sure thing, ma'am. Alec, fire up the racecar! We've got an emergency!"

"This is not a joke," she said, tossing the phone book onto the coffee table. "Are you making fun of me?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not. We'll be there within fifteen minutes. What's your name?"

"Josie McDonald." She hung up the phone without waiting for him to say another word. What else was there to say? Let them fire up whatever truck or racecar or even horse and buggy they could find, as long as they got here immediately and got this junk packed up and out.

Not twelve minutes later according to her wristwatch, she stared between the open curtains of the front window and saw a large paneled truck pull into the parking lot. Two men climbed out, and she was suddenly glad she was alone. Her audible gasp would have startled anyone else in the room.

Where in the world had those two gorgeous guys come from? *Oh man, and they're coming in here!* She spun on her heel and looked around at the incredible mess in the living room. A stack of newspapers was spread across the coffee table, shoes and pantyhose were lying on the floor, books were scattered around the room.... The place was a catastrophe.

She ran around the room picking up items and shoving them out of sight, carrying items back and forth to throw into

closets and hide under furniture. *It's ridiculous to clean up for moving men* her logical mind insisted, but her body kept moving.

A knocking sound startled her, and she spun back to see both men in front of the window watching her. The dark-haired one was very tall, his broad shoulders spanning a full window pane as he stood with his arms folded over his chest. He smiled at her, his white teeth gleaming, his eyes hidden behind a pair of dark, wraparound sunglasses. The second man was only slightly shorter but almost as broad through the shoulders. His sandy blond hair hung into his eyes as he shielded them with one enormous hand against the window's glare.

Oh, God, how beautiful were they? She quickly examined their ring fingers; not a wedding band in sight.

Her logical mind once more tried to assert reason. *That means nothing—remember your most recent catastrophe? Men are scum!*

She did remember, but her body didn't seem to care. Her flesh tingled as if the blood that had stopped cold in her veins this afternoon had once more begun to flow. As the taller one lifted his glasses and stared at her from behind impossibly long eyelashes, the memory of today's debacle backed farther into the early evening light. The shorter one rapped on the window again.

"You gonna let us in?"

She straightened, dropped the pair of shoes in her hand, and walked to the door. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed the doorknob and turned it slowly, telling herself that, yes,

she was all right. For heaven's sake, they were just good-looking men. She was being ridiculous, most likely even desperate. She'd been dumped and replaced. So what? That was no reason to get all hot for two moving guys.

Get a grip.

And she would, as soon as her heart stopped beating so fast she could feel it hammering against her ribcage.

She pulled the door open, and the subsequent creaking made all three of them glance at the hinges then back to each other. She couldn't decide which one was more gorgeous, tall dark and fabulous or surfer beach boy.

"Hello." The word came out as a croak, and though she felt ridiculous she couldn't stop herself from thinking of all the possible ways she'd like to rip the clothes off these men and lead them into her bedroom.

How quickly she'd forgotten about old what's-his-name, she thought as she stepped aside, and the two men walked into her living room. Today's humiliation might take longer to forget, but her hormones were obviously still intact.

Beach boy glanced around the living room and looked back at her, his smile dazzling. "So, when are you planning to move?"

Move, yes. That had been her plan. She was going to move everything into a storage unit down the street and get out of town. "Today. Now. How long will it take?"

Surfer boy's smile did not falter. "What's the big hurry? The cops after you?"

Tall dark and gorgeous turned to him and glared but said nothing.

"No, no one is ... I just want to move." But suddenly she didn't want to. Any town with men who looked like these two wasn't the kind of place she should run from. Jack had been handsome, but he was a shadow compared to these two rays of sunshine.

Tall dark and gorgeous finally spoke. "Name's Alec, and this is my best friend and business partner, Ethan. Before we get started, maybe you want a drink?"

"Drink?" *A drink? What was that?* Oh yeah, she'd been about to make herself one not fifteen minutes ago, right before two tall drinks came driving into her parking lot.

"Yes, a drink." Beach boy Ethan took a step closer to her. "You look like you could use one."

"Oh..."

"If it's not too presumptuous, maybe I could ask you a question before we get to work."

"Sure." She seemed destined to respond in monosyllables. She was an intelligent woman, but since she'd laid eyes on the two of them, her brain cells had somehow moved out without the benefit of a moving van.

Tall, dark, and gorgeously fabulous Alec placed his hand on the small of her back and guided her toward the table in her dining room. "Ethan will get all of us a drink. We'll sit down and take this a little more slowly."

"Yeah, I'll bring you a drink then we'll talk, all right, Josie?"

Her knees had turned liquid almost as if her skin were the only thing holding them together. She nodded when even the simplest words escaped her.

Pulling out her chair for her, Alec waited until she lowered herself into it then stepped around the table, spun his chair around, and straddled it. "Ethan! Have you found anything in there?"

Josie stared at his lips as he spoke, trying not to be mesmerized by their fullness and smooth movement over those incredibly white teeth.

"I've got it! Keep your pants on."

Or don't, she thought, astounded at the difference between how she was feeling and the way she'd felt when she'd walked through her front door this evening. *What a difference a day makes? Ha! What a difference 15 minutes makes.*

"Are you all right?"

She watched his lips again. Never in her life had she seen two sexier creatures than this man and his partner, and something about their beauty had stripped her brain bare.

As if by her willing it, Ethan reappeared, carrying a bottle of wine she'd had in the bottom of her refrigerator for months. She'd intended to share it with Jack, but he'd never stopped by—always producing some excuse. For the first time in a long time, she was glad to see that bottle still unopened.

Ethan expertly uncorked the top then poured the wine into three glasses. Handing one to her, he smiled. "What happened today, Josie? You look upset and sure sounded that way on the phone."

She took the glass with trembling fingers. Who would have ever thought she'd be toasting this day? As soon as she walked in the door, she'd intended to be gone from this

apartment by sundown. As she sat here now with the two-man-Greek-god moving team, though, the room took on a softer, much more appealing shine.

"Take a big drink of that," Alec said, picking up his own glass.

She watched him over the rim of her glass as she took several sips of the liquor.

"Good?"

She nodded. His smile encouraged her. She took another sip.

"Feel better?" he asked, his gaze still fixed on her.

Another nod. A few more swallows of the drink slid down her throat. Yes, that did take the edge off a little. She finished the glass and set it down on the table.

"Ethan, give her another."

He took the glass and poured her another glass of the wine. Handing it to her, he smiled. "Don't mind him; he thinks he's the boss."

Something about the way he said word "boss" ... *Were they a couple?*

Disappointment and disgrace washed over her in a wave. One man didn't want her, and these two wanted each other and were just being nice. Could this day possibly get any more horrible?

Tears burned in her eyes. She fought off the waves of mortification coursing over her. A moment ago exciting, forbidden thoughts had flowed through her like the wine. Now, all she wanted to do was disappear.

"Drink that one, too." Alec's voice was low and quiet in the small space.

Might as well, she thought as she took another drink of the wine. Maybe the best way to deal with this day was to get drunk and stay that way. Not the bravest of choices, but it did have a certain draw.

"So, you want to go soon. Since you've got nothing packed yet..."

"...it might take us a little while," Ethan continued softly. "We're willing to get going on it right now, and we can do the job, but Josie, do you have to be out of the apartment tonight?"

Their voices were so kind, so gentle. She shook her head to cast off her own thoughts as another wave of disappointment came over her. Back to the original plan—get the hell out of here before her debasement was complete. "As soon as you can get my stuff out—" She hated the pathetic sound in her voice and cleared her throat. "I'll be ready to go."

"Where're you going?"

Where was she going? She hadn't considered that until now. "Anywhere but here."

The two men stared at her for a long moment before Alec leaned closer and thumbed a betraying tear from her cheek. He took both of her hands in his. His were warm and firm, huge but gentle. His voice was soft as his gaze flitted over her face. "Maybe you'd like to talk about what happened today, Josie."

She ought to feel nervous. Here were two enormous men in her apartment, alone with her behind locked doors. The apartment to her left had been vacant for a long time, and the man who lived in the apartment on the other side was seldom home. If they'd intended to hurt her and she tried to scream, there'd be no one to hear.

Not knowing these two soft-spoken men, not knowing what they might do didn't even matter. She didn't need them to hurt her as she'd done a fine job of that herself. The unbridled thoughts of screaming, not in fear, but in ecstasy filled her thoughts bringing more tears to her burning eyes. Blood throbbed against her temple, and she clenched her thighs together to still her shaking knees. A strange desire to jump up, take hold of Alec's face and kiss him for a few days surged through her. *God, would this day ever end?*

"No, I actually don't want to talk about it."

Ethan walked behind her chair and placed his hands on her neck, slowly massaging the tight, sore place between her shoulder blades. Rhythmically, he moved his thumbs against the resistant muscle until it relaxed, and the urge to close her eyes and lean into his hands did nothing to alter the betraying and misguided heat inside her.

"Maybe you'd be open to another idea?"

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Chapter Two

Ethan's warm breath brushed her ear. He was so close to her she breathed in the scent of his sandalwood cologne mingled with warm, male body. She looked over her shoulder and caught a flash of something in his eyes, something raging beyond this quiet conversation. His lips were inches from hers.

"Open to what kind of idea?" she finally managed.

"How does that feel?" Ethan asked, seeming to ignore her response to his question.

"You don't have to do that. Thank you, though." She forced herself to straighten up in her seat. His hands on her were only fueling the wild thoughts raging through her mind, and that was not going to help her save face when her wild fantasies were snuffed out for good. "What idea?"

Alec squeezed her hands, then rhythmically began rubbing his thumbs over her palms. "An idea that would require you to stay here perhaps longer than you'd like. How would you feel about delaying your departure?"

Josie searched for an answer as she watched the alluring man in front of her. What was he saying? Was he suggesting what she thought he was suggesting? Or was she just hearing what she wanted to hear?

They must be teasing her. His lips tilted in the most adorable of smiles. If she didn't know better, she'd swear he was flirting with her. "I thought you said you could do the work today?"

Ethan squeezed her shoulders once more then let his hands trail up and down her arms. "What Bonehead over there is trying so carefully to ask is this: do you *have* to leave today, or can you stay a while?"

"Well, I..."

"Because we don't want you to go, yet."

Alec's eyes softened and small crinkles formed around them. "Okay, yes. That's what I was trying to say. We don't want you to go, yet."

Turning once more, the constant shifting making her even dizzier than their words, she looked at Ethan. He slowly nodded.

"Why don't you want me to go?" Astounded at how naïve the words sounded, she winced. Still, she would not let herself believe this was happening, could not trust what she was hearing and seeing. She *must* be reading them wrong. Did they want her as much as she'd wanted them from the first moment she saw them through the picture window?

Impossible. This was some kind of crazy, rebound thing—that's what it had to be.

"You're beautiful," Alec said, still looking into her eyes.

"Yeah, she really is." Ethan's fingertips continued to stroke her arms sending a tingly electric spark along her nerve endings.

Whatever spell had come over her, they'd fallen under it, too. The atmosphere in the room shifted. Maybe this wasn't impossible after all. Maybe, just maybe ... *Well, there's only one way to find out.*

She rose slowly and picked up the bottle of wine. "Let's take this into the living room. If you have something you'd like to discuss with me..."

Ethan took the bottle from her hand and closed the distance between them. He stood so close she could feel the heat from his body. "I don't need to discuss anything. Do you, Alec?"

Alec grabbed Ethan's elbow and pulled him away from her. Ethan stumbled, then righted himself, and turned on his best friend. "What?"

Alec ignored Ethan and spoke to her in an even softer voice than he had before. "Why don't you go to the living room and sit down for a few minutes? I'd like to talk to Ethan."

Ethan's gaze burned into Alec's, but he said nothing further. She wasn't sure exactly what was going on. But, whatever it was, the two of them had not agreed upon it—yet.

* * * *

"What are we doing in here?" Ethan demanded after he'd followed Alec down the long hallway to her bedroom and closed the door behind them. "What are we—kids, sneaking off to our damn clubhouse?"

Alec scowled at him but kept his voice low. "I want her as much as you do!"

He frowned and gave the room a once-over. "I can see that. So what are we doing in here?"

"If we're going to do this, she's got to be sure. You're pushing her too hard. If she wants us, give her a chance to say so. If she's receptive, I'm fine with it—more than fine. But stop handling her!"

Ethan had never seen his friend behave like this around a woman. They'd had their share of attractive women together before, and it had never been a problem—until now. He had to admit, he wasn't thrilled with this particular edict coming out of nowhere.

"I wasn't the only one *handling* her, Alec."

Alec looked at him as if he had suddenly grown another head, and not the one throbbing against the fly of his jeans, either. "I'm going to pretend you didn't say that. Have you ever seen me force myself on a woman? Have we ever once had sex with anyone who wasn't totally into it?"

Ethan would admit that his friend was right if he wasn't so completely pissed at Alec for dragging him in here away from her.

That woman was beautiful, and she wanted them. He couldn't understand Alec's cautionary approach. Why wait? He could sense the attraction as soon as they'd walked into her apartment.

While he wasn't in the market for anything permanent, he could certainly go for something semi-permanent if she looked and sounded like the woman waiting for them in the living room. The thought of having her naked and against him on a regular basis was the stuff of his masturbatory dreams. The idea brought an even greater strain to his already straining cock.

The business had been Alec's idea; their going into it together had been his. But Alec had always deferred to Ethan's taste in women, or at least he had in the past. He'd never complained before.

And he'd certainly never acted like this.

"Okay. So, what the hell is all this about then? Since when have you been so protective of a grown woman who's perfectly capable of making up her own mind?"

He hesitated for a long moment then finally spoke.

"I knew it when I saw her picking up all that junk in the living room."

If his friend's words were confusing, his body language left nothing mystifying in their wake. He wanted this woman as much as Alec did. Maybe more. If Alec disagreed with him, they were going to have a brawl right here in the woman's bedroom, and that was the last thing he wanted to do in this bedroom tonight.

"Knew what?"

"She's not just another woman for us to bang."

They stood together silently. Finally, Ethan spoke. "Yeah. I know."

Alec waited for him to continue. Ethan shook his head.

"Know what did it for me?"

"The phone call, when she stuffed your nuts back in your pocket for making fun of her?"

Ethan smiled. "Funny. No man, it's just her. She's ready to leave, she calls us, and she's going. Doesn't even know where. Just getting the hell out."

"She's tough," Alec said.

Ethan agreed, but it was something more. "And vulnerable."

They stood up, once more letting the words and what they meant thoroughly sink in.

Alec nodded. "We let her decide. Whatever she wants, okay?"

"I can take 'no' without throwing a lot of shit around. Can you?" Ethan stuck out his hand.

Alec nodded then took his hand. "Agreed."

"Let's get back in there, before she decides to hire another moving team, and we are out on our asses."

Ethan opened the door, and they walked back into the living room. Josie sat on the center couch cushion, her knees pulled against her chest. Her glass of wine trembled slightly in her hands. She looked very small on the large sofa and smiled nervously.

"Everything okay?"

There's nothing to be nervous about, he wanted to tell her, but before he could say a word, Alec lowered himself down onto the sofa cushion beside her and wrapped his arm over the pillow behind her head.

"Everything is fine. Sorry to keep you waiting."

Grabbing both of the wine glasses off the dining room table, Ethan sat on the other side of Josie and handed one to Alec. "What are we drinking to?"

Josie settled herself more comfortably on the sofa. Was it his imagination, or had she just moved a little bit closer under the curve of Alec's arm? Damn, she was so beautiful. If she kept doing things like that, he didn't know if he could keep

from pulling her into his arms and kissing her, "let her decide," be damned.

"We should leave it to Josie," Alec said tapping his glass against hers, his arm still resting on the pillow, the length of his arm behind her neck. "She's had a rough day. What would you like to drink to?"

She shrugged, her gaze low. "I did have a pretty terrible day." She looked from one of them to the other, placed her hand on Ethan's knee, and squeezed it as she held her glass in the air. "What would you like to drink to, Ethan?"

He wanted to shout in triumph—these were not the moves of an uninterested woman, and she wasn't just interested in Alec. Alec picked up on it, too, and his hand dropped off the pillow and began to stroke her shoulder. Smiling at them both, she held her glass up a little higher, her hands still trembling slightly. Ethan imagined what she would feel like in his own hands. They were both here to give her pleasure and get pleasure in return, and all signs pointed toward one amazing, wonderful fact; she was willing.

Ethan cleared his throat. "Maybe something like, 'to your happiness,' unless you have a better idea, Alec?"

"Maybe I do." Alec placed his long, thick index finger on her delicate chin. "Why drink to happiness when there's something we can do to make this day happier ... for all of us?"

He turned her face toward him, then leaned over and kissed her. Ethan stared as she inclined toward his body, tilting her head slightly as the kiss deepened.

He and Alec had watched a few porn movies together as kids, had been fascinated by them for a short time, but he'd never seen anything quite as good as this. Porn had nothing on his best friend kissing this beautiful woman.

Her hand began to move on his knee, and then she slowly slid her fingertips along the inside of his leg. Her hand reached the apex of his thigh and slid over to cover his cock, now straining the fabric of his jeans to an alarming tautness. The question was answered with finality. *She wants us both.*

Ethan placed his hand over hers and began to move with her, stroking the length of his erection.

She ended the kiss with Alec and turned to him. "Will you kiss me, too?"

Cradling her face in his hands, he caressed her cheeks. Though she'd initially sounded so tough and demanding on the phone, he could see that this was one fragile woman. Today something had hurt her enough to call a moving company, pack up everything and leave her home behind. Whatever it was couldn't be remedied by what they were about to do.

They'd never mixed business with pleasure before, and they never had sex without full consent. Consent for him wasn't just agreeing ... it was a clear statement of agreement. As hot as she was and as hot as she'd made them both, this was no time to start breaking the rules.

"I want to kiss you. Don't doubt that. But we have to be sure this is what you want." He looked to Alec. "What you need."

Alec nodded and stroked her back. "We're not here to take advantage. As much as I want you, as we..." He nodded toward Ethan. "We both want you ... at the same time. You understand this right?"

She hesitated a moment then moved forward to kiss him. Ethan wanted to take this as consent, but what they were about to do would require clear agreement, not just her body's unspoken desire. Only moments ago, he'd been ready and willing to accept the first indications of her desire at face value, but Alec was right. She wasn't just another woman.

"Wait, love," he said, holding back those luscious lips with extreme effort. "Before we begin, make sure you understand what you're getting into."

Alec looked up at him. "What?"

"Something happened today." Ethan knew Alec understood what he meant, but she must also understand. "You need someone to take care of you for a while, to remove any need to make decisions on your own."

Alec nodded slowly. "Yeah, you do."

"Whatever happened to you today, it was bad enough that you wanted to leave. I wonder if you should clear that out of the way before we begin the game."

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Chapter Three

"Game?" Her eyes were wide as she licked her bottom lip.

"Ethan and I will be your masters, and you will be our slave. You won't have to worry about anything because we will care for you, and in exchange we will require your complete and total submission. Do you understand what I'm saying to you? *Complete submission.*"

"A game?"

"Yes, it's a game, a great game if done for the right reasons. Submitting requires you release all responsibility for your happiness to us, which includes not thinking of another man; if you do, we'll know it, and you will be punished. This game is for the three of us, and only us. Maybe you'd better tell us how you came to call us, and then we can all decide if we want to continue."

Alec made a frustrated, angry sound in his throat, but Ethan ignored him. They both wanted her, but Alec had been right to be cautious. There was no doubt she was willing. Alec was now convinced. But if he wanted her, then he would have to take his own advice and be patient.

A game? she wondered. They would be her *masters*? She would be their *slave*? The idea sent a burning through her limbs like a flash fire.

She'd already tasted the heat in Alec's kiss, and the smoldering in Ethan's eyes was evidence enough. Both men wanted her, yet both maintained a controlled distance awaiting her answer.

The idea of this *game* thrilled her more than she wanted to admit, but she could see that nothing would happen without her full consent. She glanced out the front window and took in a deep breath. After the day she'd had, their offer was something quite amazing to come home to.

They waited, and she tried to figure out how to respond. However she worded it, she knew that it had to be the truth. She owed them that much.

"I quit my job today." She looked from one to the other of them. Both listened, nodding encouragingly.

"I was dating my boss, secretly, and today, he gathers everyone together in the front foyer and announces he's engaged—to his assistant. He didn't even look at me, as he stood there holding her hand. I don't know how many people knew about it before I did, but as I stood there, my mouth probably hanging open, I'm sure I saw one or two people checking out my reaction. It was horrible.

"I walked immediately to the human resource office, put in my notice, and got my last check. I couldn't stay there and look at him every day. So I decided to come home, pack my things and get out of here—make a fresh start. That's what happened and why I called you."

Ethan nodded then looked to Alec. "Were you in love with this boss of yours?"

She looked from one to the other of them. "I thought I was, but I've never been so humiliated in my life. I thought I knew him, but I was just kidding myself. He was a liar and a user. I don't ever want to see him again. I feel like an idiot for not seeing the truth sooner."

"No, don't." Ethan lifted his hand to caress her cheek. "You trusted him, and he betrayed that trust. He's the fool for losing you."

"He's the idiot and an asshole," Alec agreed.

Alec stood up from the couch, walked to the window, and yanked the curtains closed. "Maybe we should start with something simple."

"She hasn't agreed to anything, yet," Ethan said. "We aren't doing anything until she agrees."

Alec turned around and faced her. "He's right. Officially, we're movers, not relationship gurus. Timing is everything, Josie. If this isn't the right time, then it's not the right time."

"All I'm saying is maybe she's not ready for the game," Ethan said. "Maybe we should start out with something simpler, something that will make her more comfortable."

Something simpler? What could be simpler than letting these two tell her everything to do and when to do it? She had so many decisions to make—she'd quit her job and was going to leave. Every responsibility rested squarely on her shoulders and no one else's. The idea of letting someone else make all the decisions was very attractive and titillating in the extreme.

This discussion was almost surreal. She'd never done anything like this game they were talking about in her life, but to be honest with herself, she'd already considered it and was well on her way to saying yes. However, one thing was certain; they would do nothing until she said so.

She quickly pushed all thoughts of what's-his-name aside and focused her attention on the two handsome men in her

living room. She hardly knew them, and yet she had the distinct feeling ... No, she knew—they would never hurt her.

It was time to let them know the direction of her thoughts. Everything seemed to hinge on her desires, and although she'd touched them both, nothing further was going to happen here until she conveyed her wishes verbally.

"I want to put myself in your hands—I want to play the game. I want to touch you, and I want you both to touch me." The brazenness of the words surprised her, but she didn't want to take them back.

"Clear enough for you?" Alec asked his friend, a quirky smile crossing his lips.

"Yes, I think that's clear enough." Ethan stood and took her hand in his. "First, we need to establish a safe word."

"Safe word?"

"Whenever you want the game to stop, if it becomes uncomfortable, or if you become unwilling for it to continue, use the safe word. The game ends, and we will leave if you want us to. If this isn't pleasurable for all of us, then we're not interested. Do you agree to this?"

"How long does the game go on if I don't use this safe word?"

"We play it until we're tired of playing it," Alec said. "As our slave, you will do what we want you to do when we want you to do it, for as long as we want you to do it; we say when the game ends. You may ask for things so long as you do it respectfully and use the title of Master. We will determine if it pleases us to grant your wishes, and above all, you will please

us or you will be punished. Unless you use the safe word, then everything stops immediately."

Ethan squeezed her hand, and she found his warm and inviting. His gaze was friendly, with an edge of desire he managed with effort to contain. "Do you accept this? This is your last chance to change your mind."

Give over all control to these two men, let them decide what she could do or could not do? Knowing that she could stop the game at any moment was the final decision maker. "Yes, I accept these terms. The safe word I want to use is cloud."

"Cloud? Okay, cloud is the safe word. The game begins right now. Josie, get off the sofa and remove your clothes."

"Remove..." she started to say, but the flash in Ethan's eyes stopped her. "Yes, Master."

His smile was instant and bright. "Excellent, slave. Very good response. We will never punish you if you react like this to our desires. Right, Alec?"

Alec walked toward her as she peeled both socks off her feet and dropped them to the floor. "Nope, but a little quicker would be nice. Step it up, slave, or you will get bent over my knee."

Bent over his knee? The words brought a burning, aching heat between her legs. The words echoed over and over in her mind—*bent over my knee. Punishment.* Forced over his lap, his hand on her ass ... Her pulse raced with the promise of the forbidden.

She stood slowly, purposefully unzipping her slacks one short click at a time, then slid them inch after measured inch over her thighs to the floor. "The panties, too?"

Both men looked at her, waiting.

"Uh, Masters?"

"There will be a punishment for your slow response, but later. Yes, take off all of your clothes and present yourself before us."

She sighed and moved slower still. Disobedience and punishment had never sounded so illicit and inviting.

"I told her to go quicker, didn't I, Ethan?"

"Yes, you did."

"My patience is now gone." Alec stepped forward, took hold of her blouse and ripped the front open, the fabric tearing as buttons flew across the carpet. "Ah, now that looks much better."

He took hold of the front clasp of her bra and unfastened it with one hand, pulling the cups away and allowing her breasts to spring free. His audible sigh sent a wave of heat along her flesh. She started to smile then wondered if that was allowed without asking permission.

"Do I satisfy you, Master?"

"Oh, yes, you satisfy me." He tweaked her already hardened nipple with his fingers then rolled it between them. A stroke of heat from his hand spun through her limbs and settled low in her pussy. As she grew wetter and hotter, she struggled to stay standing, her knees turning to liquid.

"You are quite a wonderful slave, definitely the most beautiful one I've ever seen." When he released his hold on her and stepped back, he admired her further.

"Thank you, Master." The word at first had felt odd on her tongue, but now she found it strangely comforting and intensely erotic. After she finished undressing and all her clothes lay in a heap on the floor, she stood before them neither ashamed nor embarrassed, but feeling more excited and desirable than she'd ever been in her life.

Jack had certainly never made her feel like this. Many nights she'd sat up waiting for him to come over when he'd promised he would. She had met him at various places when he'd asked her to—hotels, the supply closet, but not once had he ever been inside her apartment. She was suddenly happy this was the case. He'd never been where these two men stood.

"I have a strong suspicion," Ethan said, his gaze brushing over her naked body in obvious approval, "that our slave is not focused on her job. Do you understand your job, slave?"

Josie nodded, realizing that she had let her mind wander away. Would this earn her additional punishment? The possibility thrilled her.

"I require your answers out loud when I question you. Now, do you understand your job?"

"Yes, Master," she said dutifully, the words rolling over her in waves of heat.

"And that job is?"

She thought for a moment then nodded. "To please you in whatever way you require, Masters." There, that should make them happy.

"Good. Now it's time for that punishment."

She watched Alec disappear into the kitchen, and then she looked back to Ethan. His eyes blazed with desire and something else, something more intimidating and breathtaking in its intensity.

He stepped past her and sat down on the large stuffed arm of the sofa, then pulled his T-shirt over his head, and tossed it onto the floor. The vision of his rippled stomach and smooth tanned skin warmed her flesh even more, and her face grew hot. "Come over here and bend over my lap."

She hesitated for only an instant before stepping forward and bending over his thighs. The rough texture of his jeans abraded her hardened nipples. Sliding her hands along his calf, she grasped his ankle and stroked it with her fingernails. As blood rushed to her head, he slid his hand over her bare buttocks.

"Keep your feet on the floor and push your behind higher in the air. Keep holding on to my ankle if you need extra support. I'm not going to let you fall. Say 'Yes, Master' if you understand."

"Yes, Master." She glanced toward the kitchen. What was Alec doing in there? What was he looking for?

"She's got an entire drawer full of plastic sporks," Alec called from the kitchen.

"Do you have a spatula, slave?"

"Yes, Master. In the utility drawer next to the refrigerator." His hand stroked the inside of her thigh. If he would only slide his hand up a little higher, she would come. She just knew it.

"I found it!" Alec called.

"See if she has any more wine," he called back, and then a sudden crack sounded through the room. Her ass caught fire from the blow the instant his hand slapped her bare flesh. She wriggled and screamed, not from pain but surprise. His hand landed again, square in the center of her ass, and then he proceeded to spank her continuously, firmly, each loud crack reverberating through the room.

The first slap had startled her, but the following ones stung and brought tears to her eyes. Then something strange and amazing began to happen. Her pussy tightened and grew slick with her increasing desire. She arched her hips upward to meet each stroke of his hand. Six, seven, eight times he struck her. Between some of these strikes, he rubbed his palm and fingers over her now burning skin, but try as she might to spread her thighs and allow him access to her now flaming pussy, he did not touch her there.

"Oh, your ass is pinking up very nicely, slave. You have a wonderful ass, and it will please me to spank you further. But you must wait a moment because Alec will want to see this."

She squeezed her thighs back together, not caring that either of them saw her juicy pussy, but desperate to clench her thighs together and try to complete the orgasm that hung just out of reach. The ache inside her had reached enormous proportions, and if she hadn't been afraid that she would be punished further—all excitement but no completion—she

would have slid her fingers between her legs and finished herself off.

Alec, thankfully, finally returned to the room. In one hand, he carried her red plastic spatula, the one she'd made breakfast with just yesterday morning. In the other, another bottle of wine.

"I believe our slave is ready to come, Alec. This will not do. Slave, understand this. You will not allow yourself to orgasm until we give you permission. You understand?"

"But, Master..." she began, then realized that she had as much as admitted how close she was to doing just that.

"I realize you are not questioning me, because you know that would invite further punishment. You are simply wondering. So, I will answer. You will do as I ask. You will do what pleases me, and it will please me to make you wait until I'm ready for you to come."

But I don't want to wait, she wanted to scream but kept the words inside of her. She had the safe word ready at any moment should she decide to use it, but she didn't want to use it. All she really wanted was the orgasm that had reached a critically tormenting stage now.

"If you have punished her already," Alec said, setting aside the spatula, "maybe we can save this for later. Right now, let's have a drink."

"Good idea." Ethan's hands slid along the sides of her torso, and he lifted her from his lap then guided her gently on the sofa. "Would you like a drink?"

Yes, she thought as her flaming hot ass sank into the soft cushions. *To pour over my sore ass. That's exactly what I need.* "Yes, Master, I would."

Ethan got up and approached Alec, unfastened Alec's pants, and then pushed them down to his ankles. He retrieved the bottle from Alec and held it over Alec's stiff, exposed erection. "Come over here, slave. Get on your knees and drink it from here."

Josie realized what he was asking, what he had commanded, and immediately dropped off the sofa to the floor, her face even with Alec's hard, enormous cock. The redness of his flesh was evidence enough of how excited he'd become by her, and the feeling of being able to do that was powerful.

She wanted to lick him with her tongue right now, but imagined this was not what Ethan had in mind. He was going to pour that wine over Alec's erection, and she would drink it from there. She was almost sure of it, and the thought pulsed through her pussy with each beat of her heart.

"She's moving a lot faster now, wouldn't you say, Ethan?"

"Yes." Alec's voice was soft and approving. "We have chosen an excellent slave. Even though she needed a little punishment, on the whole I would say we have done well with this choice."

His words thrilled her much more than they should have. Her body was turning them both on, and the power of the realization straightened her spine until she found the bravery to open her mouth, hold her tongue just inches from his cock, and look up at them both.

She knew the look she gave them was defiant, might earn her more punishment, but she felt so full of her own influence that she didn't care. This evening had begun badly with Jack's announcement and her subsequent humiliation, but tonight she would have what she wanted.

And what did she want? She wanted these two men inside her. She couldn't ask them, could not demand the thing she most desired, but there were other ways to get her fulfillment. Tonight, the slave would discover how to get control.

"I am thirsty, Masters," she said as she stared up at both of them. Their responses were identical and exactly what she wanted. Their eyes blazed with desire, and she imagined if she could see Ethan's cock, it would be as hard, and pulse as much, as Alec's.

"You heard the lady." Alec seemed barely able to contain a grin that tickled at the sides of his lips. "She's thirsty."

With that, Ethan poured the bottle of wine slowly over Alec's erection and, as the liquid dripped over him, she lapped it up, taking his cock into her mouth, the spicy sting of Chardonnay tickling her tongue. She'd always enjoyed this particular wine, but never so much as right now.

"So hot." Alec's erection twitched between her lips. "That slave's tongue is amazing."

She was surprised to find that she was, indeed, thirsty, and she swallowed the liquid as if she would never get another drink. She also basked in the veiled praise of her masters, somewhat stunned that she had come to think of them as her masters already. Within the span of only a few

moments, she had given herself over to them and their pleasure, not to mention their ability to give her the same.

Slowly lifting her hands, she placed them on Alec's thighs for support as the room began to swim and soften around the edges of her vision. She considered asking permission to take his balls into her hands but did not want to release the connection of her mouth with his body. Sometime soon, she would stroke his thighs, tenderly nipping them with her teeth, tasting each and every inch of wonderful male flesh. She swallowed the cool liquid as she imagined what was to follow.

When she had drunk more than she'd had in the two full glasses earlier, she sat back on her knees and tilted her head up to them. Remnants of the wine dripped down her chin and over her chest. The cool, sticky feel of it along with its aromatic scent filled her senses.

She gazed at both of them through veiled lashes, attempting to feign subservience, but feeling more powerful than she ever had. The throbbing between her thighs reached epic proportions, and the urge to slide her hand over her leg and between her pussy lips was almost more than she could bear. She resisted only with supreme effort. One or both of these men would care for her the way she needed soon enough.

A thought occurred to her as the two of them watched her. "How else may I please you, Masters?"

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Chapter Four

Ethan cleared his throat and placed the wine bottle on the coffee table. "It will please me to see you suck Alec's cock while I suck those nipples."

He dropped to the floor and placed his mouth over one of her ripe nipples, the suction so strong and hard she thought she would burst with the ecstasy of his tongue. She didn't wait another moment. Grabbing Alec's thighs she encircled his cock with her lips once more, this time not to drink, but to plunder.

Alec moaned and staggered a step back from the force of her movement, but then quickly righted himself, and placed a hand on her head. Resting it there, he stroked her hair as she tasted the delicious tang of heat and man. Unable to get all of the considerable length and girth of his cock into her mouth, she licked around it, sucked the head and stroked her teeth over the length she could manage to reach. Her pussy burned with moist heat, and she ached for Ethan to touch her there, to slide a finger inside her, roll his thumb over her clit and give her release.

But there would be no release until they gave her permission. Instead, his hands held her breasts, one teasing and pinching her nipple as the other clutched the weight of her flesh and held it to his dancing tongue. If it was his pleasure to watch her suck his friend, he was missing out on that pleasure while seeking another—his lips pressed hard against her naked skin.

Alec's hands tightened on her head then gently disengaged her from his cock. Stroking the side of her face, he smiled down at her. "Ethan's enjoying your tits, slave, but I think you should lie down over me."

Her nipples ached with the sweet, firm torture of Ethan's lips, tongue, and fingers, and she longed to continue this with Alec inside her, anything to still the ache between her thighs. Ethan released her nipples, tweaked them both once more and stood up. "Time to move, and I think I'm overdressed for this. Give me a second, Alec. Slave, get on your feet, now, and undress me."

Her ass still burning from the earlier punishment, her nipples aflame, she pushed herself up from the floor and unfastened the button on his pants. Naked and exposed to them both, Josie made short work of the zipper and began to slide the jeans and briefs down his thighs.

"Don't stoop. Bend over toward the floor, slave." Ethan's voice had taken on a coarse edge as the muscles in his thick thighs tensed. She was not the only one in need of release from the tension building inside her.

She did as he commanded, sliding the rough fabric over his thighs then his calves, her legs straight as she bent at the waist toward the floor.

"Stay right there." Alec's voice came from behind her now. Was he going to finally fill her hot opening with that cock she'd held between her lips? Would he at last ease the throbbing clutch of her pussy that increased with each beat of her heart?

"Her ass is nice and pink," Alec commented, his tone conversational, as if this were something he and Ethan talked about every day. The commonness of it stoked the heat inside her another notch until she wondered if she would come without either of them touching her pussy at all. She'd become their conversation piece, their slave to be looked at, discussed and touched however they willed. And she'd become the center of their attention, the focus of their interest.

The realization was astounding. Seeing how they reacted to her, how she enthralled both of them as they tried with great effort to feign indifference, made her bask in the sexual power she held over them.

They would take care of her during the game. They'd promised that. This game, as unfamiliar and exciting as it was physical, was teaching her more about herself than she'd ever imagined. She'd given Jack a lot of power—the power to hurt her—and he had taken that power and unforgivably used her. Alec and Ethan offered her another kind of power, the chance to release the power already within her.

Turning her head to look at them both, peeking at their handsome faces and bodies through the veil of her hair, she quelled the urge to smile. She would use that power to satisfy them both and find fulfillment for herself as well.

"She looks pretty good, all right," Ethan said, stroking his hand along her spine then resting it on her ass. Pinching lightly, he stepped behind her to join Alec.

She suddenly remembered the last time she'd had sex with Jack, the thought popping into her head unwanted but

unstoppable. She'd run movies through her head to get aroused—nothing like the actual scene playing out before her, and not close to generating the heat raging through her in this moment.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think she was daydreaming again," Ethan said.

She wondered how in the world he knew. With her ass in the air, both of her hands on the floor and her hair almost completely covering her face, how could he tell?

"Maybe she needs a reminder of who is with her now." Alec slid his hand down her ass and shoved two fingers inside her. If Ethan hadn't been holding her still, she would have fallen forward, but his hands grasped her hips and pulled her toward Alec's hand.

She clenched her pussy around his fingers, bearing down on the pressure of his hand as it moved in and out of her, the sound of the slick motion faintly distinguishable between her heavy breaths.

So close to the orgasm her body screamed for, she let Ethan pull her into Alec's hand, his palm smacking her outer lips, his fingers going deeper and deeper with each thrust.

"You're not going to come, are you, slave? You know what will happen if you come before we give our permission," Alec said as he continued his plunder of her hot, aching pussy.

Permission? Yes! She *could* come with their permission. "Please, Master." She uttered the words between gasps for each heavy breath. "May I come?"

"No." They both shouted the word as neither of them stopped their assault on her body and her senses. One of

them slipped a wet finger around the tight rosette, then pressed it slowly inside her.

"I'm going to come, Masters! Please!"

Both abruptly stopped, removed their hands from her, and stepped back. She swayed, still bent over resting her weight on her hands, her knees shaking and barely able to hold her hips in the air.

"She's going to fall over," Alec said, his voice coming in raspy gasps also.

"No, she won't." Ethan caught her, and then pulled her upright against his chest.

Alec slipped his arms under hers, resting his hands over her nipples and pinching them both.

Ethan picked up her legs and wrapped them around his waist, then lowered her onto his stiff erection.

She closed her eyes and leaned her head back onto Alec's chest—Ethan's cock deep inside her, filling her, the ache now completely unbearable.

"Look at me, Josie."

She opened her eyes and saw Ethan's jaw clench as he used the weight of her hips as a fulcrum and pivoted his cock deeper inside her. Alec continued to tweak her nipples while Ethan leaned back and plunged his cock into her again and again.

"Keep your eyes on him, honey," Alec whispered in her ear. "Oh, and you can come now if you like."

She tightened her legs around Ethan's waist and lifted her hips against him, deepening each thrust as his cock raked

against her clit until the shattering orgasm she'd been forced to hold back for so long was finally unleashed.

Her scream echoed through the living room, and Alec's deep, warm laugh against her ear brought another wave of the never-ending flood of pleasure that rolled through her entire body.

Ethan's groan was muffled as she leaned forward and took his face in her hands, covering his lips with her own. He kissed her through his gasping rapture as his cock throbbed his release inside her pussy.

Then Alec pulled her away, lifted her into his arms, and carried her toward the bedroom. She glanced back to see Ethan remove the condom he must have put on while they both stood behind her.

"Do you have another orgasm for me as well, my pet?" Alec's whisper into her ear sent a thrill of desire through her already well-used body.

Unable to speak, she simply nodded.

Laying her down on the bed, Alec lay over her and, parting her legs with his knee, he kissed her slow and long. Then he pressed his cock against her hot, wet opening. She lifted her hips to capture his erection inside her, but he moved back.

"Wait for Ethan, love," he whispered. He looked into her eyes and smiled slowly, the corners of his eyes crinkling. "You are quite beautiful, Josie. I want to have you all to myself, but we have to wait."

Ethan was there after a moment and, as he lay down beside her, he turned her face toward him. "You have done

very well so far, and you will give Alec the same pleasure you gave to me. Do you understand?"

She smiled at his sweet face and nodded. "Yes, Master."

Alec sat up on his knees and pulled her up with him, her breasts pressing against his rippled chest. Before she realized what was happening, Ethan slid over on the bed and pulled her body down upon his chest. She lay completely over him, the backs of her thighs resting on his well-muscled ones, his erection once more hard and between her legs.

"He would like to fuck your ass, slave, while I make love to you. To this, you may refuse, but do so quickly if you must. Ethan is not the patient man that I am."

Even if she could have spoken a word, she didn't know if she would have. Her breathing became so hard, blood pumping so fast and hot through her veins, she began to behave on pure instinct. And having them both inside her, filling her completely, was a thought beyond rapture.

"I need your consent, slave," Ethan said. "I gave my word to care for you, and there are some things a slave does not want. Do you want me buried deep in your ass while my friend fucks that sweet, tight pussy of yours?"

The word came from inside her, somewhere deep in the well of her desire seldom imagined and never mined until now. "Yes, Masters."

Alec's smile spoke volumes as he caressed her thighs. "Lift your hips, darling."

She did as she was told, pressing her feet into the mattress on either side of Ethan's calves, then felt the

thickness of his cock, now slicked with something greasy, press against her tight asshole.

"Will this hurt, Masters?"

"I've applied a great deal of lube," Ethan whispered into her ear. "That will help, and we're going to go very slowly. Tell us the first moment you are in any pain, and know this; if you do well, you will be rewarded."

Rewarded? Weren't these wild moments of passion reward enough? What could they possibly do that would bring her a greater sense of completion?

He placed his hands on her hips and began to lower her onto his erection. At first, the head of his cock stretched the tight opening with a sharp sting, but he stopped the movement, giving her body the time to adjust.

She exhaled, and he began to lower her farther and farther, until he was buried inside her, the heat and fullness of his cock making her want to scream with delight.

She'd seen Alec's erection and tried to imagine how she would manage them both at the same time. A tremble of fear and anticipation shook her body.

"You've done well, slave. Now, you will take my cock inside you." He watched her face then smiled again. "You will take all of me. I know you can. Take a deep breath now and let it out slowly. Breathe on me, little one."

She took in a shaky breath, the heat from Ethan's cock as he lay still beneath her stopping her from filling her lungs. She closed her eyes and let the breath out slowly, feeling her body relax. Before she opened them, Alec began to slide his cock inside her pussy, and though it felt immense and the

process went slowly and carefully, by the time his body was against hers, he'd indeed been able to fit himself fully within the now extremely tight confines.

"Are you ready?" Ethan breathed into her ear.

"Yes, Masters."

Both men began to move at once, slowly at first, then with a coordinated motion that emptied and filled her in steady, quick succession. Nothing could have prepared her for this sensation as both men pumped their hot cocks into her, Ethan kissing her neck and Alec kissing her lips. She had no intention of asking permission this time as the orgasm building inside her was fast, hot and burning to be released.

She clutched Alec's shoulders and arched against Ethan's chest with the rolling completion that grabbed her and cascaded her body over the edge of reason. Alec plunged once more into her and cried out his release simultaneously with Ethan's.

They lay there for a long moment, still bound together in passion and the warm, early stages of exhaustion. She sighed deeply and rested her head back against Ethan's shoulder, her cheek next to his. Alec held himself up on his elbows but let his head fall on the other side of her face.

She kissed one, then the other of them. "The game is over now."

It was not a question, and she wondered if they would accuse her of impertinence in announcing this. As she lay between them, however, feeling more powerful and fulfilled than she had in her life, she could not find the will to care.

"You heard the woman," Alec said as he placed a quick kiss on her shoulder then rose from the bed. "The game's over."

Ethan wrapped his arms around her belly and squeezed, then shifted her gently off his body. Sliding off the mattress, he rose to stand beside Alec.

"Are you leaving?" She sat up on the bed and stared from one to the other of them. *Surely this isn't the end?* As much as she'd had of them, she knew without a doubt that she wanted more.

"You want us to stay?" Alec asked. He glanced at Ethan and lifted one shoulder as if to ask him some unspoken question. "Well..."

He hesitated as if trying to search for the right words. *Was this the brush off?*

"This is ... Well, what Alec means is that it doesn't really ... We don't usually ... It really isn't supposed to be..."

What was he trying to say? She looked from one to the other and tried to imagine letting them leave here and never again experiencing what they'd just shared together. The thought left something that felt like a large hole in her belly, and she knew for her own part, that was unacceptable.

Was this what finding her own sense of power was about? Being able to let go, being forced to when she didn't want to? All that crap about "if you love something set it free"? That was not the kind of power she wanted.

The only thing she was interested in setting free was her preconceived notions about relationships. She thought she'd gone down a well-worn path, a *normal* relationship path of

one man and one woman. Yeah, and look where that had gotten her.

As she watched the two gorgeous men in front of her stare at her naked body, stammering to tell her something they'd not managed to put into words, she knew the truth. She would find a way to get them to stay, learn more about them and, as ridiculous as it sounded in her mind, create a real relationship with them. It might not be what others would consider *normal*, but for the first time in a long time, she knew exactly what she wanted.

She climbed off the bed, bent over and fluffed the pillows, then pulled down the covers and climbed back into the bed. This was it. She was not going to spend another night alone when she'd finally found what she wanted. Thinking she would leave today to start a new life elsewhere, she realized she'd been almost half right. She would start a new life today, but it was going to start right here and right now.

She patted the pillows with her hands. "Come to bed, boys. If you can stay awake long enough, we could talk awhile, get to know each other a little better. Then tomorrow, we can decide how long it will take you both to move in here with me."

Ethan glanced at Alec and smiled. "We came to move her out. I think we should move her out."

Alec nodded. "I completely agree."

Oh no. Not this. Had she imagined what had just taken place? Had all that just been sex to them?

Alec walked to one side of the bed and Ethan to the other. They lay down on either side of her and closed their eyes.

"What is going on?" she asked.

"We'll move you out tomorrow," Ethan said. "Lie down and go to sleep for a while."

"Yeah, you wore me out, woman. I can't move a whole apartment when I'm this tired."

"But," she exclaimed. "I don't want to move anymore. I want you to stay here with me. Don't tell me—"

"Shh," Ethan said, as he pulled her into his arms, and Alec turned the bedside lamp out. "We'll move you into our apartment tomorrow. I'm sure not going to leave you here for the next moving guys."

"Me either. Now you two go to sleep."

Josie breathed in the scent of Ethan's hair as he relaxed his tight hold on her and kissed her cheek. Move in with them? Oh, yes, the idea had merit. She slid her hand over to Alec's hip and squeezed.

"Please, just a few hours' rest. I'm begging you. We've got plenty of nights ahead of us, okay?" Alec said.

She smiled and, before the rush of fulfilled and hopeful sleep could capture her, she whispered, "I hope you two men didn't park your truck in a loading zone."

Alec chuckled, and minutes later, his soft snore lulled her to sleep.

The End

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Author Bio

Summer Alan moves around a lot all over the United States with her cat, Martini. She never likes to stay in one place too long. Her interests include nude sunbathing and reading the sexiest books she can find.

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