

ELLORA'S CAVE *Spectrum*



Jane's *Wild*  
Weekend  
*Delilah Devlin*

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Jane's Wild Weekend

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# *JANE'S WILD WEEKEND*

Delilah Devlin

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## Chapter One

Jane Emerson parted the blinds to sneak a peek into the yard next door. The lawn mower had finally fallen silent, which meant Bruno Martir had finished with that chore. Soon he'd be moving along the fence as he turned to the next job.

She'd gotten accustomed to his afternoon habits. Knew he preferred yard work while Cord washed cars in the drive. Cord hadn't finished working on his SUV, so there was still plenty of time to put her plan into action. It was already Friday – Monday she had a reservation on a flight home.

Her gaze slid covetously over Bruno's lean body. His T-shirt had long ago been stripped away. Grass shavings clung to his broad shoulders and ripped abdomen. Sweat darkened the brown hair that lightly furred his chest and thick thighs.

She licked her lips, already tasting the salt of his sweat and cum. This was it. One last shot at putting the topping on her vacation.

Through with playing coy and dropping increasingly *un*-subtle hints, she was going for broke. If he didn't take the bait this time, she'd have to assume she didn't have the equipment to attract a stud like the fireman next door. Maybe his roommate Cord was more than just his best buddy, which would be a crying damn shame—at least for Jane's plans.

She suppressed the jangle of nerves that vibrated in her belly and shut out the voice whispering in her ear that this was wrong in so many ways. Far, far away from her staid little life, she had one last chance to redeem her tattered pride and she wasn't going to quibble over whether this was the right thing to do.

Grabbing up her boom box and sunscreen, she tightened the belt on her robe and headed down the stairs, not even trying to stem the flow of excitement dampening her short curls. She'd promised herself an illicit adventure. Something to wear like a badge

of courage when she finally returned home. She might have been dumped for a hard-bodied fitness instructor, but she was still attractive, still sexy. To prove it to herself today, she'd be shameless.

Bursting through the glass sliding door, she blinked at the bright sunshine and slid her shades over her eyes. There might be fall-like weather in her Chicago home at the moment, but South Florida still held bragging rights for lingering summer weather—one of the reasons she'd agreed to housesit while her college friend enjoyed a pre-wedding getaway with her fiancé. Jane was still on the fence about staying longer to wait for the wedding that promised to be every bit as romantic as Sarah deserved, not sure if she could bear witnessing her friend's happiness when her own had proven so elusive.

Sarah had worked damn hard to snag her sexy policeman. She'd determined his beat, rolled through a stop sign, "lost" distributor caps and parts of her swimming suits to get his attention.

It was a good thing Fernando had a sense of humor or Sarah might have garnered stalking charges.

But all's well that ends well, and now Jane was ready to take a page out of Sarah's book. Not that she was looking for "happily ever after". She'd settle for some down-and-dirty sex—the raw and nasty kind she hadn't had in forever. And Bruno's lush lips and sparkling dark eyes hinted that he knew a thing or two about "dirty".

She strolled toward the lounge chair set in the center of the backyard, her heart thumping. The sound of Bruno starting up the weed eater on the other side of the fence assured her he'd be edging close to the large knothole.

Soon, he'd have to take a break and fill up on more fuel or stop for a drink to replace all the lovely sweat he wore like slick massage oil on his tanned skin. He'd hear the music and call a greeting across the fence. When she didn't immediately respond, being the instinctively protective kind of guy he was, he wouldn't be able to resist a peek through the knothole to make sure she was all right.

She adjusted the lounge, angling it so that his quick peek would be of her entire body from a flattering sideways view. Then pulling in a deep breath and saying a quick prayer for courage, she turned on the music and dropped her robe.

Her body already gleamed from a lavish application of coconut-scented body oil. Her tan was completely even, not a strap mark in sight. She tweaked her nipples for a little extra rosy color and then lay down on the lounge.

Now all she had to do was wait. She'd baited a foolproof trap.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cord Lassiter slipped the latch on the privacy fence, following the sound of sexy R&B. Sarah had asked him to take a look at the jack for her telephone connection to see if he could figure out whether the hum on her line was her problem or the phone company's. Since she'd be back on Monday, he wanted to surprise her with the job completed. Sarah was good people.

He'd hoped to get to the job when the housesitter left for the day, but it didn't look like that was gonna happen anytime soon, so he shored up his courage and shoved through the gate.

Jane hadn't exactly taken a shine to him. Probably still held a grudge against him for dumping her panties on the driveway the day she arrived. But that fiasco hadn't been entirely his fault.

He'd kept an eye out for Jane's arrival as a favor to Sarah. Before Jane had even opened the cab door, he'd headed to the trunk to gather her cases. He'd reached for one, and then looked up as a set of long, delicious legs slid from the back of the taxi.

His jaw had dropped along with the case, and then he'd scrambled to pick up the microscopic bits of satin and silk as they'd begun to tumble across the lawn in the stiff sea breeze.

Bruno had shaken his head, giving him a look full of suppressed laughter, and then schooled his features into an appalled, consoling mask that completely bowled over the beautiful woman as his best buddy held out his hand to help her from the backseat.

Ever since then, she'd had her nose in the air whenever Cord was around, but a sultry smile for Bruno. Too bad she didn't know that Bruno would never be interested in her — unless she was the sharing sort.

And Jane Emerson seemed way too self-absorbed to ever spread the lovin' around. It was a damn good thing she was leaving soon. Ever since she'd come, he'd worn a hard-on no amount of pocket hockey could relieve.

As he rounded the corner of the house, his steps faltered. His gaze caught the glint of the top of her burnished reddish-brown hair, and then slid over the supple, *nude* body that had his cock tenting fast against the front of his jeans.

Holy shit! He'd underestimated just how damn beautiful she'd be. He almost wished he hadn't seen because now he knew his dreams would be ripe with fantasies he hadn't a hope in hell of fulfilling.

Still, a self-mocking grin tugged at his lips as he eyed her lovely rosy nipples, the shine of her oiled skin and the red glint of the short, springy curls cloaking her pussy. The long supple legs drew him last, reminding him of his fantasy of having them wrapped tightly around his waist as he hammered inside her.

A molten wave of heat washed over him and he clenched his hands at his sides. Jane could have been made for him. His ideal of perfection. The rounded curves of her belly and full hips excited him like no other woman ever had. So much womanly softness to hold.

But what the hell could he do about it? If Bruno looked through the knothole in the fence, he'd be chortling and wondering if Cord had the gonads to do more than slink away.

After another long sip of her lovely, mouthwatering body, Cord cleared his throat.

Jane's head jerked back, her eyes widening beneath the rims of her sunglasses when she spotted him. She shot up in the chair and bent to reach for the robe lying on the grass beside her.

As if in slow motion, the lounge chair tilted and fell to the side, dumping her on her knees in the grass.

Cord hurried over to her, trying his best to keep the smile off his face and his gaze off her delectable ass. He knelt beside her, reaching for her arms to help her up, but her slippery skin slid beneath his grip. She fell forward, her breasts landing in his palms.

All right, so he'd angled his hands for them to land that way, but she didn't seem in any hurry to move away. Rich color filled her cheeks. The beaded peaks of her velvety nipples stabbed and he couldn't resist giving both weighty globes an assessing squeeze.

A sharp gasp pressed her breasts deeper into his grasp and he swept his thumbs over the spiking nipples. A strained murmur rattled at the back of her throat and her eyes began to drift closed.

Cord debated the wisdom of bending closer to plant a wet one right on her puckered lips, but instead gently pinched one nipple.

Jane's eyes widened, then narrowed behind her glasses, and she came up on her knees, shoving away his hands. "That's quite enough help from *you*," she huffed.

Disappointed, Cord slowly wiped away the oil from his hands on the side of his jeans, and then rubbed his bare chest, drawing her gaze across his bare pecs.

As she stared, he bent and picked up her robe and held it just out of her reach, forcing her to kneel upward and expose the parts she tried to cover with a hand. "Thanks," she muttered, snagging it from his hands. "Do you always barge into private yards without a warning?"

"Sarah doesn't mind," he drawled, his gaze cataloging her finer points—round, uptilted breasts, creamy-looking skin, a *true* redhead. "I'm doing her a favor."

She quickly tucked the robe around her then rose to stand in front of him, her chin jutting skyward. "Next time, knock." With color high in her cheeks and riding the swells of her upper breasts, she turned and headed back inside the house.

Cord watched her ass twitch below the terrycloth and let loose a quiet whistle as the door slammed shut.

*"Hermano, anyone ever tell you that you suck at seduction?"*

Cord shot a glance over his shoulder at his roommate who'd walked up behind him. "I wasn't trying to seduce her. She kinda fell into my hands."

Bruno's mouth slid into a wide smile. "An opportunity like that, and you didn't want to crawl all over that sweet ass?"

Cord snorted, strangely annoyed with Bruno's coarse language. Since when did he curb his own? "I was just trying not to drool on the girl. How was I supposed to chat her up with my tongue hanging out? Besides, she hates me."

"She doesn't hate you. She wouldn't have let you feel her up if she wasn't a little bit interested."

Cord winced. "She didn't *let* me do a damn thing. I think she was in shock."

"You didn't notice the way her whole body tensed when you squeezed her tits? Bet she creamed on the spot. She just needs a little incentive to see you as anything other than the clumsy neighbor." Bruno wagged his eyebrows. "Leave it to me."

Cord watched his buddy let himself in the sliding door and gritted his teeth. For some reason, this time, he wasn't quite so eager to share.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bruno slipped off his grass-covered running shoes and wiped his feet on the welcome mat before heading straight for Sarah's bedroom. He knew the way. A long time ago he and Sarah had a thing, until she realized he'd never be anything more than a good time.

Smart girl moved on. Now her prickly girlfriend offered him a convenient tease—and a way to get Cord's undivided attention.

He could only imagine the frustration roiling inside his best friend now. Strong emotion wasn't something Cord handled well. His easygoing nature made him an ideal roommate, but Bruno had a hunger to see Cord lose it—just once—just long enough to let down his shields and let him inside.

Maybe Jane was the key.

He hadn't seen Cord this worked up around a woman before—and it had to be killing him that she only had eyes for him. So Bruno would share another girl with Cord and hope some of the loving spilled over on him.

They'd shared before—the first time had been a surfer chick they'd met at Cocoa Beach. They'd both flirted shamelessly, trying to win her attention, only to be dumbfounded when they'd demanded she choose and she chose them both. They'd found the experience exhilarating and a whole lot of fun. They'd worked together well, climbing all over the woman's sweet body, sharing tastes of her spicy arousal, taking turns slamming inside her juicy cunt until they'd slept in a sprawl of limbs.

Bruno had not only participated, he'd *goaded* Cord into experimenting with acts the other man had never tried before. When they both lay on opposite sides of the writhing woman, their cocks deep inside her ass and cunt—Bruno realized he'd never felt so connected to another human being. Not the woman—*Cord*.

Their dicks had slid fast and deep, only a thin layer of tissue separating them. Cord had gotten off on the tightness of the forbidden hole he pummeled. Bruno had gotten off on sharing a fuck with Cord.

Bruno had been eager to engineer opportunities like that ever since.

If Bruno worked it right, Jane might serve his need to get Cord into the sack again—and this time, he might actually get more direct pleasure from Cord. The key would be to get the man turned inside out, and to convince the woman she needed a *true* ménage to satisfy her itch.

Cord was a hetero guy. Bruno wasn't so picky about the sex of his partners, but Cord was a challenge—and challenges made life interesting. They'd shared space for two years, but lately, Bruno burned to know what it would be like to slide deep inside Cord's ass, to swallow his cum and his cries.

But how could he even broach the subject without risking their friendship if Cord wasn't amenable?

Bruno paused outside the bathroom door and heard water running. Hoping she wouldn't start screaming down the place when he entered, he took a deep breath and pushed open the door. "Jane," he called softly.

The curtain jerked to the side, just far enough to frame her face in the opening. "Bruno? What the hell are you doing?" she asked, her pretty blue eyes blinking wide.

Bruno gave her a crooked smile. "I was hoping to talk to you about what just happened out there."

The hectic color in her cheeks brightened. "Nothing happened."

Bruno leaned against the tile, not even trying to hide the fact he was trying to peek over her shoulder at her lush ass. "Did you want a different outcome?"

"What are you saying?" Her fingers whitened around the edge of the curtain, but she didn't pull it higher, letting him have his little peek. "I'm already embarrassed and this conversation isn't helping."

Bruno ran his index finger over the top of the whitened digits. "Were you hoping I would be the one to find you? You can tell me."

She sucked her lower lip between her teeth and her gaze slid away. "You must think I'm pretty pathetic," she said softly.

Bruno gave her a warm smile. Prickly she might be, but at her core was soft, vulnerable woman. He'd do well to remember that she wasn't just the means to a delicious end. "I don't think you're pathetic. I'm flattered you want me." And he truly was. Jane's lush body and eagerness made for his favorite sort of bed partner.

She grimaced and slowly slid the curtain aside, letting him look his fill at her curves. Water ran in rivulets down her lightly tanned body. Bruno had the sudden urge to trace them with his tongue. But it was too soon to give her what she wanted.

"I didn't know how else to get your attention," she said, her chest rising on the next deep breath, tempting him to touch. "I'll be gone in a few days, and I thought..."

Her words trailed off as his fingers curved around one soft breast. No need to draw out the woman's agonizing embarrassment. He was interested all right. "You thought that maybe we could spend some time together?"

She nodded, her hands curling at her sides while her breaths shortened.

"I'd like that too." Bruno thumbed the pink nipple at the center of her breast, just like Cord had done, hoping to bring his image between them.

The corners of her lips slowly tilted upward and hope rounded her gaze, which clung half-lidded to his.

She was aroused, ready now to let him draw her to a bed. Any bed. He flicked the nipple with his thumbnail. "There is one problem."

Disappointment dimmed the luster of her bright gaze. "We don't have to have intercourse, if you can't...you know..."

He snorted. "That's not what I meant. I can perform. I just have certain preferences you might not agree to."

Her brows drew together, giving her a slightly alarmed expression. "Are you a little kinky? I could be okay with that."

Amused by her eagerness to please, he tilted his head and smiled. "What exactly are you okay with?"

She shrugged, embarrassment blending shades of pink across the top of her breasts. "Most anything, I guess."

"Do you like to be spanked?" he murmured and tugged her nipple, pinching it gently. Pain was one of his preferences.

She blinked, but the sharpening of her gaze said the idea intrigued her.

Bruno cupped the fullness of her damp breast and massaged it. "Would you let me enter any little place I want?"

Her breaths shortened and her tongue flicked out to wet her bottom lip. "I don't know. But I'm willing to find out."

Bruno relented, knowing she didn't have wide experience. Better and better. She had few preconceived notions of what might happen when the three of them were together. "Are you okay with sharing?"

"Sharing?"

"I'd like to invite Cord into bed with us."

"Cord?" The word sounded a little strangled in her throat.

He lifted one brow. "You don't find him attractive?"

"He's handsome, I guess." *If you like big, clumsy jerks.*

Bruno stepped closer, sliding a hand around her slick waist to bring her chest against his. "Cord makes up with stamina and size for any clumsiness. And he's completely hot for you. He'll do anything to please you."

Her head tilted back. Their mouths aligned. "You two have done this before?"

Bruno nodded, sensing both her curiosity and arousal were piqued. "And how lucky are we that Cord and I are both attracted to you?" He pressed his lips to hers, tilting his head to drag their mouths softly together.

The kiss was better than nice. Her lips were soft and pliant. Her breath sweet. Every part of his body awoke to the heat causing her body to melt against his. If he hadn't been so obsessed with Cord, this woman could have consumed his thoughts.

When he lifted his head, she blinked dreamily. "I'm not sure about this." Her words were at odds with the blur of her reddened lips and her lambent gaze.

He gave her a teasing smile, more sure than ever that this plan would work well—for everyone. "You wanted an adventure. A sexy fling with a man you barely know.

Why not have two men? We'd consider it an honor. And you would have us both ready to serve your every need."

Her eyes glinted hungrily. "You're sure Cord wants this?"

Bruno glided his hand downward and gave her bottom an approving squeeze. "He's waiting for us. Turn off the water and come with me now."

She reached behind her without taking her gaze from his and turned off the water. "Hand me a towel?"

Bruno's smile tightened. One more small test—one last chance for her to balk. "No towel. And no questioning anything I ask you to do," he said quietly. "Come with me now, or I'll just walk away. We'll forget I ever mentioned it."

Her eyes widened. "But I need to dry off."

"We prefer you wet."

## Chapter Two

*We prefer you wet.*

That one bald statement, crisply enunciated, had been enough to make her melt. Seemed all Bruno had to do was suggest it and her body would obey. The cream seeping between her folds didn't have a thing to do with the other man waiting for her. Or so she told herself.

And she tried hard not to think about what the two men would think about her.

Jane wasn't promiscuous. Not usually. But the coldness of her boyfriend's rejection had been hard to forget. So had the sight of the younger woman he'd chosen over her whose lithe body made her think that maybe she should have laid off the doughnuts and hit the gym more often.

She'd lost confidence in her ability to attract a lover. The chance to get away from her own surroundings and her usual circle of friends had seemed like the perfect chance to rekindle her self-esteem. Bruno's flirting had helped, but she'd *needed* him to act on his attraction. That's why she'd resorted to drastic measures.

Now it looked as though she'd have plenty of male interest—a double-shot of testosterone.

Jane shivered as she trailed behind Bruno, not allowing her blown mind a moment to second-guess her decision. With her hand tucked inside his, she strode through cool, air-conditioned air into blazing outdoor heat. She followed him out the gate, hoping no one in a passing car would get a glimpse of her naked body, but unwilling to demur for fear his wicked offer would evaporate like the water on her skin.

Then she was stepping through their front door and walking down a darkened, narrow hallway. The bedroom she stepped inside was glaringly masculine—browns, reds, deep burnt golds were picked up in the paint, the bedding and the few candles

that burned across the top of a dark dresser. Blinds and curtains were pulled shut. The overhead fan spun slowly above them, but the globe was extinguished.

Cord stepped out of the bathroom door, completely naked, and halted, his eyes widening on her.

"Bruno said you wanted this..." she began, growing embarrassed the longer he stared at her across the expanse of the king-sized bed.

"I do," he said, his voice sounding thick and little garbled. "I'm just surprised you agreed."

"I am too," she admitted.

Droplets of water clung to his shoulders. He raked a hand through his damp blond hair and she couldn't help but notice the slabs of muscles that shifted across his chest and along the back of his upturned arm.

Her breath caught and her nipples tingled.

Bruno's fingers tightened on hers as he pulled her around the end of the bed.

Her feet dragged across the thick carpet the closer she drew to Cord, because she was so exposed—and so intensely aware of the arousal that jerked his cock and tightened her cunt.

Suddenly shy, her gaze slid away. She didn't want to see the triumph in his eyes. Didn't want to know if he ogled her flesh. She wished she could cover her breasts and her pussy but she only had one spare hand, so which part did she want to shield? And why did she have that urge? She'd wanted to be fucked. By the look of the thick cock rising between his legs, she'd get exactly that.

Bruno raised her hand and placed it on Cord's palm. "Keep her busy until I've had a chance to get rid of the dirt."

Alarm shot through her. He'd said it so matter-of-factly. Without emotion. Sure she'd wanted sex, but she'd really hoped for a little respect, maybe a little affection so that this situation didn't feel quite so crude. "You're leaving us alone?"

Bruno's dark brow held a hint of challenge that told her to behave. "Cord's my friend. And he didn't make the best first impression." His gaze swung to Cord. "Try not to frighten her away before I get back."

She continued to stare at the door long after it closed quietly behind Bruno. Time ticked slowly away as she reminded herself to breathe—she was naked with a man she barely liked, but, *sweet fuck*, she wanted him.

"Would you like a drink?"

The graveled rumble of his voice spoken so close felt like a physical caress—not an unpleasant sensation. Her nipples beaded tighter and her breasts grew slowly harder. She was aroused just knowing he stared.

Still, she didn't want to enjoy a thing about him—until Bruno returned and forced the issue. Following the instructions of the man she'd wanted first somehow made it feel right.

But how to put Cord off for now? "P-please," she whispered haltingly. She'd nurse the drink, hold it in her hands and stare into the glass until Bruno returned. If only her glance wasn't tempted by Cord's rugged body.

As he turned away, she couldn't help staring at his backside. She didn't think she'd ever seen muscle like that on a guy. Every movement flexed deeply, ripples defined the large musculature curving over his ass and thick thighs. The perfect ass was topped by a lean waist and shoulders that could span a doorframe. She wondered how firefighters who spent so much time sitting around a stationhouse managed to keep in such great shape. But both Cord and Bruno didn't have an ounce of extra flesh on their bodies.

Then she worried whether they minded the extra twenty pounds that plumped out her own frame. Her ex sure had. "I'm not sure about this," she muttered, certain Cord's sheer weight could squash her like a bug. She didn't repeat the thought to herself because suddenly the image of him lowering his bulky frame over hers made her stomach tremble.

He didn't reply at first, just poured the two glasses of red wine from the decanter on the dresser and returned. "We don't have to do anything," he said, handing her a glass. He sat on the edge of the bed, his thighs spreading to accommodate his aroused cock and heavy balls, and patted the space beside him, a small rueful smile quirking one side of his mouth. "I promise I won't fall all over you."

Reluctantly, she perched on the edge, looking anywhere but at his cock. "This doesn't feel really odd to you? Us both naked. Bruno in the other room."

He lifted his chin at her glass. "Take a sip. It'll help your nerves."

"I'm not nervous."

"Sure you aren't. You always sound like you're gasping for air."

"Okay, so I'm a little nervous," she said, starting to get annoyed again. She took a sip, and then tilted back the glass to take another, bigger swallow. So much for nursing it.

"Um...that's probably enough. It'll go straight to your head." Cord took her glass and set it beside his on the bedside stand. "So why'd you agree to come?"

She ducked her head. "I'm attracted to Bruno. He asked." His soft sigh made her feel mean. "Not that you're not handsome. I just never would have considered something like this."

"And now that you have considered?"

"There really hasn't been time to think about it. Bruno insisted I come now."

"And you're going to do what he asks? Anything he asks?"

Jane sucked her bottom lip between her teeth and felt heat sweep her face again. "Like I told him, I only have a couple of days left here. If I'd waited for things to take their natural course..." She shrugged, not feeling comfortable enough to admit the rest out loud, although he'd gotten the gist.

His gaze narrowed, but not in a mean way. He looked a little confused. "Do you think you would have changed your mind if you had time to reconsider?"

Knowing any prevarication at this point would be completely transparent, she drew a deeper, ragged breath. "Truth is," she said softly, turning reluctantly to face him squarely. "Since the moment he suggested it, my body's been so tight, so aroused, I can hardly breathe. I think you've noticed." There, she'd said it. Told him as blatantly as she knew how much she wanted to have sex with them.

His eyes warmed, locking with hers. "I noticed. But you're too tense." Slowly, he lifted a hand and slipped it under her hair, sliding it around the back of her neck.

While he used the calloused pads of his fingers to knead her neck, his gaze raked her body, lingering on her breasts, which were tight and growing every bit as ripe with arousal as the folds that grew plump and damp between her legs.

When his gaze slid to her sex, she saw a fierce, predatory glint darken his silver-gray eyes, and suddenly it didn't matter that outside this room he'd irritated her at every turn.

Here, seated naked at his side, her body didn't care that her mind had already written him off—she'd trolled for his best friend. This man, however, radiated a raw sensuality that heated every inch of skin his glance touched.

As natural as if they'd done it a thousand times, she let her head fall back into his cupped palm and closed her eyes, surrendering.

He murmured something deliciously obscene and then bent toward her. His lips supped at hers, tugging the upper then the lower lip between his teeth. His tongue surged into her mouth and she suckled it, trying to draw it deeper while her thighs clenched and her arousal wet the bedding beneath her.

She didn't demur when he slowly lowered her to the bed and continued the kiss, his upper body covering hers, heating her skin. Her nipples beaded, tangling in his chest hair—a sensation so erotic she gasped into his mouth.

When fingers slid between her clamped thighs, she didn't resist the little nudge and opened, letting him slide fingers inside to cup the curve of an inner thigh.

Only his tentative touch wasn't nearly enough. And because she'd already let him know she was eager for it, she decided she'd let him know she was well beyond needing her body readied for play. She reached down and shoved his hand upward until it covered her pussy. Only then did she murmur encouragements against his lips, deepening her kiss as her belly continued to quiver and her breaths shortened.

Long fingers strummed the outer lips of her pussy, rolling over them, applying pressure but never stroking between until her hips were rolling, pumping against the press of his fingers, trying to tell him wordlessly that she didn't want him taking it slow. She needed fingers shoved deep into her moistened channel.

Cord's tongue surged into her mouth, stroking in a rhythm she matched with the shallow rise and fall of her hips. When another set of hands shoved apart her legs, she growled against Cord's mouth.

Her thighs were lifted and draped over hard shoulders, a mouth burrowed between her folds, a tongue flicked her clit, and suddenly she bit down on Cord's tongue, forcing him out of her mouth so that she could catch her breath.

Her body bowed hard and an unrelenting tremor kept her twisting beneath Cord, her mouth sliding over his shoulder, inarticulate sounds escaping her as her orgasm slammed through her.

When it ended, she fell back and closed her eyes. "That...hasn't happened before," she said shakily.

"Don't tell me you've never come before," Cord's amused voice rumbled in her ear.

"I've never lost control like that—so fast and hard..." Her eyes fluttered open.

Bruno's lips pressed kisses against her inner thighs and then he climbed onto the bed, kneeling opposite to Cord.

She realized her face was bracketed by two thick, fully engorged cocks. Neither man had taken his pleasure yet. Both smelled amazing—of spicy soap and muted musk.

Her gaze went from Bruno's liquid brown gaze to Cord's silvery glare. All the possibilities she'd been too consumed to consider before filtered through her mind. Both were willing, both were waiting for her cue to let them know she wanted this to continue. She'd hoped for a light flirtation—something that would help restore her confidence.

The intensity of the gazes that swept over her, the tension radiating from their still bodies, told her she was about to get so much more than she'd hoped.

A lazy smile stretched her lips. "Bruno, since you're the one in charge here, what's next?"

Bruno returned the smile and wrapped his long fingers around his cock, and then raised an eyebrow to Cord as though asking, *Who's first?*

Feeling suddenly giddy, Jane giggled and sat up, turning to face both men, eyeing their straining cocks with blatant interest. "Oh the possibilities..." She grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and crawled backward off the bed, slipping silently to the floor on her knees.

"Did I mention how much I like this girl?" Bruno whispered overloud.

Cord groaned but fisted his hand around his own arousal.

"You both talk too much," Jane said, flipping her hair behind her shoulders and lifting her chin in an unmistakable challenge, wondering where her sudden confidence had come from.

The two men scrambled off the bed and walked toward her, their expressions filling with tension and feral pride. They circled her, pointing their cocks downward and scraping the tips along her shoulders and upper back.

When they stopped in front of her, standing side by side, Jane reached up to brace her hands against their thighs and leaned close, turning her head one way to capture Bruno's cock head in a succulent kiss, then turning to the right to give Cord the same wet kiss.

It was easy. Natural. Playful little caresses that increased the tension in the muscles tightening beneath her palms. She leaned toward Bruno and stuck out her tongue, gliding down his length then back up, swirling over the sleek head before drawing away to stare at him.

His cock was bronze with a reddish tinge, the tip a deeper red, blending toward purple. The crown was tapered, elegant. The shaft perfectly straight.

Opening her jaws, she slid her mouth over him, taking him deep, enjoying the leap of his cock as he slid past her tongue to bump the back of her throat. When she pulled back, his entire shaft glistened with the moisture from her mouth and the thick little burst of pre-cum that had coated her tongue.

Her tongue lapped at his cap, the point delving into the slit as his fingers slid beneath the ridged crown to steady himself as she rode the slit for a little teasing tongue-fuck.

"No fair. I'm feeling a little neglected here," Cord said, his voice sounding gravelly.

Jane glanced up at Bruno who raised one brow and tilted his head toward Cord in an unspoken command. The hint of authority had her own sex tightening as she turned to Cord and opened her mouth obediently, letting him guide his cock between her lips while she closed her eyes in acceptance if not fully committed delight.

But the girth of the cock that slid between her lips had her groaning, opening wider to prevent the edge of her teeth from scraping his sensitive flesh. Her eyes opened and met his heated gaze.

Cord's gaze wasn't like Bruno's—lightly teasing. Cord's held a darker promise, like the smoldering coals of a banked fire. A little too intense for comfort.

However, she wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft, and she tightened her lips while she began to suck him hard as though she siphoned fuel.

He thrust his fingers into her hair and held her still, fucking her mouth rather than letting her take him comfortably. She felt marked, invaded...and oh-so feminine as he took over, dominating her with the steady ebb and flow of his enormous cock.

Bruno shifted behind her and his hands came up to cup her cheeks, pressing them inward to caress the length of Cord's cock as he stroked in and out. "Bet that feels like sliding into warm, wet pussy, bro."

"Fuck," Cord muttered, continuing to rock forward and back.

"Don't know about you," Bruno said softly, continuing to manipulate her cheeks, "but I'm dying to know what it feels like sliding deep inside her. What do you think, Jane? Ready to feel something driving hard and fast inside you?"

Jane started to murmur her agreement, but the sound came out choked as Cord pressed against the back of her throat. Her eyes narrowed, waiting for him to withdraw, but Cord merely smiled, pulled out so far that the ridge around his crown touched the backs of her lips before he stroked deep again.

Bruno chuckled behind her and then bent to nuzzle her ear as his hands glided downward to cup her breasts then slid between her legs. "Really want to wait to sample this pussy?" Bruno asked Cord, his fingers thrusting into her folds.

Cord grunted, his hand tightening in Jane's hair, forcing her toward his groin. Then he slowly untangled his fingers, letting her back off his dick.

Jane licked her reddened lips and sat on her haunches dragging in deep breaths. He liked the thought that her lips might end up chapped from stretching around him. He'd never felt anything so amazing—Jane suctioning hard, Bruno pressing her cheeks inward—it had indeed felt like sliding into a juicy cunt.

And watching the fire sparkling in her eyes when he'd dragged out those last moments before allowing her to come off his cock...well, that was just icing on a very sweet, very erotic hot piece of girl-pie.

Now she sat shivering at his feet, gulping air, her round breasts quivering with her jagged little breaths. He couldn't wait to make her grunt as he thrust deep and hard and then watch her slowly unravel.

Only, Bruno probably had his own ideas about how this thing was going to flow. Since he'd been the one to close the deal, Cord raised his gaze to meet his friend's amused glance.

"Think you better slide where you'll fit?" Bruno asked ruefully, tossing him a condom from the stash in the nightstand.

Cord understood immediately and stepped around Jane, taking a seat on the edge of the bed and lying back on his elbows. His cock was sticky and hard—so goddamn hard he knew he couldn't take a lot of motion before he blew, so maybe this way was best.

Bruno held out his hand and tugged Jane gently to her feet. She swayed a moment, and Cord tensed while Bruno laughed and hugged her close to his chest. Bruno bent his head and kissed Jane, his eyes opening to stare at Cord.

Cord knew what he was doing. They'd done it before. Stoked each other's jealousy and competitiveness until they pushed the woman past her limits, left her quivering, gasping, soaked in cum.

Cord wanted to see Jane like that, but right now, he wished Bruno would take a hike and let him enjoy a slow ride between the woman's thighs. He didn't want distractions, wanted to savor the build. Wanted to note every response and know precisely when the last of her reservations regarding him as a lover fell away.

He might never get the chance to prove to her he was the guy. The only one she needed. Why that felt important he didn't know. But from the moment he'd first seen her, he'd felt as if he'd taken a punch to the gut—tight, winded, trembling.

Her wary glance made him feel anxious and off-center. Probably why he'd stumbled all over himself every time she'd entered his space.

Bruno straightened. "Why don't you climb on top and give him a taste of that sweet pussy."

Jane's jaw tensed, and she shot Cord a wild-eyed glance, but she accepted Bruno's nudge toward the bed and slowly climbed over him. When her hips hovered over his dick, Bruno patted her bottom. "Not yet. Kneel over his face. A taste, remember?"

"Jesus," she whispered, giving Cord a desperate look filled with resistance and a silent plea for him to say something.

Instead, Cord reached out and cupped her ass, urging her upward until he had to release her to tuck his arms at his sides while she straddled either side of his head. The view of her pink cunt, inner folds damp and peeking from between her outer labia, had him licking his lips.

The bed dipped beside him as Bruno crawled onto the mattress. With Bruno's cock entering his line of vision, so close and personal, Cord felt himself tighten.

Unsure if he was repulsed, or whether the sight of Bruno's condom-clad sex straining toward Jane somehow enhanced his own arousal, Cord reached again for Jane's soft, fleshy ass and urged her downward until her cunt opened over his mouth, and he was perfectly aligned to eat her out.

Cord opened his mouth and tongued the swollen knot at the top of her folds, gratified when her legs wobbled and her slick pussy drew inward.

"Lean forward, Jane. I'm going to play with your ass."

Cord heard Bruno, but assumed he meant with his fingers. Not until he felt strong thighs bracket his waist and his own cock nudged a hairy thigh did he realize Bruno intended to fuck her while he ate.

Not something they'd done before, but Cord didn't mind. The way Jane had begun to quiver and shake above him said how much the experience excited her.

Jane bent over Cord, coming down on her elbows, her cunt still hugging his mouth.

"I want to get my dick wet before I come into her ass," Bruno said, his voice tight.

Cord's belly knotted and pre-cum leaked from the tip of his cock, smearing on Bruno's thigh. He didn't think Bruno would notice, so he didn't mention it, just lowered his head while Bruno's cock rooted at Jane's folds.

The sight fascinated Cord. He used his thumbs to hold her open while Bruno dipped inside, stroking only a couple of inches deep.

Her pussy closed around the tip, giving it a wet, sucking kiss.

"Lick her clit," Bruno said, again tension so thick in his voice, Cord worried Bruno might shoot right in his face. Condom or not, that wasn't gonna happen.

But Cord obeyed, flicking Jane with his tongue, smiling when she ground downward, begging silently for more.

Only the downward grind pressed Bruno's shaft against Cord's chin. The rasp of his afternoon beard scraped.

Bruno groaned, and his thighs shuddered against Cord's waist.

With weight and heat pressing down on his abdomen, Cord stopped worrying about whose arousal he ate—his own was unrelenting, so rigid and swollen he was mindless with desire. He gave long laps of his tongue, swiping Bruno's disappearing shaft as he stroked Jane's cunt, then glided upward to capture her rigid clit.

His cock rocked against Bruno's inner thigh and leaked more fluid, and he burrowed his face against his partners' rutting sexes, sucking whatever pressed against his lips.

At last, Jane gave a muffled shout and her body tensed above his.

Cord's head fell back against the mattress and he closed his eyes, wondering what the hell had just happened. He wasn't gay. Had never touched another man intimately before.

Afraid to face Bruno, he waited, trying to control his deepening breaths while the couple above him separated and climbed to the side.

Jane surprised him, snuggling close. He swept out his arm and pulled her against him, letting her rest her head on his shoulder.

Her eyes blinked slowly open. "That was amazing," she whispered.

Apparently she didn't care about what got in the way of the tonguing he'd given her. He gave a deep, troubled sigh, then finally gathered up his courage and shot Bruno a glance.

Bruno lay stretched on his side behind Jane, his head resting on one hand, his other hand fisted around his clad cock, which he pumped slowly up and down. He caught Cord's look and grinned ruefully. "Yeah, I'm in pain here. So close, but no cigar." The words were light, but the steady stare told Cord he wasn't going to let it drop.

Cord hoped he hadn't screwed their friendship up. But how could he tell Bruno he'd enjoyed it, might even want to do it again? And where did that leave his attraction to Jane?

## Chapter Three

Bruno read the panic in Cord's gaze. *Too bad*. He'd felt Cord's tongue and lips all over his cock, no way was he going to let Cord deny anything had happened or that he hadn't loved it.

The way Cord's cock strained upward, hard, glistening, added to the slick trail of pre-cum drying on his own thigh, was proof Cord had been carried away.

Bruno took a deep breath and lifted his hand, placing it on the swell of Jane's hip. He gave her an affectionate squeeze, then glided his hand past her and wrapped his fingers around Cord's cock, cinching them firmly around his shaft.

Cord grew rigid. "Bruno," he groaned, "don't..."

Jane's head lifted and she stared at Bruno's hand as he began to pump hard on Cord's cock. "I wouldn't have guessed you guys like it so rough." Bruno nearly grinned. Jane wasn't concerned that he appeared to be jerking off another man—she was curious about how he was doing it.

"That's because guys are grateful for any attention paid their dicks. We won't complain whether or not you're doing it just right so long as you're willing to play with it."

"Bruno..." Cord gritted out. His hand slowly wrapped around Bruno's, forcing him to stop the motions. "I can't do this."

Jane rose up between them, effectively pulling Bruno's grasp from Cord's flesh. "You guys don't ever...?"

Cord shook his head sharply.

Her lips pressed outward. "But you're a great team."

"This isn't fucking basketball," Cord ground out.

"And I'm strictly dickly," Jane muttered. "Excuse me for sounding a little surprised, but whatever this is was fucking amazing."

Bruno couldn't hold Cord's glare. His glance slid from Cord's to Jane's as her words lifted one side of his mouth. "Strictly dickly?"

Jane grinned and scooted down the bed until her face was even with both their groins.

Bruno jabbed his hips forward, pushing his dick into her soft cheek. She turned, closed her eyes and began to suck his cock through the condom. Sliding his fingers in her hair to anchor her there, he met Cord's gaze. "I'm not gonna last long this way."

"Go ahead and come," Cord said, a hint of steel glinting in his gaze.

That's how Cord would prefer it now. Them taking turns. No chance of any contact. Bruno narrowed his eyes and pulled Jane's hair to bring her off.

When she lifted her head, a frown drew a line between her dark brows.

"Baby, I love your mouth, but this is supposed to be about you. Wouldn't you prefer the two of us coming into you?"

"Whatever way you want. I agreed, remember?" she said breathlessly.

The way her nostrils flared and her lush mouth trembled said how much she liked leaving the decisions in his hands. "Whatever I want?" he said, lifting his gaze to impress that fact on Cord's stubborn mind.

At her low, groaning "yes", Cord's lips curled into a snarl.

"I'm going to get something from my room. While I'm gone, I want you two to continue to play. Cord, I need her fully aroused, ready to come before I ever start playing with her ass."

"Damn," Jane whispered, pressing her red face into the coverlet.

"Don't be in any hurry to get back," Cord muttered.

Bruno gave Cord a wink and left. The carefree smile he wore on his mouth made his face ache, and he let it fade away as he headed out the doorway to his own room

just a few steps away. The walls weren't that well insulated. He'd be able to hear when the banging started in earnest—when Cord finally worked the tension of their forbidden touches out of his system and became consumed with the tight, fierce need to come.

Then Bruno would intrude and manipulate the aroused couple into accepting greater intimacies.

Cord was resistant to sharing the woman between them now that Bruno had tempted him into crossing that line. With his arousal spiking hard again, he might find it harder to resist when Bruno took a few more liberties.

Gawd, how awkward was this? Bruno had issued his command, basically telling Cord to fuck her until he returned. Jane's body was moist, pliant. Her mind wasn't as receptive. Not with a snarl twisting Cord's thinned lips.

When Bruno left, the part of her that wasn't the slutty nymphet she pretended to be felt her stomach knot in an unpleasant way. Her skin felt a little clammy and she thought she might be getting nauseous.

Did Bruno expect her to mount Cord? Or was Cord going to do more than stare at her as though he didn't really see her?

Jesus, did he even want her, or was this just the guy's Saturday routine and any slut would do?

She swallowed and started to rise. "Maybe I should leave..."

Cord's eyes closed and he rolled to his back. A deep breath filled his lungs, lifting his amazing chest, then slowly escaped. When the sigh ended, he turned his face.

His gaze fixed on hers, and he lifted the hand between them. "Come here."

Jane wanted to, but where was her pride? Had she really envisioned herself as a convenient fuck shared between two men who didn't give a damn about her? Sure, it had sounded fun and exciting when she'd planned to do this with Bruno, but being

here, bare-assed and sticky, with a large, naked stranger lying beside her somehow didn't seem as pleasurable a thing as she'd hoped.

Something was missing. She didn't want to be an object—a living, breathing sex toy. She wanted them to really want her.

Even Cord. She wanted him to at least like her. "I think this isn't such a good idea," she whispered, drawing away from his hand.

A muscle flexed in Cord's square jaw. "Look, if you want it to just be between you and Bruno, I'll leave."

"That's not the problem." Cord remained quiet, staring at her until she shrugged. "This isn't really me. I don't screw men I don't know."

One pale accusing brow arched. "You're not the woman who sunbathed naked to get Bruno's attention?"

"I didn't really think it through," she admitted in a small voice.

"This feels wrong to you?"

She gave a short, sharp laugh. "Believe me, I don't expect love or for this to be anything more than just a 'thing'—but I..." She paused, not knowing how to say it and not look foolish.

"You want to be more than a fuck," he said quietly.

"Yeah," she said, surprised by his perception. "Guess that's what I wasn't saying."

His chest rose again. "Come here." Again, he held out his hand.

This time, she accepted it and let him pull her over him until every part of her draped over his body—and his massive cock dug into her belly.

His hands pushed back her hair as he stared into her eyes. "If I tell you I've been hot for you since the day you arrived, would it make this any easier?" he growled. "I've had two left feet and forgotten how to talk every time we've shared the same air. You scare the hell out of me."

Jane tilted her head, feeling bemused. "You're scared of me?"

"Yeah, you're so damn beautiful. You're way out of my league."

"I'm not that hot. And it's not like you're a complete toad."

Cord snorted. "Girls like my size," he said with a lift of one blond eyebrow, "but this nose isn't pretty. Most women prefer Bruno."

"Bruno's easier to understand," she admitted. "He's handsome, charming. He makes a girl feel at ease. You scare me too."

"I don't see you as an easy fuck, Jane. I wish we had more time to get to know each other, but if this is it..."

She nodded, feeling a little of her unease begin to dissipate. She gave him a slow smile. If they'd met under other circumstances, if they had time to get to know each other... "Guess we should get down to business or Bruno might follow through on that spanking."

"He said he'd spank you?"

"Well, he said was into kink. Asked me if I liked spankings."

Cord's lips curved. "Do you?"

"I don't know," she said, her lips stretching into a shy smile.

"What do you know you like?"

She bit her lip then groaned, pressing her face against his chest. "I like to be fucked."

"What a coincidence," he said softly. "I like being fucked too."

Jane pressed a kiss against his collar bone and then swiped the spot with her tongue, tasting salt and liking it. "How do you want to work this?" she asked, not lifting her gaze.

"How about I take over for a bit? Just until you're feeling more comfortable with me."

"I'd like that."

Cord rolled her over, coming up on top. His heavy body pressed her deep into the soft mattress and his legs pinned her beneath him.

“Not giving me a chance to change my mind?” she asked, suddenly breathless.

“I’m kind of decisive that way,” he said, his expression completely serious. “Give me an inch—I won’t ask permission twice.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she mumbled. Jane reached around him, running her hands over the thick muscles bracketing his spine. Lord, the man was built. “About those inches?”

“Want a few of mine?” he asked, his lips hovering over hers.

“Please?”

“Jesus,” Cord said, his cheeks reddening. “Wait. I forgot.”

He reared up and knelt between her thighs, then stretched out to grab the condom Bruno had given him.

Jane liked seeing the slight tremble in his fingers. The guy was no player. There wasn’t anything cool or polished about his game. He wanted this badly.

Which confused her. Cord was gorgeous—in an excessively manly way. Didn’t he know that? Or was he just a little bit shy and that’s what convinced him he wasn’t that attractive?

Jane didn’t mind that he didn’t have a huge ego. Bruno more than made up for Cord’s lack of confidence with the ladies—and maybe that was the problem. How would any man feel competing with Bruno’s smooth moves?

Yet Bruno had swept out of the room in a hurry, using a lame excuse to leave the two of them alone. Jane thought maybe Bruno was just a bit off kilter after he’d touched Cord intimately and Cord had rejected the advance. She was certain that if she’d balked even once with Bruno that he wouldn’t have been set back.

Jane felt a stillness fall over her, as a moment of clarity broke through her own sex-addled brain to reveal the depth of the game Bruno played. Bruno really wanted Cord. Badly.

He'd used her to get into bed with Cord.

Bruno wasn't in charge of a damn thing. Wasn't going to let her balk no matter what—he'd bluffed. *Oh what a tangled web...*

"Did you change your mind after all?" Cord asked, his voice taut as he rolled the condom down his big cock.

Jane shook her head absently.

"Where'd you go?"

"What?"

"You drifted off there for a second—not good for a guy's ego when a girl he's about to make love to forgets he's even here."

"I was just thinking. Sorry."

"You can still change your mind."

Funny, just an hour ago she'd been dying to get Bruno into bed. Right now, Cord seemed the perfect guy. Built like a Mack truck and raring to go—and authentic worry in his steady gaze. What woman wouldn't be flattered at having all that power and desire to please aimed right at her pussy?

"Cord, Bruno said we should get things started..."

Cord nearly groaned he was so relieved he hadn't somehow blown it. Sliding deep into Jane's sexy body had become an obsession. He braced his hands on either side of her shoulders, lifted his torso off hers and slowly settled his knees between her thighs. "Put me inside you," he whispered.

A soft, thin moan sifted between her lips and she slowly slipped a hand between their bodies, her fingers gliding between their quivering bellies to wrap around his

cock. With their gazes locking, she pushed him between her folds, pausing to rub the tip against her slick clit, then pressed him downward until he prodded her opening.

Cord groaned and rocked his hips forward, shoving into her silky slit and driving deep.

Jane's breath rushed out. Her mouth opened, but no sound escaped. Her knees rose on either side of him and she tilted her pelvis, giving him a straight shot, giving him permission to stroke deep and hard.

Cord gritted his teeth, wanting to savor the feel of her wet walls closing around him, wanted to wallow in the gentle convulsions sucking at his cock, pulling him inside. He wanted to be gentle, to get it right, but her hot, wet heat was doing a number on his self-control and he flexed and stroked deep and sure, his buttocks quickly picking up momentum.

He held himself above her, the muscles in his arms and backs thickening, defining, as a primal satisfaction, a need to mark and prove ownership, was fulfilled with each steady stroke. Sweat broke on his face and chest, and he dipped down to rub it on her breasts, growling when her nipples stabbed and she pressed closer.

Slipping one hand beneath her ass, he gathered her up. He crawled closer on his knees to gain leverage and power then shortened his strokes, banging against the open, soaked cradle of her thighs. The bed creaked, the headboard thudded. The sound only added to his growing excitement.

"*God, Cord, harder...*" Jane gritted out, her face flushing a deeper rose, perspiration beading on her upper lip. Her arms swept around him, her hands clutched his back, her fingernails digging into his skin.

Cord grunted, shifted his knees again and pounded, setting the bed rocking forward and back. He didn't care if he knocked out chunks of drywall, he wasn't stopping now, couldn't slow down, couldn't hold back.

Her pussy squeezed around him, long, rhythmic caresses that slid along his shaft, buttery cream churned up by the motion of his hips and the steady, quickening thrusts of his cock.

The bed dipped beside them and Cord stiffened, pausing mid-stroke to aim a killing glare at Bruno, who smiled and lifted a tube of gel, a short braided leather flogger and a blindfold.

Jane's desperate gaze swung toward Bruno and a soft, pained laugh gusted from her thinned lips. "Your timing sucks." Her hands tightened on Cord's back for a moment, and then she lay back and let them fall to the mattress beside her as she drew deep, shattered breaths.

Cord pulled away, angry, frustrated, wanting to curse and throw Bruno out of the room, but his arousal pulsed—a current of sensual curiosity and heightening tension sweeping through him.

He didn't like that Bruno's return sparked his interest. But he wasn't going to fight it. Jane lay pliant, sweating, her breath rasping. Bruno's hot gaze swept her body, lingering on her spiked nipples, then clung to the sight of her pussy—wet, open, white streaks of her honeyed arousal glistening on her parted folds.

"Really think she needs the blindfold?" Cord growled.

Bruno's lips twisted. "No, but you do, buddy."

Cord shook his head sharply. Bruno had played his final cards. Cord knew exactly what he planned...how he meant this to fly. But he couldn't go along with it, couldn't allow it...no matter how much his cock throbbed. Could he?

Jane sat up, coming to her knees. Her gaze locked with Bruno's and a slow, piquant smile tipped up the corners of her lush mouth. "You are a wicked man." Her glance came back to Cord. "What if I tell you this would please me? That I wouldn't think less of you if you allow it to happen? What if I promise you can have me any way you want, if we do this first?"

"Why would you even want to see it?" Cord asked, his jaws flexing. "Do you like me squirming?"

"I have to admit I like the thought of seeing you uncomfortable. But I think...what I like even more," she said slowly, pausing to wet her bottom lip with her pink tongue, "is the idea of you surrendering everything. Letting go...riding it out even if you're screaming 'no' inside...because I know you're gonna love it."

"How can that be satisfying to you?"

Her smile was echoed in her gleaming eyes. "I have this burning curiosity."

Cord didn't look at Bruno. He simply held out his hand and let his buddy drape the black strip of silk across his palm. Holding her widening gaze, he took a deep breath and lifted it, then tied it securely around his head, willingly blinding himself.

"Remove his condom, Jane. Then we have to let him guess who's doing what," Bruno said. "But I want you talking to him, whispering dirty things to him all the while."

Something soft pressed against his chest—Jane's breast snuggled against him and he drew a deep, trembling breath as she leaned close and rolled off the condom.

Then her hands smoothed over the corners of his shoulders and something wet licked along his neck. "Lie back," she whispered in his ear.

Cord did so, reluctantly, jerkily. He lay back, his hands close to his sides and fisted, his legs together.

"How am I supposed to kiss your balls if you clench your thighs together?" Jane said softly.

Cord groaned and slowly parted his legs. Large, hard hands urged them wider. "*Jesus.*"

Two sets of hands began to pet him, starting at his shoulders and chest, sweeping over his skin, heating him up as they crisscrossed and smoothed lower, pressing against his shivering abdomen.

His balls drew closer to his groin, his cock jerked. A moistened fingertip gently swirled over the tip of him, pressing against the slit, taking the pre-cum leaking from his cock and smearing it around the head.

"Taste it," Bruno whispered.

Cord gritted his teeth, wishing he hadn't agreed to the blindfold so he could watch Jane lick the moisture smeared on Bruno's finger.

"Mmmm." Jane's moan caused Cord to suck in a deep breath, and then he gasped when lips surrounded him and sank over his cock. But whose?

The suctioning that followed was strong, forceful...*Bruno. Fuck!*

Cord's knees lifted and he bucked his hips. But Bruno didn't come off him. A raspy, choked laugh vibrated against his shaft as Bruno took the sharp jab deep into his throat.

A small, smooth palm curved around his balls and a soft, wet tongue lapped along his length as Bruno suctioned and drew off.

Jane's hot mouth engulfed him, her tongue laving the sides of his cock as she sank.

This time his upward thrust was gentler, slower. He didn't want her coming off him, didn't want to choke her.

"Lift your ass," Bruno rasped.

Cord hesitated, part of him still resisting, but Jane's mouth continued to suck him and he lifted his buttocks off the bed to drive himself against the back of her throat.

Weight shifted on the mattress, Bruno moved between his legs, and then a mouth opened around his balls and began to gobble at him, cupping them with lips, licking the sac, then tugging—the pulling almost painful, but so delicious he couldn't get out a word of complaint.

Jane wrapped her hands around him and pumped him, still suctioning the tip, swallowing more as she pumped upward, stroking downward as she came up. The slight twist she gave his shaft made him groan.

"Back away now," Bruno whispered.

Cord kept his ass high, hoping they'd continue. When the first fierce slap of leather hit his inner thigh, he thrust up hard. "What the fuck?"

Another slap landed on the opposite thigh.

"Watch where that thing lands!"

"Think I don't know how to use this?"

Bruno's amused voice reminded Cord of the last time they'd used the short whip. Surfer Girl had striped Bruno's ass, laying the flanged tassels down on the fleshy parts, but slowly working her way between until she'd spanked his balls, and he'd shot cum into the blankets.

"Not my thing!" Cord bit out.

"How do you know?"

"It's not my ass you're striping."

"Roll over and let's see whether you have a taste for it."

"Bruno..." he said, his voice rising in warning.

"Roll over, Cord," Jane said. Her soft mouth kissed the tip of him. "Roll over. I promise I won't let him hurt you."

*Hurt me?* Cord growled, but he jerkily turned, coming up on his hands and knees between them.

Bruno plied the whip carefully, one side of his ass then the other, warming his skin, but never raising a welt.

"Not my thing, dammit," Cord repeated, but this time without conviction. The stinging warmth of his ass had his cock so hard he couldn't deny he liked it.

The mattress dipped and Jane scooted under him, her hair brushing his cock as she slid upside down beneath him, her tongue stroking his length as she dove deeper.

Cord rose up and pulled her fully beneath him, spreading her thighs with his hands and dipping between them to sink his mouth against her sex.

Jane's ass came up off the bed, pressing her pussy hard against him. Cord began to stroke her with his tongue, taking the ripening scent and flavor of her into his nose and mouth, while Bruno resumed snapping the flanges against his ass.

Cord didn't resist when Bruno urged his thighs wider apart. His cock was surrounded by a warm, eager mouth. Bruno could do whatever the hell got him off, so long as he didn't try to stop him feasting on Jane.

## **Chapter Four**

With burning, snapping stings landing between his buttocks, Cord's groin tightened. The first stroke to land perilously close to his balls had him growling but thrusting his cock deeper into Jane's throat.

The slaps halted suddenly. Then hands parted his cheeks.

Cord tightened his sphincter instinctively but continued to dip his cock into Jane's suctioning mouth.

Something hard, cold and slender was inserted into his ass, and Cord's thighs began to tremble. A finger rubbed gel around his tiny hole, then teased the opening with shallow circles.

"Fuck...fuck..." Cord repeated, his whole body beginning to shudder.

When the finger dipped inside, he tensed against the burning and pressure, but he didn't tell Bruno to stop. He couldn't. The foreign sensation was too damn sinful. Too hot for him to resist.

He pressed his face into Jane, inhaling her scent, rolling his chin and nose into her juicy cunt while Bruno fucked his finger inside him. And he waited, holding back his orgasm through sheer willpower because he didn't want the ride to end. Not yet.

Not until he'd satisfied his curiosity about what it would be like to feel Bruno's cock sliding deep inside his ass.

Jane's hips rose and fell. Her legs widening, her thighs straining. Not wanting her release to come before his and call more attention to what was happening, Cord lifted his head, depriving her of sensation.

He parted her labia and slid two fingers into her moist opening. Her cunt closed around him, sucking him deeper, pulsing hard.

He held his fingers still, letting her arousal slowly ebb.

She murmured a complaint around his cock but couldn't back away from him, because he'd dipped deeper until he bumped the back of her throat and her head was forced hard against the mattress.

Bruno's mouth pressed kisses on his ass, then he bent lower to tongue the back of his balls as he slid another finger inside and began to rotate his hand to stretch Cord's opening. "Think you can take me now?" Bruno whispered harshly.

"Fuck no," Cord breathed, but he forced himself to relax, to open and accept another thick finger pressing deep.

Bruno's laughter was low, throaty...wicked. And his hand pulled away, dragging back his fingers until Cord felt empty and his asshole throbbed.

Thighs snuggled up between his own spread thighs, and the soft, blunt tip of Bruno's cock nudged into the crease separating his buttocks.

Cord sucked in a breath between clenched teeth, and then opened his mouth to blow hard as Bruno pushed into him. His thick, hot sex slowly breached his asshole, then slid inexorably deeper, pausing to pull back, then thrusting gently forward, deeper again.

"You okay?" Bruno asked softly.

Cord grunted, his head hanging between his shoulders, the fingers still shoved deep inside Jane's pussy remaining still as he concentrated on the new sensations filling his body.

He'd never been fucked. Never been invaded, never accepted the dominant thrust of another human being. Emotions swirling inside him were a mixture of shame, desire and a liberating surrender that left him feeling weak, but oddly not emasculated.

Bruno held his buttocks in a bruising grip and began to pump in earnest, driving deeper, hooking sharper, until at last, his belly and groin slapped against Cord's ass.

Cord's whole body shuddered deeply as he welcomed the hard thrusts that rocked him forward and savored the thick rod slamming deep. Was this what Jane felt when she lay beneath a man?

By the quickening strokes and Bruno's loud, rasping breaths, Cord knew he was close. *Thank God.*

He wasn't going to last another ten seconds. Bruno's cock stroked his prostate with his ridged crown, the girth stretching him burned. Cord latched his lips around Jane's swollen clit and suckled while he thrust three fingers deep into her pussy. Jane's mouth suctioned, her breathing loud and labored as he crammed himself down her throat.

Bruno couldn't believe he was banging Cord's tight ass. Couldn't quash the euphoria of the other man's surrender that excited him every bit as much as the sensations surrounding his cock as he pounded away. He'd dreamed of this, wanted it so goddamn bad. He didn't feel a single trace of remorse for using Jane to get here.

Jane was game. A delightful mix of innocence and naughtiness. He'd make sure that both he and Cord rewarded her with the experience of a lifetime. Too bad she wouldn't be sticking around.

Cord's head lowered, his thighs tightened, and Bruno knew exactly what he was feeling. His balls had to be painfully tight and hard, his cock aching, his ass burning.

The shudder that racked Cord's body shivered through Bruno and he bit back a curse that it was ending. He might never know what this felt like again.

Bruno drew back one last time and pumped forward, slamming deep into hot, tight rapture. Cord's muffled shout rang out just a moment before Bruno's balls exploded and streams of cum jetted inside Cord's ass.

As he came down, he slowed his strokes, savoring the last rhythmic constrictions of Cord's virgin ass.

Cord laid his head on one of Jane's splayed thighs and dragged in great gulps of air. Jane's hands shoved at Cord and he lifted his hips.

Reluctantly, Bruno withdrew to allow Cord to pull his cock from her mouth. Cord fell to the side of Jane, his forearm covering his eyes.

Bruno sat back on his haunches, his hands braced on his thighs. His gaze went to Jane whose hands clasped her own breasts, as if to give herself comfort. Her eyes were closed tight, her breaths jagged rasps.

Not good. Both his partners couldn't meet his gaze. He backed off the bed and headed to the bathroom. Had he pushed them both too far? Had Jane been repulsed, strangled by Cord's cock as he'd lost control? Neither man had followed through with the implicit promise he'd made to see to her pleasure. Not at the last.

Standing with his cock draped over the edge of the sink, he glared at himself in the mirror. He'd been selfish—seeking his own end. For what? A momentary ecstasy that might spell the end of a long friendship. As he washed himself, he fought the dread growing stronger inside him. What the fuck had he done?

Cord waited until the sound of running water began before he pulled his arm away from his eyes and reached for Jane. He turned himself around and lay down on his belly beside her, leaning up on his elbows. "Jane? Are you all right?"

Her eyes blinked open and she turned her head toward him. "I'm fine. How about you?"

Cord shrugged, not really wanting to talk about it. "I swear that's never happened before."

She shook her head. "Do you think I was shocked? Turned off?"

"That wasn't what you expected when you agreed to be with us. I didn't expect it either."

"But it did." She reached up to cup his cheek. "Are you sorry?"

The tender gesture, so undeserved, forced a naked truth from him. "I don't know what I feel. Everything I thought about myself...just got blown the hell away."

"Guess that's something we have in common." A small, tired smile tipped up the corners of her mouth.

Relief swept through him. "You sure I didn't choke you half to death there at the last?"

A devilish glint entered her eyes. "I can breathe through my nose." Her brow creased and her gaze swung to the bathroom door. "He's been in there awhile. Think he might be afraid to come out?"

"Bruno? Nothing ever fazes that guy."

"I don't know about that. I'm thinking he wanted this to happen pretty badly. He might think you're feeling a boatload of regret. What do you feel?"

"I'm a little confused. Tired as hell. But I don't think I'm as shocked as I would have thought."

"It all happened so quickly. So naturally." Her lips tightened and her expression grew wistful—her eyes filling. "Maybe it's a good thing we didn't have time to think it through."

Cord swallowed hard, grateful she understood. "You sure you're okay with all of this?"

"Ask me again, and I'll start thinking you want me to cry."

Cord leaned close and kissed her cheek. "Never. I'd kick my own ass if I ever hurt you."

Her fingertips glided across his lips. "You don't even know me," she said softly.

"But I've watched you. You seemed a little sad when you first came. I wanted to be the one to make you smile."

A trembling breath eased between her full lips. "I was coming off a long-term relationship. It ended badly. I came here to regroup and think about my future." She wrinkled her nose. "But for some reason, I couldn't keep my mind on my priorities."

A crooked smile tugged at Cord's lips. "Someone distract you?"

"Two someones. One who kept tripping me up and another who tempted me at every turn."

Cord nodded toward the bathroom. "Want me to leave you two alone now?"

Jane shook her head. "It wouldn't feel right. Leaving you out of this. We're a team, remember? Even if this isn't basketball."

"For as long as you're here then. If that's the way you want it." Cord lowered his head and nuzzled her cheek. "Sure you have to leave on Monday? The wedding's only days away."

Her hand cupped the back of his head and her lips slid along his cheek. "I don't have to go back right away. If you think Bruno won't mind."

"I'm thinking Bruno will be glad to have you here," he growled. "It's not like this thing would ever work without you here between us."

Jane pushed him back. "You should go check on him. Let him know you're not completely freaked."

Cord blew out a breath. "What do I say?"

"You're the big, strong fireman...what does one guy who loves another say?"

Cord's eyebrows lowered. "You think I'm in love with him?"

"I said you *love* him," she said slowly. "I can't imagine you ever letting another guy do that to you without there being a strong connection. You just haven't ever considered the possibility of more. Not before today."

"I don't think I could be with him like that. Not without you here too."

Jane's grin was a wry, teasing grimace. "Do I keep you feeling manly?"

"Will I sound like a coward if I admit that's true? Besides, I really love pussy."

Her eyebrows lifted. "And I'm strictly dickly," she murmured, her voice deepening.

Cord hovered over her lips, his gaze locking with hers. "Cancel your flight," he whispered.

"I will. Now you go talk to him."

Cord kissed her hard, then pushed off the bed and strode toward the closed bathroom door. He turned the handle, thankful it wasn't locked. Bruno stood in front of the sink, his hands clutching the edges. "You okay, buddy?" Cord asked, his voice so tight it rasped.

Bruno's eyes filled slowly. "Guess I'm the one who should be asking you that."

Cord's arms folded over his chest as he met his best friend's worried gaze. "I'm a little sore," he said, keeping his voice even. "Something big just got shoved up my ass."

Bruno's eyes widened, and his lips twitched. "I'm kinda relieved it wasn't the other way around."

A smile slowly stretched Cord's mouth and he breathed a sigh of relief. If they could laugh about it, talk about it, things might not get awkward between them. His glance bored into Bruno's. "Payback's only fair."

A sharp breath lifted Bruno's chest. "Guess you're right," he said, his voice roughening.

Cord's glance swung briefly to the door. "Think you might like her to stick around awhile?"

"I was just about to ask you the same thing."

They shared a smile.

Bruno stepped beside him and reached for the door handle.

Cord halted him with a hand on his shoulder. The two men shared a charged glance, then Bruno leaned in, pressing his lips briefly against Cord's.

"Goddamn," Cord whispered as he drew away.

"Get used to it."

Cord's dick jerked. Now he understood the quick flare of heat he'd seen in Jane's expression when Bruno issued his orders. "I'll work on it."

"I'll make sure of it." Bruno twisted the knob and stepped into the bedroom, Cord on his heels.

"She looks worn out," Bruno said, eyeing Jane who slept blissfully on her side, facing the door.

"Better let her get some rest, she'd going to need it," Cord whispered.

Bruno aimed a grin at Cord. "Maybe while she's snoring we could figure out how we'll wake her up."

Cord slid his arm around Bruno's shoulder and slapped his back. "Yeah, want a beer while we plot?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jane drifted upward, not wanting to leave her delicious dream. But something hot and wet closed around her breast. Jane cracked one eyelid open to find Cord sucking her nipple as she lay on her side, sandwiched between two hard-bodied, extremely aroused men.

"I could get used to this," she murmured dreamily.

"That's the plan," Bruno said softly behind her. His hands cupped her ass and massaged her, rotating her buttocks.

"Am I about to get my reward?"

"Think it's better than a gold star?" Cord growled, coming off her nipple and scooting upward until their faces aligned.

Jane sighed and lifted her thigh over his hip, encouraging him to snuggle closer. His cock rocked forward, slipping lengthwise between her folds to rut gently. She wasn't the least surprised to discover she was wet. Drenched, in fact. Just how long had the two men been teasing her body into arousal while she slept?

A finger slid between her buttocks and swirled lightly over her asshole.

She shivered and undulated her hips, grinding first forward against Cord's thick cock, then backward to let Bruno know his attentions were welcomed. "I don't need a goddamn gold star when I have two lovely cocks. Cocks trump stars every time."

Her smile was met with a sexy grin from Cord. "Now this is something I know all about. You ready?"

"No," she moaned. "But I think that's not gonna matter. Jesus, I'm hot."

Something moist and cool entered the tight ring of her ass and Jane gasped as a long, thick finger slipped inside.

Cord's hand grasped her thigh and brought it higher on his hip, and then his hand glided around her buttock to hold her open while Bruno slid another finger inside her.

The muscles surrounding the thick digit stretched, a delicious burn beginning that heated her back passage and sent a jolt of heat straight to her pussy. "I need you inside me," she whispered to Cord.

"Hold onto me, sweetheart." Cord drew back his hips and centered his cock between her slick folds.

"I don't think I can let go," she said, her desperate gaze clinging to his.

"That's the plan," he muttered, pressing his lips to hers as he slid slowly inside her.

"Let me know if this hurts. I'll stop, even if it kills me," Bruno said, nuzzling the back of her neck. His body pressed close to her back as he guided his cock into her back entrance.

The pressure had her mewling, trembling, but she didn't want him to take it slow.

Then with both men's hands gliding over her skin, they both began to rock gently against her.

It was oddly soothing, despite the discomfort. Jane moaned and slipped an arm around Cord's brawny torso, snuggling her aching breasts against his hard chest.

The men began moving in tandem, Bruno sliding out as Cord thrust in, then coming back as Cord withdrew. The motions were gentle, restrained—the two masculine frames pressed so close she could feel their tension radiating through her.

They built her arousal slowly until she began to writhe between them, her thigh clasp Cord's hip tighter, her breaths growing deeper, rasping loudly. She pressed her face into the corner of his shoulder. "I need more," she whispered. "Harder, deeper...please."

Low, sexy laughter surrounded her, and Jane smiled against Cord's damp skin. Their thrusts quickened, sharpened, deepening until she bit her lips to still the groans that clawed at the back of her throat to slip out.

"It's okay," Bruno rasped. "Let go, baby. *Sweet fuck*, you're so goddamn tight." His thrusts quickened, out of synch now with Cord's.

Cord's fingers combed through her hair, tugging to tilt back her head. His kiss was hard, but not nearly as fierce as the thrusts he delivered, his cock stroking deep, his whole body tensing, the muscles of his back, abs and thighs turning to hot stone against her as he powered into her.

The tension inside her womb mounted, curling tight. Cream slid sinuously down her channel, soaking Cord in her pleasure as her convulsions began rippling along his shaft and her asshole cinched around Bruno's cock. Strained, whimpering cries broke from her throat and suddenly her body was exploding, quivering hard.

Cord cursed and pounded into her. Bruno's breath hissed and scalding fluid filled her as he jerked his hips against her ass. When at last Cord orgasmed, he rocked so powerfully his motions pulled both her and Bruno along.

When the motion on the bed stilled except for shattered breathing, tears filled Jane's eyes.

"Hey, hey," Cord said softly, his thumbs sweeping under her eyes to wipe the liquid spilling down her cheeks. "Was that too much? Did we hurt you?"

She shook her head sharply.

Bruno wrapped an arm around her waist, his hand coming up to cup her breast gently. "It's okay to cry. Know how you feel," he said softly against her hair.

Cord's worried expression eased. A gentle smile curved his mouth. "I take it these are happy tears?"

She nodded, her fingers pinching his chest in irritation.

"Ouch."

A gasp of laughter escaped her. "You have a lot to learn about women."

"I'll admit I'm not as in tune as my buddy here, but I'm willing to learn." He kissed her forehead and laid his head on the mattress beside her. "Think you could get used to this?"

"I already said I'll cancel my flight."

"I mean, would you consider staying. With us."

Jane's eyes widened. "It's kinda fast. You sure this isn't just about how great the sex is?"

Bruno snorted. "Isn't that enough?"

Cord aimed a glare over her shoulder. "I think this works. I'd like to give us a chance to see whether we can make it last. But I know it's sudden." He shrugged nonchalantly, but she read the eagerness in his eyes.

Jane cupped his cheek with her palm. "It's not like I'm loving the thought of heading back to winter. And I'm a teacher. I'm sure my certificate can be transferred. How about we try it—until spring."

"Let's worry about the details later," Bruno grouched. "We know you want to stay. I know Cord's been dying to spend time with you."

Jane pressed her hand against Bruno's arm still wrapped around her waist. "I think Cord's dying to spend more time with both of us."

Bruno's hand squeezed her breast and he leaned up to kiss the side of her face. Jane turned to meet his lips and they shared a slow, hot kiss, tongues tangling, until Cord cleared his throat.

Bruno's face turned to Cord and a wide grin stretched his mouth. "Feeling left out?"

Cord grunted and bent toward Jane, but she guided his face gently with her hand toward Bruno. As the two men pressed closed lips together, Jane sighed loudly. "A little tongue, guys."

Laughter burst between them and Cord eased open his mouth, his tongue meeting Bruno's as their lips sealed again for a slow, deep kiss.

As Jane watched the two men, her chest grew tight. She felt surrounded by hope and the first stirrings of love. How strange she'd thought all she needed was a little hot summer sex with just one man. Two seemed the perfect number.

## **Chapter Five**

Jane sat flanked by both of her lovers at the wedding dinner. Sarah had arranged everything with a wink and quick hug, then hurried off to sit beside Fernando, where she remained blissfully unaware of anything but her new husband's dark, shining gaze.

Jane sighed, happy for her friend's happiness, but not the least envious. She had plenty of male attention to deflect away from their playful touches and gestures. She didn't miss the curious and covetous glances around her. Not that she could blame any of the women whose sly gazes cut their way. Bruno and Cord in tuxes were just too yummy to ignore.

Cord's tall, broad body seemed uncomfortably encased inside his. He looked like a brawling bear cinched and muzzled, the wildness just a button away from escaping. Bruno with his tall, lean body oozed a cosmopolitan charm. For now, she possessed something to please any woman's changing appetites.

Jane sighed as hands slid over her thighs beneath the tablecloth. Her long, sexy weekend had stretched into a luscious week. Other than a couple of twenty-four-hour stints where the men left to work their shifts at the fire station, she'd had them all to herself. They'd strutted naked around the house for the most part, trying out various pieces of furniture, the floors, the counters...creating personal memories of each glorious inch of their home.

But the men hadn't talked about her staying longer again and she was worried that they might be growing bored with her. That maybe, they saw their own intimate relationship as fulfilling enough without her to bridge Cord's unease with his newly aroused bi-curious state.

A hand smoothed up her thigh, rucking up her skirt, but she didn't demur. Sex in public places was the new kink Bruno had suggested. So long as she wasn't flashing

anything to the rest of the room that would get them arrested, she was all right with that.

Fingers glided between her thighs and she eased back in her chair. "Don't start something you can't finish," she breathed.

"Found a closet," Cord ground out, his long, thick fingers scraping higher.

"Room enough for three?" Bruno murmured as he leaned closer to nip her ear.

Cord grunted. "Only if we all hold our breath."

Bruno chuckled, warm air sifting through the curls she'd coaxed to frame her face. "Then we'll take turns."

Jane pulled her lips into a disgruntled frown. "Don't I get a say?"

"Sure, who do you want first?" As always, Cord cut to the chase.

His hand gripped her thigh hard and she shivered. She loved the fact he hadn't any patience—not with clothing or teasing—when he was hard. Her hand slipped between his legs. "Just checking. Didn't know if I'd have to drop a napkin under the table and get on my knees to coax you out to play."

Cord's chair scraped backward. "Follow us in about five minutes," he muttered to Bruno, then grabbed her hand and tugged her from her chair.

Bruno's lips curved into a silky smile. "Five minutes. Any longer and I'll be inside whatever's facing that door when I come in."

Jane's breath caught on a shocked laugh. "Hush!"

"What?" Cord grumbled, pulling her quickly through the tables. "You think everyone here doesn't know what's going on with us?"

Her head craned behind her, catching several amused and calculating stares. When she stumbled in her heels, she hopped behind him, tugging on his hand until he slowed so she could slip off her shoes one at a time and skip behind him barefoot.

"You don't care that they know?"

"They can wonder about the specifics, but I really don't care."

They entered a hallway and passed two restrooms. Cord halted in front of a janitor's closet, looked behind them to make sure they were alone, then quickly opened the door and shoved her inside. His body crowded in behind her, forcing her to grip the shelving on the back wall or fall.

Then hands were lifting the hem of her skirt, turning it inside out as the sleek silk rose. Her panties ripped, fluttering down one leg. Then a hand pushed between her shoulder blades bending her forward.

Jane gripped the edge of a lower shelf and spread her feet apart, only one thinly cautionary thought flitting through her mind that she should protest his haste. She was already soaking wet.

Hands gripped her bottom. "Too short. Damn." The door cracked and fluorescent light peeked into the tidy little room. A shallow, wooden crate was scooted across the floor and she stepped onto it. Apparently, she was at the right height for him now because the light blinked out again. But she couldn't widen her stance as far as she'd like.

When the thick round knob of his cock pressed between her buttocks, she bent farther, reached behind her and guided him straight into her pussy.

A short, harsh thrust and he was balls deep inside her. She couldn't suppress her loud groan. Neither could he.

His hands settled on her hips and he began a steady assault in Cord-fashion, hammering away at her until she shivered and moaned, pummeled until she began to whimper because it was too much, too fast and she got a little scared when she lost her mind like that.

Cord soothed her with soft shushing sounds and his hands roamed her back and sides until she calmed before picking up the pace again.

"Keep it down in there," came Bruno's muffled voice from outside, and she realized Cord was banging the door.

Cord cursed softly, shifted closer and resumed the steady pounding—at last forcing the soft, feminine grunts from her lips that embarrassed her every time but gave him so much satisfaction hearing.

Jane was an inch from coming when his fingers bit into her hips and air hissed between his teeth. Scalding spurts of cum flooded her channel while she clung limply to the shelf.

His motions slowed then stopped. "Sorry about that."

She murmured something under her breath while he backed away. Clothing rustled, then he jerked open the door.

Still bent, she sighed when the door closed again and Bruno's hands cupped her bare ass cheeks.

"Anyone see you?" she hissed, wondering why she'd ever agreed to this. Fucking in a closet that smelled of disinfectant and dust wasn't her idea of romantic.

"No, and Cord will scare the shit out of anyone who attempts to come down the hallway," he said, his usually smooth timbre sounding tight and raspy. "Should have seen his face."

She could imagine. His fierce, taut features could be intimidating—that look had sucked the breath right out of her lungs a time or two.

Bruno's cock slid easily inside her and she moaned, her pussy tightening to enclose him in moist, pulsing heat.

"So tell me, *chica*," he said softly. "Did you come for him?"

"No," she said with a gasp as he circled in slow delicious circles. "Too fast."

"Warned him he better not wring you out."

"You two planned this?"

"Of course. How do you think he knew about this closet? He scouted it out twenty minutes ago."

"Wicked man."

Bruno stroked inward, in quick rutting thrusts, filling her nicely, swimming in the lubricant her body oozed and Cord's hot cum. "Damn, you're wet," he whispered, echoing her own thoughts.

"Don't let any get on my dress," she grumbled.

"All taken care of," he said tightly. "Have toilet paper in my pocket."

The corners of her lips rose. "Were you two Boy Scouts when you were kids?"

"Just making sure we can take care of you, sweetheart."

"S-nice," she groaned.

"Promise I'll make this quick. But later..."

A hand stretched around her belly and dove between her clenched thighs. Fingers slid unerringly over the top of her sex and rubbed her swollen clit.

Jane jerked then exploded, her back arching, a thin wail lifting in the air.

"Shhh...baby," he whispered next to her ear, while he pounded faster, his own orgasm evident from his loss of rhythm. Short, humid gusts blew across her cheek then his mouth slid over her shoulder, his cries muffled against her skin.

As he slowed, she quivered, her legs weakening until she was deeply grateful for the ragged edges of shelf biting into her palms or she'd have crumbled to the floor.

Bruno pulled away and zipped up. Then he grasped the edges of her skirt and pulled it over her hips. He slowly turned her in his arms and gave her the one thing she still craved—a soft, sweet kiss filled with tenderness.

His cheek slid alongside hers then he jerked back. "Almost forgot." More rustling sounded and soft tissue was thrust up between her legs to mop the trail of lust trickling down her thighs.

Jane couldn't help it. Laughter bubbled up inside her—rich, deep—*loud*.

"Quiet, sweetheart!" Bruno chided, amusement in his voice. "Do you want to be caught?"

"I really don't care. None of these people know me. Never will." And they wouldn't unless the men repeated their invitation for her to stay. She could. She'd worked all the details out in her mind. All they had to do was ask.

His hand slid from between her legs. His body tensed and then he turned and thrust open the door. He walked away, leaving her to fuss with her hair and clothing. As she let herself out of the closet, she groused about men and how quickly they forgot about women once they'd gotten what they wanted.

\* \* \* \* \*

A soothing breeze swept across her as she lay in a lounge chair in Bruno and Cord's backyard. She'd trailed outside without waking the men, needing time to think and work on her all-over tan.

Time was slipping away from her. So were Cord and Bruno. She'd felt it last night.

At the careful and quiet way they'd worked her into a quivering frenzy after they'd hurried home from the wedding, she'd known something was different. Cord was never deliberate. Bruno never silent.

For her own part, she'd been desperate for one last night of abandon. One last night to savor the joy she'd discovered in their arms and inside herself. Whether or not she ever saw them again, she'd be forever grateful for them giving her back her own sense of worth.

The sliding glass door whooshed open. The clip of flip-flops drew near. A hand slid along her bare back, pausing to squeeze her ass. "Awake?" came Cord's low rumbling morning voice.

How well she recognized it and the stroke of his large, calloused hand. God, she was going to miss him. Of the two, he made her feel the safest. Incredibly cherished. The man had a gift when he wasn't tripping over his great big feet.

"I'm awake," she said softly, shoving down the dread rising inside her. She opened her eyes, her gaze level with the bottom edge of his cargo shorts. She stifled a sigh that he wasn't equally as naked as she was. But it was time to talk. Time to say goodbye.

"We need to talk, baby," he said, squatting on his haunches beside her. One glance at his pinched expression was enough to make her tear up.

She bit her lip and turned her face away.

"Bruno seems to think you're getting ready to leave."

"Wedding's over. I do have a job to get back to," she said, muffling her voice, because she knew she'd sound ragged and a little hoarse, and she didn't want to let him know she was ready to bawl like a baby. "Break's over," she said gruffly.

"Don't you want to stay?"

"Want to stay?" She turned, her eyes level with his fierce gaze. Tears welled, but she shook her head. "Would you want me to, knowing I'm falling in love with you? With both of you," she whispered.

His expression softened. "Don't cry. Or you'll have me blubbering too."

Her lips curled upward and she blinked, letting a tear roll down her cheek. "You'd cry over me? Or is it just a pity cry?"

His thumb brushed away the tear, bringing it to his mouth to drink. "You're falling in love with us?"

She sniffed. "Awkward, huh?"

He shook his head. "It's perfect. 'Cause I'm falling in love with you too."

Her heart tripped. "What about Bruno?"

"Bruno..." His broad naked chest lifted around a deep breath. "Guess I'll have to admit to loving him as well."

She bit back a weak grin. "Not what I meant, but...wow."

They shared sheepish smiles.

"Think he'd mind if I stayed longer?"

The harsh edges of his masculine face tightened. "I think he'd mind if you didn't change that 'longer' to forever. He was mad as hell at you yesterday because he thought you wanted to go."

"I didn't know," she said softly, relief pouring over her like the cooling breeze. "Guess I better think of ways to make it up to him."

Cord grinned, a devilish light shining in his silvery eyes. "Let's go wake him up and tell him the good news."

\* \* \* \* \*

Cord gently crawled onto the mattress, waiting while Jane took up a position on the opposite side of Bruno. His friend hadn't slept well last night.

Bruno's thoughtful gaze had stayed on Jane as she cuddled against his chest, his hand sifting through her hair for what seemed hours. The two men hadn't spoken about their worries after Bruno had told him in a few crisp words that Jane was going home.

Bruno had acted as though he was only irritated, but Cord knew better. If he hadn't cared, nothing would have penetrated his easy humor. Cord hadn't known how to soothe him, because he didn't really know where their relationship would stand without Jane to buffer their uneasy attraction. Cord wasn't completely sure that his feelings for Bruno could survive outside the threesome. Having her here eased away his tension, kept him open to just feel and enjoy.

Maybe he was a coward. But he knew it would be different, even awkward if she wasn't there. And he wasn't going to fight what he felt, what he needed. He only knew that he wanted to hold onto everything they all shared.

He'd never been afraid of being alone. Wouldn't have felt more than mild regret before if Bruno had moved out. Now he felt bound to them both—and excited about what their futures held.

Jane gestured to Bruno's cock, which lay slightly curled along one thigh. He gave her a pained grin, not really aggrieved that she wanted him to be the one to wake Bruno up. But he had to make the gesture for the sake of his masculinity.

Besides, he liked the wicked light in her eyes, the one that burned when she knew he was bending to her will because she liked it.

Cord bent over Bruno's cock, lifted it gently in his hand, then opened his mouth to suck all of his soft sex into his mouth. Jane had woken him this same exact way the previous morning, suckling him into a ferocious erection.

He'd do the same for Bruno. Because he loved him. Because he wanted to please him. And he'd give him something else he knew his friend, his lover, craved from him as well.

Bruno stirred, his legs straightening, his cock jerking, tugging against Cord's lips.

A hand threaded through his hair, caressing his scalp. "Cord, fuck...."

Cord cast a glance at the warmth swimming in Bruno's eyes, then watched as Jane covered his mouth and gave him a kiss so deep Bruno's hands clutched her head close, cupping her as though she was precious.

Bruno liked keeping things light and breezy, but there was no denying how much he'd come to care about the woman who held both their futures in her small, soft hands.

So while Jane kissed Bruno's lips and caressed his small, dark male nipples with her fingertips, Cord tightened his lips around Bruno's stiffening cock and sucked hard, drawing on him as blood surged to fill his length with pulsating heat.

Cord's own cock jerked as Bruno's rich, masculine scent filled his nostrils and his turgid erection unfolded inside his mouth. He dragged back on his thickening shaft, strafed him with the edge of his teeth, and then opened wider to cram Bruno back down his throat. He reached beneath and cupped Bruno's balls, rolling them in his palm and tugging them, increasing the pressure when Bruno's hips began to rise and fall until he stroked into Cord's greedy mouth.

Bruno groaned loudly. Jane laughed breathily, then she scooted down Bruno's body, her mouth joining Cord's to torment Bruno's sex.

Their tongues tangled as they slid along the long column. They paused to share a wet kiss, and dragged their mouths along opposite sides of the shaft before drawing back.

Jane's gaze locked with his. A dark brow arched.

Cord sucked in a deep breath and nodded.

"Bruno," Jane whispered. "Roll over and get on your knees."

Bruno lay with one arm beneath his head. He'd been watching them work on him. At Cord's pointed stare, color flushed his cheeks. His eyes grew misty. "You sure?"

"Make it quick before I change my mind," Cord ground out.

"I'm sitting this one out," Jane said, backing away then kneeling on the far side of the mattress.

Cord's fingers curled, digging into his palms. She wanted to watch. Already intense excitement filled her cheeks with a lovely rosy blush. Her chest lifted around shallow breaths.

His gaze swung back to Bruno, who shrugged. "Lady wants to watch," Bruno said, echoing his own thought. "Better make it good for her, bro." He drew up his legs to clear Cord's thighs planted firmly in the mattress and rolled, coming up on his hands and knees in front of him.

Bruno faced forward, alleviating a little of the awkwardness beginning to build inside Cord. "I should get the lube."

"Top drawer," Bruno said, his voice tight.

Cord slipped off the bed, rigid tension making his movements jerky. He opened the drawer and grabbed the narrow metal tube.

"Jane," Bruno said, turning his head toward her. "Come sit in front of me, let me eat you out. Give something for Cord to watch."

"I think you two need to go solo."

"Another time. This isn't about the two of us. We should be together."

Cord's chest squeezed around his heart, relieved and annoyed at the same time that Bruno knew him so well. He nodded sharply to Jane, who gave them a tight smile and crawled in front of Bruno.

At his direction, she sat in front of him, leaning back on her hands. Her legs lay flat on the mattress, splayed wide. As Bruno leaned down to kiss her belly and trailed lower, a gasp made her heavy breasts quiver. Her gaze lifted to Cord's. "Ready here," she said softly, biting the side of her lip when Bruno's head sank to the juncture of her thighs.

Cord dug a knee into the mattress and crawled behind Bruno, his glance falling to the other man's ass, carved like caramel-colored steel as muscles flexed. His small hole was a dark, tempting circle above ruddy balls, the long column of his cock disappearing as it aligned with his belly.

Cord closed his eyes for a moment, remembering the few times he'd allowed Bruno to fuck him, remembering how damn good it had felt. The least he could do was return the favor.

Only he'd be lying to himself unless he admitted he wasn't doing this for Bruno. He wanted to feel the cinch of Bruno's asshole around his cock. Wanted to feel his lover tighten, his cock heavy and rutting inside his fist as he slammed inside him.

He couldn't wait a moment longer. The nozzle of the tube dipped into the dark ring and he squeezed. Then he coated the head of his cock with the lubricant, hissing because touching himself was almost too much to bear. His hand shook he was so excited.

Then he was pressing between Bruno's cheeks, not giving him the benefit of a finger-fuck to loosen him up, because his haste, his need was all Bruno's damn fault. He'd seduced him along with Jane, made him want something he'd never have considered on his own.

But Bruno didn't protest. His body shuddered and then pushed back, urging him silently to come into him.

Cord speared between the puckered lips, pressing his broad head hard against him until the muscles gave and he sank into heat so intense, so tight and wonderful, he nearly came. He ringed the base of his cock with his fingers and shot Jane a desperate glance.

Her smile was soft, her blue gaze reflecting her own passionate approval. Her head tilted back, eyes falling half-closed as she continued to watch him and sank into her own ecstasy as Bruno's head circled over her pussy.

"For fuck's sake," Bruno said, lifting his head. "You're killing me here."

Cord grunted. "Don't want to hurt you."

"I like pain, remember? I've waited forever for this."

Cord smoothed his hands over Bruno's ass, grateful for his consent to end the agony, and held the notches at the tops of his hips in a painful, bruising grip. Then he drew back, all the way to the flanged edge of his crown and slammed inside, shoving deep.

Bruno's body shuddered hard, his head dipping again to noisily feast on Jane's sex, jerking as Cord began to hammer inside his ass. Cord reached around Bruno's belly, his fingers closing tightly around his lover's shaft, masturbating him while he pounded inside him.

Bruno's moans were thin and tight. Jane's knees rose on either side of Bruno, her heels digging into the mattress to lift her hips and pump against his mouth.

Cord watched the two of them, his pleasure escalating as friction heated his own cock and pressure massaged his shaft. He wasn't going to last long. It felt too damn good. "Can't...stop..." he ground out.

"Jesus," Bruno groaned.

Then Cord was exploding, his hips pumping so hard he pushed all of them along in the same rhythm.

Jane's mouth fell open around a breathless scream.

Bruno's hands fisted around the bedding beneath her hips.

Pressure exploded, squeezing hard around his balls, blasting through his cock to erupt inside Bruno, bathing him in scalding liquid pleasure that just kept coming. His head felt as though it combusted too and an agonized shout ripped from his throat. Then he was losing it, losing the rhythm, jerking against Bruno's ass, his fingers clamping hard around the other man's cock, milking him just like Bruno's tight asshole milked his own dick, until there wasn't anything left—no cum, no strength, no will to move.

The room was filled with lingering moans and rapturous sighs.

Bruno pulled forward, coming off Cord's dick, and then climbed to Jane's side and off the bed entirely. Cord fell forward on his hands, his head hanging between his shoulders, his body still quivering. His cock felt cold and as wrung out as it ever had.

Footsteps padded away. Water ran. Just as Cord's breaths began to even, a warm cloth passed beneath his belly and Bruno was cleansing his cock. When he was done, he whispered, "Jane?"

She opened her arms and Cord crawled over her, accepting her embrace as he fell over her, snuggling his head into the corner of her shoulder while her hands stroked his back. The pleasure, the relief of finally getting past the one act that had haunted him, was so sublime all he wanted to do was lie inside her arms until he slept.

The mattress shifted beside him and Cord wearily turned his head.

Bruno stretched out on his side, a hand supporting his head. His gaze was worried, his features pinched and a little pale. "So are you two going to tell me what's going on? Is this one last hurrah before you both say goodbye?"

Jane's chest shook beneath Cord's and he gave her a quick glare. "Tongue's not working. You tell him."

Jane tucked his head against her shoulder, and it was a good thing because he didn't have the strength left to do anything but sink his whole body against her pillowy softness.

"How do you feel about taking on another roommate?" Jane asked softly.

Bruno's breath stilled in his chest. Then his eyes narrowed. "Separate rooms? Friends with occasional benefits?"

Cord rumbled against her damp skin.

Jane's hand combed through his hair, soothing him instantly. "What Cord here is trying to say is same room, same bed. More than friends."

Bruno blew out the breath he'd been holding, read the acceptance and love shimmering in her eyes. Then his gaze dropped to Cord. One corner of his lover's mouth was crimped upward in a tired smile.

A lump lodged at the back of his throat and he cleared it. His wildest dream had just come true. He raised a hand to cup Jane's cheek and leaned in to kiss her mouth. The soft pressure gave and she opened, slipping her tongue inside with a sigh—the sweetness of her kiss soothing away his last fears.

A deep grunt sounded just below them and they both turned their gazes to Cord whose silver eyes were narrowed.

Bruno grinned and bent to kiss him just as sweetly. The contrast of their tastes, the softness and firmness of their lips...Bruno pulled back and sucked in a deep breath as his cock stirred to life again. "Better let you two rest," he murmured, his hand closing around his cock, willing the tingling in his shaft to stop, but failing dismally.

Jane noted his predicament with a small, feline smile. "While this one catches his breath, we might talk about the...arrangements."

“Lord, that means I’d have to move,” Cord moaned, his hands tightening on her shoulders. “Later.”

Jane and Bruno shared chuckles. Feeling suddenly lighthearted, Bruno lifted his eyebrows. “We could let him sleep while we take the edge off. Or he could watch,” he said, knowing there was no way Cord would stay out of it long.

Jane reached out and closed her hand around his shaft, gliding her fingers up and down.

Cord sighed and rolled away from Jane, lying with an arm beneath his head to watch while Jane shoved Bruno to his back and straddled his hips.

Bruno laughed at his expression, all love-softened sleepiness swept away with a sparkle in his silver eyes. Yeah, his old buddy wasn’t going to last long. As Jane snuggled her tight channel down his cock, Bruno mused. Jane had planned just one wild weekend to ease her loneliness, but now the future looked like one long wild ride for all.

## **About the Author**

Delilah Devlin dated a Samoan, a Venezuelan, a Turk, a Cuban, and was engaged to a Greek before marrying her Irishman. She's lived in Saudi Arabia, Germany, and Ireland, but calls Texas home for now. Ever a risk taker, she lived in the Saudi Peninsula during the Gulf War, thwarted an attempted abduction by white slave traders, and survived her children's juvenile delinquency.

Creating alter egos for herself in the pages of her books enables her to live new adventures. Since discovering the sinful pleasure of erotica, she writes to satisfy her need for variety--it keeps her from running away with the Indian working in the cubicle beside her!

In addition to writing erotica, she enjoys creating romantic comedies and suspense novels.

Delilah welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

### *Tell Us What You Think*

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