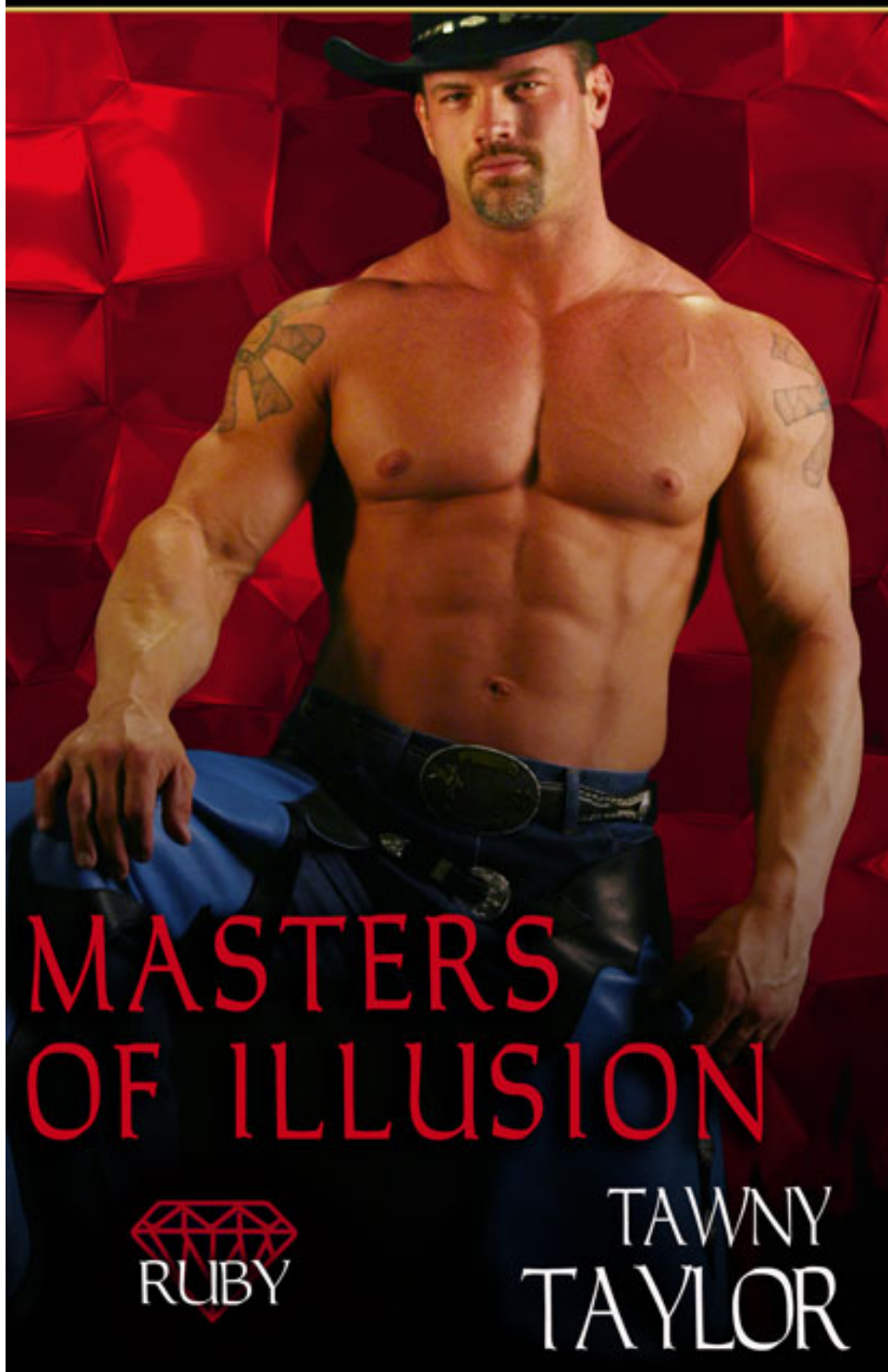


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



MASTERS OF ILLUSION



TAWNY
TAYLOR

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Masters of Illusion

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MASTERS OF ILLUSION

Tawny Taylor

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Chapter One

Damon Butler dropped his head and closed his eyes, letting the decadent pleasure of his lover's cock stretching and filling him, carry him away.

Oh yeah, so good. One slow inward thrust, followed by an equally slow and torturous withdrawal. *Damn.*

He'd been fucking Trey for years, and it was this magical every time. The guy knew exactly what Damon needed, how to bring him to the cusp of orgasm and then stop, slowly building the need inside until he came so hard the heat swirling in his belly blazed through every cell in his body.

Every single time he was sure he'd die from the pleasure.

"When I see Blair," Trey murmured, digging his fingers into Damon's shoulders, "I'm going to fuck her pussy just like this. Slow and deep at first, and then hard and fast like this..." Trey slowly amped up the pace of his thrusts, driving his thick rod deep into Damon's hungry ass.

Damon's legs, shoulders and back tightened as another jolt of erotic hunger licked up his spine. "Yeah. Fuck yes." He could see her now in his mind's eye. Blair's pouty lips pursed, eyes closed, sweet face flushed as Trey's cock pounded into her slick, tight passage.

His body rigid from the waves of heat simmering through his veins, Damon felt his mind being tugged out of the moment, into the past. But he fought the urge to sink into those memories, focusing on the sounds of skin striking skin, the delicious flavor of Trey's kisses lingering on his tongue. The scent of Trey's skin teasing his nostrils.

So close already.

Damon wrapped his fist around his cock and squeezed. "We're both going to fuck her, at the same time. You'll fill her sweet pussy. I'll cram her ass full of my cock. She'll be begging us for more."

"Shit yeah. God, the thought of having her again makes me want to come." Trey gripped Damon's hips and drove into him harder, rougher, with a desperation Damon had never felt in him before.

Sensing Trey was on the verge of losing the self-control he always exercised so flawlessly, Damon pumped his cock faster, matching Trey's almost frenzied pace.

This was good, better than good. They hadn't seen Blair in years, yet she was already bringing something new and exciting to their relationship. They'd finally found her, after years of searching. He could hardly wait until she was there with them, lying beneath him, submitting.

Trey's blistering hot, hard body bent over Damon's, skin gliding over skin, short, panting breaths teasing Damon's ear and making him hot and cold at the same time. Goose bumps sprung up all over his back, and he growled, tipping his hips, taking Trey's dick as deep as he could. "We're going to make it good for her. So good she'll beg us to do it over and over again," Damon vowed, meaning every word he uttered.

"Yeahhhh. Oh fuck." Trey's body stiffened. He groaned. "Too fast. Gotta stop." Trey eased from Damon's ass, leaving him aching empty, charged up with sensual need and frustrated to the point of desperation.

Now that was a first. Trey'd been so close to losing control, he'd had to pull out. Damn, that was hot.

"No, dammit." Damon sagged against the back of the couch. "I was so close."

"Tell me how it's going to be with Blair," Trey whispered against Damon's neck. "And fuck me while you tell me."

His body like an overtightened spring ready to snap, Damon lubed up his cock then spread some lubricant over Trey's anus. "She's been looking for us too. Waiting. Hoping. It's going to be even better than it was before. We're all older now. We

understand each other's needs. We know how to give, not just take." Damon eased into Trey's ass, mesmerized by the sight of Trey's back and shoulder muscles rippling and bulging as he moved into position.

"Yeahhhhh."

"The magic we shared years ago with Blair, that wasn't an illusion. It was real. And real magic never goes away. She still loves us as much as we love her." Damon fell into a steady rhythm, his hips rocking back and forth, driving his rod up Trey's tight ass. His mind filled with images from the past, memories of the many sweet moments the three of them had shared as teens. The first time he'd fucked Blair. The first time he'd watched Trey fuck her.

Their bond had been like nothing he'd experienced since. Three people who shared the same soul, same heart, same mind. When Blair had been ripped away from them, he and Trey had been left with a huge gaping wound that had never healed.

And then there was the physical part, the way their bodies had been made for each other. He loved fucking a man and being fucked. But he also craved the feeling of Blair's soft, lush body beneath his. And Trey shared the same needs as he did, along with a deep-seated need to dominate. Both bisexual. Both active Doms in the BDSM scene. Both looking for the one submissive who would make their lives complete. And both still very much in love with one woman, their Blair.

His body reacted to Trey's soft moans and the sensual memories. More simmering pleasure gathered in his gut. He pounded into Trey harder, faster, taking him the way he liked, needed.

"Yes, more. Don't stop."

Trey was just about there again. So was Damon.

"We're going to give her everything we couldn't then," Trey vowed, sending more sparks flashing and flaring in Damon's body. "She won't say no. Right?"

"Not a chance."

Three months. They'd been planning for tomorrow for three months. And that was after fifteen years of searching for her. She'd changed her last name, moved a few times, obviously running away from something. She wouldn't run anymore. She wouldn't need to. They'd take care of her, love her, protect her and cherish her, like they'd promised to do all those years ago.

Finally, they'd have their chance to make up for their failures.

Damon's heart soared to the stars as his body was swept up in a vortex of carnal pleasure. "We don't have to wait much longer. We'll be together, complete. Happy."

"Yes, happy," Trey echoed on a moan.

* * * * *

"Oh gawd, tell me they won't be sawing people into pieces," Blair Groves joked as she thumbed through the program her friend had just handed her. "Because you know how I am about blood."

"Puh-leez!" Her best friend, Sandy Schubert, rolled her eyes and shoved a ticket into Blair's hand. "You know there won't be any blood. It's all illusion. Fake." Dressed in full magician-wannabe regalia, Sandy looked like she could be part of the show rather than a member of audience. "Oh cool! They're selling DVDs." Impatiently, she hustled Blair toward a booth selling overpriced videos and t-shirts. "Oh, this is perfect. Here. Put this on over your tank top." She tossed Blair a t-shirt emblazoned with a couple of men's faces with glowing eyes—printed in real glow-in-the-dark ink!—and the words, *I've been mesmerized by the Masters of Illusion*.

Groan.

It was official. Blair's social life had hit an all-time low. "This shirt is so cheesy it smells like limburger." Blair grimaced. "I can't wear this. Just look at it." Even as an eight-year-old, she wouldn't have been caught dead going to a magic show, let alone wearing a t-shirt advertising one. Everyone knew magicians were creepy.

Case in point, Wally the Amazing, the magician who'd kidnapped a little girl from a nearby junior high last week. The child had been twelve years old.

It didn't help that Blair was in a crappy mood today, after being passed by *yet again* for a promotion. She'd watched not one, or even two, but three people hired after her get promoted ahead of her because she didn't possess one silly piece of paper.

Some mistakes in life came back to bite her over and over.

Sandy donned her best pout. "Come on, Blair, be a sport. You promised to have fun...or at least fake it. You know how much this means to me. It's my *birthday*. Remember what I did for yours..."

"I knew you'd get back at me for that someday." Blair gave her friend a weak smile. Like Sandy had so kindly pointed out, last August Blair had dragged her to the *Dancing With The Stars* live show. Ballroom dancing made Sandy's teeth ache. The poor girl had been in agony the entire show, and because she'd gritted her teeth for over two hours, her TMJ had acted up for weeks afterward. She was definitely due a nice birthday night.

Time to buck up and be the best friend Sandy deserved. Blair took a few deep breaths. After all, it wasn't Sandy's fault she was stuck in an entry-level job and barely made enough money to keep her in ramen soup.

"Fine. I'll wear the tacky t-shirt with the glowing eyes. Just for you. But that's it. I've gone above and beyond to make your birthday special. So...happy birthday."

Blair yanked the garment over her head and poked her arms through the sleeves. "Great, now I've got two sets of eyes on my boobs. Literally." She swallowed a sigh and whispered, "Of all the millions of radio show call-in contests to win, why'd it have to be this one?" She followed a jubilant Sandy as she wound her way through the milling throng in the theater's lobby.

Sandy glared over her shoulder. "What is your problem today? You're not your usual cheery, sunshiny self tonight."

"Nothing I want to talk about now. Sorry I'm such a grump."

"Don't worry about it. You *will* tell me later," Sandy stated.

"Yes. Later."

Turning again to face forward, Sandy continued through the lobby. "Anyway, I was totally geeked to win these tickets. This show's been sold out for weeks and you don't want to know what the scalpers were asking. It's a small fortune."

Blair smiled at her friend's back. "I'm sorry your boyfriend couldn't make it instead. On your *birthday*."

Sandy went silent and stiff, and Blair was immediately sorry she'd said such a stupid thing. When Sandy had called to invite her yesterday, Sandy had claimed it didn't bother her that her boyfriend hadn't been able to come. Obviously, it bugged her more than she was letting on.

"Eddy couldn't find anyone to take his shift," Sandy grumbled, wiggling through a group of teens. "He was very disappointed he couldn't come with me. I could tell."

"Yes, of course he was disappointed. I'm sorry for bringing it up, sweetie. I'm in a kind of crappy mood tonight, but I'll try not to let it ruin your special night." Blair gave Sandy's shoulders a squeeze, and at her friend's forgiving smile, released her so they could continue toward the theater's entrance. "Magicians are sadists, you know," Blair teased, echoing the threat Sandy always used whenever Blair tried to interrupt her when she was practicing. "They like to think they're gods, and they get off playing with sharp stuff." She slid a glance at her friend, who sent her back a faux-angry glare. They both burst into hysterical laughter at the inside joke. The people nearby gave them bewildered stares, which made them laugh even harder.

They entered the semi-dark theater, showed their tickets to the usher then headed down the narrow aisle to the very front. Of course they had first-row seats.

The lights dimmed, signaling the beginning of the show. Blair settled in for a long, tedious program, which she expected would be filled with predictable illusions presented with the usual theatrical flourish.

A pair of men—gorgeous men—dressed in the standard magician uniform, black suits and gloves, stepped out onstage, and the audience erupted into applause.

Wow, they hadn't even pulled a rabbit out of a hat yet.

She glanced over at her friend, who was also clapping like mad. Then she turned her attention back to the stage, watching, growing increasingly absorbed as the two men performed trick after trick, involving scarves and birds, panthers, big boxes with uber-skinny assistants and lots of sharp stuff—knives, swords, arrows.

Oddly, these two kept the theatrics to a minimum, no plumes of smoke or flares of flame. No blinking lights or distracting music. The show's tone was dark and mysterious, intimate. Seductive and, even though they didn't show a bit of skin, surprisingly erotic.

It was the stories they told as they performed their tricks. They were about faraway lands and obscure legends. Fascinating. Sensual. Mysterious.

The Masters of Illusion, as they called themselves, had striking faces, their features cut in masculine angles. And they both wore their dark hair long. She'd always had a weakness for men with long hair. Maybe that was why she was practically enthralled an hour later.

And then they stepped forward. One of them, the taller of the two, announced, "We need a volunteer from the audience."

As expected, Blair's friend started waving her hand like a maniac. The magician glanced at Sandy but then his gaze inched to the left. The corners of his mouth quirked into a wicked smile.

Oh no, he's not going to...

He pointed. At Blair. "We have our volunteer."

"No, no." She shook her head, but the usher in the aisle didn't accept her refusal. Neither did her friend, who was squealing like a stuck pig.

"You're so freaking lucky!" Sandy exclaimed, shoving her out of her seat.

Blair stood and followed the usher down to a side exit, around to the backstage door and through a maze of magic stuff. And then she was onstage, under all those hot, blinding lights. Standing between the magicians, who looked a whole lot bigger – and better! – from this vantage.

“What’s your name?” the magician on her left asked, thrusting a microphone at her.

“Blair,” she said, staring at him.

“Please, join me in giving our lovely volunteer Blair a warm welcome,” he said, blessing her with a big smile that revealed a pair of adorable dimples and the world’s most perfect, blindingly white teeth.

The room filled with lukewarm applause.

Suddenly feeling woozy, she glanced at the man on her right, meeting his gaze. Something flashed in his eyes, capturing her attention, and for a heartbeat she swore she knew him from somewhere.

He reached for her, and she awkwardly accepted his hand. An odd sensation rushed through her system. It was like an electric charge. “Blair, can you give me a personal item? Like a picture or piece of jewelry?”

Personal item? Her purse was sitting down there, next to her seat. As he released her hand, her bracelet skimmed down her wrist, one of her diamond charms catching the light and flaring brightly.

Aha!

“Sure. Is this okay?” She unclasped the bracelet and held it in her flattened palm.

“It’s perfect.” He reached into his pocket, pulling out a red scarf. He flattened the scarf in his upturned hand. “Place it in the center of the scarf.”

She dropped the silver bracelet in his hand and watched him fold the scarf’s corners over. Meanwhile, his partner stepped up with a small wooden box decorated with glittering red stones.

He gently placed the little bundle inside, covered the box with a scarlet piece of cloth and then turned to the audience, the covered box in his hands. "There are many legends about the ruby. The ruby has long been associated with love and passion. But it's also been said a ruby's wearer will be blessed with health, wisdom and success in affairs of the heart. And ancient peoples of the orient believed the ruby was a drop of Mother Earth's blood."

He pulled the scarlet cover off the box and lifted the lid, tipping it so the audience could see first. Then he turned it toward Blair.

It was empty.

Blair wasn't particularly surprised. She knew those boxes had special compartments. Her friend had one, although it wasn't even close to as gorgeous as this one.

The magician closed the box again and replaced the red cover. "Hindus believe the red color of the ruby comes from an inextinguishable flame." Once again, he pulled the cover off the box and opened it.

The audience applauded.

His partner lifted a red scarf from the box and held it in front of Blair. "Please, open the scarf."

She hesitated, wondering if some animal was going to jump out at her or something. If not, this trick was nothing short of predictable. But at the magician's encouraging nod, she peeled away the corners of the scarf.

What the hell?

Confused, she lifted her bracelet, realizing it had been threaded through a small, delicate ring. A tiny ruby stone cut in the shape of a heart caught the light, flashing like a flame.

"Oh. My. God." Her gaze lurched from the ring that had once been her most prized possession to the men standing before her, and she knew in that instant why she'd felt as if she knew them.

She had, many years ago.

"Damon? Trey? I should've recognized you," she whispered as she studied their features. Their eyes were the same. And she could still see a hint of the gangly teenage boys she'd known so long ago. But with age their faces had become harder, more mature. And the bodies that had once been so thin and lanky were now filled out with heavy, rippling muscle.

"Let's give Blair a round of applause," Trey said before ushering her off the stage.

"But..." She had a million questions she wanted to ask, like if they'd known she'd be here ahead of time. And where they'd been for the past fifteen years. There hadn't been a day she hadn't thought of the two guys she'd once called her best friends. Her first crushes. Her first loves.

The day her family had moved from the sad and dirty neighborhood on the outskirts of Detroit to the pretty house in the 'burbs had been one of the saddest in her life.

An usher stepped out of the shadows and immediately rushed her toward the exit. She stopped outside, in the corridor, her back pressed against the wall, a million wonderful and sad memories playing through her mind. One day in particular got stuck in her head, repeating over and over until tears streamed from her eyes.

Her first time having sex, which of course had been with Damon and Trey. A week before she'd moved across town.

It had been Damon who'd actually performed the deed that first time, but Trey was right there too, holding her hand, stroking her face, making her feel cherished and special.

That day, she'd given those two teen boys her ring—and her heart. A week later, she'd had her insides ripped from her chest and shredded. Even today a scar remained,

the product of that awful pain. Who would've guessed it would still be there, after so much time had passed?

Inside, she heard thundering applause but she couldn't care less about the show. She just wanted to talk to them, to spend time with them, to see if those little zaps on the stage were all that remained of the magical connection they'd once shared. Or whether the love and passion was still there, just waiting for a spark to reignite it.

She had to know, had to at least have an hour with them.

The doors to the theater flew open, and a river of people flowed out into the hallway, filling it with wall-to-wall jabbering audience members. She made her way down to the door where she expected her friend would exit and waited, intending to ask her if she'd wait for a while so she could hunt down Damon and Trey.

As the seconds ticked by, while Blair watched hordes of people file past her, she became jittery and nervous. Would the guys leave without trying to find her? They had to tear down and pack up, right? They had to stick around for a while.

God, she hoped so.

Finally, she saw Sandy, who was scanning the crowd, no doubt looking for her. Sandy's features brightened as their gazes met, and her friend rushed toward her. "What was that trick all about? Ohmygod! Where were you? Did you see the last illusion? It was amazing! The best I've ever seen!"

"Listen," Blair said, grabbing her ecstatic friend's hands. "Those magicians are old friends of mine. I wanted to find you first. Let's go see if we can talk to them."

"Friends of yours? You're joking, right? Because if you're not, I swear I'm going to scream or something."

"Not joking, but please don't scream."

Her friend let out a little "Eep!" as Blair caught her hand and tugged her back to the backstage exit.

"I'm hoping they'll come out this way, or we can get someone's attention and they'll let us go backstage."

"This reminds me of the time we went to the Duran Duran concert. You remember?"

"How could I forget? So tell me the truth. Did you or did you not fake the contest win so that I'd come here with you?" The door swung open and a huge man hurried past them. "Excuse me!" Blair said, trailing him for several steps before giving up. "Damn." She headed back to the door and tried it. "Locked."

"We can catch it when someone else comes out," her friend suggested.

"You're brilliant. Now the answer."

"No way. I won the tickets."

"Then how did they know I'd be here tonight?"

Sandy shrugged, looking as bewildered as Blair felt. "You got me. I'd say it was real magic but I know you don't believe in that."

"No, I don't."

They waited.

Waited some more.

Waited even longer, until the entire building was silent and Blair knew in her gut she'd somehow missed them.

She felt sick.

"I think they left," Sandy said.

"Yeah."

"Sorry. Maybe if you hadn't come to find me —"

"It's not your fault. I guess it was just rotten luck."

They both sighed.

Blair knew it had been too long, that the guys were probably already in their hotel room, relaxing. But she couldn't bring herself to give up, to leave. Why hadn't they come to find her?

"How about a beer?" Sandy asked a long time later.

"That sounds good. Really good." Blair blinked away a tear of disappointment.

* * * * *

Five beers and several hours later, Blair was still completely and utterly bummed about missing Trey and Damon. No doubt her earlier disappointment at work only made things ten times worse.

Sandy, bless her heart, tried everything to drag her out of the dumps, but nothing was working. Not even a really bad rendition of Madonna's "Like a Virgin" at their favorite karaoke bar. Not even a hot fudge brownie sundae from her favorite restaurant. Finally, she decided to quit torturing her friend on her birthday and called it a night. No doubt she'd feel better tomorrow after she'd had some sleep. Maybe she'd even brainstorm how to track the guys down. Her brain definitely worked better when it wasn't floating in a bucket of beer.

Sandy drove her home and crashed on her couch. She slept like a baby.

Blair did not.

By the next morning, Blair was more frustrated and irritated with herself than sad. But she had a game plan. While Sandy took a shower and emptied half of Blair's box of cereal, Blair called every hotel in the area to see if a Damon Butler or Trey Foster were registered.

After an hour, she gave up and joined her friend in the kitchen, drowning her disappointment in soy milk and corn flakes. She fingered the little ruby ring as she ate, tracing the shape of the stone with her index finger. "Please, please tell me you were lying last night. That somehow Damon and Trey tracked me down and asked you to get me to the show?"

"Sorry, I wish I could say I was lying but I wasn't. I had no idea you knew those guys. I'm sorry, sweetie."

"We were best friends for years. Even more than that. Damon was my first...you know. We had sex, Damon, Trey and I. We loved each other. But my family moved and I was too young to drive. My stepfather restricted the long-distance service on our phone so I couldn't call them. I always wondered what happened to them, where they were, what they were doing. I gave them this ring on the day I moved, and we swore that no matter what, we'd be together someday. The three of us."

Sandy's smile was dreamy, wistful. "I wish my first time had been that wonderful. That's such a sweet story."

"Yeah." Blair plunked her elbows on the table and dropped her chin on her fists. "It's too bad it didn't have the ending we all hoped for."

"Well, I said I was going to be a doctor when I was younger," Sandy said, chuckling. "I quit pre-med after my first semester of college. I think most people kiss their teen dreams goodbye when they grow up."

"But they gave me this back. Why?" She slipped the ring off her pinky and looked inside. Yep, it was the ring she'd given them, not a copy. Her initials were there, where they'd always been, engraved on the inside of the band. And the nick in the stone was still there. "They remembered me. But why didn't they try to talk to me later? After the show?"

"Maybe they couldn't find you, or they got tied up with packing up their stuff. Or they had wives to go home to. Who knows?"

"It's just so frustrating, to have them so close, only to have them slip away without getting at least a few minutes to catch up."

Sandy thought for a few minutes and then said gently, "Maybe it's for the best. If you're this upset after just seeing them, maybe you shouldn't spend more time with them than that. Think about it. What are you expecting here? The Masters of Illusion are

performers. They travel around the world. It's not like they can settle down and spend any real time with you, no matter what your history is."

Those words stung big time. But Sandy did have a point. She'd reacted so strongly after just a few minutes onstage. If Trey and Damon were around for a few days, if she got the chance to spend some real quality time with them and all those old feelings were stirred up, how would she deal with them leaving? She was just a little over-emotional right now, thanks to her frustration at work. "You're probably right. But darn it, I'm having a hell of a time with this."

"I'm sorry, sweetie." Sandy gave her a hug, patting her upper back. Releasing her, Sandy stepped back to study her face for several seconds. "Are you going to be okay? Do you want to tell me what else was bothering you last night?"

"No, it's not that big a deal anymore. I'm fine. A little bummed, that's all. I'm tired, and that's probably making things ten times worse. But there's a reason why I reacted so strongly to them. I don't think anyone could possibly understand."

Sandy nodded and stooped over to grab her purse. Standing, she dug inside, her car keys rattled.

"Those two men, they were more than friends," continued Blair. "More than first boyfriends or lovers. They were my lifeline. And I was theirs. We knew each others' secrets, had met each others' demons. Like Trey. His mom was an alcoholic, and his dad sold their food stamps to fund his gambling habit. And Damon's dad blew his head off in front of Damon when he was just eight years old. After that, Damon slept in my doghouse for three nights, and his mother didn't even notice, she was so out of it. She tried to hold it together for him, but she just wasn't strong enough. And then there were my parents..." she laughed bitterly. "So you see? We weren't just friends from the time we were able to talk. We were each others' stability. We held each other up. I don't think any of us could have survived those early years if we hadn't had each other. Those two boys were the only ones I knew I could count on."

Sandy didn't say anything for a long time, and once again, Blair regretted opening her mouth. They headed toward the front door, Blair following Sandy.

"I had no idea," Sandy said, stopping in the middle of the living room, nervously fiddling with her purse strap.

"That's why this is so hard. We'd always said we'd be together when we grew up. I guess a part of me was still hoping that might happen, despite the years that have passed."

Sandy's eyes filled with pity, which only made Blair regret trying to explain more. "Oh sweetie."

Blair shook her head, "Like I said, it's impossible for anyone else to understand."

"Maybe I understand better than you think." Sandy flipped her key ring over in her hand. "I'm going to head home, let you get some more sleep. I'll see ya tomorrow."

"Okay." Blair turned a one-eighty, heading back toward the kitchen.

"Hey, what's this?" Sandy called.

"What?" Blair glanced over her shoulder, halting midstride when she saw her friend stoop over. "Did the neighbor's cat throw up on my welcome mat again?"

"Uh. No. You've got a package." Grimacing down at the brown cardboard box in her arms, Sandy stepped back into the house.

"A package? It's Sunday. Nobody delivers on Sunday."

"I don't think this was delivered by a courier. There's no address label or anything."

"Weird."

Sandy set it on Blair's coffee table and stepped back, almost as if she was scared. "Are you going to open it?"

"I don't know. Should I?"

"I don't know either."

Blair walked a wide circle around the table. "I saw a television show once where a woman received a box without a label and it was a bomb from her pissed-off ex-husband."

"You don't have a pissed-off ex-husband," Sandy pointed out.

"I know."

"You don't have any enemies either."

"Maybe it's a random thing?"

Sandy chuckled. "I'd say it's highly unlikely. But maybe we can take it outside into the garage and carefully open it out there?"

"Sounds like a plan...I guess." Blair cautiously carried the box back out through the front door and around the side of the house to her detached garage. Meanwhile Sandy opened the garage door.

It was already hot outside. The heavy air promised yet another day of record temperatures, which meant the garage's interior was like a gasoline-scented oven. Blair set the box on the ground and went for the garden tool with the longest handle—a hoe. Feeling like an idiot, she poked and prodded the box with the hoe, while Sandy stood outside laughing her ass off.

She gave up some ten minutes later, plunked the tool down and glared at her friend, who was finding this whole thing hysterical. "It's not working."

"No kidding."

"So what do I do now?"

"Well, either you call the bomb squad or you take your chances and open it."

"I'm not crazy about either option, but oh well. I guess I'll open it. The chances of the stupid thing being a bomb are slim to none, right?"

"Right." Sandy shuffled back another few feet.

"You're not making me feel any better about my decision here."

"I'm sure it's safe. I'm just being extra cautious. One of us has to be safe, just in case we need to call 9-1-1."

"Sure." Blair knelt on the floor beside the box and slowly ripped the tape off. Nothing blew up. She lifted the top flaps. Nothing blew up. She glanced inside. Nothing blew up.

She gasped. "Ohmygod!"

It was the box from the magic show. The beautiful one with all the glittering red stones. She gently lifted it out of the cardboard box and hurried to Sandy. "Look! It's from Trey and Damon. They know where I live."

"Wow, it's so beautiful." Sandy ran an index finger down the side.

"Yes, it is." Hot tears burning her eyes, Blair cradled the gift to her chest and headed back inside. She sat at the kitchen table and set the magic prop in front of her. "I wonder why they sent me this?"

"Look inside."

She flipped the lid up but there was nothing inside. "There's a magic compartment in this thing. How's it work?"

"Let me see." Frowning, Sandy inspected the box from every angle. "Hmmm, this one's tricky. My box has a little hinge thingy on the side that flips up. The one I want to buy has a button. But I can't find either on this box."

Blair sighed and took the box from her perplexed friend. "Of course they're not going to make this easy for me." She opened the lid again, just to make sure she hadn't missed something, like a special button or loop to unlock a hidden compartment in the bottom.

But this time the inside wasn't empty. An even smaller box had appeared somehow. Red, velvet, it looked like a jewelry box. "There's something in here now."

Sandy leaned closer. "This is so cool! What is it?"

Blair lifted the little red box. "This." She turned it and flipped the lid, revealing an absolutely breathtaking garland brooch with a large ruby in its center. The pin was piercing a small folded piece of paper that had only an address, date and time printed on it.

"June twenty-third? That's today." Sandy plucked up the paper as Blair took a good, long look at the beautiful piece of jewelry. "They want you to meet them tonight. At this address."

Blair was so thrilled she could hardly speak. She gave her friend a watery smile. "They want to see me."

Sandy hopped out of her chair and threw herself at Blair, giving her an exuberant hug. "I'm so happy for you! But I've got to know how that box works. Can I see?"

Blair's head was not on any box. It was flying ahead about six hours, to tonight. She'd been nearly heartbroken when she thought she wouldn't see her guys again. But now that she knew she'd see them, she was nervous as hell. "Sure."

Why had they tracked her down? Did they feel the same way about her as she felt about them, even after all these years?

Six hours was such a freaking long time to wait for answers.

Chapter Two

Blair sat in her car, alternately staring at the address on the creepy old warehouse and rechecking the one on the piece of paper. Yes, the address was right. So why did this place seem so wrong? Why would Trey and Damon ask her to meet them here? In some old industrial complex?

Granted, they'd never been what she'd call traditionally romantic guys. Instead of giving her flowers or candy when they were teens, they'd given her practical things, stuff she could really use, like warm socks...and cans of Spam. But having a date meet them at a warehouse? Bizarre was the only word that came to mind.

She checked the clock again. It was now five after six, and the paper said six. There weren't any other cars in front of the building. Were they running late? She was so wired and jittery a minute felt like an hour. The thought of sitting inside the car for even a few seconds made her want to scream.

Check the door.

What the hell? For all she knew, the guys could have parked their cars around back. The neighborhood was safe. It wasn't like she was taking her life in her hands by walking across the parking lot.

The door was all glass. She peered inside. Looked empty, quiet. She pulled.

Unlocked.

"Hello? Damon? Trey?" She stepped into a silent reception area. To the left stood one of those reception counters. No one was posted there. The overhead fluorescent lights were off, and the deeper she walked inside, the darker it grew, the heavier the shadows became, and the edgier she felt.

She smoothed her hands down her legs, flattening her skirt against her thighs. Her pumps made little tap-tapping noises on the tile as she ventured to the back of the

reception area. There were three wooden doors spaced evenly along one wall. One was marked with a sign, a bathroom. The second opened to a small office. Empty. The third opened to the cavernous warehouse. "Trey? Damon? Hello? It's me."

Creepy.

She almost turned around, called it a total wash and headed home, but then she heard her name, whispered, and she instantly recognized the voice.

She stopped, held her breath, searching the deep shadows. Where were they hiding? "Damon, you dork. Are you two trying to scare me? Quit playing."

There. She heard something moving. She rushed forward, eager to touch her old friends, to give them a hug and thank them for the wonderful gift. But she stopped midstride, a scream shooting up her throat, when one of the enormous black cats from their show, wearing a sparkling red collar, stalked from the shadows, its glittering eyes fixed on her.

Absolutely terrified, she froze in place. "D-Damon, I think one of your pets is loose," she whispered, afraid to speak louder. Oh God, that animal was huge. Those paws. Those teeth!

And then the cat stood up on its hind legs and the scream she'd been swallowing flew from her mouth. She whirled around and slammed into one hard male body. "Trey! Ohthankgod! Help me!"

Trey smiled as he eased her around.

The panther was gone. Damon stood in its place, dressed head to toe in black. The top two buttons of his crisp shirt were unfastened, revealing a vee of suntanned skin and a silver charm hanging from a thick chain. The panther's glittering red collar lay in his outstretched hand.

Blair let loose with a huge sigh. She accepted the proffered jewelry, which up close looked more like a choker and less like an animal collar. "Thank you. But you just about scared me to death."

"May I?" Damon asked, pointing at the jewelry.

"Sure." She dropped it in his hand.

Damon's eyes glittered with smoldering heat as he stepped closer to fasten the choker around Blair's neck. It felt cold and heavy against her skin, even with the little flares of heat erupting beneath the surface. "Welcome, Blair."

"I'm so glad to see you two. I have so many questions, like how you —"

Damon pressed his index finger against her lips, silencing her. "Later." His gaze meandered down her body then slowly climbed back up. The corners of his mouth lifted into a naughty, predatory smile. "You look beautiful. You've always been beautiful, but you've changed. In a very good way."

Her cheeks had to be as red as the fiery stones in her new choker. She nervously fingered the jewels as she met his gaze. "Thanks. But I think most of the changes haven't been for the better. You, on the other hand, both look amazing. You really...er, filled out." That was an understatement.

Damon looked very pleased by her compliment. "Thank you." He motioned toward the far corner of the warehouse, which was completely cloaked in thick black shadows. "This way."

"I'm not sure if I'm liking the magic thing or not. Gotta admit, it's a little strange. Scary, even."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Trey said behind her, gently coaxing her forward with a hand pressed to the small of her back.

Little prickles danced up her spine. She would have shivered but she stopped herself. Somehow.

A small part of her felt like bait being coaxed into a trap for a big, hungry feline. But a bigger part knew better. These two guys had been her soul mates. And even though it had been years since they'd last seen each other, she knew they wouldn't hurt her.

Damon flicked his hand and poof, a dozen candles or so lit instantaneously, illuminating a table draped in white and set for three. She had to give it to them, these guys had the magic thing down pat. Another flick of the hand and the warehouse was filled with the low, sultry sounds of jazz.

And it looked as if they'd learned a thing or two about romance since she'd last seen them too.

"This is so nice. Do I need to ask though, where the big, scary black cat is?"

"He's safely put away," Trey reassured her, giving her a not-so reassuring smile. As Trey pulled out her chair, she noticed he was wearing an identical necklace to Damon's. The silver disk flashed when he moved, catching the flickering light of a candle.

They both held her chair as she sat and then Trey took the seat on her left, Damon the right. Damon poured her a glass of wine. Trey lifted the covers off her plates, revealing a full dinner, complete with salad, vegetables, loaded baked potato and some kind of beef. It looked and smelled delicious, which was too bad, because with her jangly nerves and twitchy insides, she knew she wouldn't eat much.

"Tell us," Damon said, looking over the rim of his wineglass, "where have you been since you moved away? What have you been doing?"

"I'm not saying a word until you tell me first," she challenged, giving both of them a devious grin. "How'd you two end up with this gig? Magicians?"

"Illusionists," Trey corrected. "We decided the priesthood wasn't for us."

"You were going to become priests?" Blair asked, her gaze shifting back and forth between her two charming, handsome hosts.

They both nodded.

"It sounded like a good idea at first," Damon said as he lifted a forkful of potato to his mouth. "Free meals. Peace and quiet. Stability."

Now she could understand where they were coming from. None of those things had come easily to any of them, Blair included, as they'd been growing up. Instead,

their lives had been full of screaming voices, chaos, instability and the kind of gut-burning hunger that few people in the United States could relate to.

"But there was one big problem," Trey added, his eyes sparkling with humor. "Neither of us believes in God."

She couldn't help chuckling. "Yeah, I guess that would be a problem."

"So instead we decided we'd be illusionists," Damon said.

"A logical choice," she said, laughing. "There's gotta be lots of stability and peace with this career."

The guys joined her, and the sound of their laughter echoed through the huge warehouse.

Sobering, she sipped some wine. "It's so great to see you. I can't tell you how many times I wondered where you were, what you were doing."

Damon reached for her hand, resting his on top of hers. "Same here. It took us a long time to find you."

"But you did. You looked for me. You found me."

"We couldn't stop until we did."

Their gazes tangled, and the same sizzling chemistry they'd shared when they were younger zinged through the air and buzzed through Blair's body. It was as if the years had rolled back and they'd just said goodbye yesterday.

A hot tear slipped from the corner of Blair's eye and dribbled down the side of her nose. Damon thumbed it away and Trey leaned closer, wrapping a protective arm around her shoulders.

Damon's index finger traced her upper lip. "Tell me you've been okay all this time, because it was killing me that we weren't there to take care of you."

"Once I left home it was okay. I'm doing okay. Renting a house in a pretty good neighborhood from a friend's brother—got a great deal since he's out of the country for a few years with the military—and I have a job that doesn't involve taking off my

clothes or schlepping food to customers. Considering everything, that's pretty impressive. Right?" She lifted her right arm, threading her fingers through Trey's, and leaned into his bulk, grateful for his strength and warmth. It had been a long time since she'd been held by a man. And even longer since she'd been held by a man she cared this much about.

It was magical. She just hoped this magic wouldn't prove to be all an illusion, fleeting and phony.

Damon nodded. "It's very impressive, what you've accomplished." His expression changed. "Are you happy, Blair?"

"Happy?" She considered her current situation, the okay-but-not-great job, and the okay car that ran more days than not, and the okay house she rented in the okay part of town. Considering the start she'd had, her life was damn good, even if she hadn't been in a relationship with a man in years. Hadn't had sex for even more because of a very severe and persistent case of guilt she couldn't shake, no matter how hard she tried. She'd long known there was something missing but hadn't known what to do to change it. "I'm content most days. Some days, though, I want more."

"More what?" Damon asked, leaning closer.

"More...living. More special, memorable moments." She traced each of the three curved lines on his pendant, briefly wondering if the design had any special meaning. "Most of my minutes, hours, days, weeks, are the kind I don't want to remember. They're just blah, nothing special. But at least they aren't the kind I have to force myself to forget either."

Damon's gaze shot to the side, to Trey.

"Why?" she asked. "What are you thinking? Why did you bring me here?"

"We want to give you some special, memorable moments," Trey answered, tightening his hold on her hand. The oddest sensation, a bizarre blend of hot and cold, swept through her body. His thumb stroked across her palm, sending the slightest quiver of heat up her arm. "Will you let us?"

"I guess that depends. How long can you stay?"

"Only a couple of weeks," Damon answered.

Her heart dropped to her toes.

A couple of weeks. A couple meant two. That was only fourteen days at the most. How would she say goodbye after spending two weeks with her guys?

How would she say goodbye after spending an hour?

She couldn't.

"I understand," she said, nodding. "I want to make the most of the time then. I'll spend every moment I'm not at work with you."

Damon's smile was more a pained expression than a gleeful one. "We were hoping you'd say that. Every minute is precious, which is why I can't wait another second to do this..." He leaned closer, brushed his mouth over hers, and she swore the world stopped spinning for a split second. The universe stopped whirling and all the galaxies crashed together, creating a mighty explosion in her head.

Oh God, how long had she been waiting for this moment?

Eager to deepen the kiss, she released Trey's hand and looped her arms around Damon's neck. Turning in her chair to face Damon, she pulled until her chest was flattened against his. She parted her lips, inviting him inside with a moan. But he didn't accept her invitation. Instead, he sprinkled torturously soft kisses over her mouth.

She could see some things had not changed. "You tease," she murmured against his mouth.

"You love me anyway," he whispered between kisses.

Did he have that right!

Trey decided right then was a grand time to skim his hands around her sides and lean into her back. She was now wedged snugly between the two sexiest, most amazing men in the universe, and she never wanted to leave. She gave a little mewl against Damon's mouth, wishing her skirt wasn't so snug around her thighs. For the first time

in fifteen years a pounding heat was slowly gathering strength between her legs and she was in the perfect position to grind away that ache against Damon's legs. If only she could part her legs.

She knew it was just a matter of time before they were naked, their slick bodies gliding over one another. In a way, she'd known it since she'd taken her first look at them. She felt the heat in their gazes. Saw the desperate wanting they were trying so hard to hide.

She wasn't afraid or struggling too much with that awful, nagging guilt.

"Damon," she murmured, tightening her hold on his neck. "Please."

"Soon, sweetheart." Leaning back, he gently unclasped her hands and lowered her arms. "Forgive me," he whispered, looking as dazed and breathless as she felt.

"Forgive you for what? For kissing me? Or stopping?" She shifted her weight back, once again letting Trey's bulk support her as she sat sideways in her chair, facing Damon. They all knew where this was heading. Why fight it? If she wasn't, after so much time had passed since she'd had sex, why should they?

"There's one more thing we want you to know before you decide whether you want to spend the next couple of weeks with us."

"What's that?"

"It's easier to just show you." Standing, Damon offered her a hand. She kicked off her shoes, knowing she was too shaken and wobbly to walk in them, and followed Damon around a towering stack of crates. Trey fell into step beside her, taking her free hand.

They stopped in front of a collection of bondage furniture, set up in a corner of the warehouse that had been obviously set up as a bondage dungeon.

Bondage? This couldn't be a joke.

She had no idea how to react, what to say. Taken totally by surprise, and nearly numb from the shock, she just stood there, her gaze wandering from one end of the room to the other.

Most of the furniture was freakish. Ugly. Scary. But the room itself wasn't ugly at all. On long lengths of wire strung along the walls hung swathes of red crimson fabric, from the ceiling to the floor. And the concrete floor had been covered in a plush red carpet. It was like fluffy cotton balls under her feet. So soft, impossibly soft. In one corner of the makeshift dungeon stood an enormous bed with an unusual canopy frame draped in even more translucent fabric. The lightweight draperies fluttered on a fragrant breeze.

The room was exploding with sensual textures and scents and colors, drawing her in, beckoning her like a siren's song, despite the scary bondage stuff. The ubersoft carpet under her feet. The scent of her favorite flowers in the air — lilacs. The soft music playing from hidden speakers.

This would be the place where a lifetime of special moments could be experienced, even if she wasn't exactly sure what all that bondage stuff was. All that mattered were Trey and Damon, she reminded herself.

How long had she wondered where they were?

How long had she dreamed that someday she'd find them? Now that time had come, and it was like a gift from heaven.

Any place Trey and Damon had been with her had always been heaven. Even the shitty dark corner under the freeway overpass years ago. This warehouse was a thousand times nicer than that.

"Have you ever been in a dungeon like this?" Trey asked.

"No, never."

"Do you know what this is?" Damon rested a hand on a piece of furniture she couldn't name.

"I have some general idea, but I don't know the proper names for anything," she said, nodding. She pointed at the piece he was touching. "I was at Sandy's house once. She has a computer with internet, does lots of research online. She showed me pictures of stuff like that, a bondage dungeon."

"Then you know what these items are used for," Damon said, sounding relieved. "Does it scare you that we have set up a dungeon?"

"No." She paused. That wasn't true. "Maybe." She sighed and tried to get a handle on the flurry of emotions pummeling her system. "Okay, scared might be the wrong word for it. I think I'm feeling more shock. Surprise. Disbelief. Confusion, even? I never in a million years would've guessed you'd be into this kind of thing... I don't really know what it involves." Unsure what to think, how to act, what to say, she met his gaze. "Should I be scared? You wouldn't hurt me."

He shook his head. "Never. We love you."

"Then I'm not scared," she said, trying to convince herself. "I'm just uncomfortable." She stepped up to the thing he was touching and ran a finger down the side. It was wood, polished and smooth, coated with a slick, glossy finish.

"We'll go very slow," Trey promised, his expression sincere.

"Is this really that important to you both?"

They nodded. Damon reached around the back of his neck, removed the chain she'd noticed earlier and handed it to her. "See the charm? That symbol is more than just a pretty design. See? It's like a three-part version of the ying and yang." He traced the three lines curving out from the center with his index finger. "This emblem means something to the people who wear it. It means we live a certain *lifestyle*. This isn't a game to us. It isn't a hobby. It's a way of relating to each other, of communicating our feelings." He closed her fingers around the necklace, cupping her fist in his. "It's been a long time since we've seen each other. I understand if you're having a hard time trusting us."

"Oh, I trust you. That's not the issue. I believe you don't want to hurt me." Turning, she faced them both. "It's just a lot to understand." She opened her hand and stared down at the pretty silver charm. "This is a lifestyle? Really?" At their nod, she sucked in a deep breath. "Show me what this is then, what you do here. What you want from me." Her hands trembled as she reached around her back and unzipped her skirt. It slid down, slowly at first as it slipped over her round hips and full thighs. And then it fell faster, landing in a heap at her feet. She stepped out of it, shivering at the nuclear-hot blazes she saw in Trey and Damon's eyes.

Something inside her had changed. Already. She felt kind of free, as if she'd just been cut loose from some kind of invisible bindings.

A part of her wanted to shock them a little. Or maybe tell them that she could handle this, whatever it was. Let them know she wasn't too delicate or innocent.

It seemed they were getting the message. Both of them stripped nude and fell upon her like men who hadn't touched a woman in decades. They yanked and pulled, stripping the rest of her clothes off within seconds. They tormented her sizzling skin with soft touches and not-so-soft ones. Kisses and licks and nibbles.

She stood in the center of a vortex of male caresses and luscious scents and whirling sensations, her eyes closed, her body igniting one cell at a time.

So right. So good. So...not enough.

Her knees began to tremble, threatening to give out. She pulled Trey closer, dug her nails into the velvety skin of his upper back, and flattened herself against the rigid planes of his chest and stomach. More heat pounded through her body.

Her head fell back, resting against Damon. His thick rod singed the soft skin of her buttocks, branding her. Succumbing to instinct, she rocked her hips back and forth, rubbing at the scorching touch of his cock, taking the heat inside. Trey's mouth closed over hers, and he swallowed the sigh that slipped from her lips.

His tongue teased the seam of her mouth before slipping inside, filling her with his delicious flavor. She suckled his tongue, eagerly drinking in his essence.

The heat inside cranked up another notch to nearly blinding. A sharp need, a hunger she'd never known, speared her insides, making her cry out.

"She's so fucking hot, Trey," Damon murmured against her nape.

Hot and cold, burning up with fever, she shivered and whimpered. Oh God, it was sexy hearing Damon talk about her like that. His voice was gritty and raw with erotic hunger.

"I love the way she tastes, smells, feels," Trey said after breaking the kiss. He fisted her hair, tugging it to the side, and her head went with it. He dragged his tongue up the column of her neck and a thick coat of goose bumps sprang up all over her body.

Damon groaned. "I need to taste her pussy. I'm going to die if I don't."

"The bench." Trey led her forward by gripping her upper arms and pulling, taunting her to take one step then another by teasing her mouth with his. Blindly, obediently, she followed him, stealing kiss after kiss, until he stopped and shuffled around, taking her with him. "Sit."

She settled on a padded bench that looked a lot like a weight bench, her legs extended straight in front of her on the bench. But instead of supports fastened to either side to hold barbells loaded with heavy weight plates, there was a single wooden center post fastened to the end of the bench. A horizontal beam was bolted to the center post and she quickly realized there were two chains ending in leather cuffs hooked to each end of the beam.

She quivered and burned as Trey enclosed her right wrist in a cuff. Damon buckled a matching cuff around her left. And then Damon straddled the bench and her legs, his ruddy, fully erect cock at her eye level. If she'd been able to reach with her hands, she would have gladly closed her fists around it and stroked him. Hard and fast. Slow and easy. Any way he wanted.

He stepped back and slipped his hands between her knees, forcing them apart, and oh God, did it feel sexy having him take command of her body like this. He wasn't

exactly rough but he wasn't gentle either. He was firm and decisive and commanding and totally, overwhelmingly sexy.

She never would have guessed that she would like this kind of thing. Outside of that brief glimpse of a website, she'd had no idea this kind of sex existed. That she could let a man tie her up and take charge of her body, and it would be good. Wonderful. Mind-blowing.

"What do you think of this, Blair? How do you like being tied and helpless, while I stand over you, free to do whatever I want to you?"

"It's sexy. Exciting. With you."

He looked pleased with her response. "I've been waiting so long for this day. I want to tie your legs too. Like this." He caught her ankles in his fists and lifted them up and out, until her legs formed a wide vee in the air. "I want your pussy open to me, so I can eat you. I'm going to suck that sweet little clit of yours and fuck you with a dildo."

She was going to die.

"And Trey here's going to have his turn too. But not until after I've made you come so hard you scream. How's that sound, sweet thing? Are you ready?"

She couldn't speak but she managed a nod.

And then they shackled her ankles and she was open and vulnerable and struggling to take each breath. Sex with her guys had always been fun, special, wonderful. Memorable. But never like this—a thrilling, intoxicating adventure.

Yes, the living had begun, and the special moments were piling up by the hundreds. And it had only been a short time. Such a short time.

But she knew, even if there were millions of special moments between now and the time her guys said goodbye, she'd remember every single one of them. Every detail, right down to the wicked gleam in Damon's eye.

Surely these moments would hold her over for a lifetime.

Chapter Three

“You taste so fucking good, I don’t want to stop,” Damon murmured between licks. Damn, he’d known this first time would be good. But this good? Holy fuck! His balls were heavier than concrete and his dick so hard he had to grit his teeth. He could see that Trey was in the same condition, hurting all over with desperate need.

All he wanted to do was cram that sweet, wet pussy full of dick and pound away the ache, but he couldn’t. Not yet.

Soon.

He had to step aside and let Trey have a taste.

Their beautiful, perfect Blair was almost ready. The dildo he was fucking her tight cunt with was coated with her sweet honey now, and she was quivering all over, the heady scent of her arousal filling the air.

Standing, he motioned to Trey, letting him take his place. As they brushed past each other, Trey grabbed his face and kissed him, hard and hot, his tongue spearing in his mouth. It was a kiss Damon wouldn’t forget, not for a long time, but he broke it, anxious to get back to Blair.

Trey brushed his mouth over his once more then settled down to devour Blair’s clit with sexy slurps and licks. The sight of Trey feasting on Blair was almost enough to make Damon double over with erotic need. His balls were so tight, it almost felt as if he’d been kicked there. And the blood pounding through his body was like acid, it burned so hot.

Watching Trey’s perfect mouth work over Blair’s clit, Damon attacked her tits, kneading the soft flesh, suckling her hard little nipples. He wrapped a hand around his cock and gave it slow, soft swipes.

Damon groaned.

In the years since he'd seen her, Blair had matured from a cute, thin and fragile teenager into a lush and beautiful woman. Her body, with all its feminine curves, was pure perfection. Round hips and ass. Full tits. Smooth stomach. And her legs...damn.

He wouldn't last long. It was going to be hell holding back.

What felt like eons later, Trey stood, licking lips gleaming from Blair's juices. One hand was fisted around his cock, gliding up to the tip and then back to the base. In the other, he held the dildo.

"I want her," Trey murmured, dropping the toy on the floor. "I want her bad."

Damon nodded. "Soon."

Blair moaned. "Please, I can't take any more. Let me come."

Damon rolled on a rubber and positioned his hips, driving into her tight channel. She took him hard and fast, whimpering and moaning and begging for more. Her legs tightened as she trembled and writhed her way to a hard, fast climax. Her fingers curled around the chains securing her arms. "Damon!"

Goddamn, she was going to make him come too early.

He moistened a fingertip and stroked her hard little clit while simultaneously slowing his thrusts, deepening them.

Her pussy clamped hard around his cock, and a heartbeat later she shouted, "Oh yes!" Her channel milked his dick with smooth, swift contractions.

Trey came up behind him, slid his flattened hands around his sides and pinched his nipples. The pleasure-pain sent him over the edge. His cum seared up his cock and then burst from the tip, hard and fast. He quickened his pace, driven by the urgent need to pound every drop from his body. He bent over and kissed his sweet Blair, letting his lips and tongue tell her what words could not. And then, before his cock softened, he pulled out and removed the rubber.

It was an awesome sight, watching Trey bring their sweet Blair to the quivering cusp of orgasm again. Trey's body moved with the sleek grace of a panther, muscles

rippling and bulging. Skin smooth and suntanned and beautiful. And Blair's body was the perfect complement, soft and warm and feminine.

He straddled the end of the bench and leaned into Trey's back, absorbing the blistering heat coming off his body. He let his hands explore every hard-muscled inch of flesh he could reach—shoulders, arms, chest, stomach, buttocks. He moistened a finger with some lube and teased Trey's ass, running his slickened fingertip 'round and 'round his anus.

Close, Trey was close. And little Blair was trembling, her swollen labia slick with her juices, nipples pointed. Damn, did they look hot. Hot but also as lost in their desperate need as he had been.

He pushed his finger into Trey's ass, working past the slight resistance. Then he added a second finger and Trey let out a low growl as he found his release. His anus tightened around Damon's fingers, locking them inside. Damon flattened himself against Trey, stroking him intimately, caressing him through the full length of his climax, refusing to stop until Trey withdrew from Blair's body. He kissed Trey's neck, nipped his earlobe and then stood.

"Our sweet Blair," Damon murmured as he walked around to the front of the bench. He kissed her tenderly, released her arms and legs and sat, pulling her onto his lap.

She wept, her tears burning his skin.

"Oh sweetheart. We're here, and we love you, baby. We're yours. We didn't hurt you, did we?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm just...overwhelmed. There's so much I don't know. About you. About this..."

Once Trey was done disposing of his condom, he sat opposite Damon, spreading his legs to inch as close as possible to them both and wrapping his arms around them.

Damon met Trey's gaze. They shared a look that said more than he could ever hope to utter. He palmed Blair's lovely face and kissed her eyelids, the tip of her nose, her

cheeks and forehead. "Come back again tomorrow. And the next day, and the next. We need you."

She nodded, her eyes teary and red. "I need you too. Both of you. Nothing could keep me away."

* * * * *

Blair hadn't thought it was possible, but she was more nervous before the second night than she had been the first.

Last night had been so much more than she ever would have dreamed. It had been exciting, a little scary, thrilling, erotic and both incredibly wonderful and sad at the same time. After they'd had sex, she'd cried. Literally. Those salty droplets had been tears of both joy and sadness. Confusion and understanding. Relief and restoration, as well as deep sorrow.

In a way, she felt like Damon and Trey were still a part of her, as if no time at all had passed. But in another, they were strangers.

Like seeing them touch each other last night. While she'd be the first to admit their sexual behavior might not have been typical for kids their age, they hadn't gone that far years ago. But now, it seemed, the guys were lovers. They were gay. Or rather, bisexual. And into bondage.

Who were Damon and Trey? How had those years changed them? She ached to know what other secrets they would reveal.

Two weeks wasn't enough time.

In her car, parked outside the warehouse, she checked her makeup in the mirror one last time before cutting off the engine. Her hands shook as she dug for her lipstick in her purse. Lost somewhere. She gave up, deciding she'd make a big mess if she tried adding a little more anyway. Her hands were shaking too much.

Her stomach churned as she pushed open her car door. It had been a bad idea eating but she didn't want to be starving tonight. Since they were meeting later, to accommodate her work schedule, she assumed there'd be no dinner tonight.

Squinting at the low-lying sun sinking into the western horizon, she hurried across the parking lot. Like yesterday, the reception area was dark and quiet. She went straight to the back and through the rear door, into the warehouse.

She stopped dead in her tracks.

Before her, dressed in an absolutely stunning red gown, stood herself. Or rather, a spooky, semi-translucent version of herself.

The other self met her gaze squarely, smiled softly and silently motioned for her to follow her – it – whatever.

How freaking bizarre.

Would she ever get used to the idea of her guys being illusionists?

This time a black curtain cut the warehouse into two sections. The spooky faux her stopped in front of the curtain, pressed a fingertip to her lips and mouthed, "Wait." And then with a flare of red light, she vanished, leaving a red box about half the size of a shoebox sitting on the floor.

Sure it was yet another gift from her thoughtful, if not over-generous, duo of magicians, she scooped up the box and lifted the lid.

Inside she found an ornate picture frame made out of heavy metal and red crystals. It was breathtaking, like no picture frame she'd ever seen. A narrow band of black metal rimmed a picture of her guys in the center. And then outside, dozens of red crystals formed an intricate pattern of leaves and flowers. She smiled as she traced the line of Damon's jaw in the photograph.

"Do you like your gift?" Trey asked, appearing out of nowhere.

"I love it. Although I was a little freaked out by the delivery girl." Smiling, she lifted up on tiptoes to give him a thank-you kiss. He swept an arm around her waist

and crushed her against him. "Oh God," she murmured into his mouth as he slanted his mouth over hers, deepening the kiss.

Someone gently tugged the frame from her hand and in the next moment, she found herself staggering and shaky, smooshed between two hulking male bodies. Hot. Burning up. A spicy male tongue exploring her mouth. Strong hands exploring her body.

"Do you know who that delivery girl is?" Damon whispered in her ear. A soft puff of breath tickled her neck, making her shiver.

Her eyelids fluttered then closed, shutting her into her secret world of warmth and wanting and sensation. "Sure, it was me."

"Yes and no," Trey said against her mouth.

"I don't understand." She felt air brushing over her bare arms, as if she was moving, but the ground beneath her feet was solid and still.

"You will. Soon."

She was drifting backward, falling. She opened her eyes, stiffening.

Trey smiled. "Trust us."

She glanced around. They were in the dungeon again. How had they done that?

"Play with us. Let us possess you like we did last night." Holding a set of leather cuffs, Damon looked at her with fire in his eyes. The heat in his gaze ignited a smoldering blaze in her blood.

"Yes." She eagerly offered him her wrists, watching breathless and giddy as he fastened the cuffs around them. Then she followed him to a table the size of a large formal dining table, at least eight feet long and four feet wide, and looked up. There, hanging a few feet above the table's top, was a bar suspended from the ceiling. And attached to that bar were four chains, two shorter ones and two longer ones.

Just the thought of these guys tying her up again, fucking her until she thought she'd pass out, made her shudder. Her heart slammed against her breastbone, and her lungs refused to draw in air.

Trey lifted her onto the table. "Lie down, Blair. Let us take command of your body. Play our games of domination and submission with us. Discover the secret pleasure in submitting to us."

"I want to know," she whispered, slowly lying back. "Show me."

At her feet, Damon caressed her calf. "Did you know you were submissive before last night, Blair?"

"No."

He nodded then leapt up onto the table, straddling her waist. "You never fantasized about being tied up?"

"Not exactly."

"What does that mean?" Trey asked as he too levered himself up onto the table. His feet were planted on either side of her head, so when she looked straight up, she had a nice view of the thick bulge in his pants. "Tell us."

"Do you remember those games we used to play when we were kids, you know, where I was the princess, and you were the pirates or Native Americans or dark, dangerous renegade princes? You captured me and held me captive."

"Then we will be your dark, dangerous renegade princes again." Trey moved back, squatting over her abdomen. His dark eyes glittered with sensual hunger, desperate wanting. "And you are our captive. We will not stop tormenting you until we've conquered you, until you're breathless and begging for mercy."

A game? She'd never thought to try playing games during sex. Maybe if she had, she would have been able to let go of the guilt from her past and allow herself to have sex before last night.

Fifteen years was a long time to be abstinent.

"Strip," Damon demanded, giving her a yummy glare.

"Oh God," she whispered. It wouldn't take much to convince these two that she was a petrified princess. She was already a ball of jumpy nerves, despite the simmering heat coursing through her veins.

Clumsy from the excitement, she fiddled with the buttons on her dress. What had made her think it was a good idea wearing a garment with a bazillion buttons tonight?

Standing, Trey snatched up one of her wrists and pulled until she was sitting upright. He didn't hurt her but he wasn't exactly gentle either. "What's taking so long?"

Whew, Trey played one convincing dark and dangerous prince.

"I-I'm trying."

Trey glowered. "Try harder. Or you'll be punished."

A chill burned up her spine. Not sure whether she wanted to be "punished" or not, she started working the buttons faster, concentrating on the first few, knowing if she got those, she could simply yank the dress over her head.

Trey's glower grew darker.

She whimpered, gave up and just grabbed the bottom of the dress and pulled, hoping the two buttons she'd managed to unfasten would be enough. It was a struggle, but the dress came off, and the expression she found on Trey's face once her vision was unblocked by yards of black material was much friendlier. In fact, it was beyond friendly.

It took little effort to get rid of her bra. Her panties, however, were another matter, thanks to Damon standing straddled over her legs. She had to kind of wriggle her way out of them.

Naked.

She felt their gazes scorching her skin like branding irons being passed slowly over her breasts, stomach, legs. Oddly, the heat made the nervous chill feel all the more frosty. Hot and cold. Aroused and nervous. Unsure and thrilled.

If the point of these games was to bring her head into the act of sex, then it was working. She didn't want to just lie back and wait for them to poke her. She was trembling with suspense, eager to see what would happen next. Waiting, breathless, her heart racing.

"Give me your arms," Trey growled.

She lifted her arms over her head.

Not surprisingly, he fastened the cuffs to the short chains hanging from the bar. Now she could not lie back. Nor could she cover her tingling nipples, hide herself from his hungry gaze.

Damon stepped back a little until he was straddling her calves. "Bend your knees."

Knees together, she bent her legs, sliding her feet up toward her bottom.

"Now open your legs."

A flare of heat flashed in her pussy.

This game wasn't just fun, it was wicked. Naughty. Thrilling.

She wrapped her fingers around the chains at her wrists and slowly dragged her feet apart. Oh God, she felt so exposed and vulnerable, sitting like this, naked, her legs spread, her two guys practically devouring her with their eyes.

In the past, she would have felt dirty and objectified. But not now, not with Damon and Trey.

Damon's expression took on a decidedly nasty gleam, the kind that only made the hot-cold shivers quaking through her body that much worse. He stooped down, his sharp gaze snagging hers and holding it hostage. "Such a sweet and obedient little princess, aren't you?"

Obedient wasn't an adjective she'd normally apply to herself. But in this case it sure did seem to fit. "Um, yes."

"Very good," Damon said, his voice so low it almost sounded like a purr. He pushed on her right knee, forcing it out farther. "So if I told you to cream for me, you would."

Just him saying those words made hot juices gather in her pussy. "Yes," she said, her voice shaky.

"And I could check you, like this." An evil grin quirking his lips, he teased her labia with his fingers. "Mmmmm. You feel warm, but not wet enough."

She would get plenty wet if he filled her with those naughty fingers. If he pushed them deep inside and stroked that special place where it felt so good, so wonderful.

"Cream for me, princess." Damon's fingers stroked her labia, up and down, just missing the hood of her clit.

He was one teasing bastard. And yet, despite the fact that he wasn't touching as intimately as she wanted, the heat inside her womb inched up higher. The pounding, throbbing need inside amplified. She let her head fall back and closed her eyes, let the pleasant waves of wet heat overtake her.

In her mind's eye, she replayed the first time she'd had sex with Damon. They'd been in her bedroom—she'd sneaked both him and Trey in. And he'd been so sweet. He'd held her, kissed her, slowly and patiently gotten her ready...

A brush across her tight nipple yanked her back to the present. This wasn't the same slow and gentle Damon she'd known then, but she wasn't complaining. He was still attentive and giving, getting her ready, teasing and tormenting, building the fire inside her.

She was going to melt. Or die. Or burn to cinders.

She glanced down, first seeing Trey's fingers pinching her nipples. Somehow, he knew exactly how tight to pinch, how much pain she could endure. Down the slope of her stomach her gaze traveled, to the juncture of her spread thighs.

The sight of him reaching to her pussy was enough to spike her body temperature another dozen degrees or so.

Dipping two fingers into her slit, Damon lifted his dark gaze to hers. "I love the smell of your cream, the taste, the way it feels on my fingers." He lifted his fingers to his mouth, swirled his tongue around them and then dragged that naughty tongue across his bottom lip.

She sighed. A tongue could be such a sexy thing, especially when it was doing stuff like that to the world's most perfect lips...and belonged to the world's sexiest man.

"She's not begging for mercy yet," Trey grumbled as he rolled her nipples between his fingers and thumbs.

"No, she's not." The corners of Damon's mouth lifted again, forming that devious smile she'd come to appreciate so much. "I think we need to torture her more, show her how devious her renegade princes can be."

They both leapt off the table, leaving her panting and hot and wondering what sort of delicious agony they would inflict on her next.

They headed for a large wooden trunk in the back of the room, returning a short time later with hands full of sex toys. A rubber dildo, a smaller toy with a flared end, a tube of lubricating jelly, a slender vibrator.

Like she wasn't about to die before!

Every muscle in her body stiffened. That dildo was bigger than your average guy. At least, in her extremely limited experience.

Now the little vibrator didn't look scary and that other thing, whatever it was, was small and innocuous enough.

Again, her gaze flew back to the dildo. That thing was intimidating. Instinctively, she jerked her legs together.

Both Damon and Trey gave her a mean-eyed glare.

Her teeth chattered. "That thing is...yikes!"

“Trust us.” Damon squeezed some lube out of the tube and slathered it over the tip of the dildo, stroking it like it was his cock. He curled his fingers over the flared head, and something inside her snapped. The need Damon and Trey had been cruelly building inside her morphed into agonizing desperation. Not only did she want him to fuck her with that toy, but she needed him to do it. Now.

“Yes. Oh yes,” she whispered, pulling her legs wider apart. The inner walls of her pussy clamped closed, and her body stiffened the second the toy teased her opening. But she couldn’t help rocking her hips forward in a silent plea for sweet invasion.

There was no doubt they were going to top last night. They were going to blow her mind with all these wonderfully wicked games and toys. And she was so overwhelmed, tears were once again threatening to gather in her eyes.

As she’d dressed for the first night with Damon and Trey, she’d never dreamed what these nights would turn out to be—dark, sexual experimentation. But she’d never complain. Now that she’d had a taste of their kind of decadence, she would never look back.

This was what sex was supposed to be about—the unleashing of her inhibitions, the exploration of her darkest fantasies. Not the empty, dirty act of her last experience, so many years ago. That night, something had snapped, cutting off a part of her, forcing it deep into the shadows.

Damon and Trey had so easily coaxed that part of her out of the shadows. It was...magic.

She watched in awe as Damon inched that thick dildo into her hungry pussy, filling her fully before withdrawing. And then smiling, she met his gaze and sighed.

Chapter Four

Trey watched, transfixed, as Damon crammed that dong into Blair's sweet little pussy. The room's air was thin and blistering hot, heated by the inferno burning in Damon's eyes.

Damn.

Trey had shared a woman with Damon before. Plenty of times. But never had he seen Damon react to one like he was now.

It shouldn't have surprised him as much as it did. Nor should it bother him. Blair wasn't like the others. She was the one. Their first.

But all those things that he knew in his head didn't make the pain in his gut any less agonizing.

First, there was the way Damon was reacting to Blair. Like now. Damon should have let Trey fuck her with the dong, let him fuck her with his dick first tonight too. Damon had taken her first last night.

Jealousy was a bad thing in a threesome.

Second, there was the way Blair was reacting to Damon—because Damon had been the first one to take her. Hell, she'd looked at Damon like he was a god, just because he'd fucked her with that stupid toy, and it had been his idea. His plan. His turn!

Jealousy was a very bad thing in a threesome.

Trey adjusted the chains holding her wrists, lengthening them so she could lie on her back. Then he left his post at her head, walked around the table and nudged Damon, but the bastard didn't move aside. Furious, he stepped back, knowing if he didn't, he was bound to do or say something he'd regret.

Through a haze of rage, he watched Damon fuck that tight little pussy with the dong. And then Damon left the dong in, slathered the butt plug with a thick coating of lube and slowly pushed it into Blair's anus.

Her throaty moan vibrated through his body, shoving aside the anger that had wound itself around his gut. She was so lovely, her nipples hard and tight peaks, her legs spread wide, her pussy and ass full, her face flushed and eyes glassy. Her head rocked to the side, and her gaze found his, locked onto it like radar. The air blasted from his lungs.

"Trey," she mouthed. "I need you. Please," she murmured.

She wasn't going to let him withdraw. Wasn't going to let him feel as if he was invisible.

He nodded and turned his attention back to Damon, whose beautiful body was visibly tight with need. Shoulders, neck, arms. The muscles rippled as he moved, clenching into sinewy lines and bulging ropes as he dragged his hands down her torso.

Trey could only see his face in profile, but he could tell Damon's desperate need was etched into his perfect features, making them that much more striking. There were days when Trey thought it was too good to be true, that he was with Damon, that they were still together after all this time and even more deeply in love than they'd been years ago.

This was one of those times.

"Oh my fucking God," Damon said, sounding awestruck. "Do you see how she responds to me—I mean us. Responds to us?" Damon glanced at Trey. His expression darkened. "Oh fuck, Trey."

An apology.

Trey nodded. He just had to be patient, give Damon the chance to face the emotions he'd been struggling with over the years. Deal with the guilt he'd felt for supposedly failing Blair so long ago.

In the long run, they'd be much happier, their relationship stronger.

This time when Trey stepped up beside Damon, Trey resisted the urge to take over, to stake a claim to Blair like he ached to do. Instead, he pressed his body against Damon's back, reached around his sides, unzipped his pants and shoved his hands into them. His gaze locked on Blair's eyes, catching them widening with surprise. But that deer-caught-in-the-headlights look quickly changed. The expression in her eyes turned dark and hot. Her cheeks flushed. Her mouth pursed into a sexy little pout. They exchanged erotically charged smiles.

Damon's cock was hard, his balls snug against his body, the heat of building need radiating from his skin. Trey closed a fist around Damon's dick and gave it a few slow caresses, knowing what that would do to him.

It nearly brought Damon to his knees.

Damon let go of the toys he'd been tormenting Blair with, dropped his head back, and let loose with a guttural roar, which satisfied Trey. Then, taking Trey by surprise, Damon whirled around, slanted his lips over his and speared his tongue in and out of Trey's mouth until he too was on the verge of dropping to his knees.

The sound of Blair's breathy whimper made Trey tear his mouth from Damon's. Damon forced Trey around, practically tore his pants down. "Take her. Take her now, or I can't be responsible for what I'll do next."

"Please," Blair begged, blinking open teary eyes. The skin of her chest and neck were stained pink, the effect of the carnal need they had so skillfully built up. "I can't wait another second."

Quickly, Trey rolled on a rubber, gently pulled the dildo out of Blair's pussy and jumped up on the table. He wedged his knees between her thighs and angled over her, kissing her mouth, her eyelids her cheeks. "Our sweet baby. You've been so good. So damn good." After dropping a trail of kisses along her jaw, he sat back on his knees and gripped the satiny skin of her hips in his hands. "I'm going to fuck you now, with the

anal plug in place. It'll make you feel even fuller than normal. Tell me if anything hurts."

Blair nodded but didn't speak.

Damon ran around to the head of the table, hopped up on the table and sat behind her, lifting her upper body up at a shallow angle and gently cradling her head and shoulders in his lap. He nodded and Trey, still sitting back on his knees, lifted her hips and drove his dick into her tight cunt.

Ohhhh fuck.

How could he have already forgotten how tight she was? How fucking delicious it felt to have her pussy clamp around his dick? He was in heaven and hell both. Shaking his head, he met Damon's gaze. "Goddamn it, Damon. She's so tight."

"Yeah," Damon grumbled, jerking his head to the side to bite on the soft swell of her shoulder.

Trey closed his eyes and settled into a steady rhythm of deep thrusts. With each inward stroke his need for release swelled, and with each withdrawal his fever climbed, higher, higher, until he couldn't think, could barely sort out the glorious sensations battering his body.

The scent of woman, so sweet. The simmering heat burning the skin he touched. The sound of Damon's kisses and licks, Blair's throaty moans. The lingering flavor of her skin on his dry lips.

Hot. Tight. His body charged forward. Closer. Yes, so close now.

And he sensed she was there too, with him at the cusp. He moistened a fingertip and teased her clit, and her sweet pussy quivered around his cock. His balls tightened. His cum burned at the base of his cock. Pressure building. It wouldn't be much longer.

"Come for me, Blair. Come now." His lust-roughened voice sounded foreign to his ears, like it belonged to someone else.

Closer. Hotter. Oh fuck, so good.

He increased the pressure on Blair's clit only slightly, stroking the hard pearl in a desperate attempt to send her over the edge. He wouldn't come before her, couldn't.

There. The scent. Exquisite pleasure complemented the exquisite pain he was enduring.

Blair's cry of release started low and built to a keen wail.

"Yesssss!" He pulled back, leaving just the flared head of his cock inside her spasming pussy and then, losing all control, drove into her like a feral beast. His cum blazed down the length of his cock and shot from the tip, each spurt a split second of absolute paradise.

It ended way too soon.

Sated, he pulled out, and removed the anal plug, disposed of the condom and helped Damon free Blair from the restraints. To his surprise, Damon carried her cradled in his arms to the bed, lowered her gently onto the mattress. He didn't try to fuck her. Instead, he lay next to her, arms and legs thrown over her body in a show of masculine possession.

Trey walked around the end of the bed and lay curled up against her other side.

She smiled at him. "I can't believe this is really happening. That it's really you, and you're here with me. I was so sure I'd never see either one of you again. Will you tell me now? Tell me where you were? How you found me?"

Damon bent an arm, lifting up to rest his head on his fist. "You tell us first. Did that asshole stepfather of yours treat you any better after you moved?"

She stared at the ceiling for at least a handful of heartbeats before answering, "Maybe a little. I'd rather not talk about him. I don't think about him. I don't talk about him. I refuse to waste my time and energy."

Damon caught her chin and tugged, forcing her to look at him. The icy fury in Damon's eyes made Trey's heart skip a beat or two, or ten. "Blair—"

"No, Damon. Please. Don't ruin this."

A tense silence fell over the room. Damon's gaze met Trey's again. Trey felt Damon's frustration in his gut, sharp, hot, burning.

"Damon," Trey said, nodding. "We were too young—"

"I should've killed him when I had the chance."

"No, nonono." This time, Blair rose up on her knees and caught Damon's face in her hands. She leaned forward until her mouth hovered over Damon's. Trey's lungs emptied of air as yet another unwelcome dose of jealousy rippled through his body, making him ache all over. "I'm glad you didn't. You would've ruined your entire life, given it up for that bastard—"

"No, for you. I would have given up everything for you."

"I'm okay." She brushed her mouth over Damon's and then straightened up, glancing over her shoulder at Trey and giving him a soft, sweet smile. "I'm fine. I swear. You know that, don't you, Trey?"

"Sure."

She reached for him, threaded her fingers through his. "The past doesn't haunt me anymore. I'm free now. I'm strong. I'm independent. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

Trey nodded. "Yes. I do."

She turned and flopped down on the bed, landing between them once again. She took Trey's hand in her right and Damon's in her left, pulled them onto her soft stomach. "I'll never forget this place. It's so wonderful. Thank you for doing all of this for me."

"I just want you to be happy," Damon said, sounding anything but.

"That's just it. I am. I'm happier right now than I've ever been. And I can't wait for the next twelve days. After tonight, I can't imagine how you'll make them any better."

"We're going to try our damndest," Trey promised.

She rocked her head to the side. "Has anyone ever told you you're too good to be true?"

His face warmed. "No."

"Well, you are." She gave him yet another gentle kiss, the kind that he guessed wasn't meant to stir his lust, but did. He grappled for her, but she rolled over, did the same to Damon. "Now, tell me all about the past fifteen years."

Trey chuckled, throwing an arm around her waist and tugging her back, until she was spooned tightly against him. He kissed her temple. "We've got a lot of ground to cover."

She smiled. "That's okay. I've got lots of time. I'm not leaving until I absolutely have to. I want to hear everything. About your exciting lives, traveling the world as illusionists. Where have you gone? What have you seen? But more importantly..." She hesitated. "I want to know how long have you two been lovers, and have either of you taken other lovers? Gotten married? Had children? What do you want for the future?"

Trey nuzzled the crook of her neck. "And we want to hear all about your life, what you've been doing."

"What you hope for your future," Damon added.

They spent the next several hours talking and laughing. Sharing and deepening the bond with Blair that had been there all along, making it stronger. But Trey could tell Blair was still holding back for some reason. She did a lot more listening than talking, and when there was a lull in the conversation, she'd ask Damon another question about their act or traveling. Clever girl. She knew exactly what she was doing.

She left them just after sunrise, promising to come back later that night.

Then it was just the two of them again. And the huge pink elephant that neither wanted to talk about. If they didn't find the words, Trey was terrified that these two weeks might do the one thing nobody had ever been able to do before—destroy their love.

* * * * *

Twelve nights gone. Somehow. Too fast. Much too fast. The day her guys would leave was creeping closer, closer. No, it wasn't creeping, it was charging at her like a pissed-off bull. She'd never dreaded a day more, not even the day her family had moved.

They were closer now, the three of them. Much of it had to do with time spent just talking about things. Jobs. Hobbies. Dreams. Hopes. As well as disappointments.

But the sex had also played a huge part, especially the bondage. Over the nights, Damon and Trey had pushed her a little farther, helped her work past her doubts and fears, her guilt and regrets. And in the process, they'd gained her trust, her unflagging faith. And, most of all, her love.

With Trey and Damon, sex was all about giving, sharing, trust and love.

Tonight, she wanted to ask them to do something special for her. She could see the emotions in their eyes when they looked at each other, and she sensed something was building between them, something that was threatening to tear them apart. She'd hate herself forever if she caused them pain, even if it wasn't anything she'd done intentionally.

She did a final makeup check in her car before heading into the building for her thirteenth night. Only one more night to go. Oh God.

Tonight, she wasn't greeted by a semi-translucent image of herself, or a black panther or any other bizarre illusion like she had the last twelve. Nor was there a gift like there had been every night. No earrings, necklaces, picture frames, jewel-encrusted boxes. Nothing.

Instead, she headed empty-handed straight back through the reception area, through the warehouse, past some stacks of crates and boxes, to the dungeon. The empty dungeon.

What the hell?

Something squeaked behind her, and she swiveled around.

"Where did that come from?" she asked, breathing a sigh of relief. Standing before her was a super-sized replica of the box Damon and Trey had sent to her house that very first day. She just knew her guys were in that box.

Too bad she'd never figured out how the smaller version worked. Neither had Sandy.

The box stood roughly five feet tall, not quite as high as her refrigerator. The lid was freaking heavy. The hinges stiff. She struggled to get it open.

The box was empty, as she expected.

"Well, hell." She fought the lid back down then gave the big, stupid, infuriating thing a long glare. "I don't want to spend the night trying to guess how to get my guys out of this silly contraption. I want to spend it with them!"

She walked around the box's perimeter then pushed open the lid again, hoping it was just a matter of closing and reopening the box, like it had been the smaller version.

No Damon. No Trey.

"Haven't I had enough of the magic stuff, guys?" she called out. "Come on, let's play another game, something more fun, like 'tie up the girl'."

Nothing.

She shut the lid, took another trip around the box, using her fingers to search every inch of all four sides. She found no secret button or lever.

Growing more frustrated by the second, she walked back into the reception area and dragged a chair back to the box. Again, she pushed the lid up. This time, however, she climbed up on the chair to get a good look at both the lining of the lid and the padded interior of the box.

A little scared, she climbed over the side and dropped inside. The floor was hard, solid. She walked back and forth, stomping her feet, searching for the trap door she just knew had to be there.

She found it!

The floor gave way beneath her feet and the world around her became a blur of colors for less than two racing heartbeats. She landed on a huge padded cushion. The trap door above her closed with a dull thud, closing her in pitch black so thick she could practically taste it. There was no sound but the resonant pounding of her heart and the whistle of her gasping breaths. A soft, scented waft of air caressed her cheek, and out of pure instinct, she turned toward it. "Damon? Trey?" The shadows swallowed up her voice.

Shivers quaked up her spine, despite the fact that the darkness had always been an escape, the most reliable source of protection. She'd learned at an early age that the monsters didn't hide in the shadows. They walked in broad daylight.

She fingered the velvet-covered walls around her, stood on her toes and reached as high as she could, trying to find the latch for the trap door. Still, she remained trapped.

This had to be part of the plan. But why? Why'd Damon and Trey want her in this stupid dark pit? This illusion was nothing like the rest.

"Is the dark still your refuge, Blair?" one of them whispered. Damon, it was Damon.

"Not as much as it used to be."

"Why are you still hiding in the shadows?" This time it was Trey's voice. "What are you hiding from?"

"Nothing. I'm not hiding from anything. I fell when I was looking for you two. In the box. Can you guys get me out of here?"

"No, we can't help you," Damon whispered from somewhere close by. "It's your choice, to step into the light or not."

What kind of game was this? It wasn't like the others. It wasn't sexy or mysterious or exciting. No. More annoying and frustrating, confusing. "There's no light down here. I'm in a pit or something. Underneath the floor."

"Tell us your secret and we will tell you ours."

"I don't have a secret." That was a lie. She did have a secret, one she'd never told anyone, not even her mother. But it was about something that had happened a long time ago, and really it didn't matter anymore because she'd finally put everything behind her. There was never a good reason to stir up old crap. It would just kick the stench into the air again. Better to leave it alone, cover it up with layer after layer of defenses—denial and justification being a couple of her favorites.

"It's your choice," Trey said a little louder.

Silence.

Oh, this sucked in so many ways. Sure, she wasn't claustrophobic, so at least she didn't mind sitting in dark so thick she couldn't see her hand in front of her nose. But she only had one more night with Damon and Trey. They should be teasing and tormenting her like they did so well, not leaving her to sit here by herself.

They were losing out too. Didn't they realize that?

"We're wasting a lot of time," she said on a sigh.

"We don't think this is a waste," Damon countered.

"What are you hoping to accomplish?" she shot back, her voice reflecting the rising level of her frustration.

"Something more important and meaningful than an orgasm," Damon said.

He didn't say the words, but she heard *we're not going to back down* loud and clear in his tone.

She was totally clueless why things that happened over a decade ago would be so important now, with only one day before they left. She'd already overcome them. Why ask her to open up to them, become more vulnerable? They had to know what that would mean, how agonizing it would make their leaving.

Shouldn't they be withdrawing from her? Preparing her for their departure? Distancing themselves?

Hot tears gathered in her eyes and her nose started to burn. She didn't want them to leave her. It was going to feel like her heart was being ripped out of her chest. Maybe to some people the games they played in the dungeon were just about the sex, fantasy, exploration, orgasm. But for her they ended up being so much more.

Trust. Vulnerability. Self-discovery. Healing.

It was easy to think in the box, the dark, to let her mind wander. Kind of like it did when she was in the shower, or lying in bed at night, semi-awake but with her eyes closed and the soft sounds of the nighttime drifting through her window.

If this was the culmination of all the games they'd played thus far, it might actually make sense. It wasn't as erotic, maybe. But it was still centered on the theme of trust and secrets. The box was just another way of restraining her, she supposed. The only thing missing was the erotic element. But maybe that would come after she answered their question.

She could tell them just a little bit, hold back the worst. Maybe it would be enough and they'd reward her like they had every night before.

She just wanted them to hold her. Touch her. Kiss her.

Reluctantly, she searched for the right words. It wasn't easy, putting into words the kind of pain she'd endured back then.

"Okay. I'll tell you. Are you still there?"

"We're here, sweetheart," Trey said, his voice encouraging.

"I wish I could see you."

"I think it'll be easier this way," Damon suggested.

Maybe he was right.

"I think you know what I'm about to say. It's probably just a matter of me actually speaking the truth, so I'll do it." She took a few deep breaths. "After we moved, things got worse with my stepdad. You knew it would, didn't you?"

"We hoped we'd be wrong." Damon's voice was tense, his words clipped. "Tell us."

“He went from verbally abusing me—calling me names, humiliating me, that kind of thing—to physical abuse. And finally, when I was sixteen, he—” Shit, this was hard. “He tried to sexually abuse me too. He didn’t actually...he made me take him in my mouth. So there you have it. My dark secret. You’ve heard it. Now please. Just hold me.”

That was it. That was all she was going to say. All she could say. Her throat had collapsed like a rubber hose under an elephant’s foot. Her chest felt like tight bands were squeezing, tighter, tighter. Hot tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Turn toward my voice,” Damon whispered.

Blair turned.

“Reach straight in front of you.”

When she did, a blade of red light illuminated her hand. Something small, kind of long and sparkly dropped into her palm. A chain? Necklace maybe? She closed her hand around the thing and looked up, shocked to find a black tube with a red glowing light inside, directing a stream of crimson light down. She reached up, touched the tube and realized it was rubber. A soft tug and the entire side of the pit fell open.

Blinded by the soft light outside, she staggered out, accepting Trey and Damon’s gentle help.

Damon yanked her against him, holding her tightly, one hand cupping the back of her head, the other splayed across her lower back. “I’m sorry we weren’t there for you. Didn’t protect you.”

“How could you? We were too young. You weren’t ready to take care of me. Hell, you had your own problems to deal with.”

“My problems were nothing. You were all that mattered.”

Trey moved up behind her, wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his chin on the top of her head. “We did try to find you. We were caught, taken home. But when we left again, they didn’t take us home the second time. We were locked up for two

years after being caught breaking into what we thought was an abandoned trailer home."

"See? You tried. It's not your fault."

"It will always be my fault," Damon muttered, sounding tortured. "Because if we hadn't been caught, we would've gotten to you."

Her fist still closed around the small thing from the box, Blair tried to back away a little, just enough to be able to look up into Damon's dark eyes. But he wouldn't loosen his hold on her.

Trey was being much quieter than usual through all this, she noticed. She wondered why.

"I'm okay now. Honest. I'm not an emotional train wreck like you seem to think. I live with the past the way most normal people do—by putting it behind me and moving on. That's what everybody does. Either that, or they let the past eat them alive. I wasn't going to let that happen. Walking through hell just means you grow a thick skin. Right?"

Damon didn't answer.

"Sure," Trey agreed.

Time to change the subject. This was too intense. Too everything. She turned her head and pressed her ear against Damon's chest. Not surprisingly, his heart was pounding hard and fast. He was angry. But it wouldn't do any good, being furious about something that couldn't be changed.

"So what's your secret?" she asked, remembering Damon's earlier promise.

"Well, actually, I kind of made that up to get you to talk. Both Trey and I sense you're holding back."

"Yeah, I...was. I didn't know if I wanted to tell you. Or how to tell you. I wanted this time together to be a good thing, about the present, not the past." Once again, things were turning to her again. She didn't want them to realize there was still more

she hadn't found the courage to tell them yet. She peered up at Damon's face. He was getting angry again. She knew how to turn things around. "I wanted to ask you two if you'd do something special for me tonight."

"What's that?" Damon asked.

"You two have been lovers for a long time."

"Yes, we have." Trey kissed the top of her head. "What do you want to ask us?"

"If you'll make love to each other this time. I want to see you share that intimacy with each other."

"Why?" Damon asked, finally letting her go. He caught her face between his hands and lifted it, forcing her to look up into his eyes. "Why ask such a thing?"

"I don't know." She thought about it for a minute. "I guess because a part of me knows you two have been together as a couple for a long time. But right now you're so focused on me it's hard to see that. I want to know you as you were before this. And know what you'll go back to being...after."

"We won't go back to being the same after," Damon said, shooting a glance over her head. "There's no way we'll be the same."

What did that mean?

"I don't know about this," Damon said finally after a long and awkward silence. "Our time together is coming to an end, and I'd rather spend it with you —"

"I'd like to do what Blair asked," Trey interrupted.

More silence. The air felt heavy, the room charged with electricity. She watched the guys exchange looks, Damon's tight and unrelenting, Trey's equally demanding.

"It could bring her closer to us," Trey suggested.

"Or it could make her feel uncomfortable, like she doesn't belong with us," Damon volleyed back.

Blair felt herself frowning, uncomfortable with the tension she saw pulling her two guys apart. "I'm not going to be uncomfortable, Damon. Maybe you should talk about this privately, just the two of you."

"Good idea," Trey agreed.

"No," Damon snapped. "We're not going to talk about anything. We had a plan for today, and that's what we're going to stick to."

Trey dragged his fingers through his hair. "But Damon —"

"No!"

Wow, she felt like this huge wedge, pushing the two of them apart. She pulled away from Damon, turned an apologetic glance to Trey. The frustration and hurt she saw on his face nearly made her weep.

That was it. Somehow, she had to convince Damon to do this. From what she could see, his relationship with Trey wasn't just on shaky ground, it was sitting on top of a huge fault line. And the big earthquake was about to start.

She unfurled her fingers, finally taking a second to see what she'd caught inside the box.

A beautiful bracelet, alternating diamonds and, of course, flashing red rubies.

Chapter Five

Trey could see the center of his world, the relationship that had been the cornerstone of his life, crumbling like a sandcastle being battered by a tsunami.

Yet he felt absolutely powerless to do anything about it.

Right here, just now, a huge chunk had broken off and shattered into a million pieces. And what made it a thousand fucking times worse was that Damon wasn't just clueless or blind to what was going on, he was the one who was busting it apart.

Fuck. Damn.

He felt sick, as if someone had kicked him in the balls, run over him with a Hummer and then disemboweled his quivering, crushed body. The guy holding the fucking knife was Damon.

He couldn't breathe.

Trey caught Blair's wide eyes, so full of shock and worry. Normally he'd be right there, looking for the words to comfort *her*. Not this time. The words were gone. He simply lacked the ability or strength to utter them. Everything was slipping from his grasp, like sand sliding through his fingers. Going, going, gone.

He needed some air. He needed to get out of that fucking warehouse, away from Damon. For just a few minutes. To find his head. To suck in a few breaths. To get his feet back under himself.

He did a one-eighty, made it only a couple of steps away before Blair grabbed his arm, slowing his progress. "Please," he said, prying her fingers away. "Just give me a minute."

"No. I'll go."

"No you won't," Damon said, dragging her back to him again.

So that was really the way Damon wanted it? Had Damon decided he was done with them, that he wanted Blair now, only Blair?

The man could have put a knife in his gut and it would've hurt less.

"It's fine. I'll go." More desperate than ever to get out of there, Trey hurried toward the exit.

This time it was Damon who stopped him. Not with his hands but with one word, "Please."

"Please what?" Trey asked, not turning around. He couldn't look Damon in the eye right now, couldn't stomach seeing the flatness in his gaze as he looked at him. The glimmer that used to be there was gone.

"Don't leave."

The tiniest spark of hope ignited inside Trey's cold heart. "Why?" he asked, still staring straight ahead, at the door. He knew if he stepped through that door that would be the end for them. He was not ready to face that possibility.

"Because I love you."

Oh God. If ever there'd been a time when he'd needed to hear those words, it was now. Finally, he found the strength to turn around. Immediately, he saw the dark desperation carved into Damon's features, and the tension pulling at his body, making the ropey sinew of his shoulders and arms that much more noticeable.

Trey swallowed, attempting to clear away whatever hard substance had coalesced in his throat. Didn't work. "What's happening to us, Damon?" He shook his head. "Things are going to hell between us. I'd rather talk about this in private, not in front of Blair."

"No, she stays. I won't have her feeling like she's not a part of this, of us."

Dammit, Damon was going to force him to do this with her there, hearing things she didn't deserve to hear. She wasn't going to walk away from today without some hurt and regret. Didn't Damon realize that?

"I think you're making a mistake," Trey said.

"I'd be happy to go." Once again, Blair started toward the door. "In fact, I need to run an errand..."

Again Damon stopped her. "Stay here."

Blair stole a glance at Trey before turning pleading eyes at Damon. "But this is between the two of you, and it's important."

Damon smoothed a hand down the side of her face. "It's between the three of us."

What the hell did that mean? Did Damon want to make this threesome more permanent than they'd talked about?

Blair gaped but didn't say another word.

"What are you thinking?" Trey asked, bracing himself for what he knew in his gut would be bad news. Or at least a huge surprise.

"I'm thinking you need to stop being so fucking jealous. You knew what these two weeks were all about. So why are you being like this?"

Great, so now this was all his fault. He was the one who was acting like an ass.

It was always that way. Every problem they had was because of something he'd said, done, didn't do, whatever. Not this fucking time. Hell no!

These two weeks hadn't gone the way they'd talked about. Something was off. Way off.

His heart banged hard against his breastbone, sending liquid fire through his veins. "Fuck you, Damon. If you can't see what a prick you're being, then there's nothing to talk about." This time he made it to the door, had his fingers curled around the knob, before Damon tried to stop him again.

"Trey, dammit!"

Trey jerked the knob and pushed open the door.

This time, Damon literally broke into a run, slammed into him from behind and sent him hurling into the carpeted reception area. Somehow, Trey managed to stay on his feet. He shoved Damon back. Damon grabbed Trey's arm. "Dammit, listen."

"If you're just going to give me more of that 'it's all your fault' shit, I don't need to listen. I've heard enough for a lifetime."

They stood staring at each other for a handful of agonizing seconds, nostrils flaring, faces flushed, bodies tight. Trey refused to say another word. He'd be wasting his breath.

Damon stared at the floor, crossed his arms over his chest, nervously rocked his weight from one leg to another, the way he always did when he was struggling with something. "I don't know how to explain."

"Try. Or you know what's going to happen."

"Yeah," Damon said on a heavy sigh. "I know."

"So?"

"So..." Damon's brows knit together. The guy was your typical male, didn't know how to talk about things that mattered. Ask him about last night's game, and he wouldn't shut up. Ask him what he was feeling, and he shut down.

Trey wasn't going to let him get away with that anymore. He couldn't. It was too one-sided now.

This thing with Blair hadn't started their troubles. He could be objective enough to see now that they'd been having problems for a long time. He shared the fault for one very important reason—he'd been the one to let it go on this way for so long. Too long.

"I didn't know it would be like this," Damon admitted, lifting his gaze but still avoiding Trey's face. He glanced over his shoulder, back into the warehouse where Blair was waiting, quietly, patiently for them to sort this shit out. "I mean, I knew I still loved her. But I had no idea I'd feel so..." He dragged his fingers through his hair,

finally making eye contact. "So fucking desperate to be with her, to touch her, fuck her, to have her all to myself. We've shared so many women. It's never been like this."

"Yeah, I noticed. I might as well not be here."

"Shit, Trey. I still love you. That hasn't changed."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I can't lose you."

"Then you better start showing me. Today. Now. Because otherwise..." Trey couldn't say the words. Didn't want to hear them spoken, because then he knew it could really happen. They might say goodbye, and he'd lose the one human being on the planet whom he'd ever trusted completely.

Damon hesitantly stepped forward, reaching for him, but Trey didn't step into his embrace. He wasn't ready to pretend it was all better. Damon's arms dropped to his sides. "What more do you need?"

"We haven't fucked since the first night with Blair. What do I need? I need you. I need to feel like I'm not just another accessory in your bondage arsenal. Or your competition for Blair. I'm your best friend. Soul mate. Lover. Or I'm nothing. Only you know what I am to you."

"You are everything to me. The air I breathe. Don't ever doubt that." Damon didn't wait for him to accept his embrace. Damon just yanked him against his body, tangled his fingers in Trey's hair, tugged back and kissed him. Hard.

Trey's body, of course, responded to every stab of Damon's tongue. His already racing heart did its damndest to kick its way out of his chest. With mouth and hands, Damon said all the things he'd struggled to say with words. With kisses, he said, *I love you more than anything*. And with his grappling hands, he said, *I need you more than I can ever say*.

It had been a long time since they'd had this kind of erotic tension between them. Damon's touches weren't sensual, or even erotic like usual. They were possessive,

demanding, urgent. Damon moaned into their joined mouths, the sound vibrating in Trey's head, buzzing through his body. He pulled Damon's tongue into his mouth, suckling, drinking Damon's spicy flavor.

Trey gathered Damon's hair into his fist and pulled sharply, forcing his head back. Against the salty-sweet skin at the base of Damon's throat, Trey muttered, "Let's go give Blair what she asked for. Let's let her be a witness to our hunger, our love." Reaching down, Trey caressed the hard bulge between Damon's legs.

"Yessss," Damon murmured.

They walked into the warehouse, finding Blair sitting on the bed in the dungeon, her eyes teary and face blotchy. "I'm so sorry," she mumbled, sounding as miserable as she looked. She sniffled, dabbed her nose with a tissue. "I hate that you two were fighting because of me."

"It's okay." Damon sat beside her on the bed but didn't release Trey's hand. He rested the free one on Blair's knee. "We talked. Things are better now."

She turned those misery-filled eyes to Trey. "Are they?"

"I didn't leave," Trey answered. He couldn't tell her a lie, that everything was perfect and they'd solved their problems with just a short, albeit heated, argument. But things were on the right track.

"We want to give you what you asked for," Damon said, dragging his hand up her thigh. "We're going to fuck, Trey and I. And then we're going to fuck you, both of us, like we talked about."

Her smile was shaky but sweet and sexy too. "Thank you."

"No, we should thank you. You're the one who helped us see we had—have—problems." Damon gave Trey a guilty smile. "Or rather, you helped *me* see we have problems. I think Trey here's pretty in touch with things. I have a harder time. But if it means making sure this man is in my life for another fifteen years, then I'll do whatever it takes. I'll talk about my fucking feelings until he screams enough." He chuckled.

Trey sat beside him, laughing. "If that day ever comes, I'll eat an entire pan of squid, just for you."

"Hah!"

Blair giggled nervously. "What's that all about?"

"This guy has never tasted seafood of any kind. Not even tuna," Damon explained.

"Really?"

Scowling, Trey nodded. "It's a thing from when I was a kid. And it's just something I never bothered to try to overcome."

"Looks like we're all dodging the skeletons from our past," Blair commented, looking guilty.

"Does that mean you're still hiding a few?" Trey said, turning some dark eyes on her.

Blair smiled, shook her head. "We're talking about you, not me."

"Nice dodge," Damon said, sliding Blair a grin. "We'll get back to that later."

"Yes, we will." Trey was all too happy to divert their collective attention from him back to Blair.

Unfortunately, it seemed Blair had her own gift for diversions.

Standing on the mattress, she clapped her hands and scrubbed them together. "So about this sex thing, do I have to just sit here and watch, or can I participate in some way?"

"What way would you like to participate?" Damon looked surprised, shocked.

"Well, one thing that drives me absolutely crazy when we're together is the way you talk to each other, tell each other how I taste, smell, what you want to do. I want to be in charge this time."

"Oh no, we're not switches." Damon shook his head. "Sex between us is strictly sex. No power play, no submission."

"Okay, maybe I misspoke. I like how you dominate me. I don't want to lose that. I'm thinking more like, 'Damon, will you please stroke Trey's balls?' That kind of thing."

Trey liked the sound of that. Both Blair's suggestion itself and the idea of her being something of an active participant and asking them to perform for her.

A blade of heat speared his insides. His balls tightened. Yes, that sounded like fun.

Damon and Trey exchanged a heated glance and then both barked, "Sure!"

This was bound to be a new, thrilling experience for both of them. Maybe, just maybe, they'd found a way to bring Blair into their lives in a more balanced way. That made Trey feel tons better and made the still uncertain future look a little less dim.

"But before we start, our sweet girl needs to agree to a few terms," Damon announced.

"What kind of terms," she asked, knowing they were going to be naughty and delicious and oh-so wicked.

"First, we want you naked. Everything comes off," Damon began, looking at her like she was a scrumptious treat.

Yes, naughty.

Damon crossed his arms over his chest. "But you're not permitted to touch yourself. Not your nipples and definitely not your pussy."

And yes, delicious.

"And you have to sit right here, next to us, close enough to touch us, to hear every gasp and sigh."

And oh yeah, very wicked.

"Okay," she agreed, hoping she'd have the strength to keep up her end of the bargain. Sit next to two beautiful men, as they fucked, and not masturbate? Was that possible?

They both looked at her expectantly, and she realized they were waiting for her to strip.

She promptly, gladly, peeled off every scrap of clothing she had on, even the cute lace thong. Then she fluffed some pillows, stacked them at the head of the bed and leaned back, ready to watch the show of a lifetime. "Damon, will you undress Trey for me? Slowly."

Damon gave her an evil smile, let his gaze wander over her body for a super-heated moment and then licked his lips. "You bet I will." He positioned Trey so they were both kneeling profile to her and she could see them both. Trey lifted his arms, and Damon dragged Trey's shirt up, revealing his gloriously sculpted upper body one tasty inch at a time. Damon tossed the shirt and then unzipped Trey's snug jeans, uncovering a wedge of tanned temptation.

A huge knot formed in Blair's throat. She gulped. Gulped again. Lifted a hand to her forehead to sweep aside a piece of hair that was falling over her face.

Trey glanced at her for a moment, and a buzzing, zapping connection charged through the air between them. She could almost feel the need gathering in his body, swirling and churning like storm clouds.

Down the pants went. No underwear. Trey's thick rod sprang free, his tight balls snug against the base. The sight took Blair's breath away for a split second. She gasped to reinflate her lungs.

In the next instant, Trey was naked, his glorious body there for her to admire. So perfect. Tanned skin smooth and velvety over hard, rippling muscles and sinew. Strong. Powerful, sleek.

"Now, Trey, will you please undress Damon."

Trey gave her a look of raw hunger then turned to Damon. His hands deftly worked as he removed Damon's shirt, his pants. His fingertips skimmed over Damon's skin as he worked, teasing him and Blair.

And Damon reacted so visibly, it increased Blair's thrill a hundred times. His eyelids fell closed and his head dropped back. His mouth pursed in a semi-pout, and the muscles of his neck and shoulder tightened until she could see the lines separating each one. Until he looked like a hard, sweaty warrior, preparing for battle.

Perfect. They were both so perfect.

Her hands skimmed up her stomach, stopping before they reached her tingling nipples. A twitchy tightness was pulling between her legs. She wanted to rub it away.

Can't. Oh this is torture.

"Now kiss, please. I'm burning up. I need to see you touch each other the way you do without me, when I'm not here."

They tipped their heads and their mouths met in an open-mouthed, mind-blowing kiss. She could see their tongues stroking and stabbing, almost like a battle for possession. Very masculine. And very sexy. They stroked each others' chests, shoulders, stomachs. Their touches weren't soft and gentle but strong, hard, possessive. Damon curled his fingers slightly, raking them down Trey's tight chest, leaving red stripes. Trey groaned, the sound somewhat swallowed up in their kiss, and did the same to Damon.

Someone moaned. It was her. Her hands crept higher until her fingers rested just below her hard nipples.

This was impossible. Cruel. Her legs fell open a little and she glanced down, not surprised to see her folds shimmering with her juices.

"Don't touch," Damon growled, his voice gritty and raw.

Her eyes snapped up to meet his, and she licked her dry lips, nodding. She might be telling her two guys what to do, but they were still very much in charge. And oh yes, that was the way she wanted it. Needed it. Had to have it.

"I'm so hot," she said, her voice reflecting the bone-deep desperation she felt. "This is so good, it's torture."

They both smiled at her.

“Good,” Trey said, reaching out and closing a hand around Damon’s cock to give it a slow, yummy pump.

Blair watched his hand inch up to the base then glide back down to the flared head. Her mouth watered at the sight, and she could imagine dropping her head, licking away the pearl of pre-cum gathering on the center slit, tasting, devouring, begging for more.

“Who do you want to see fucked?” Damon asked, his eyes still closed. “Whose ass do you want to see get crammed full of hard cock?”

Once again, the air slammed from her lungs, like she’d been socked in the chest. Those words? Holy smokes! So sexy.

She gulped in a shallow breath. Did it matter who was fucked and who did the fucking? Yes. And no.

She wanted to see Damon give the pleasure, Trey receive, to witness that dynamic and discover what vulnerability he’d reveal when he was giving pleasure to Trey.

“Damon, will you fuck Trey? Will you fuck him with all the love you have for him?”

“Yes, I will.” He went to the cabinet, returning less than a minute later with some lube. No rubber. He smoothed some on his cock, working it around the head, over the tip and down his full length. It felt so right watching him, watching them together. She held her breath as he applied more over Trey’s anus then tested his puckered opening with two fingers.

Blair’s heart started pounding so hard and fast she could hear it.

Then he turned Trey around, so he was on his knees, facing Blair, his head close enough to rest on Blair’s bent knees if she drew them together. Close enough to smell the scent of her pleasure, which hung heavy in the air. Trey’s nostrils flared slightly as he inhaled, his lips curling into a half-smile, his eyes gleaming with raw male wanting.

"I love the way you smell," he murmured, sending a quake racing down her spine.

As much as she'd wanted this, to witness the intimacy between these two men, to understand their relationship better, she was in agony. There was no more erotic a sight than a pair of perfect men touching each other this way. Both strong and powerful. Damon held Trey's hips as he drove his cock in and out of Trey's anus. And Trey tipped his head back and rocked on his hands and knees, taking each thrust hard. The depth of their pleasure was plain on both their faces and in the taut muscles of their shoulders and chests.

Within minutes the room was filled with the scent and sounds of sex. The sensations whirled around in the air, seeped into her body and charged through her veins until she was lost in them. Her hands slid down her torso, skimmed over her pubic bone and out to her thighs.

Don't touch myself. Can't touch myself.

How much longer would they make her wait?

She could hear Trey's breathing speed up, grow shallow. A deep rosy flush was spreading up his chest, his neck. She checked Damon. His gaze tangled with hers, dark eyes full of raw sexual power. His lips parted, as if he was about to speak, but no sound came out. His jaw tight, he surged his hips forward harder, faster.

"Trey's cock," he murmured.

Yes, Trey had one, and uh-huh, it looked good. But what was he trying to get at?

"Take it in your hand," he added, sounding as breathless as a marathon runner. "Your mouth. Whichever."

Oh, thank God, she wasn't going to have to sit and just watch anymore. Happy to be putting her hands to good use, she grabbed the tube of K-Y, slicked up her fingers and scooted forward, wrapping them around Trey's thick rod.

Trey growled.

It was a very nice sound, the kind that made her insides get all tingly. Smiling into his semi-glazed eyes, she gave his cock a few slow caresses. "How's this?"

"Uhhhhh," he groaned.

She'd take that as a "Just fine". Encouraged, she tightened her grip on his penis and fell into a steady pace, not quite as fast as Damon's. As she stroked him, the heat radiating off his body seemed to seep into her pores. It swirled inside her stomach and spread through her body in ripples.

Damon released Trey's hips, dragged his fingers down Trey's back as he looked down at Trey with eyes full of love and wanting and desperate desire.

Instinctively, Blair tightened her fist a little more, and Trey moaned again.

"Gonna come, Trey," Damon said. "Can't stop."

"S'okay. Me too."

The room filled with the sound of two men's sighs of relief. Trey's eyes opened. "Blair," he whispered. He licked his lips. "Kiss me, baby."

Still pumping his cock, Blair leaned forward, tipping at the waist and settling her mouth over his. She opened to accept his tongue, welcoming the invasion, trembling with the intensity of his kiss.

Hot cum spurted from the tip of his cock. Droplets sprinkled over her hands, breasts. She smiled, whispered over and over, "Thank you." When he broke the kiss, stealing his delicious mouth from her, she released his still-hard cock and smoothed her hands down over her breasts.

A husky growl from Damon's direction caught her attention and she looked up.

He stood, his plump, fully erect cock gripped in one fist. "Now, beautiful, it's your turn."

Chapter Six

"I want you both to take me," Blair said as she let Trey ease her onto her back. "Please, at the same time."

"No." Trey stared down at her with tender eyes, full of emotion. His hand gently cupped her breast, his palm heating the hard tip of her nipple, rasping it gently, too gently.

She arched her back, pressing her breast firmer into his hand. "I've been preparing. Please."

Damon, returning from a visit to the bathroom, knelt beside her, opposite Trey, hooked a hand around the back of Trey's neck and pulled. They kissed overtop of her. In between slow, sensual licks and nips, they murmured words of love with lust-roughened voices.

She could have cried, seeing such a show of emotion this close after having witnessed their fight earlier. She'd been so sure she was going to see the end of something beautiful and rare. Just as she had when she was a child. It had been her parents' love she'd watched being destroyed then. And now it had nearly been Trey's and Damon's.

Instead, to her relief, she'd seen its rebirth. If only the same thing had happened with her parents.

Someday, she might have a love like this, the kind that was worth giving up everything for.

The love she had for these two men was as close as she'd ever come to that kind of miracle. These past nights had definitely deepened her feelings for Trey and Damon, especially tonight. Her heart felt so light she thought it might float out of her chest.

Tears gathered in her eyes. They saw them, Damon and Trey, when they broke the kiss and together turned their attention back to her.

Damon cupped her face, thumbing away one of the salty drops as it seeped from the outer corner of her eye. "Why are you crying?"

"They're good tears." She gave him a watery smile, sniffled. "I've never seen the kind of love you two share. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it was possible."

"Oh baby." Damon smoothed her hair off her forehead. His gentle touch made her feel so cherished, adored. "We love you too. I hope you know that."

She did. "Of course. Nobody's ever done anything like what you two have for me. And I'm not just talking about all the beautiful presents, which I hope are all fake because if they're not, I'm not even sure what to do or say." She waited for him to either acknowledge or deny whether the stones adorning all the pieces of jewelry, the picture frame and the wooden box were real. He didn't.

Being a practical person, she took his non-response as an admission that they were fake. After all, it was unreasonable to even consider that all those gems were genuine—with the exception of that first one, which she knew was real since it had been hers.

"Do you like the gifts?" Trey asked.

"Yes. Very much."

Damon smiled and ran his flattened hand over her hair again. "Then that's all that matters."

"But like I said, it isn't just the presents. Or the magic tricks. It's this..." She motioned to the two of them. "The way you planned everything and make me feel so special, like I'm the last woman on earth and you're both going to make sure I never experience a moment of longing or uncertainty or loneliness again. I'd swear..." She swallowed the words that sat on the tip of her tongue, unwilling to utter them, afraid if she did the magic of the moment would be lost.

There was nothing that could change reality, as much as she wanted, or even as much as it seemed Trey and Damon might want to. They were going to leave. Tomorrow night. Their time together was almost over.

Oh shoot, her mind was heading into a dark place again. "Please, no more talking. We're running out of time."

Damon pressed his index finger to her lips. "Yes, no more talking." He lifted that finger to his mouth, swirled his tongue around the tip and then teased her nipple with it.

Trey bent over, lapped at the other one. They licked and stroked and teased and tormented until she had to squeeze her eyes closed and her world narrowed to a pinpoint of light. Hands. Mouths. Touches, nips and kisses. Pinches and strokes. They mapped every inch of her quivering body, from her earlobes to the soles of her feet.

Burning up. So tight.

The air was too thin. The room too hot, not cold. The passion that had banked to a low simmer reignited again, flaring hotter than ever.

And still her pussy was empty. They didn't offer any relief, not from a finger, a dildo, nothing.

"Please, Damon. Both of you," she begged, over and over. She didn't know how many times she'd said it.

One of them sat behind her, lifted her shoulders off the mattress and slipped their body beneath hers. Damon. "Okay, beautiful. We can try if you want."

Her legs draped over Damon's legs, her feet resting on the mattress on either side of his ankles. His hard body supported her, cradled her, as he slowly pushed up into an incline with her sitting on his lap, reclined against his upper body.

Trey knelt at Damon's legs, caressed her feet, her calves, her thighs. He pressed against her inner thighs, pushing them apart. Wider, wider.

Yes, oh yes, he was finally going to touch her pussy. Her womb spasmed as anticipation whipped through her body.

"You've never taken a man in the ass," Damon murmured against her cheek.

"No, I haven't, but I've been practicing. With a dildo. I wanted this last time to be special and this is something I've always wanted to try with you two. Not with anyone but you."

Trey took up the lube and applied some to his fingers. "Let's see how ready you are." He traced those moistened fingertips from her pussy down to her anus. He pushed, gently.

Her first instinct was to tighten up, but the nights of practicing had taught her how to overcome instinct and relax, allowing the tip of his finger to slip inside. Then it was a matter of remaining relaxed as he gently massaged and stretched, testing her to see how much girth she could take.

He was big, slightly larger than the dildo she'd been using the past couple of weeks. There was a small chance she wouldn't be able to handle it. But her need to be possessed by both these men at the same time, to have them come to her together, as two equals, two parts of a whole, was somehow absolutely necessary right now. She couldn't explain it, not even to herself.

"She's a little tight," Trey said, inserting a second finger.

"You've been practicing? For us?" Damon murmured into her ear. "Why? What made you think we wanted this?"

She answered, "I didn't know. I hoped you would. I...need you both. "

Trey scissored his fingers, stretching her more, almost to the point of sharp pain. The torment was almost too much to bear. The way his fingers glided in and out of her bottom, filling her for a moment, only to cruelly withdraw. The swirling, rippling need inside her gathered in her center, gaining strength like a summer storm. Jolts of electricity arced from the axis out, like spokes on a wheel.

Her pussy.

She shuddered, her muscles alternately tightening and relaxing as more throbbing need shot to her center. "Please," she whispered.

Trey's fingers withdrew, and she gave a little mewl of protest. And then strong hands gripped her hips.

"Brace your feet on the bed," Damon said. "Spread your legs."

Oh God, yes! He was going to do it, or at least try. She gleefully spread her legs as wide as she could, relaxing back against his bulk again when Trey bent low and started teasing her burning pussy with his hand and mouth. Slow, long drags of his tongue, followed by short, hard flicks over her clit. He added two fingers to the mix, and she felt like she was about to come apart, just explode into a million pieces of glittering, sparkling light.

"Now, baby," Damon said, lifting up on her hips.

Her legs were soft as molten marshmallows, as wobbly as they'd ever been. But Trey helped her from the front, Damon from behind. Supported by her shaking legs and Trey's not-shaking arms, she waited as Damon rolled on a rubber and smoothed some lube over his cock and around her anus. And then she eased down on him, taking him inside.

Stretching. Burning. It was almost too much. But oh, the delicious fullness. It was so much better than the toy.

With the support of both guys, she managed to lie back again with Damon's cock still buried deep in her ass. Now all she needed was Trey. She prayed it wouldn't take him long, because she was at the cusp, the glorious sensation of Damon's cock sliding a little in and out, stirring up those storm clouds to huge heights.

This wasn't going to be just another climax. This was going to be the climax of a lifetime, the one she'd never forget.

Trey finished up his preparations, a condom and a little lube, and he applied some jelly to her clit as well, lifted her legs and positioned himself at her entry.

She cried when he entered her. Not because it hurt. But because she finally had what she'd been searching for. What her body had been screaming for.

Possessed by two men. By the only two men in the world she might ever love. Talk about magic.

They coordinated their movements as one, gliding in and out of her body, bringing her closer, closer to that pinnacle with every thrust. They lavished attention over her breasts, plucked at her nipples until they ached, blew tickly streams of air in her ear until she shivered, stroked her clit until she was trembling.

She soared toward completion too swiftly, and yet her body pushed to go faster.

Harder they thrust. Yes, so much better. She was getting tight all over, hot. Desperate. Couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Just. Needed. Release.

Oh yes. It was...there.

Her climax felt like an enormous wave of hot water rolling over her body. She tingled everywhere. Her scalp, chest, stomach, feet. Her pussy and ass spasmed around two thick, hard cocks.

The guys groaned, thrust harder, faster, making more and more waves splash over her body, up from her stomach to her head, down to her toes. They came too. Both of them. Growling, groaning, their breaths bursting from their bodies in short puffs. Damon's skin was slick beneath her, her body gliding and sliding over his as he rocked his hips up and down. Driving his cock inside, faster, harder, until his orgasm ended.

There was a collective sigh.

Twitching all over, she whimpered when both guys withdrew from her. They peeled off the rubbers, discarded them, then lay on either side of her.

She didn't want to leave. Couldn't leave yet. This was heaven. This was where she belonged, and there wasn't much time left. She wanted to say to hell with her job, with everything. If they asked her, she'd do it. For them.

She wanted them to ask her. Desperately.

* * * * *

Later that night, as she lay in her bed, at home, alone, she made a decision. She'd tell Damon and Trey everything. That was what they wanted. All her secrets laid bare. She knew it. Even if it might pile more guilt on Damon. He'd rather know everything than learn she'd lied to protect him.

After all they'd done for her, giving him this last gift was the least she owed them.

* * * * *

Tonight was the last night, and Blair couldn't pretend to be okay with this any longer. Couldn't lie to herself or comfort herself with the knowledge that she still had time to come to terms with Damon and Trey saying goodbye.

Oh God, she felt sick.

Just like she did every night, she shaved and plucked and primped for them. Made herself look as beautiful as she could. Sadly, no matter how hard she tried, there was nothing she could do about the red eyes or hideous blotches marring her complexion. Crying made her ugly.

Finally, she gave up, headed to her car and drove to the warehouse in silence. Her heart weighed a ton, dragging her down, stealing all her energy. Slowly, she walked up to the door. As always, the reception area was dark and quiet. Picking up speed, she rushed to the back, opened the door.

Total silence. Complete darkness.

Her heart stopped. The air flew from her lungs in a hard huff.

Oh God, had she misunderstood? Was last night the final night? They'd never actually talked about tonight. She hadn't thought to double-check.

"Trey? Damon?"

In the next blink, there was a scarlet circle of light on the floor, illuminating two beautiful – absolutely terrifying – black panthers. One of them opened its mouth, giving a snarl, white teeth flashing.

Blair stood transfixed, both scared and intrigued. She remembered the first night, the black panther. She'd run and missed the illusion. Tonight, she'd watch.

The snarling one pawed at the air. The other started licking its shoulder. They reminded her of Damon and Trey. Damon, the aggressor, the predator. Trey the quiet and content one. She smiled.

And then in a flash of white light they were gone, and Damon stood where the aggressive cat had been. Trey in the place of the quiet one. She rushed to them, threw herself into their outstretched arms and didn't even try to pretend she was happy.

How could she go on with life without these two? In such a short time they'd become everything to her all over again. The reason she woke up every morning. The last thing she thought about as she fell asleep.

They sandwiched her between them, whispered sweet words to her. Trey cupped her chin in his hand and lifted. "What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"Isn't it obvious?" she asked, sniffing. "Tonight's the last night. Did you expect me to be jumping for joy?"

"Not really. But maybe I didn't expect this either." He glanced at Damon then took her hand and led her toward the front of the warehouse, out to the reception area.

Why was he ushering her out?

"Where are we going?" She dragged her feet.

"We just want to talk," Damon said, his voice smooth and reassuring.

They pulled up a chair for her.

"Okay." She sat and concentrated on breathing and swallowing because neither function was coming naturally at the moment.

Trey and Damon both pulled up chairs and sat in front of her.

"Blair, what have these past two weeks meant to you?" Trey asked.

"Gosh, I don't know how to put that in words." Blair struggled to think of what to say and then gave up. "These past two weeks have been magical."

Damon shook his head. "No, we need to know more, Blair. Be specific. We're not sure what to think."

"Think about what?" Her gaze hopped back and forth between the guys. They were being vague, cryptic, and she had no clue what they were getting at. What did these nights mean to her? "When I saw you that first night onstage, so many things went through my mind, so many emotions, memories of how things had been with us."

Trey nodded, encouraging her to continue with his eyes, a hint of a smile.

"And then I found out you had not only seen me but you'd sought me out, and I was over-the-moon thrilled. These two weeks have been more than I'd ever imagined. More exciting. More sweet. More sensual. More intense. I learned about bondage and about myself. I learned I've been hiding from something for a long time, and finally last night I accepted the fact that the secret I've been hiding has been poisoning me."

Damon tipped his head slightly, his lips thinning almost imperceptibly. "What's that mean, Blair? What secret?"

She couldn't look at Damon. Instead, she stared down, at her hands, clasped in her lap. "I haven't been totally honest with you. But I want to be. After we moved, things got worse with my mother and stepfather. Much worse. My mom got stoned on pills every single day, to the point where she had no clue where I was, what was going on, whether we had food in our house. My stepfather, the bastard, took advantage of her being so out of it."

She couldn't believe she was about to tell Damon and Trey this, to actually reveal something she was so ashamed of, she'd punished herself for it for over fifteen years.

"I felt like I was invisible, like I didn't exist anymore. Nobody cared whether I was alive or not. There was no hope I'd ever find you two. My mother...she was lost. I dropped out of school shortly after we moved. I had no friends. I was totally isolated."

"What happened?" Damon leaned forward and took her hands in his. "Did the bastard rape you?"

"No, it's much worse than that." She studied his hands. Neatly trimmed fingernails, skin slightly roughened. Strong hands. Masculine.

"Worse how?" Trey asked.

"He had a party one night, and his friends noticed me. They talked to me, made me think I was special. But it was all a game, a bunch of lies. I found that out, but not until after it was...too late. He might have forced me to...do things to him, but they didn't have to. I did it. Willingly."

Damon squeezed her hands. "You were young, Blair. Lonely. Desperate for attention. You wanted to believe they felt something for you because you had no one else. They manipulated you."

"I was their whore," she confessed coolly. "But only that one time. I left that night and never went back. I tried to get back to you but couldn't. Eventually, I ended up in a home for runaways and it was okay. I met Sandy there. Made friends. Got my life together. But I wouldn't have sex again after that. Because I didn't want any other man playing me, taking advantage of my weaknesses to get what they wanted. Sex was about power. Not love. It was empty. Dirty."

"You had sex with us. You played our games."

"It's different with you two. You don't take. You give. Don't manipulate and lie. You see? You taught me that sex could be about giving, about loving, rather than just about taking. And so when you ask what these past two weeks mean to me, I have to say they meant freedom and truth. Through submission, I gained liberty from both the

guilt of believing those assholes' lies and from the chains that had bound me, not allowing me to accept my own sexuality. And through your games and illusions, you helped me face the truth, about myself and the past I'd been punishing myself for."

"Thank you for sharing that with us," Damon said.

There was this awful, agonizing silence that Blair wasn't sure she could endure. It lasted at least a half an eternity too long. Finally, Trey asked, "Do you know why all our gifts had rubies in or on them?"

Why were they talking about rubies now? After what she'd just told them. "No, other than maybe you remembered that rubies were my birthstone."

"No, there's more to it than that." Damon pulled on her hands, tugging her to him. She shuffled around and settled on his lap, leaned back into his warmth. She felt so safe. So cherished. Loved.

"Do you know anything at all about rubies?" Damon asked.

"Not really."

"Let me explain." He laced the fingers of one hand through hers. "The ruby is a very rare and precious gem, a symbol of the relationship we shared when we were young."

Still confused why they seemed to be skirting around what she'd just told them, she nodded. "That's very sweet. And romantic."

"The stones are refined with heat, their brilliance and color amplified," Trey added.

She glanced at him. What were they trying to tell her? "Heat?"

"With heat—trial, pain, conflict—our relationship has been refined too, just like a ruby, to become what it is now. Fiery passion, abiding trust and...lifelong devotion." He pulled a small red box from his pocket and lifted the lid, revealing a sparkling ruby ring.

Finally, something she understood. Lifelong devotion. Ring. Marriage. Oh God! The breath caught in her throat.

"After what you've just confessed, I have no doubt that we've made the right decision. We said we had to leave in two weeks," Damon explained. "But we hoped we wouldn't have to leave without you."

"We had to make sure it was what you really wanted," Trey added. "Not every woman would be happy in a relationship as complicated as ours."

Happy? What she felt went beyond joy. But this was too wonderful to be true. She wanted to believe and yet she was afraid to. She needed to hear one of them say the words, to tell her exactly what that ring and what all this talk about rubies meant. "You want me to go with you?"

Damon nodded, his eyes sparkling with love and hope. "We want you to be our wife, to share our lives. We don't want to live another day without you."

Wife. He'd said it.

The world was spinning. Or she was spinning. Or maybe it was both. She squeezed her eyes closed and clung to Damon, half expecting to wake up and realize she was still sleeping, that the whole night had been a dream and she was still hours away from seeing Damon and Trey for the last time.

One of them stroked the back of her head. "Baby, are you okay?"

"I think so."

"Do you need some time to think about this?"

What was there to think about? Sandy would be sad but she would understand. Sandy was a true friend, wanted Blair to be happy. "I-I don't. No." She forced her eyes open and stared into Damon's dark gaze, seeing for the first time a spark of fear. He was afraid of what? Of losing her? She flattened her hand against the side of his face. "Where are we heading?"

"California."

"That sounds good. I can pack light. But how much time do I have to wrap things up? There's my friend Sandy, the rental house and my job. I need to give notice."

"Take as long as you need," Trey said.

"To hell with that," Damon snapped, the fear evaporating from his eyes. "We'll pay a moving company to get her stuff and move it to our place, and the job..."

"The job's nothing," she said, laughing through the sobs gathering in her throat. "I don't know what I was thinking. I can quit tomorrow. After all, if I'm not important enough to promote, then I can be replaced in a day or two. Right?"

"Exactly," Damon said, kissing her cheeks, her nose, her chin. "Not important enough to them, but you are to us. You can't ever be replaced."

Blair leaned back. "Was this your plan all along? To see if I might fall in love with you and agree to go on the road with you?"

"Not exactly." Damon and Trey exchanged smiles. "After spending years searching for you, months working out our schedule, and weeks devising a way to get you to our show...we were thinking much, much bigger. Our plan was to make you fall in love with us and convince you to marry us," Damon corrected. "That was our hope. Our dream."

"I can't marry both of you. It's against the law."

"You'll be legally married to Damon but married to both of us in all other ways." Trey plucked the ring from the box and slipped it on her finger. Smiling, he said, "It fits perfectly."

"Yes, it does. But I want to know one more thing. About the woman in red. You'd asked me if I knew who she was, and I said 'me'. Damon, you said that was sort of true. What did you mean by that?"

"I meant she was you, but the red dress represented your acceptance of our protective love, a love that will never let you down again."

"Okay, I understand now. But you need to forgive yourself too, Damon. You did all you could at your age. And you never gave up. It's because of you that we have a lot of wonderful years to look forward to."

For the first time in her life, Blair did look forward to the next five, ten, more years. Because she wasn't living in the shadows of a secret. She had Trey and Damon, their love and their magic. Freedom.

"By the way, you call yourselves Masters of Illusion, but the magic you perform is real. I think I'll call you Masters of Magic from now on."

"You can call us anything you like." Damon kissed her, showing her yet again how very real and very powerful his magic could be. And then Trey did the same, and she knew she would never again doubt the fact that magic was real. Or look at another ruby without thinking of her two wonderful men and the many gifts they'd given her. The most precious one being their hearts.

The End

About the Author

Nothing exciting happens in Tawny Taylor's life, unless you count giving the cat a flea dip—a cat can make some fascinating sounds when immersed chin-deep in insecticide—or chasing after a houseful of upchucking kids during flu season. She doesn't travel the world or employ a staff of personal servants. She's not even built like a runway model. She's just your run-of-the-mill, pleasantly plump Detroit suburban mom and wife.

That's why she writes, for the sheer joy of it. She doesn't need to escape, mind you. Despite being run-of-the-mill, her life is wonderful. She just likes to add some...zip.

Her heroines might resemble herself, or her next door neighbor (sorry Sue) but they are sure to be memorable (she hopes!). And her heroes—inspired by movie stars, her favorite television actors or her husband—are fully capable of delivering one hot happily-ever-after after another. Combined, the characters and plots she weaves bring countless hours of enjoyment to Tawny...and she hopes to readers too!

In the end, that's all that matters to Tawny, bringing a little bit of zip to someone else's life.

Tawny welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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