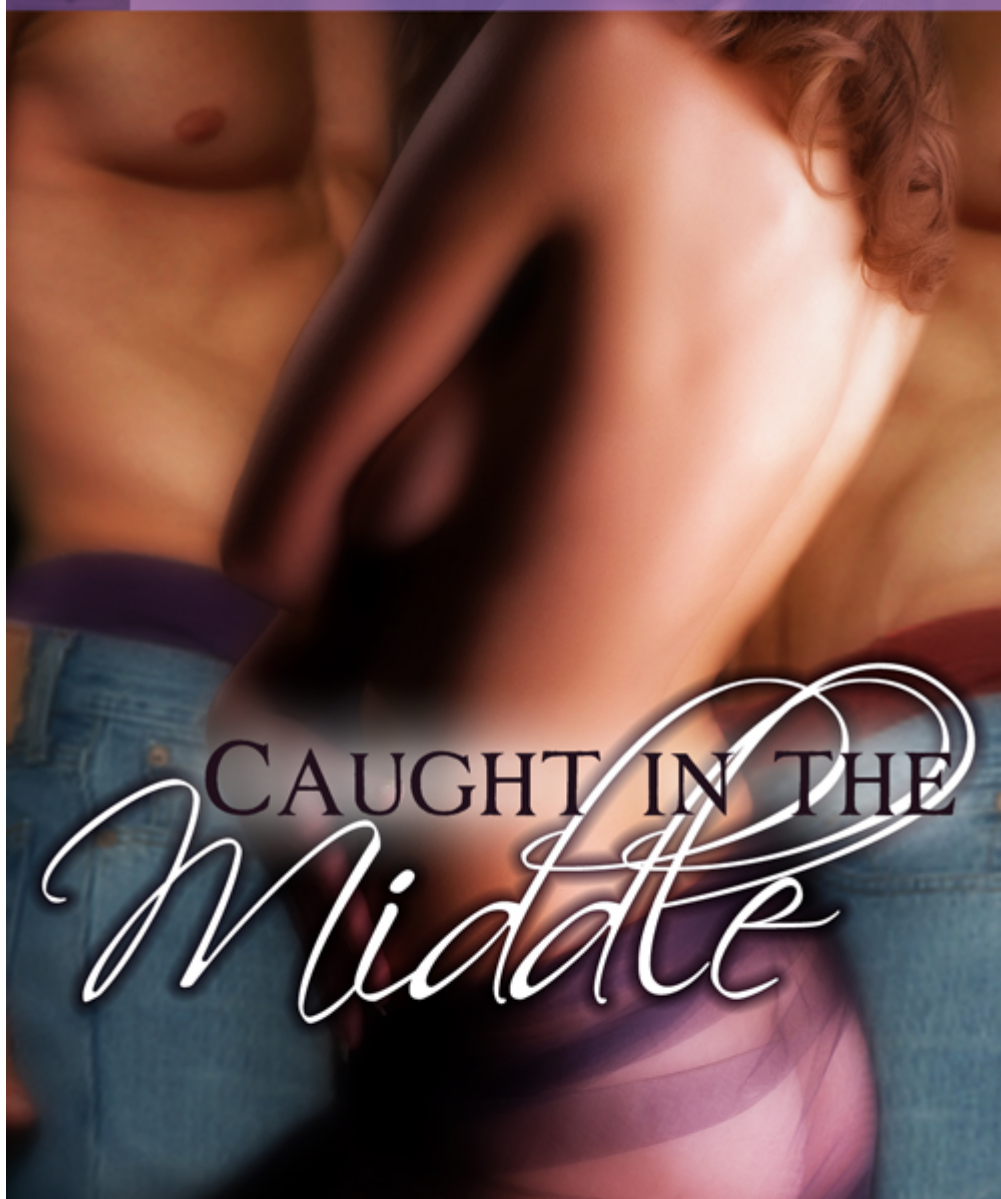




A Total-E-Bound Publishing Anthology



CAUGHT IN THE *Midlife*

Total-E-Bound

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Caught in the Middle Anthology

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

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SWINGTIME

Desiree Holt



Dedication

To all my fellow TEB authors who continue to inspire me, and the editor who knows how to make my stories sing. Thanks Michele. You're the best.

Chapter One

Lanie Burrell flipped a page in the book she was reading and sighed. Since she'd taken a job as reviewer for erotic romance publishers, she'd become all too aware of how pitiful her own sex life was. She could only lose herself in the pages of someone else's fantasy so many times before wondering if she'd ever get to live out *her* fantasies. If the closest she would get was reading about them while she sunned herself on her patio.

She turned a page and sighed. This particular book was about a ménage, and the heroine was in bed for the first time with both lovers. Naked, they lay back on the cool cotton sheets, hands stroking each other, touching each other's sex organs in erotic exploration. The heroine had just—

“Lanie?”

The deep male voice startled her, and she jumped, dropping her book on the patio beside her chair.

“Ohmigod, Cody.” She pressed her hand to her heart. “You scared me out of ten years' growth.”

Her neighbour didn't usually sneak up on her this way. It was bad enough living on the same cul-de-sac with a man who made her mouth water, her nipples stand at attention and her crotch dampen whenever she laid eyes on him, but she usually had enough warning that she could keep herself under control. Today not only had he walked into her yard without notice, but if she'd been an aggressive, uninhibited female, she would have given in to her feelings and thrown herself at him, begging for wild, crazy sex.

Cody Hawkins was a magnificent six-foot-two, with well-defined muscles rippling beneath skin tanned the colour of old bronze. Black hair cut deliberately shaggy fell just below the nape of his neck like black silk, the colour echoed by his thick eyelashes that framed electric-blue eyes and the pelt of hair that covered his chest and arrowed down below his waistband. Today, it was all visible because he wore only the briefest of cut-off shorts, the rest of him, including his sculpted, muscular legs, on glorious, mouth-watering display.

He grinned at her, one dimple flashing at a corner of his very sexy mouth. "Sorry, sugar. I didn't mean to creep up on you this way, but you were totally into your book."

Before she could grab for it, he picked it up and looked at the cover, his grin widening. "My, my. 'Three To Make Ready', huh? And is this a ménage I see on the cover?" His eyes sparkled with mischief when he looked at her. "Lanie, you definitely surprise me."

She yanked the book away from him, at the same time trying to tug on a T-shirt over her halter, covering her too-exposed flesh. Not that getting naked with Cody Hawkins wasn't at the forefront of her dreams. "Give me that. My reading material is none of your business. Anyway, I get paid to read these books."

One eyebrow lifted. "No kidding. Think I could get a job like that in my spare time?"

Lanie held the book behind her back, the heat of embarrassment creeping up her cheeks. "You could probably write the books," she snapped. "Anyway, what do you want?"

Cody's eyes slowly scanned her from head to toe and back up again, sparks of interest flickering in them. "I wonder if I've misjudged you all this time, Lanie Burrell. You might have hidden talents it would be fun to look for."

You have no idea.

She knew Cody got a kick out of teasing her, sure that she'd never take him up on any of his offers. She could hardly tell him that at night when she crawled into bed with her battery-operated toys he played the leading role in every one of her fantasies. The first time she'd met him, a spike of sexual arousal had run through her so strong it had literally made her weak. Every time she'd seen him since then, the attraction had grown. She'd love nothing more than a relationship with this man who made her heart stumble.

But Cody travelled with a crowd far more glamorous and sophisticated than she was. She had nothing to interest him. Nothing to offer him. And she needed to get him out of here right now before she put her foot in her mouth.

"Forget about my talents. I'm sure you didn't come over here to discuss my reading material, so what's the deal?"

He sighed dramatically. "Rejected again. Okay, okay." He held up his hands. "I just wanted to remind you I'm having another party tonight. In case you wanted to, you know, go out or whatever it is you when I...entertain."

Ah, yes. When Cody entertains.

By a strange twist of circumstance, she and Cody owned the only two houses on this cul-de-sac. The rest was beautiful green space—thick trees, an abundance of natural shrubbery, habitats for small animals. Once upon a time a builder had planned lots for the entire short street, but financial miscalculations had wiped him out. He'd been forced to put the two completed spec houses and the land up for sale. Lanie had arrived at the realtors office after scoping out the house to make an offer, only to discover that Cody, an electronics gazillionaire, had made an offer for the entire package. To this day, she still didn't know why he'd backed off and let her buy the other house.

But a month after she moved in, she discovered why he needed the privacy the street afforded.

* * * *

The night of her discovery, car doors had been slamming for ten minutes and raucous laughter splitting the night had teased at Lanie's curiosity. When her friend, Michele, discovered where she was living, she'd laughed and told her Cody Hawkins' lifestyle was the stuff of legends. Lanie, who had never been adventurous where sex was concerned, was stunned to learn her new neighbour indulged in a no holds barred sexual lifestyle, even as her imagination wove fanciful scenes about what would happen across the street from her.

"Always the same people," Michele grinned. "A very exclusive club. I hear they have threesomes and foursomes and they all perform for each other."

Listening to Michele regale her with details, Lanie's face had burned even as she'd soaked her crotch and an unsatisfied itch had overtaken her.

Now she would have a chance to see if her friend was right.

She moved to the window at the end of the hall on the second floor, the spot that gave her the best view of Cody's house and grounds. The sliding door to the pool opened, and five naked people ran outside, laughing, and jumped into the pool. She knew she should just mind her own business, but she couldn't seem to move her hypnotised self away from the window.

Before long, everyone hauled themselves out of the pool and fell onto the extra-wide lounge chairs, proceeding to indulge in sex acts Lanie had so far only read about in the books

she reviewed. Duos, threesomes, even four or five people in what she'd learned was called a daisy chain, filled the night air with exultant cries of sexual satisfaction.

Retreating to her bedroom in a high state of arousal, she nearly wore out her batteries even as she cringed with embarrassment at what she'd spied on. Resisting every temptation to steal glances from the window again, she finally put two pillows over her head in an attempt to shut out the loud laughter and music that went on far into the night.

The next day, after all the cars had left and she was sure Cody was alone, she marched herself over to his house, wrapping righteous indignation around herself like a suit of armour. She hadn't wanted to admit to herself that it was more a case of rampant jealousy than annoyance at him for his open style of sexual activity. Nor did she want to figure out why she felt the need to confront him, except that a sleepless night and uncontrollable arousal had her ready to explode.

He looked slightly sleepy but otherwise none the worse for wear when he opened his door, dressed only in jeans that rode low on his hips. She had to swallow twice to remind herself what she was there for.

"We have to talk," she told him, drawing herself up to her full five foot two.

Her anger might have faded a little if he hadn't taken a look at her and burst out laughing.

"What's so damn funny," she demanded.

"Sorry, sugar. You just look so cute standing there breathing fire at me." He swung the door wider. "Come on in."

She shook her head. "I have no intention of coming into this den of sin. What I have to say can be said right out here on the porch."

He grinned. "Den of sin, huh? Sounds like fun to me."

Why, oh why, did he have to look so temptingly sexy?

Lanie cleared her throat and drew herself up to her full five-foot-two height. "I saw naked people by your pool last night." She wished she didn't sound so much like a fishwife. "Indulging in sex acts I didn't even think were possible."

"And you're upset you weren't invited," he teased.

"No, damn it. I want to tell you this is a decent neighbourhood, and we don't tolerate things like that."

All traces of humour left his face. "Let me remind you, Miss Burrell, I own most of this neighbourhood, and you have your house only because I'm a nice guy. What I choose to do is my business. There's no law that says you have to look, you know."

"But there is a law against disturbing the peace." God, all she needed to do to look more ridiculous was shake her finger at him.

He looked at her for a long time, his sexy as sin mouth twitching with a repressed grin, his sapphire-blue eyes lit with a fire that threatened to burst forth any minute.

"All right," he said at last. "You're my only neighbour and I believe in peaceful coexistence, believe it or not. I have a lifestyle that obviously offends you so I'll do my best to keep it off your radar."

"Exactly how do you plan to do that?" she demanded.

"How about if I give you warning whenever I'm having...company, and you can lock yourself up in your house or go out for the night. That sound fair?"

Lanie was torn between arguing with him and wishing he'd invite her to join him. For Cody Hawkins she could lose a lot of her inhibitions. She drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Fine. That'll work."

As she turned to leave he said, "But you have an open invitation, sugar. I'd sure love to do wicked things to that sweet body of yours."

She was shaking as she marched back across the street to her house, sure that he was silently laughing at her the entire time.

* * * *

"Lanie?" Cody snapped his fingers. "You in there, sugar?"

She realised she'd dropped into some kind of trance, remembering that first confrontation, and mentally shook herself.

"Sorry. I must have spaced out for a minute."

"Probably from that hot book your reading," Cody chuckled.

In which you always play the hero.

She dug her fingernails into her palm to keep herself from blurting out her thoughts. "Thanks for letting me know about tonight. I think I'll take in a movie."

"If that's what you want." His eyes burned like blue flames. "Or, you could come to the party. If I'd known you were interested in things like this," he indicated her book, "I would have invited you long ago. I thought this kind of stuff turned you off."

"I don't...I can't..." She clamped her lips together, feeling like an idiot.

Cody cupped her chin with his lean, strong fingers. "Not chicken, are you?"

She shook her head. "It's not that. It's just...I mean, I've never..."

"You read about it. Don't tell me you've never thought of trying it. Any of it." He ran his knuckles lightly along the line of her jaw. "'Fess up, Lanie. Haven't even thought a little bit about it? Hmm, sugar?"

Her skin burned where he touched her and a feverish sensation skittered along her spine. His masculine scent surrounded her, stealing her ability to think.

"N...no. I mean..." she swallowed. "I saw some of the things you do. That night. I don't know if I could...you know...in a crowd like that."

My god, I sound like an addled teenager.

"You won't know until you try it. Group sex can put a spark in your life."

"I'm not much into the wild life, Cody. You know that."

"Listen. We monitor alcohol intake and don't allow drugs." His wicked fingers trailed across her shoulder, pausing at the hollow of her throat where her pulse threatened to burst from her skin. "You may not believe it, but you conjure up sinful thoughts in my mind. We've got chemistry, Lanie. Admit it."

"I don't know..." She wet her lips. "That is, I..."

"Tell you what, sugar. You think about it. If you decide to give it a chance, come on by about eight o'clock." He leaned down and brushed his lips against hers. "If you do, you'll be my personal date for the night, okay? I'll be your guide. Whatever you like is fine. Whatever you don't..." He shrugged. "Maybe you'll try it, maybe not. But I'll be with you the whole time."

She shivered at the thoughts running around in her head. "I don't know, Cody. I'll see."

He tapped a finger on her nose. "Eight o'clock. Don't be late." That warm chuckle rumbled up from his chest. "You don't want to miss anything. And Lanie?"

"Yes?"

"You don't know how much I'd love to have something going with you."

* * * *

Cody wasn't sure if he'd just done the smartest thing or the dumbest, inviting Lanie to the party. Sudden immersion in freewheeling group sex could be enough to shock her back into the closet, never to emerge again. But Jesus, in that teeny weenie bikini, she made his dick so hard he could have pounded nails with it.

The first time he met her at the realty office, he'd thought, *Hmm, another good looking but uptight broad. Hope she doesn't freak out at the neighbourhood activity.*

But after that first—not unexpected—confrontation, he'd made it his business to drop in as often as he could. Never for more than a few minutes, and always with a logical excuse, like telling her it was party night.

But he'd discovered she was bright, funny, maybe a little shy or maybe it was just that she wasn't *out there* like every other woman he knew. The problem was, she tripped some kind of switch inside him that made him think of things besides who he was going to fuck that night and how many people would be sharing with him. He'd never been with a woman who made him think of picnics and sailing and walks on a breezy day, but Lanie Burrell was conjuring up these images and more.

At thirty-eight, he knew he'd have to think about settling down before long. After all, his lifestyle was going to take its toll on him if he didn't slow down, no matter how careful he was. But the women he met bored him, except when they had fun and games, and they certainly never made him think of the future.

Seeing the book Lanie was reading today had not only surprised him but nudged his mind in a risky direction. If she read about high-flying sex, was she also interested in participating in it? He'd had to work to conceal the instant hard-on the thought had given him.

He knew what he'd just done was a dangerous thing. What if she didn't—or couldn't—think of him in the same way? What if his lifestyle was too much for her? And worse than that, for the first time in his life, the thought of sharing a woman with someone else lit an unfamiliar fire of possession inside him.

Shit, Hawkins. You've got your dick in a wringer now.

He sighed, mentally kicking himself, yet feeling anticipation build as he set out the equipment for the evening—bowls of condoms, tubes of lubricant and baskets of brand new toys. He had high hopes for tonight, and he hoped he wasn't riding for a fall.

Face it. He didn't even know if she'd show up. But if she did, he was determined to see what she could handle, how far he could push her, and if there was the possibility of a relationship beyond party night. The unfortunate thing was, if it all turned to shit, which one of them was going to move?

* * * *

He meant it. He didn't mean it. He was teasing. He was serious.

Lanie stroked the brush vigorously through her hair while she continued to argue with herself. Not in this lifetime did she ever think she'd have a chance at a relationship with Cody. And she couldn't read him well enough to know if she was about to make a fool of herself or step into something wonderful.

She'd taken great pains to prepare for the evening. First a long shower then meticulous shaving of her legs, under her arms and around her pussy. She trimmed her public hair much closer to the lips than usual, but she decided to leave only the barest hint of it. Then a long bubble bath with scented beads, accompanied by two glasses of chilled wine to steady her nerves.

At least a dozen times as she rubbed lotion into every area of her body, she told herself what a stupid mistake she was making. She hadn't actually told Cody she'd be there for sure and thought about just not showing up, sure he'd understand. Maybe, just in case he was sort of looking for her, she could think of a logical excuse and back out gracefully. But through all her hours of preparation, her mind was filled with a jumble of images of Cody naked, Cody and her naked, Cody and her *and others* naked, and non-stop arguments with herself that she was getting in over her head. She still remembered the day she'd marched across the street like Righteous Ruby and chewed his ass out. What on earth must he have thought? Since then, they'd gotten to know each other a little better. Cody had been scrupulous about informing her when he was expecting company, and she'd unbent enough to realise she couldn't dictate other people's lifestyles.

Not to mention the fact that the more she got to know him, the greater role Cody played in her erotic dreams. Even with all the other people around, just thinking of what might happen with him tonight made her crotch wet and her nipples stiff and hard.

“He’s just a man like any other man,” she said out loud.

Yeah, right.

“And I can get up and leave any time I want to.”

But she knew that wasn’t going to happen. She’d accepted his invitation—challenge—and her curiosity was almost at the same level as her anticipation. No way would she let him see her chicken out.

And if they managed to be alone together...

She took a deep breath and centred herself. She had a rough idea what to expect. In addition to everything Michele had told her, she’d certainly read enough about people who were ‘swingers’—swapping in groups—in the books she reviewed. The idea both aroused her and frightened her. If not for the fact she’d developed such an unexpected case of lust for Cody, she’d be hiding behind her window blinds again tonight or at the nearest movie theatre.

Pulling on red shorts and a red and white halter, she sprayed herself liberally with the jasmine scent she loved and took a last look at herself in the mirror.

Okay, kiddo. Here goes nothing.

Chapter Two

Lanie could hear laughter coming from the pool area and music playing from the outside speakers when her trembling hand pushed Cody's doorbell. When he didn't answer right away, she turned, ready to scamper back to the safety of her house.

And what? Hide under the covers, little girl?

Before she could take a step, the door was yanked open and the deep voice that sent shivers skittering down her spine asked, "Going somewhere?"

A warm hand closed over her arm and gently tugged her inside.

She finally looked up to see lights dancing in those sapphire eyes and a grin teasing at his mouth.

"H...hi!" she managed to stammer.

"Hi yourself."

He closed the door, leaned her against it and before she could take another breath or even peer into the house, his lips touched hers in the briefest of contacts. The tip of his tongue traced the edges of her lips and the seam where they met. Even if his hands had not been holding her shoulders firmly, Lanie couldn't have moved. The touch of his mouth was like a magic brush, sending spirals of pleasure straight through to her nipples and her cunt.

He played with her mouth, tasting the surface of her lips, nibbling at the edges, licking the corners. He brushed his lips back and forth, never increasing the pressure, just taking little sips and tastes.

"I knew you'd be delicious," he murmured when he lifted his head. "I can't wait to find out what you taste like everywhere."

She had no idea how to respond to that. She was barely able to breathe.

"Come on," he chuckled, taking her hand. "Let me introduce you to everyone. We've just been drinking and talking before the festivities start." He lifted her hand and brushed his tongue across her knuckles. "Just remember. No matter what happens, you're mine."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Some people here are couples, believe it or not. Others are just a part of the group. We're a bunch of people who've come together because we have a common interest in this

kind of sex. But for those who are couples, everyone knows despite what goes on, they're taken. Just like they will with us."

Her heart was trip-hammering. "B...but we've never even been together."

His heated eyes blazed at her. "That doesn't mean I haven't wanted to. And not just for the sex. You have a quality about you that makes other women pale in comparison."

"M...me?" She was stunned. "Are you sure you haven't had too much to drink?"

He laughed, a warm deep sound. "Not even a drop yet. I'm just hoping tonight I can convince you that me *and my lifestyle* are something you might think about on a long-term basis.

Lanie was so shocked she couldn't find anything to say. She just hoped it wasn't all one big line. Or one big lie. But she was willing to take the chance, just this once. A chance she might never get again.

The house seemed to be laid out much the same as hers, only bigger. From the foyer, they stepped down into a living room filled with large, comfortable pieces of furniture. Lanie tried to shut down the images of what took place on those pieces. The sliding door was open to the pool, but no one was using it yet. Everyone was lounging casually on the couches or, in a couple of cases, on the floor on huge, thick pillows.

Cody cleared his throat. "Guys, this is Lanie. She lives across the street, and she's my special guest tonight. You all know what that means."

From the look on everyone's face, Lanie guessed they all understood. Just as he'd promised, tonight she was under his guardianship. If anyone wanted to approach her, they had to get Cody's okay. And hers.

She forced a timid smile. "Hello."

"Hi, Lanie."

"Hello."

"Hey, lady. Welcome."

Several voices spoke at once. She noticed that everyone was still fully clothed and looked up at Cody, the question in her eyes

He grinned again. "We were just about to get started. How about a drink?"

"White wine, please, if you have it." She didn't think she should tackle anything stronger. She wasn't quite ready to discard her inhibitions before feeling more comfortable with the situation.

In what seemed like only seconds, she had a glass of wine in her hand and was somehow seated on Cody's lap in an oversized armchair. One of his hands slipped under her arm and rested against the swell of her breast. A hot flash sizzled through her at the contact, and she made no effort to move.

"Okay," the man introduced as Brent called out. "Sandy, I think it's your turn to get things started tonight."

A petite blonde with lush breasts and hips rose from the floor where she'd been sitting, her lips turned up in a carnal smile. She turned slowly once, running her hands up and down her hips and cupping her breasts.

"I've been practicing my striptease," she joked, turning up the volume on the stereo. "Who's going to dance with me?"

"You take it off, honey," Brent hollered, "and I'll dance with you all you want."

Lanie watched mesmerised as Sandy went into a smooth bump and grind routine. She ran her hands along her hips and up to her breasts, cupping them before reaching behind her neck to untie a halter similar to Lanie's. With calculated slowness, she lowered the fabric, inching it down her tanned skin while her hips gyrated to the music.

"Come on, Sandy," someone called. "No teasing."

She laughed. "Your cock getting hard, Brent?"

Lanie felt the first flash of a blush creeping up her skin then realised Cody's lean fingers were toying with her own halter top, pulling the tie loose and edging the straps forward so they flopped downward, baring the upper slope of her breasts. She turned her head to look at him. Although he stared at Sandy, a glow of anticipation in his eyes, he licked the top of Lanie's ear.

"Tell me if you get uncomfortable, sugar. We're pretty wide open here."

"No." The word was nearly a whisper. She, too, couldn't take her eyes away from what was happening. "I never thought..."

"Most people don't. But there's nothing like a total sexual high, especially when you can share it with someone who means something to you."

She turned her head to look at him again. "I never thought."

"I know." His crooked grin made her stomach quiver. "Go, figure, right?"

When she swivelled her eyes back to the centre of the room, she saw that Sandy's halter top was gone and she was cupping her breasts, pinching the nipples between her fingers as she continued to move to the music. When the tips had turned a bright rosy colour, Sandy moved her hands down over her hips, slid them into the elastic waistband of her shorts and down to her crotch. Her fingers were visible beneath the flimsy material as she rubbed her pussy in a tantalising dance.

Then, with one fluid motion, she grasped the material and slid both shorts and the thong beneath them down to her ankles and kicked them away. Eyes closed, she began to rub her cunt, hips still gyrating, feet moving in time to the music. When she danced over to the spot in front of Brent, he grasped her thighs, leaned forward and slid his tongue along her slit. Sandy jerked just slightly, but the movement of her hips slowed. She opened her eyes to look at the man licking her flesh.

"I think you claimed the first dance, Brent."

"You bet, sweet cheeks."

Brent was on his feet immediately, stripping off his shirt and pushing his jeans and boxers down and away. Lanie gaped at the massive erection that sprang from the nest of golden-brown curls.

Holy shit!

Her eyes slid around the room, noting that everyone else watched with fascination as Brent moved to the centre of the floor with Sandy, turned her so her back was to him and gripped her breasts with both hands. As they moved to the music together, his thick cock pressed into the crack of her ass, and she pushed back against it, moving her hips back and forth. His hands tightened their hold on her breasts, thumbs teasing the nipples. Sandy's hands had drifted to the curls covering her sex, her fingers sliding further down to find her clit. Opening her outer lips with two fingers, she used her index finger of the other hand to stroke back and forth across her clit, shivering as streaks of pleasure raced through her. Brent dipped his head and licked behind her ear, nuzzling the skin, his glance lowering as he watched Sandy slide one slim finger into the opening of her vagina.

As if that had been some sort of silent signal, Lanie suddenly realised that everyone else in the room had discarded their clothes and many had changed seats. On the wide, leather couch against one wall, a tall, sandy-haired man was sprawled with his legs apart. A naked woman pressed to either side of him, one of them fondling his balls, the other stroking his dick from the thick root to the flared head. He cradled one breast of each one, pulling on the nipples with thumb and forefinger, eyes glazed as he watched the couple in the middle of the floor.

On a pile of giant cushions on the floor, an auburn-haired woman lay on her side, propped on one elbow, eyes glue to Sandy and Brent, watching his thick cock rub into the cleft of her buttocks as Sandy fucked herself with one long finger in time to the music. The man facing the auburn-haired woman—Mari, Lanie she remembered—had both arms around her body, his hands spreading the globes of her buttocks for a second man who was liberally applying gel from a tube. Lanie bit her bottom lip as she watched the second man pick up a butt plug from beside him and slowly insert it into Mari's rectum. The moment it was fully seated he reached down to slide two fingers into her pussy while the man in front of her began massaging her clit with strong, steady movements.

Tearing her gaze away from them, Lanie slid her eyes again to the couple dancing and realised that Sandy was now down on her hands and knees, Brent had slid his cock into her from behind, and a redhead about Sandy's size was lying beneath them with her mouth on Sandy's cunt. Sandy rocked back and forth, moaning as she created friction with the woman's tongue in cadence with the in and out strokes of Brent's shaft.

It was then, Lanie became aware that Cody was inching her shorts down her hips, urging her to lift up so he could get rid of them altogether. Biting her lip and taking a deep breath, she lifted herself just enough for him to ease the fabric down. His hands slid lightly along her thighs until he reached her hot centre, now embarrassingly wet. When Cody disposed of the flimsy clothing, her juices spilled out onto his thigh.

"It's a turn-on, isn't it." Cody's voice had the hint of a chuckle to it, as his fingers stroked her drenched labia. "Ever think you'd enjoy watching something like this? Does it embarrass you?" He nibbled her ear. "The first time watching other people fuck can be quite a shock."

She looked back at him and saw the heat in his eyes. "Embarrassed? No. I mean, I thought I would be, but..."

No, Cody. I'm so hot I don't know why I haven't burst into flames. And watching these people? It's like seeing the books I read come alive. Only better.

"It's getting you hot, isn't it, sugar? Good. Really good." He toyed with her clit, rubbing it back and forth. "This okay, Lanie, what I'm doing?" He licked her ear. "Am I rushing you? I've just been thinking all afternoon about getting you naked and feeling every inch of your body."

"You have?" Oh my god.

"Sugar, I've had it on my mind for a long time to fuck you, and I plan to do just that long before tonight is over. But I'm coming at you pretty fast here, so if that's not what you want, better make tracks right now. You can leave, and no hard feelings." He put his mouth close to her ear. "Except maybe in my heart."

Had she heard right? No, it must be her own imaginings coming back at her. She shook her head.

"I want to stay," she told him in a soft voice.

Beneath her bare buttocks she could feel the thick, hard shape of his cock rising against her, pressing against her skin like a heated branding iron. She knew she should be self-conscious, should shift positions, but the dark heat rose so fast inside her she only wanted to feel that cock filling her.

Even if others were watching!

What would it be like if she were one of these other women, with strangers' eyes watching the things she knew Cody wanted to do to her? With her? Was that what he wanted? If so, could she do it? The book she'd just reviewed was about eight people who got together every week to do just this very thing, and she'd been so hot even her vibrator hasn't been able to take the edge off. But right now, she was such a seething mass of contradictions she couldn't have given a straight answer about anything.

As if reading her thoughts, Cody shifted her in his lap and draped her legs on either side of his, exposing her sex to the room. He put his mouth close to her ear, his tongue tracing the outline of the shell, then licking the sensitive spot beneath the lobe.

"You okay with this, sugar?" His voice was like warm molasses. "I want people to see this gorgeous cunt that's soaking my fingers. Make 'em a little jealous. But any time you want to tell me to stop, just go ahead."

Stop? Was he crazy?

It was unbelievable that she was so into this so quickly, but truth be told, she wanted more. Much more. And she wasn't sure who that shocked more, herself or Cody.

The rest of the room blurred as he stroked her hard nub, and she had to swallow twice to get the words out. "I...I'm fine. It's okay."

"Good." His warm breath tickled her skin. "I knew this pussy would be outstanding. I want everyone else to be jealous that I've claimed it. And a lot more."

His lean fingers separated her labia, pulling the skin back so her inner flesh and the opening of her vagina could be seen by anyone who looked. One of the men in the threesome with the woman—Paul, she remembered—caught sight of her. Even as he continued to rub the clit of the woman facing him, he licked his lips as he watched Cody's finger disappear into Lanie's vagina and begin stroking in and out.

She moaned at the sensations racing through her. It shocked her that she wasn't turned off to know others watched her engage in such intimacy. Cody moved his fingers in time with Paul's rhythm, and the movements of the threesome in the middle of the floor. His thumb pressed her sensitive clit. As Sandy screamed out her climax and the woman in the threesome cried out her orgasm, Lanie felt her release explode, her cunt gripping Cody's fingers as if she'd never let go.

At last, he moved them slowly from her slick flesh and shifted her so her cunt was pressed against his thigh. Planting his hands on her waist, he moved her gently back and forth, the fine hair on his skin abrading her still quivering pussy. Her breath was choppy, her pulse skittering as it tried to settle down.

Sandy and her partners had collapsed in a heap on the floor, while Nick and his partners were twined around each other, breathing just as hard as Lanie was. Her somewhat glazed eyes roamed the room, and she saw things that hadn't reached her consciousness before—a couple in a large chair with the man's cock in the woman's pussy and his hands gripping her breasts; a tall man splayed on one end of the couch, his hips still twitching as a naked blonde licked the tip of his penis. And others, in similar situations.

"Too much for you?" Cody asked.

"N...no." She gripped his leg with her thighs. "Not at all."

"Good." His voice dropped. "I want to follow your signals, Lanie. I want this to be more than one night at a party for us, so you just tell me if you don't like something, okay?"

She could hardly believe what she was hearing. She searched his face for some kind of clue that it was all blue smoke, but the heat and desire in his eyes told her differently.

He lifted her up. "Come on, then. The next act will start in a minute."

"Next act?"

"You'll see."

* * * *

Even in his most erotic dreams, Cody hadn't imagined how good Lanie would feel in his hands. Her skin was like the finest silk, her pussy like wet, expensive satin. He'd told himself to go slowly easing her out of her clothes, but once he'd had her in his lap, he couldn't wait to touch her naked flesh. He'd been as casual about it as he could, watching her reaction to what was taking place, looking for signals that she was turned off or uncomfortable.

His heart had kicked into overdrive and his cock had hardened like steel when he'd seen how fascinated she was. And when she didn't object to anything he did, he had to beat back the urge to fuck her right there in the chair.

Oh, he was ready for her, already wearing a condom he'd rolled on before she arrived. But this wasn't a woman he could rush. Or wanted to. The minute he slid his fingers inside her wet, tight cunt he'd known he was lost. Sex with her would be better than anything he'd ever experienced. If he made it that good for her, he could bind her to him, tempt her with sex to explore other facets of a relationship. Maybe even...

No! Don't go there! At least not yet.

But however he dressed it up, he wanted this woman badly and not just for tonight. It would be up to him to convince her to take the chance.

He wondered how she'd react to the next activity she'd be watching. Turned off or turned on? Shucking his shorts and kicking them to the side, he took her hand and led her to the pool area.

Chapter Three

They were in Cody's enormous pool. The familiar raucous music blared from the outdoor speakers and everyone—every single person—was completely naked. Somewhere between the house and the deck, Cody had stripped off his shorts. Now he stood behind Lanie in the shallow end of the pool, his large hands cupping her breasts and his thick erection prodding at her backside insistently. The orgasm on his lap, rather than relieving her, had aroused her even more. She leaned back against him, still amazed she was here. With *him*. And that he actually wanted to be with her.

It's just one night. Don't start pulling out all those romantic dreams.

Still, if tonight was her best chance to start something with him, she was definitely taking it. A shiver of anticipation skated through her.

Watching everyone, she felt as if she'd been dropped into the middle of an erotic house party. Oh, wait. That's exactly what this was. Everywhere people engaged in various sexual activities, in couples or threesomes. But what really drew her attention was the scene in front of her on the pool deck. Two women were lying back on pool cushions, feet settled flat on the fabric and knees wide apart. A man stood before each woman, planted between her thighs, each holding a thick dildo over his head. Steve, apparently refreshed from his recent coupling, stood naked between them holding what looked like a timer over his head. His cock stood straight out like a lance ready to pierce a shield.

Lanie partially turned her head to look at Cody. "What's going on?"

His laugh was soft and deep. "One of the regular contests we have each time. When everyone gets here they drop a hundred dollar bill into a bowl. Then they have three chances to win part of the prize money."

Lanie wrinkled her forehead. "For what? What kind of contest?"

He nodded his head towards the end of the pool. "Just listen, Steve's getting ready to make the announcement."

"Okay, everyone," Steve shouted. "Your attention, please. Our first contest tonight is called Race to the Orgasm, vibrator style. Our couples are Mark and Sheila and Hal and Brandy. Each man has a brand new vibrator. They will use only the toy—and I repeat, *only*

the toy. The prize goes to the first man to bring his partner to orgasm.” Grinning, he added, “And of course, he splits it with the lucky woman. Everyone set? Okay? Here we go.”

He turned on the timer and the two men began using the vibrators on the women, each with his own style. Lanie stared at first one couple then the other. The sight caused tiny quivers in her vaginal walls, but she wondered...

“I don’t think I could do that,” she told Cody in a low voice. If he wanted everything from her, including that, better he find out now what she could and couldn’t do.

“Maybe not now,” he answered. “And maybe never. But that’s what’s great here. Everyone participates in what makes them feel good. Besides, I think I’ll have enough trouble sharing you when the time comes without putting you on a display I don’t control. I told you. I want more than this one night with you.”

Again his words sent shivers skittering over her spine, and her heart gave a little hitch.

Sliding her eyes back to the two couples, she watched as Mark immediately applied the vibrator to Sheila’s clit, moving it in a circular motion then slid it down to rim the opening to her vagina over and over again. When he dipped the end below to the very sensitive area leading to her anus Lanie saw Sheila’s hips jerk. Mark’s arm moved as he slid the vibrator up and down the area, then back to her slit and up to her clit again.

Hal went immediately for Brandy’s cunt, rimming the opening, then sliding the tip of the vibrator inside and inserting it in increments. Brandy’s hips thrust at him, a motion she kept repeating as if she were fucking the vibrator—which, Lanie figured, she actually was. Hal’s arm moved as he slid the vibrator in and out faster and faster. Apparently he knew exactly what his partner wanted.

People clapped and cheered, almost as if they were at a baseball game. Lanie had to stop herself from shouting as the images made her body quiver and her cunt pulse.

“Like watching that?” Cody whispered in her ear.

She could only nod, mesmerised by the sight and so aroused she was ready to reach between her legs and pull his cock into her. Nothing she had experienced, nothing she had ever read in her erotic romances, had ever made her as hot as she was now. As Mark went to work on Sheila’s clit again, Lanie rocked back and forth against Cody’s cock and his strong thighs. When his fingers rubbed and pinched her hardened nipples, she moaned as loudly as the women in the contest.

"Hold tight a minute, sugar," Cody whispered in her ear, as he bent his knees and dropped lower in the water.

In a moment, his fingers were rubbing her labia then opening them and the head of his penis probed at her opening. She was startled to realise he was wearing a condom. When had he put it on?

"Before you even got here." Again he read her thoughts. "I wanted to be ready for you. Push down, Lanie," he murmured at her ear.

When she did, his cock slipped in. She was so slick with the juices of her arousal, that even with the latex covering him – and even as thick as he was – he seated himself to the hilt with no problem. He slipped his hands beneath her thighs, lifting her legs and supporting her weight, and stood up, holding her impaled on his shaft.

"Play with you clit," he told her, "and keep watching. Come on, sugar. Make yourself feel good while I'm inside you. No one can see you in the water. Anyway, they're all watching the show."

Lanie felt the strength of Cody's arms as he held her, his cock stretching her and completely filling her. Eyes drawn back to the couples on the deck, she dropped her hand between her legs and stroked her clit. Tiny spikes of pleasure lashed through her.

If the moans and screams she heard were any indication, both women were close to climax now. Hal was still fucking Brandy's cunt with the vibrator, and from the twitching of her body, Lanie figured he'd turned it on high. But then she heard, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" and saw Mark pull the cheeks of Sheila's ass apart with the fingers of one hand and insert the vibrator with the other. He held it there as a loud scream rose from her throat and her hips hunched on the tiled deck like she was riding a wild horse.

"Done!" Steve yelled over the din.

Seconds later, Brandy followed with her own climax, but it was clear who the winners were.

"No fair," Brandy called in a hoarse voice, when she could finally speak. Hal was still between her legs, lapping at her pussy. "Mark knows fucking her ass always gets her off."

"Maybe Hal should have figured out what to do," someone in the pool called.

"I was just getting ready," he pouted. Then he laughed. "But wait until next time."

The two men pulled the women into the pool, hugging them then planting open-mouthed kisses on them.

Lanie barely realised how fast her fingers were moving on her hot, swollen bud until the walls of her cunt fluttered and clenched around Cody's cock. His hands tightened on her thighs and he pressed her tighter against his body. As the flutters turned into full blown spasms, he blew in her ear then licked it with the tip of his tongue. His muscular arms supported her as the small climax washed over her.

She was surprised when he lowered her back into the water and slid out of the tight grip of her vaginal walls. She turned to look at him.

"But you didn't..."

"Not yet." He winked. "I'm saving it for the right moment."

"And what's that?" she couldn't help asking.

"That depends on you, sugar, and what you're ready for."

Not sure she was ready for further explanation, Lanie shifted her gaze back to the end of the pool. Sheila still sat on the pool deck, dangling her feet in the water while Mark toyed with her nipples. Brandy and Hal had moved to one of the lounges. She was curled up against him, spoon fashion, and from the movement of his hips, Lanie was sure he had his cock inside her and was slow-fucking her.

Where the two couples had been, two women knelt in front of two men, fingers wrapped around cocks that were sliding in and out of mouths. But something else had been added. Behind each man stood another man, his penis obviously buried in the front man's ass, his hands gripping the man's hips.

Cody slid his hands around to her breasts again, well aware of what she was looking at.

"This is a twofer," he told her and laughed at her startled expression.

"A what?"

"Both men have to climax at the same time in order to win," he explained. "Whichever pair gets off first wins that prize. But both men have to climax."

"What about the women? It doesn't seem fair that they don't get anything out of it."

Cody laughed, a rich deep sound. "Worried, are you? They get to put on a show while everyone else rests. They bring each other off orally."

Another shiver raced over Lanie's body. She was in the middle of an erotic soup, and it was coming to full boil. In her wildest dreams, she'd never imagined herself not only participating in anything like this but actually beginning to crave it.

"There's a hot little body under that proper exterior, isn't there?" Cody joked, and pinched her nipples.

"Mmm." She leaned her head back against his chest. "I think you may be right."

Is he right? My god, what's happening to me? Is it just curiosity, or is there really a wanton hiding inside me? I'm enjoying it now, but how will I feel tomorrow?

Then she stopped thinking, as the threesomes on the deck moved in a perfected cadence, as if they'd done this many times.

And they probably have.

Lanie had never seen men fuck before. She'd never watched *anyone* fuck before, until tonight. When Cody explained what was happening, she was sure she'd be turned off, but instead she found herself wishing she was one of the women performing.

Behind her, Cody held her against his rock-hard body, his thick cock once against prodding the cleft of her buttocks. Her eyes glazed over as he massaged her nipples in cadence with the movement of the people in front of her. The men all had the same taut expression on their faces, cheekbones flushed, chests heaving as their breathing deepened. The women were fondling the men's balls as they sucked harder and harder on the stiff penises. Lanie couldn't see their faces, but the men looking down at them appeared to have their gazes locked on them.

"Would you like to do that, Lanie?" Cody asked in a husky voice. "Just like that?"

"I...I don't know." She hardly knew anything by this time. The feel of Cody's cock probing her buttocks drove her wild.

"I don't mean suck a stranger's cock. I mean suck mine." His fingers drew circles around her nipples, barely touching them and sending little jolts of electricity through them just the same. "Suck *my* cock."

Oh, my god! Oh, my god!

"Yes." She didn't stammer this time. If someone had asked her this morning if she'd be having this conversation with Cody Hawkins, she would have told them they were out of their minds. Now her mouth craved the feel of his shaft sliding over her lips and into her

mouth, down her throat, filling it with his hot semen.

She squeezed her thighs together in the water, the pulse in her vagina throbbing so hard she thought she might come just from the force of it.

One of Cody's hands drifted from her breasts and slid along her hip to her ass, his fingers trailing into the tight cleft.

"What about this, Lanie? Would you like me to fuck your ass? I'll bet it's never been touched, has it?" He licked at the drops of water on her shoulder. "'Fess up, sugar."

"No." She licked her lips. "I mean, no, no one ever has. And I think maybe...maybe I would. I don't know. Would it hurt?"

"Not if I did it right. But we can work up to it." He paused. "One more question while we're at it. Satisfy my curiosity. Have you ever wanted to be fucked by two men at the same time?"

Even in the water, her body turned hot all over. She'd just been reading about a ménage in the last book she'd reviewed, and she hadn't been able to stop dreaming about it. But could she tell him that? She took so long to answer he chuckled, that warm deep sound.

"Never mind. That's answer enough. Maybe we'll tuck that away for a future time. Tonight, I'm going to take very good care of you, Lanie. Very good care."

At that moment, two of the men in one threesome climaxed, hips jerking, heads thrown back, necks corded with tension. And Lanie wished Cody would get on with whatever he had planned.

Chapter Four

Half the people at the party were still in the pool area, the others drifting back inside to the huge great room. They were arranged in a variety of groups. Lanie had heard the doorbell ring two or three times in the past hour which meant more people had arrived. But it hadn't taken them long to get into the swing of things. People she didn't recognise were already in groups of three or more, taking their pleasure. One woman knelt over a male stretched out on his back, his cock buried in her pussy. Behind her, a man held her hips in a firm grasp and slowly worked his shaft in and out of her ass. A third man was on his knees behind the man on the floor, leaning forward so his dick could slide into the woman's mouth. Her groans of pleasure could be heard all over the room.

Cody hadn't put his shorts on when they came out of the water, just dried off both of them with big beach towels he'd plucked from a pile on a table. Lanie could hardly tear her eyes away from his magnificent cock, rising like a stone structure from the thick nest of curls at his groin. The head was a luscious purple, framed by a thick furl of skin, and a wide ropy vein wound around the shaft itself, pulsing as the blood flowed through it.

"Like the view?" Cody grinned, rubbing his chest with a towel then dropping it on a table. "Never mind. I can tell. I like that look in your eyes, Lanie."

Standing naked in this group of strangers, she had an automatic inclination to cover herself with her arms, but she made herself hold them at her sides. *All the way in*, she thought. *I didn't come here just to test the waters, did I? No. I'm either jumping in with both feet or going home. And home has no appeal right now.* "What happens next?"

He took her arm and guided her into the living room and down a short hallway. "The way it usually works, whoever brought a guest gets to fuck them in front of the group, and anyone who wants to join in can do it. Kind of an initiation."

"Oh." She could barely get the word out.

"But I'm going to do things a little differently with you. My club, my rules."

"What does that mean?"

They were at the end of the hallway. Cody opened a door and ushered her into a huge bedroom dominated by the largest bed she'd ever seen.

"That means that, tonight, I get to fuck you without an audience. That despite how much I told myself I was being stupid, I feel things for you that make me operate contrary to the rules." He turned her to face him. "I guess this is where I take a chance on making a fool of myself and ask you if you feel something, too."

She lifted her face so she could read his eyes. Encouraged by what she saw, she told him, "I can't believe that someone like you – good looking, sexy, rich, someone who can have his pick of any woman in the world – would want someone as boring as me. As unsophisticated. Do I feel something?" She let out a slow breath. "You bet I do. But..." She bit her lower lip.

"But just like me, you don't want to get your hand slapped." He brushed a kiss over her forehead. "We aren't so very different, Lanie. And while it will probably be a long time before I want to give up this club, I'm looking at my future, too. And the person I see in it is you. I've been watching you since that day we met at the real estate office. Couldn't get you out of my mind. But I had to know if you could get past your inhibitions and share this life with me."

"Oh, Cody," she breathed.

He bent his head and his mouth on hers was like a lighted match, setting fire to her lips and sending the heat to every part of her body. Her breasts and nipples tingled, every pulse in her body roared to life and her veins felt as if liquid fire raced through him. Cody licked the surface of her lips, tasting the inner flesh of them, scraping across her teeth before finally plunging into her mouth and sweeping every inch of the welcoming cavern. He ran the tip of his tongue across hers, ravishing it before sucking it into his mouth.

She couldn't breathe, every one of her senses on high alert and an intense sexual need gripping her. Cody's hands cupped her face, turning it this way and that to give him better access. Her breasts pressed against the soft hair on his chest and the heavy shaft of his penis was like a branding iron against her stomach. Through the thin latex of the condom she could feel the fluid seeping from the slit a drop of hot cream on her skin.

Lanie wrapped her slim fingers around Cody's wrists, anchoring herself so she wouldn't just drop bonelessly to the floor. When he finally lifted his mouth and dusted kisses on her cheeks and eyelids, she didn't know if she'd ever be able to breathe again.

"I think it's time for us to kick it up a notch, sugar," he murmured against her lips. "I wonder if the rest of you tastes just as good. Let's find out."

Lifting her in his arms, he yanked back the bedclothes and placed her carefully on the soft cotton sheet. Kneeling between her outspread legs, he slid his hand beneath her buttocks, lifted her to his mouth and, without preamble, began to lick her slit like a brand new lollipop.

Lanie cried out at the first swipe of his tongue, pleasure spiking through her. She'd had other lovers—far too few—do this before, but none with the finesse and ability of Cody Hawkins. His tongue was a brush and her pussy the canvas he used it on. He licked and lapped until she couldn't think of anything besides the intense pleasure racing through her body.

When his mouth closed over her clit and his tongue flicked the tip of it, tremors raced through her and she had to fist her hands to keep from arching off the bed. He tormented the little nub, nipping it with his teeth then rubbing his tongue over it again. Lanie's heart was racing and everything in her body was centred on that one spot.

Releasing his hold on her clit, Cody trailed his tongue down her wet, pink flesh, stiffening it and thrusting it deep inside her cunt.

"Oh..."

His tongue speared her, stabbing into her, rubbing her inner walls. She was going to lose her mind. That's all there was to it.

Suddenly, he pulled back, lowered her buttocks to the mattress and bent her knees back until they almost touched her breasts.

"Better," he told her. "Your cunt tastes even better than your mouth. I knew it would. Do you like that, Lanie? Do you like me eating that sweet pussy of yours?"

"Yes," she moaned. "More. More, more, more."

Was that really *her* voice pleading with him? What was happening to her? Whatever it was, she didn't want it to stop.

"How about this?" His voice was low, husky, as he dipped a finger in her cunt, trailed it down to her anus and rimmed the tight little hole.

"Oh my god," she squealed. The cheeks of her ass clenched around his finger as he pressed firmly against the tender spot.

He moved his finger away, his laugh sensuous. "We'll get to that, sugar. You can bet on it." He rose to his knees between her thighs. "Open your eyes, Lanie. Look at me. I want you to see me when I fuck you."

She forced her heavy eyelids open and saw him looking at her with lust blazing in his eyes. He took one of her hands and wrapped it around his cock then spread open her labia.

"Show me the way, Lanie. Guide me home."

Wishing that she could feel the naked skin of his cock, she squeezed her fingers around the thick erection. Pulling until the head touched her opening, she tugged again he began to slide into her.

"Good, Lanie." He sucked in his breath. "So, so good."

He moved her hand, pressed his thumb on her clit and pushed all the way into her. She came at once, bathing him with her liquid heat, her pussy convulsing around him as the tremors shook her body. His body was taut beneath her hands, rigid with the control he was exerting. He rode her through her climax then began to move inside her, taking her up again. All the while his cock moved back and forth in a smooth cadence, his thumb tormented and teased her clit.

When the tiny aftershocks finally faded, Lanie drew air into her oxygen-deprived lungs and tried to steady her heartbeat. But Cody wasn't giving her time to gather herself or time to think. Capturing her mouth again, he increased the speed of his movements in and out of her pussy, rolling his hips to catch the sweet spot with his cock each time he thrust back inside her. The hair on his chest rubbed against her nipples, sparks of electricity radiating from them.

"Wrap your legs around me," he ordered against her lips.

Lanie threw her legs around his waist, locked her ankles and dug her heels into the small of his back, pulling him tight against her. Beneath the tension of her own muscles, his rippled as he moved. She had never felt so completely filled in her life, every nerve in her body sparking with each thrust and retreat of his cock. Heat made her blood boil, and her heart thundered in her ears.

She could feel another climax rising inside her even as her body protested the impending intensity. It was too much. Too much. She tried to pull away, but Cody held her tightly, skewering her on his shaft, fucking her with such power she was afraid it would

destroy her. With one final, strong thrust he took them both over the edge, his cock throbbing inside her while her pussy clenched and clenched around him and her liquid heat soaked him.

Their bodies shuddered together, Lanie sure she would splinter apart as spasm after spasm wrenched her body. She wasn't sure whose heartbeat she felt, his or hers, thumping against her ribs. They lay in that position until the quaking subsided, holding on as if anchoring each other. Cody's cock still flex inside her, drawing one tiny flutter after another until her cunt, too, stopped its convulsive clutching.

Groaning with the energy it took, Cody rolled onto his back, taking her with him. She sprawled across his chest, boneless and spent, wondering how her body had survived the sexual storm that had overtaken them. His hands glided up and down her back, fingers tracing the little bumps of her spine.

It barely registered when the bedroom door clicked open. Then a man's voice pierced her consciousness.

"I hope you didn't have all the fun yet." The voice was deep, warm and amused.

Lanie started at the sound and tried to push herself off of Cody's body. His hands pulled her back and pressed her flat against his chest then caressed her in a soothing fashion. "Shh, it's all right," he crooned.

"But—"

"It's just Mark. You watched him in the other room. Don't be worried. He's alone. I told him he could join us, if you didn't object. Just turn you head and say hello."

Lanie obediently shifted her head to see the tall, lean naked man standing next to the bed. She burned not just with embarrassment but with a lust she hadn't even known she'd had, as if everything she'd seen tonight had unlock a steel door inside her body. She had the most impossible urge to reach out and touch Mark's rigid penis that was now so close to her face.

"H...hi, Mark."

He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Hello, Lanie."

Cody stroked her cheek, brushing away the stray strands of hair. "If you're not ready for this, sugar, it's okay. I want you to know that."

Was she ready? Lanie clutched at Cody. Only one way to find out. And strangely, she wasn't frightened by the idea of another man joining them. Not as long as she had Cody as her anchor.

"Just remember," he whispered. "You're mine, no matter what. Say it."

"I'm yours," she whispered back.

"Good." He nodded at Mark.

"I must say you have a fine, fine ass," Mark told her. "Do you mind if I touch it?"

Lanie's muscles tightened and Cody swirled his tongue in her ear. "Easy, sugar. If you don't want him to, all you have to say is 'No, thanks'. He's just going to touch it. Maybe play a little. No fucking tonight with anyone but me."

She closed her eyes and vivid images of the evening played against her closed eyelids.

What's happening with me? Why am I suddenly craving all of this so badly? I want this man to touch my ass. To play with it. While Cody is still inside me.

"Go ahead." She ran her tongue over her lips, wetting them. "Yes. Touch me."

"Touch you where?" Mark prompted.

"O...on my ass."

He sat down on the bed in the space between their bodies and the edge of the mattress. His hand rested lightly on one cheek of her ass. At first, she jumped, but his hand was so warm and the feel of it arousing. He stroked the rounded globe, slowly as Cody had done with her back and arms.

"Like this, Lanie? Is this how I can touch you?"

She nodded, breathing in, inhaling Cody's male scent along with his spicy aftershave.

"How about like this?" His fingers trailed through the warm cleft.

"Like that, Lanie?" Cody wanted to know, his breath warm against her forehead, his hands still caressing her arms, her shoulders and her back, soothing, reassuring.

"Yes," she breathed. Mark's fingers were like matches igniting the nerves in her cleft and sending shivers racing up her spine.

Cody shifted his legs that were lying between hers, pushing them apart so hers fell wide. Mark's fingers moved lower, bypassing the tight ring of her sphincter and going to the wet opening of her cunt. He drew a circle lightly around the skin gripping Cody's penis, still tucked inside her. Then his fingers drifted back up again.

"How about here?" One finger pressed against her anus, rubbing lightly back and forth.

Unexpected tendrils of lust coiled through her. She *wanted* this! Oh, my god, she really *wanted* this. And more!

"By the way her fingers are digging into my shoulders, I'd say the answer is a big yes. Lanie, want to kick it up a notch?" He kissed her forehead. "Let's try something and see how it goes." He lifted his head. "Nightstand drawer," he told Mark.

Lanie felt Mark's body moving, heard the open and closing of the drawer, then something cool at her anal opening. A moment later, Mark's fingertip pressed hard, harder, inside the dark, warm tunnel.

"Breathe, sugar," Cody told her. "In and out. Big breaths in, slow breaths out. Come on. You'll see how good it will make you feel."

She followed his directions, drawing in as much breath as she could. When she let it out, Mark's finger slipped in a little further. In and out, slow and deep, and each time that finger probing further and further inside her. She didn't even realise she was pushing back against it until she felt the chuckle rumble through Cody's chest and vibrate against her.

"I'd say she likes it," he told Mark.

"Does that mean —"

"Absolutely not," Cody cut him off. "That pleasure belongs to me. But two or three fingers would be fine, just to let her know how it feels."

Lanie clenched her muscles around the probing finger. She couldn't miss what they were talking about. Mark was asking Cody's permission to fuck her in the ass. Her *virgin* ass. And Cody had very clearly reserved that pleasure for himself. She was relieved and excited yet, in a way, disappointed. Tonight, she was so revved up she was almost ready for anything.

"Not tonight, sugar," Cody murmured, as if reading her mind. "Not that I wouldn't like to, but we're gonna take this thing in stages. And make sure it's what you want to do."

She would have answered him, but at that moment, Mark added another finger to the first, moving them to stretch her tissues, pushing them in and out. As she moved her hips in rhythm with Mark's fingers, Cody's cock which had been semi-soft, hardened, and he began thrusting his hips with hers.

"Hold on a second, sugar," he whispered, lifting her so she sat back on Mark's hand.

In an instant, he'd retrieved another condom from the nightstand and snapped it on. Holding Lanie's hips, he positioned her over him and pushed inside of her again, so thick and hard she didn't see how he fit.

At that moment, Mark slipped a third finger inside her ass, his knuckles bumping against the tender flesh and filling her until it seemed there was no space at all. She was impaled on two thick spikes, Mark's lean fingers brushing Cody's swollen cock as he adjusted his movements to the other man's. When the fingertips found and raked across a special spot, she convulsed with tiny shudders.

It didn't seem possible that Mark could wedge one more finger inside her ass, but Lanie felt it pressing and pushing until it joined the others. Hot and cold chills racked her body as she flexed under the lash of such unbelievable pleasure.

Cody tugged her a little further forward so he could reach her nipples. His educated tongue and teeth pulled and tugged on them, licked them, swirled around them until she thought she'd come just from that alone. Her breasts were taut with a burning ache, his tongue like a live wire, shocking them every time it made a pass over a nipple.

She had slipped to another plane, one where nothing existed except the dual penetration of her body and the heat washing through her. She floated in a haze of lust, where nothing mattered except the greedy demands of her body. Sex was a narcotic her body demanded with an aching need. Being aroused by two very sexy men, penetrating her front and back, drove the whip of pleasure through her to every sensitive spot. Her blood pounded as it raced through her veins. Her pussy throbbed. She wanted to clench herself around Cody's rod and Mark's fingers until they had wrung every drop of satisfaction from her. And then do it again.

"We're getting close," Cody said over her shoulder, his breathing choppy. "Let's take her over the edge."

With a rhythm born of long practise, Cody and Mark intensified their movements, the one with his fingers, the other with his cock. Cody's hands gripped Lanie's hips, holding her to him as he pushed up into her again and again. She fought the climax, sure it would break her, but Cody soothed her with murmuring sounds and Mark ran his free hand caressingly over her ass and her back.

She couldn't stop it, no matter what. It erupted like an earthquake, tossing her into a whirlwind of sensation, battering her with the whip of pleasure that made every muscle in her body clench and clasp until it nearly turned her inside out. She showered Cody's sheath cock with her hot juices, flooding him as he pulsed inside her. As if from a distance she heard Mark's groans, as her dark tunnel gripped his fingers with the force of a vice.

Only Cody's hands holding her hips tightly anchored her in place.

At last, exhausted, she fell forward on his chest, her nipples still so tender she felt every strand of hair on his chest.

* * * *

Cody was still labouring to draw air into his tortured lungs. The minute his cock had pushed all the way into Lanie's cunt he'd been sure he'd died and gone to heaven. All that very tight, very hot, very wet flesh gripping him like a fist short-circuited his brain and sent all the blood in his body rushing to his groin. If he died right at that moment, he'd die a happy man. As many women as he'd fucked, in bizarre and wild circumstances, nothing had ever been as erotic as this. She was everything he'd expected and more. So much more.

He'd all but forgotten he'd asked Mark to join them. It was his way of introducing Lanie to sex with more than one partner at a time. Mark was an old friend, they'd done this together for years, and he had the skills to ease Lanie into it.

Cody was shocked by the possessiveness that flooded him. He'd never felt this with any other woman in his entire life, and the emotion both intrigued and terrified him. Yes, he'd been entertaining the possibility of a relationship with Lanie Burrell. Yes, he'd wanted to imagine what a future with her would be like. But he'd never expected to be so emotionally blindsided.

Now Lanie lay across his chest, a boneless heap, her soft breath tickling the hair on his chest, her wonderful breasts pressed against him like two heated pillows. He felt her heart beating against him, in cadence with his own, and he wondered if he'd ever want to move again.

"Cody?" Mark's voice was quiet, his eyes questioning.

"I'm here."

"Is there something going on here I should know about? That the rest of us should know about? Because you know, that means different rules."

"I know, I know."

"I had the impression you just wanted to add some new life to our little group." He raised an eyebrow. "Am I wrong?"

Cody was silent for so long Mark finally rose from the bed, trailing his fingers along Lanie's ass as he did so.

"When you figure out what's going on, let me know. Meanwhile, I'll pass the word she's off limits. At least for now. I'm going back and jumping into the fun again."

Cody heard the water running in the bathroom as Mark cleaned up then watched his friend move silently through the bedroom. When he heard the door open and close, he rolled to the side, taking Lanie with him, slipped out of her regretfully and took care of his own cleanup.

Lanie was still lying on her side when he walked back into the darkened room, hugging a pillow to her well-used body, her skin still flushed, her eyes slumberous. He slid his arm beneath her and pulled her against him, running his hand along her spine.

"You doing okay?" He kept his voice low and soft. Soothing. His fingers trailed over her ass. "Any soreness here?"

"Mmm. A little." She tossed the pillow aside and snuggled into his warmth. "But do you think I'm awful if I say it was worth it?"

His chuckle bounced her body on his chest. "I'd be disappointed if you said anything else. But Lanie?"

"Mmm?"

He brushed her hair away from her face and sifted his fingers through the silky strands. "The first person to fuck you there—really fuck you there—is going to be me. Okay?"

"Of course, it's okay." She burrowed harder against him. "I've never...I mean, I want..."

"It's okay. Me, too." He sat up, bringing her upright with him. "We should probably go back and join the others. I'm not usually gone like this."

"Oh?" She tilted her head. "Don't you bring other women into this room?"

He cupped her face and held her with his gaze. "You can believe this or not, but I confine my activities to the main rooms in this house. When I want a one on one with a woman, I pick a place away from here." He saw the puzzled look in her eyes. "And you want to know why."

She nodded. "Yes."

He sighed. "How to explain this? This club has been my entire social life. The women I fuck alone are usually one of them. Doing it here would give them a false sense of the situation."

A slow smile tilted her lips. "Ownership."

"You got it. I want them to know it's just sex."

She wound her arms around his neck. "And what is it with me, Cody? *Not* just sex?"

"I don't know," he answered honestly. "That's what I had in mind originally. But somehow there's...I don't know...a different element. Not that I don't want the sex. And plenty of it. Any woman in my life has to know what they're getting into."

"I know that, Cody. I would never expect you to change your lifestyle or your sexual activities."

"But I want a chance to see if the chemistry between us works out of bed as well as it does in it," he went on. "How about you?"

"Me, too."

He smacked her rear end lightly. "Let's finish tonight's festivities and see what happens. But Lanie?"

"Yes?"

"You *will* spend the night in my bed."

She reached down and wrapped her fingers around his cock, nearly giving him a heart attack. "No problem. As long as I get to call some of the shots."

Hell! I think my kitten just unsheathed her claws.

Chapter Five

By the time they finished brunch on Sunday, it was a given that something special was brewing between the two of them. The routine they established fell into place almost by silent agreement. During the day, while Cody was at his office or in meetings, Lanie spent the hours at home reading or writing her reviews. But the nights were a different thing altogether. The sex was as varied as the meals he served her.

"If I'd known you were such an insatiable wildcat," Cody told her, "I wouldn't have waited so long to do this."

She lowered her lashes, suddenly shy. "I didn't know myself."

As the week progressed and she became more and more comfortable with him, any misgivings she still harboured disappearing like so much smoke. There wasn't anything two people could do sexually that they didn't try. Cody was a patient, caring teacher, leading her down erotic pathways she never dreamed she'd follow.

He'd fucked her in the shower, in the pool, on the kitchen table. One night after a swim when they were lying naked by the pool, she'd knelt on a pillow between his thighs and played with his balls and sucked his cock, teasing him with her mouth the way she'd discovered he liked, until his orgasm erupted like a geyser.

But the weekend was coming, and they hadn't really talked about her role in the activities. They discussed some of the things she'd seen but nothing specific regarding her. Cody had been very clear about one thing—he made the rules, and he could break them. That meant where she was concerned he could set whatever limits he wanted, and he'd make sure everyone knew that.

But he still hadn't told her exactly what he expected of her. How *much* he expected. Would she have to perform like Sheila and the others? Would he simply give her to one of the men, maybe his friend Mark? The worst part—or the best—was none of it really terrified her or turned her off. From someone who had experienced almost nothing, she was now hungry to taste everything.

Finally, she asked him to tell her outright what he wanted, given the new nature of their relationship.

"We'll get to that," he teased. "When the time is right."

"And when will that be?" Shivers of anticipation skated up and down her spine.

The more they'd talked about it, the more she *wanted* to be a part of it. Although maybe not all at once. She knew that whatever Cody asked of her, it would ultimately be for her own pleasure. That much he stressed over and over.

He bought her a butt plug, which he inserted every morning, showing her how to replace it during the day if she need to.

Tonight, he decided she was ready for the real thing. "This will be better than fingers," he told her, as he arranged her on the bed. "I promise."

He'd placed her down, arms outstretched, pillows beneath her tummy. After making sure she was okay with it, Cody used silk handkerchiefs to bind her wrists lightly to the headboard. Then he lay down between her widespread thighs.

"I don't think you can do it when you're lying down," she teased him, feeling his shoulders against the insides of her thighs.

"In a minute," he assured her. "Like a good chef, I have prep work to do first."

"Oh?"

"Close your eyes," he told her, "and don't open them. Not until I tell you to. Okay?"

"All right." She closed her eyes and sank into the soft covers on the bed.

In a moment, his fingers stroked the lips of her pussy, gathering the moisture already forming there. He opened them slowly and his tongue lapped at her, tasting every bit of her intimate flesh. But teasingly, darting here and there but never touching the places that demanded his attention.

"Please," she breathed.

"Please what?"

"You know."

"I want the words, Lanie. You can say them now. Come on."

"Please...suck my clit."

"And?" he prompted.

"And fuck me with your tongue."

He continued licking in concentric circles, always close to those sensitive spots but never quite reaching them.

"What will you do for me if I give you what you want?"

"What do you want?" she asked, barely able to form coherent thoughts. "Not —"

"Not the games the others play. We talked about that, remember? No threesomes without me. No Race to the Orgasm contests for you. You get to decide what feels comfortable."

"What would feel comfortable right now is for you to get on with this," she urged him.

"After I get my answer." He bit one cheek of her buttocks very lightly then soothed it with his tongue.

"Then what?" She wriggled her ass, trying to encourage him to stop tormenting her.

"I want you to do two things for me this Saturday night."

"What? Just tell me." She tried controlling her breathing. "Whatever it is, I'll do it."

"Be careful what you agree to, sugar." He gave a quick swipe with his tongue.

"You told me it would be for my pleasure," she reminded him.

"And for mine." He blew into her pussy, his warm, breath tickling her throbbing flesh.

"I want you to let Sheila suck you off while you sit on my cock." He nipped at her skin. "I understand from the other women she's the best at it, and it would really turn me on." He nipped again. "Not that I need anything more where you're concerned."

"And?" She tried to thrust back at him, and he swatted her rear end.

"And I want you to let Mark fuck you while I have my cock in your ass. I've shared with Mark my entire adult life, and I can tell you he's an expert."

Lanie ran her tongue over her lips. "So, will you expect me to do that all the time?"

He teased at her opening with the tip of a finger. "Only when you want to." He placed an open-mouthed kiss on her vaginal opening. "We're exploring new areas of our relationship, Lanie. I think we're going someplace here, or am I wrong?"

"We're going to move into murder if you don't fuck me pretty soon," she snapped at him.

He laughed. "Answer my question. Am I the only one who thinks we have something going here?"

Her heat thumped. He'd been talking about this a little at a time since the night of the party, but this was the first time he was laying it all out. "No. You're not."

"All right, then. We're still figuring out what we both like. And while I retain the right of possession, I want you to experience everything so you can decide what you do and don't like."

And having two men fuck her at the same time aroused her more than she dared tell him. "I'll do it if you'll get serious here before I do you some serious damage."

In answer, he thrust his tongue deep inside her channel, powering it in and out, scraping her delicate walls while his fingers pinched and pulled and tugged on her clit. The orgasm built in her, rushing up from her womb, her pulse throbbing harder and harder. Then he backed off, just as she knew he would. Just as he always did, damn him.

And began all over again. His tongue licked the length of her slit then traced the cleft of her buttocks while his fingers continued to tease and torment her burning clit. She had no idea how much time had passed, only that she was a seething mass of desire that needed satisfaction *now!* Finally, when she was crazed with lust, she felt the cool touch of lube at her anus and Cody's fingers working it into her. One finger. Then two. Finally three, rubbing the gel into her dark tissues.

He untied her wrists and pulled her up so she was on her knees, her thighs still spread wide. A shiver of dark anticipation raced through her. She jumped, startled, when a metal wand slid into her vagina and immediately began buzzing.

"This makes it so much better, Lanie." His voice was hoarse with lust.

He was right. Already fire heated her blood, and the walls of her pussy fluttered against the wand.

"Here we go, sugar."

He spread the cheeks of her ass with his firm hands, and the tip of his cock pressed against her well-lubed anus. Harder, then harder still.

"Remember how you did it with Mark's fingers? Breathe in, Lanie, then let it out slowly."

She did as he told her. Each time she exhaled, his cock penetrated further, until every inch of it was in the clasp of her rectum. Between his penis and the vibrating wand, she had an overwhelming sense of fullness. He was right. This was much better than Mark's fingers. She pushed back against him, trying to take him even deeper, although she didn't think it was possible.

Then she couldn't think it all. Cody set up a steady pace, in and out, his thick penis dragging against her tissues each time he pulled back then sliding into her again. She began to move with him in the rhythm he'd set, back and forth, in and out, the wand sending tremors through her entire body. There was nothing at all except Cody, his thick, heated cock, and the sensations that drove her up and into a place where only lust existed.

It was so much more than she'd ever expected. Even Mark's fingers and the daily butt plug hadn't fully prepared her for the riot of sensations that danced like fireflies through her body. Every nerve she owned fired, the muscles in her pussy and her rectum clenched rhythmically, and the orgasm rose up with the roaring of a fire, ready to burst over her.

"Pinch your clit, Lanie," Cody order, his voice strained with the effort at control. "Do it now."

She pinched the throbbing nub of flesh and dragged her fingernail over it. And just like that she convulsed. Cody's release pulsed in her ass, shielded only by a thin layer of latex, and her pussy quivered around the vibrating wand. Jolts of pleasure stabbed through her as she spasmed with bone-shattering intensity. The fire had caught her, and it was burning her alive. If it hadn't been for Cody's strong arms wrapped around her middle she was sure she would have come apart completely, flying in a million different directions.

They collapsed on the bed together, oxygen-starved lungs rasping for air, hearts thundering like runaway trains, bodies slick with sweat. Cody managed to reach between her legs and turn off the vibrator, sliding it from her cunt, before collapsing completely. It seemed forever to her before he roused himself and carefully slid his sheathed cock from her ass. She heard him running water in the bathroom. When he returned, he had a warm cloth that he used to gently clean her, wiping away the traces of lube and her orgasm.

Lying down next to her, he rolled her into his arms and cuddled her against his chest, stroking her hair, her shoulders, her back, and trailing light kisses over her face. Finally, he tilted up her chin so he could see her eyes.

"Well?" he asked. "What did you think?"

She knew she was blushing as she answered him, but she didn't care. "I loved it."

He brushed his hand lightly over the globes of her buttocks. "You okay down here? Not too sore?"

Against his chest she shook her head. "You were right. Wearing the butt plug helped get me ready." She paused for the length of one heartbeat. "Cody?"

"Yeah, sugar?"

"When can we do it again?"

He burst out laughing, the sound rumbling through his chest against her. "Don't tell me I've created a monster." He kissed the tip of her nose. "Soon, sugar. Very soon. We have to practise for the weekend."

* * * *

It was Saturday night again. This time, Lanie didn't ring the doorbell because she was already there, setting out the bowls of condoms, stacking the brand new boxes of toys on the counter, chilling the wine and beer in tubs of ice.

Cody came up behind her as she dumped a box of multicoloured condoms in another bowl, brushed her hair aside and kissed the nape of her neck.

"You look like you're right at home," he teased.

Her stomach knotted. Was she behaving too settled for him? Taking too much for granted. What he'd said and what he really meant could be two different things.

"Cody, I didn't mean —"

"Hush." He licked the tender spot behind her ear. "It looks good. It *feels* good. I like it."

She turned around, studying his face. "Are you sure?"

"Sugar, in my life, I don't like to waste time. I'm just worried I'm rushing you too much. Pushing too fast."

She dropped the empty box and wound her arms around his neck. "A week ago, I would have run like crazy. Now, you should be warned you might not be able to get rid of me."

"Just the way I want it." His kiss was so hot, so carnal, it stole every bit of her breath. "Are you sure you're okay with everything tonight? What we talked about?"

She nodded, one corner of her mouth turned up in a half grin. "I'm ready. I know you want me to experience the same pleasures you do." She shook her head. "I just have a hard time believing how much I've changed in one week."

"I don't think it's so drastic. I think the real Lanie was hiding underneath all this time just waiting for the right person to come along with the key." He ran his hand up the curve of her ass, squeezing the firm globe. "I'm glad I'm the one who had it."

"Me, too."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted whatever else she might have said.

"Go, go, go." She shooed him away. "Your guests are arriving."

* * * *

Cody sat in the big armchair he favoured, watching the redhead named Nancy in the middle of the floor on her knees. Brent's cock was buried in her ass while Paul's filled her mouth. As she rocked back and forth, her heavy breasts swayed with the motion. Brent reached around to cup her breasts, pinching the nipples as he pistoned in and out of her rear tunnel.

The party had been going on for two hours now. As soon as, the last person arrived he'd pulled Lanie down into his lap and teased both her and himself until his cock was so hard he thought it would burst. Lanie had worn shorts and a halter again, but it hadn't taken long before he'd managed to remove them. Then he'd shucked off his clothes. She wriggled against him as the nest of hair at his groin tickled the bare skin of her bottom.

Now he had her thighs draped over his, the way he had the week before, her pussy open to everyone's eyes as he played with her clit and slipped his fingers in and out of her wet, greedy cunt.

He knew she watched everything with avid interest, and her degree of arousal was very obvious. Shifting her far enough forward to allow him to move, he reached for a condom in the bowl next to him, rolled it onto his penis, then lifted Lanie and lowered her onto his shaft. As he did so, he caught Sheila's eye and nodded. Now, he'd find out for sure just how far Lanie was willing to go.

* * * *

When she saw Sheila approaching, Lanie's heart kicked over and tripped into an erratic beat. This was it. Her first public contact with anyone but Cody. And one where she'd be on

display. For one tiny moment, the old Lanie surfaced with a strong urge to run. But then Cody shifted, pushing his cock into her more deeply, and a wave of carnal desire so strong it took her breath away washed over her. Unconsciously, she moved her thighs apart even further.

"Hey, Lanie." Sheila's voice was soft yet arousing as she knelt in front of the chair. "I hear we're the next act on the bill. That okay with you?"

Lanie wet her lower lip with the tip of her tongue and nodded.

"Your pussy is absolutely gorgeous," Sheila told her. "I can see what's got Cody tied in knots." She lifted her head. "Cody, darlin', before next week you have to take her to Lanetta's for a wax job."

Lanie felt heat creep up her cheeks and lowered her hands to cover her pubic hair. Cody's fingers circled her wrists and pulled her hands away.

"Don't hide yourself," he ordered. "Maybe we'll do that, but right now, I love this fluffy little bush."

"It's sure soft," Sheila commented, riffled her fingers through it. "Cody, I'll bet it feels terrific rubbing against your cock, doesn't it?"

"You've got that right."

His penis thickened and swelled inside her, and he rotated his hips just enough to hit her sweet spot. Sheila pushed Lanie's thighs even further apart, giving the room an unobstructed view of her pussy and Cody's cock firmly seated inside it. A shudder raced through Lanie's body and more of her cream bathed the thick shaft.

"Ooh, she's hot all right," Sheila cooed. "And look at the pretty pink clit."

She took it between two fingers and tugged at it then licked it with her tongue. Lanie felt a jolt of heat spear through her, but it was nothing to the sensation when the woman sucked the clit into her mouth and began circling her flesh stretched over Cody's cock.

Lanie closed her eyes, letting the feeling pulse through her body. When she opened them, she realised that half the people in the room were watching her with avid fascination, despite being involved in their own activities. Rather than being turned off by it, her arousal spiked even higher. As Sheila sucked harder on her clit and used her fingers to tantalise the stretched skin of her cunt, Cody brought his hands up to her breasts.

So many sensations assaulted her she couldn't do anything except lean back and give into it.

The harder Sheila sucked, the more Cody squeezed her breasts and nipples and the more his hips jerked beneath her, pushing up into her again and again. Her heart was thundering in her ears, and her blood felt as if it was on fire, singeing her.

When the orgasm hit, she had to grip Cody's arms to centre herself as her body shook, his cock pulsed inside her and Sheila nipped and licked her clit over and over again. Lanie was one nerve, and it had exploded, like dynamite, shaking her and tossing her onto that place she'd discovered with Cody where nothing mattered except the erotic satisfaction it gave her.

Sheila's tongue slowed to small, tiny swipes as Cody leaned back in the chair, Lanie collapsed against his chest. With one final nip, Sheila patted the Lanie's thighs and stood up.

"Thanks, darlin'. Cody, she sure tastes like sugar. I'm ready any time she wants it." She moved away, swinging her hips while soft murmurs of approval sounded in the room.

Cody kissed the tip of her ear then lifted her from his body. When he stood, he lowered her into the chair. "Back in a minute," he told her, planting a soft kiss on her lips. "Time to catch your breath."

Lanie let herself wallow in the languor that was the aftermath of the climax until Cody returned wearing a fresh condom.

"Rest a little, sugar." He placed her on his lap again. "I talked to Mark. Whenever you're ready, just give the word."

* * * *

Lanie had thought having Cody fuck her in the ass had been the most erotic feeling ever. Then, when Sheila had sucked her clit while Cody fucked her, she'd decided *that* was at the top of the list. But now she had to revise her opinion again. This — this act — carried her to a place she hadn't even dreamed of.

Mark lay on cushions on the floor, on his back. Lanie sat astride him, his sheathed cock filling her pussy, his fingers playing lightly with her clit. Behind her, Cody's cock was fully

seated in her ass, the ribbed condom adding yet another layer of sensation. And while Mark teased at her clit, Cody pulled and tugged at her nipples until they felt as hard as his cock.

They were moving in a metronomic rhythm, following the steps of a dance they'd obviously done many time before. In and out, glide and slide, back and forth, while Lanie rocked between them, lashed by a whip of pleasure so strong she wasn't sure she could stand it. The pulse in her womb beat heavily, the vibrations reaching through her body and igniting every other pulse. She was hot and cold at the same time, desperately trying to reach the edge of release that they held just out of her reach.

Her eyes were closed, but she was very aware of everyone in the room focused on what was happening, mesmerised by the sight of the woman and the two men in a graceful pas de trios. She could feel the two cocks rubbing against each other through the thin membrane separating them, each tug and pull sending sharper jolts through her.

Her hands braced on Mark's shoulders, she let herself be swept up into the maelstrom of sensations powering through her. As if at a silent signal, the two men began moving faster, and Lanie strained to keep up with them. Her clit was on fire, her nipples ached, and the dark coil of desire that had been unwinding from deep inside her suddenly burst.

As the two shafts pulsed inside her, her pussy convulsed again and again, and every muscle in her body clenched as she spun out into a void of pleasure. All her muscles clamped down on the double penetration, trying to lock them in place, dreading the moment when they would finally slip from her body.

At last, she collapsed forward onto Mark's chest, his hands soothing her even as Cody showered tiny kisses along her spine. She was barely aware of Cody sliding his penis from her rectum and lifting her from Mark's body. When he picked her up in his arms, she curled against him, exhausted but replete, more satisfied than she'd ever thought possible.

* * * *

"Wake up, sleepyhead."

Lanie blinked against the sudden splash of sunshine in the room and pulled the covers over her head.

"Uh uh uh." Cody sat down next to her and gently peeled the covers back. "Time to wake up."

"Go 'way," she grumbled. "Wanna sleep."

He laughed and bent to brush a kiss across her lips. "I think you've slept enough for both of us." His voice gentled. "We gave you quite a workout last night. You okay?"

In a blink, it all came back to her. Heat crept over her body, but it was an erotic warmth, not one of embarrassment.

"I'm fine. Just fine." She lifted the covers to look at herself. Naked but very clean, the scent of lavender drifting up from her skin.

Cody caught her expression. "I thought you deserved a bath. Besides, it takes away most of the soreness. Used up practically all the bath salts I bought for you."

He'd bathed her? Seen to her comfort? Could she have asked for more from a man? Moving sideways on the bed she patted the mattress for him to lie down beside her.

He shook his head, smiling again. "If I get in that bed with you, we'll never get through half my list today."

She cocked an eyebrow at him. "List? What kind of list?"

He lifted one of her hands and kissed the knuckles. "I want us to move ahead with this, Lanie. I never thought I'd find a woman who could fit herself into my sexual lifestyle and still be someone I wanted to share my time with. My house. My life."

"Cody, we've only really known each other for a week," she pointed out.

"Sugar, I'll be thirty-nine on my birthday next month. If I want the brass ring, I can't wait much longer. I see in you all the things I thought I'd never have. I agree we should make sure we're solid with this, so let me tell you what I have in mind."

"Okay. Let's have it."

"I'd like you to move in with me. Keep your house," he said quickly, as she opened her mouth to object. "That's your failsafe. But let's see where this goes. If you want to, that is."

She gave him a slow, lazy smile. "I think that sounds like the best idea I've heard in a long time. So what kind of list do you have?"

"First, I'm taking you to The Towers for their Sunday champagne brunch—"

"Everyone you know will see you there with me," she interrupted.

"That's the plan," he told her. "Then we're going to visit a specialty shop I use and pick out some nice new toys." He wiggled his eyebrows. "Maybe even handcuffs and a flogger or two."

"And then?"

"Then we're going to your house to start moving your things over here that you need to be comfortable with. I don't want you running across the street every time you need something. That defeats the purpose."

"I can definitely handle that," she assured him.

"And last night was good, Lanie? You're all right with everything?"

She lay back on the pillows and pulled his head down to her. "Everything's fine. You never know. If I keep reading my erotic romances, I might come up with a few variations of my own."

His hand slid under the covers and cupped her mound, heat blazing in his eyes. "I can hardly wait."

What with one thing and another, it was a long time before they finally left the house. But neither of them objected.

About the Author

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Also by Desiree Holt

Crude Oil

Brit Party Anthology: Fourplay

Beg Me

Afternoon Delight

Heatwave: Summer Spice

Down and Dirty

The Sentinels: The Edge of Morning

Night of the Senses Anthology: Carnal Caresses

CHARITY'S AUCTION

Ashley Ladd



Dedication

To Robin, David, and Pauline – thanks for saving me. I don't know what I'd have done without you. You're a true Godsend.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Academy Award: National Academy of Television Arts & Sciences UNINC. ASSOCIATION

Boy Scout: THE NATIONAL BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA FOUNDATION

NASCAR: National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, Inc.

Pippi Longstocking: Lindgren, Astrid

Chapter One

Charity "Char" Reynolds stared at Dr. Dexter Graham, her eyes narrowed, her heart doing the cha-cha while mathematical calculations flew around in her head. He was gorgeous with his dark, five o'clock shadow, the sexy glint in his eyes, and his broad, powerful shoulders. If it weren't for that smirk on his lips, he'd be perfect. But he was far from it. He only looked perfect.

The good doctor was a bad boy through and through. It was a toss up whether he mended or broke more hearts. His record on the operating room table was stellar. Off, however, was horrendous. He'd broken so many hearts with that killer smile and huge dimples he should be thrown into solitary confinement for the rest of his miserable life.

Amy Koch, the hospital's chief administrator, adjusted the microphone with her only hand. Then she tapped the instrument and blew into it. "Can you hear me?"

When the sound from the mic blasted through Char's head, she clapped her hands over her ears in self-preservation. "Have mercy, woman."

Once her brain stopped spinning and she was able to see again, she looked over a sea of other people holding their ears. Tentatively, she removed one hand, keeping it close just in case the mic went crazy again.

So far so good. Slowly, she lowered her other hand but kept it at the ready as she warily kept her eye on Amy.

Although, she felt sorry for Amy since the car wreck that had amputated the administrator's left arm, that she couldn't find anything to like about her caused her to war with feelings of guilt and distrust. Even before the accident, Amy had only been out for number one, stepping on anybody in her way, claiming it was for the greater good. Now people overlooked her mean tempered whining—until they came into her sights. Char had been dead centre in Amy's far too often. As head surgical nurse, she and Amy butted heads daily.

"Welcome to our first annual charity auction." Amy beamed at the audience and batted her fake lashes. When she moved, the spotlight made her rhinestones shoot laser beams around the room.

Amy clapped her hand against the mic and shot a grin as fake as her lashes at the audience. "I hope your cheque books are fat and happy and your fingers are itching to write outrageous amounts for the new children's wing. Let's get this thing off the ground tonight!"

Cheering anew deafened Char, and her lips stretched so tightly over her teeth they ached.

Her best friend, Beth, another surgical nurse, elbowed her. She rubbed her hands together, and there was a hungry gleam in her eyes. "My cheque book's ready, willing and able. I moved money from savings to bid on Dr. Hottie."

It was all Char could do to hold her smile in place and not growl at the sweet strawberry blonde. Since she'd never breathed a word about her brief fling with Dr. Hottie, she couldn't accuse her friend of trying to steal her ex-boyfriend, yet her claws extended and her skin crawled. When her throat stopped constricting, she said as airily as possible, "Oh, really? Great minds think alike. Me, too."

Their third musketeer, Jody, a surgical intern jumped up and down and waved her psychedelic-coloured cheque book in their faces. "Me three! Let's do a ménage à trois with him and have our wicked way."

Beth scrunched her nose at the perky child. With a duh hanging in her voice, she said, "Ew. I don't want to see your naked tits. Besides a ménage à trois is *three* and there would be *four* of us."

The three of them would be much too good for the louse. What she wanted to do to him involved whips, chains and video. He'd be so sorry he'd ever broken her heart...

"Aw shucks." Jody scrunched her nose and pouted. "You two make three times as much as me. I'll be lucky if I can buy Dr. Rob. I might as well go home since you two party poopers won't share. It's way too smoky in here anyway." She covered her mouth with her hand and coughed as if to add emphasis.

Char's gaze landed on Dr. Hunky, aka Ben Price, plastic surgeon to the rich and ritzy Boca Babes. "What about Dr. Hunky? He's mighty cute."

Jody rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Yeah, right. He'll go for big bucks, too. I don't stand a prayer."

Char gave her friend's thin shoulders a commiserative squeeze and worried when she felt her boniness. Still, she wasn't ready to share that her great Aunt Laila had recently left her several hundred thousand dollars or that she had planned to share some with charity anyway. If she could get a little fun out of the deal, why not?

She whispered in Jody's ear. "I'll let you in on a secret. Dr. Hottie's a big jerk. Don't be fooled by those dreamy eyes or those firm, kissable lips, or his artistic, sculpted hands..."

Beth's emerald eyes widened, and she shook Char's arm. "Oh no! He's gotten to you, too?"

Char stiffened her spine and her resolve. She lifted her chin a notch, turned on her heel and shot a lethal glare at Dr. Hottie. It was easier to think of him as the heart-breaking monster than as the sweet, lovable, adorable Dexter. "You're mine, sucker."

Beth got in her face and snapped her fingers. "If he's that terrible, don't waste your money. Buy Dr. Hunky or Dr. Casey."

Amy motioned for the crowd to quiet, and when they didn't she made the mic whine again. As half the population of the room moaned, she gave her evil smile. "That's better. Since we've had so many special requests for Doctors Hottie and Hunky—I mean Doctors Dexter Graham and Ben Price, I'm going to start the bidding with Dr. Graham then Dr. Price so that you won't hold onto all that wonderful cash of yours for them."

Amy winked at the rest of the bullpen. "Sorry, fellows. Maybe you should work out more before next year's auction if you want to bring in bigger bucks."

Several of the men on stage gaped at her. One walked off.

Jody hissed. "Bitch!"

"That's 'Major Bitch', sweetie." Beth returned Amy's venomous glare.

"Don't worry. She'll get hers. Those guys don't forgive and forget easily." Char didn't doubt her prediction for a moment. She'd seen these doctors in action for too many years. If the elite of Boca got wind of half their shenanigans, they'd be out on their collective asses so fast they couldn't wink.

Amy crooked her red-painted fingernail at Dexter. "Why don't you join me, Dr. Hottie, so we can get things hopping? You don't mind if I call you that, do you, sugar?"

Dexter winked broadly at Amy then stood and bowed to the audience. He swaggered over to the administrator. "Not if you don't mind me doing this." Without warning, he bent Amy over his arm and kissed her hard on the lips.

The audience stomped and yelled. Jody snarled at Amy. "He's slipping her tongue."

"I told you not to trust him." Char folded her arms over her breasts and glared at the big lummoX. How dare he!

Despite the stifling heat of the ballroom, she shivered. *Boy, is he ever going to get his and good!*

* * * *

Dexter peeked at Charity Reynolds, woman of his dreams and the one who had gotten away. He wondered if he was doing enough to make her jealous and to make her outbid everyone else for him?

Would she bid at all?

Since she'd supposedly caught him with another woman, she'd shunned him. She'd marked his letters "Return to Sender" and blocked his emails. She wouldn't listen to him or stay in a room with him unless the job demanded it.

Not a masochist, he was about to give up on her. Self-flagellation wasn't his thing. He had a roomful of panting women dying to buy him for a night so why should he hold out for one who didn't want him?

The thought crept him out. Was it his fault if women chased him and slipped their room keys and panties into his pockets? He needed to hire a bodyguard to keep them at bay.

But tonight was different. He was here for the kids, kids like his little sister Debbie who had died of cancer shortly before a cure had been found. Tears threatened to spill from his eyes and ruin his macho act, so he banished the gloomy thoughts.

Instead, he snuck a glance at the buxom brunette who starred in his nightly dreams, but now glared at him with daggers in her eyes. Their gazes locked, and Char's narrowed to mere slits, cold as glaciers.

A chill coursed through him, but he forced back his shudders. If that wouldn't ruin his rep...

Amy fanned herself and sidled up to him. "Can this man ever kiss! Whew! He's worth every penny and more, ladies. Do I hear five hundred dollars to start?"

Dex nearly swallowed his tongue. When almost every female hand in the room frantically waved, he did a double take. Keys and panties were one thing, but so much money?

He tamped down his shyness. Making his voice husky as possible he said, "It's for the kids. And I promise you a night you'll never forget."

Catcalls echoed from the rafters. Stomping shook the building. "How far will you go, Dr. Hottie? Second base? Home plate?"

"Is the SWAT team on call?" he whispered to Amy. He hoped so. This group could turn into an angry, ugly mob in a snap.

Amy clamped his arm tighter to her side. "Don't worry so much. I'll fire anyone who steps out of line, and they know it."

Dex thought about that, and knowing she was right, his heart resumed its normal beat. He smiled at Char, daring her to bid higher.

"Do I hear one thousand dollars?"

Half the hands went down amidst a disappointed grumble.

Dex was heartened when Char's hand remained high and unwavering. He willed her to stay in the war 'til the end, then finally, he'd get her alone to talk to her. He was worried, though, that several of the wealthy Boca Babes were in the audience. He doubted Char could outbid them if they wanted him badly enough.

Amy quivered as though she'd orgasm, and embarrassed, Dex tried to pull away. But like a leech, Amy clung tightly. "Do I hear fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Hell with this." Simone Duchaine, one of the Boca elite and Amy's best friend who'd been chasing Dex for years, pushed her way through the crowd. "I'll give you fifty thousand dollars. I dare anyone to top that."

Dexter's heart slammed into his feet. No way could Char match that.

But Char climbed on a chair, cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled, "Fifty-one thousand dollars!"

The crowd roared as her friends Beth and Jody tried to pull her down. But Char stayed standing on her chair.

Simone smiled and purred like a cat, "Sixty thousand dollars!"

When Char came back with "Sixty-one thousand," as if it was chump change, Simone tossed down her cheque book and rounded on her opponent.

Simone marched up to Char, her fists balled on her hips. "Seventy thousand!"

Char laughed and said in Simone's face with glee, "Seventy-one thousand."

Worried how Char would pay if she won, that she'd cost the hospital a lot of much needed funds and get herself fired, Dex tried to wave her off. Still, his chest puffed out and his cock flexed that she wanted him so badly that she'd lost her mind.

To his astonishment, Simone and Char dickered all the way up to one-hundred-one thousand dollars before Simone stomped off.

"Nurse Reynolds wins Dr. Hottie. Better luck next year, ladies." Amy gave Char a wary look. "'Fess up, Charity. Are you really good for it?"

Char squared her shoulders, wrote the cheque and sashayed up to Amy. "Oh yeah. Call my bank if you don't believe me. I live in Boca, don't I?"

Dex did a double take. Was Char rich? She didn't strike him as a spoiled Boca Babe. She was hard-working and dedicated. In fact, she was too assiduous, as if she had no other life. Thank God she didn't fit the mould of a vapid, selfish Boca Babe. He couldn't stand the breed.

In shock but eager for their night to begin, Dex shot a sexy grin to his mistress for an evening.

* * * *

Char caught Dexter's victorious, haughty glance and kicked herself. Oy! He must imagine she was hooked on him. So must the entire hospital staff. What had she done, bidding so high? What had possessed her?

Simone Duchaine, for one. The socialite and her cutting remarks had gotten under Charity's skin again. That and her mindless need for revenge had been her undoing.

Several people wished her congratulations. Others snubbed her, their noses high in the air. Some regarded her as if she was one of America's Most Wanted.

Beth took her aside and put her hand to her forehead. "You can't afford this. Are you nuts?"

Char rubbed at the beginnings of an achy head as she regarded her friend and wondered just how much she should divulge. Finally, she admitted, "But I can."

Beth tucked her hair behind her ears and adjusted her glasses higher on her nose. "A few months ago, you were sweating about paying your property taxes. What gives?"

Char crossed her heart and looked into her friend's eyes. "My great Aunt Laila recently left me a nice inheritance. She was like a grandmother to me. She didn't have any kids so she doted on my dad and me."

Beth hugged her then shook her head. "Lucky you! I wish some of my feisty old relatives would hurry up and kick the bucket and leave me a wad of cash. I'm tired of living paycheque to paycheque."

Aghast and disbelieving, Char shook her finger at her best friend. "Beth! No, you don't. Take that back."

"Well, I guess not. None of them are rich, anyway, but I wouldn't wish that on them. So what are you going to do with Dr. Hottie?"

"Oh, you know. Whips, chains, torture, and all that good shit." Char knew Beth would never believe the truth, not from her. No one ever believed she could be bad, and she was sick of being the good girl all the time, but sometimes it worked to her advantage. She could get away with a lot—if she wanted.

Beth guffawed and screwed up her lips. "Yeah right. I mean for real?"

Char tossed her a Cheshire cat smile and shrugged. "I told you."

Beth still looked quizzical but stopped pushing her for answers.

When they re-entered the smoky, noisy room, Dexter still gloated up on the stage, galling her. "Look at him, so smug and self-righteous. Now he really thinks he's hot shit."

"And just whose fault is that?" Beth said in a sing song voice as she poked Char in the ribs.

"I do believe I created a monster." *More* of a monster. She should be flogged.

"Shush!" Beth jumped on the chair and wildly waved her arms. "It's Dr. Hunky's turn. I want a hot night, too."

Revelation struck Char square between the eyes and suddenly, she knew what she had to do. Although Beth gave her questioning, malicious glares, she kept bidding until she won Dr. Hunky at thirty-five thousand dollars.

Dex glared at her, too, and shook his head as he slumped in his chair. His flesh looked grey, but it must be a trick of the lighting.

Amy tapped her fingers on the mic and looked ready to eat metal. "Aren't you being a tad greedy, Reynolds, buying both dreamboats?"

Char climbed on stage. "Do you want the money or not? Is anyone willing to go higher? It's all for the kids, right? So give me some competition people!"

Several pairs of eyes lowered and several other heads shook as a grumble echoed through the crowd. After several moments of waiting, Char asked Amy, "Well, what's the verdict? Do you want my cheque for Dr. Hunky, too? Or not?"

Amy glowered but snatched the second cheque, passed it to her assistant and mumbled under her breath, "Call the bank right away and make sure these are good." Louder, she said to Char so that the entire audience could hear, "Are you done, or do you want them all?"

Char offered the most innocent look she could. "I'm done. When do I get to collect my booty?"

Dex looked like he was about to gag, and he bent his head over his knees and wrung his hands.

Ben slapped his thigh and laughed as if he got the joke and enjoyed being her partner in crime.

Her gaze bounced from man to man as she pondered which was hotter. It was a toss up, but she had no idea what to do with the extra man.

Simone slinked up like the snake she was. "I always knew you were a greedy bitch. I bet those cheques bounce to the moon. Or did you rob one of your geriatric patients?"

Char's fists balled up, and her temperature sky-rocketed. She'd had enough of Simone's bitchiness for three lifetimes.

When Char advanced on Simone, Beth and Jody caught her arms and spun her around. Then Beth pinched her arm hard. "Your men for a night are waiting for you. You don't want to disappoint them."

Char yelped and gave her friends a rueful look. She rubbed the sore spot on her arm hoping it wouldn't bruise. When she checked it, there was no discolouration—yet. "Thanks."

Jody gave her a lopsided grin. "What are you going to do with two men? I hope you have plenty of condoms. I know a place you can get a big stock for discount. Coloured. Flavoured. Ribbed. I'll give you the address."

Beth made a moue of her lips. "What a little slut you are. Who would've thunk? Gimme the address, too, while you're at it."

Char gulped but grew warm and gooey. It had been a long time since she'd needed condoms, and her pussy quaked at the idea of needing *lots* of them. Purrs rose in her throat, and she winked. "What do you think I'm going to do with two gorgeous men who are at my mercy? Play Tiddlywinks, of course."

Beth's laughter tinkled over the throng. "Of course. Good for you. It's about time you got a life outside this hospital."

Not liking the sound of that one bit, she wrinkled her nose and decided to evaluate her life when she got a free moment. Did she spend all her time here? All her friends were on staff. She didn't know her neighbours. She hadn't been to church in forever because she worked every Sunday and religious holiday.

Wait!

She knew the Chinese delivery man very well. And the pizza guy who delivered to the hospital. Didn't they count? Every year, she gave them Christmas gifts, and she'd given them their own ring tones on her cell phone, too. "I have a very good life! One night won't be the start of anything. Since when were you two closet romantics?"

Tingles attacked her, and the little voice inside her head taunted her. "Liar."

With a vengeance, she shoved the darned thing away. Tonight would be fun, but that was it. Nothing more.

At that, her heart cried and crushed her chest. Dexter's seductive smile flashed in her mind and her gut twisted with impossible sensations so she closed her eyes and willed him away. But he refused to get out of her skull.

Damn him!

Once and for all, she had to get him out of her system.

* * * *

Dexter bristled. Why did Charity want Ben, too? His nemesis was a younger, flashier surgeon who loved 'em and left 'em faster than the sun rose and set—just what she'd wrongly accused him of doing.

He gritted his teeth and his fingernails dug into his palms. *Women!* He'd never understand the creatures, and Char was the most incomprehensible of them all.

Wishing he could read her mind, doubting he'd understand even then, he glared at her. The femme fatale merely tossed him a cool smile then beamed at the dork, Ben.

Was the head nurse trying to kill his ego? Or did she really have a thing for the other man?

Neither answer placated him. She might as well castrate him now and be done with it.

He tried to focus on Amy and all the money being raised to save kids like Debbie, but he couldn't nudge Char completely out of his head.

"This is for you, Deb," he murmured and forced his most charming smile to his lips, sauntered over to Amy and looped his arm around her shoulders. Then he took the mic. "A lot of you don't know this, but I had a kid sister whom I adored. You've never met her and you never will because she died of cancer when she was nine and I was eleven. Two years after her death, a cure was found for her type of cancer because of generous benefactors like you. There are still a lot of families like mine, praying for miracles, and waiting for angels."

He paused, trying to get control of the warble threatening to overcome his voice, and pointed to the crowd. After several moments, when he was able to speak again, he loosened his tie and undid the top button on his shirt then continued, "You're their angels. I know that together we can still raise a lot more money to help. This is one of the richest communities in the world. If we can't do it, no one can."

As if Debbie had just died again, his heart broke and he swiped away errant tears. Sniffing, he accepted a tissue from Amy's administrative assistant, Suzie, and dabbed his nose. God, he hated to cry in front of people. He lifted his eyes heavenward and could almost see Debbie with her angel's wings hovering above, and he took courage from her.

Tears fell and tissues exchanged hands throughout the audience. Amy hugged him and announced, "Let's do this for Debbie and kids like her. What do you say?"

Thunderous clapping rocked the room and bittersweet emotions fell over Dex.

Chapter Two

The following weekend it was finally time for Char to cash in on her special night with Doctors Hottie and Hunky. Cold feet didn't begin to describe how she felt. Iced feet was a lot more accurate. She waffled between downright terror and excitement.

Since she'd bought two men, she'd hired two limos to pick them up and bring them to the rented hotel suite.

Shaking, asking herself for the billionth time what had been in her pea brain when she'd set up this fiasco, she triple checked all her preparations.

Wine chilling on ice.

Check.

Lobster in wine sauce.

Check.

Filet Mignon with shitake mushrooms.

Check.

Chocolate-covered strawberries.

Check.

Flavoured coffees.

Check.

Broiled baby asparagus tips.

Check.

Flaming cherries jubilee.

Check.

Rice pilaf.

Check.

Dim romantic lighting.

Check.

Scented candles.

Check.

Soft romantic mood music.

Check.

Clean red satin sheets on an extra large bed.

Check.

Leather, chains, and whips.

Check.

Condoms.

Check.

Gulp. She was a newbie to the world of BDSM, so who was she fooling? She had no practical experience with this stuff. The wildest she'd ever gotten was to get drunk and sleep with one man, do it doggy style and give him a blow job. She'd never done this kind of kink.

She'd never done anything kinky.

Her knees knocking and her skin clammy, she took another long swig of fortification from the wine bottle then wiped off the imprint of her lipstick with the heel of her hand.

Full of nervous energy, she bounced on the bed and certified the springs were top notch, ready for a raucous night with her two men. It'd better be for the outrageous price she'd laid out.

She sank onto the mattress, her diaphanous lingerie skirt fanned prettily about her, and she imagined herself naked with the two nude men, one on either side, ready and willing to be her sex slaves and eagerly fuck her without mercy. What a beautiful fantasy. But she wondered if the mechanics would truly work. Was there enough room in her for two big cocks to fit at once?

Her pussy quaked and her nipples beaded. Fit or not, she longed to find out for herself.

Laughter tinkled out of her mouth as exquisite visions entertained her. A man to lavish each breast. A cock for each hole. One to kiss her silly while the other ate her pussy.

Didn't every straight woman long to be pleased by two men at once? Why hadn't she thought of this before?

Sarcastic laughter pushed aside her giddiness. Yeah, right. Like it was so easy to get one guy much less two. She'd *paid* \$135,000 plus incidentals for one measly night with them. That didn't guarantee they'd even get it up for her. For all she knew, they'd like each other better than they liked her. At least, she'd get quite a show. But that wasn't her heart's desire.

A yummy buzz stole over her, and she was tempted to imbibe more of the wine, but she didn't want to ruin her night or heaven forbid fall asleep.

Finally, a rap sounded on the door, and she almost swallowed her tongue. She licked her lips, combed her hair and made sure her gown wasn't crooked. Under her breath, she murmured, "Show time."

As she reached for the door, her juices wet her thighs and her stomach quivered. "Who is it?"

"Dr. Hottie," came a very dry, sardonic reply. "At your service, Mademoiselle."

Her legs wobbled precariously on her sexy stilts and her spine tingled as her fingers eagerly opened the door to the hottest man on this or any other planet.

God but he was gorgeous in his tux with his black hair slicked back and his obsidian eyes glittering. She opened the door wide and allowed herself to drink him in, planning how to seduce every luscious inch of him.

"God, Charity. Cover yourself up. Do you want everyone to see your tits?"

Her alcohol buzz whined in her ears, and she wondered whom he was talking about so she stuck her head out the door and looked both ways down the deserted corridor. Puzzled, she drew her brows together and asked, "Who will see me? No one's there."

With a curse, Dex ushered her inside and slammed the door. Then he shrugged out of his jacket and covered her with it. He arched his brow and scowled. "Security cameras? Anyone who walks out of their door? Have you no shame? Are you drunk?"

Pouting prettily and miffed at his stuffy attitude and that he hadn't immediately ravished her, she tossed aside his stifling jacket and thrust out her breasts. "I only had a few sips of wine." She poked her finger in his chest. "But you're avoiding the question. Aren't you even a little turned on, lover? Don't you want a taste?"

Hungry to feel his hands, his warm breath and his hot lips caress her naked nipples, she captured his hand and dragged it to her mound. She held his hand on her and writhing beneath his touch, moaned in ecstasy. "Don't tell me you don't like that. Once, you enjoyed it very, very much. You couldn't get enough."

Passion warred with disgust in Dexter's eyes as he snatched back his hand and took away a step. He clamped his arms over his chest and narrowed his eyes. "You honestly

expect me to be flattered or turned on when you also bought Benjamin? What kind of games are you playing?"

When she moved closer and tried to snuggle up to him, he threw up his hands and cast her off. "Don't you get it, or are you too drunk? Or too pig-headed?"

Raw, embarrassed, she turned her back on him. When she realised he could still see her naked chest in the mirror, she started to cover herself. Then she decided not to, to see if he was as impervious to her as he made himself out to be. If he showed no signs of lust or affection tonight, she'd never waste another thought on him.

"Ben isn't scheduled to arrive for a couple hours. I wanted time alone with you first." The confession left her ragged, but she couldn't pull it back. When he just stood there, stoic and stiff, she wished she could rewind time and never attend that stupid auction, never answer the door to him half-naked and never let him see she still cared.

"This was a mistake. Please leave. You're free to go. Don't worry. My cheques are good to the charity."

She waited, girded herself to see him turn on his heel and leave, but he didn't. He froze like a statue.

They stared each other down in the mirror, and finally, he moved first. He strode up behind her, stole his arms around her waist, and nuzzled her neck. "What are you trying to do to me? I'm a mere mortal."

A lump blocked her throat so she couldn't speak, but his lips felt so extraordinary that she leaned into his caresses. "I wanted you to want me as much as I want you, but I also wanted to give you a taste of your own medicine. Remember how you got all cosy and kissy face with Simone?"

Dexter's gaze softened and his hands travelled north and cupped her breasts. His thumbs caressed her nipples, and his fingers gently squeezed her breasts. "Whoa! Medicine? I didn't do anything to you with Simone or anyone else."

Visions of him embracing the sexy Simone ripped through her again so that she couldn't breathe. "But I caught you with Simone. She bragged about how the two of you were an item."

Gently but firmly, he turned her around in his arms. He slid his finger under her chin and forced her to look at him as his breath coasted along her neck and made her shiver. "You

saw me comforting her after she received some bad news. When she got a little out of hand, I nipped it in the bud. After that you refused to talk to me, to let me explain. I didn't know she was saying those things but she had no right."

Chagrined and kicking herself, she lowered her lashes. On a whisper, she asked, "So it really was nothing? You weren't seeing her? You're not in love with her?"

He crossed his heart. "Hope to die."

She had the impulse to lick her suddenly dry lips and ran the tip of her tongue over them. "So now what?" She squirmed in his arms and snuggled closer. "Want to taste my nipples? I painted them with real strawberries and doused my pussy with your favourite white wine, just for you."

He tossed back his head and howled with laughter. Then his laughter subsided, and he sobered. His cock swelled, and he rubbed it against her pussy as a primitive growl escaped his lips. "You are a femme fatale. What am I going to do with you, woman?"

"Love me? Fuck me without mercy?" She nibbled his ear and whispered, "My panties are crotchless."

He sucked in his breath. "Lord have mercy, woman. Are you trying to give me heart failure?"

"Never." She unsnapped his pants and shoved them down. Then she knelt before him and dragged them off with her teeth. She sidled up his long length, delighting in the feel of his huge cock against her lips, her breasts, her stomach, and finally cradled between her thighs.

She unbuttoned his shirt then pushed it off. "You're much too beautiful to wear clothes. You should stay naked all the time."

A ribald chuckle escaped his lips as he scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed. "It might be a little hard to perform surgery in the buff, and if you're in the room, with a constant erection."

She insinuated her hand between them until she found his cock and curled her fingers around it. Fascinated and horny as hell, she ran her finger along the juicy slit on the swollen bulb and coated it with his sap. "I guess that would be a problem. Maybe you should retire so you can stay home and service me."

He gave her a stern look as he laid her on the bed and mounted her. "I'd need heart surgery if we did it all the time."

She pulled a frown and batted her lashes. "You mean you'd get tired of making love to me? Aren't you men supposed to be sex machines?"

"Don't go putting words in my mouth, woman. I'm always horny around you. But I'm not eighteen anymore."

She brightened, and her heart sped up. "You are? Really?"

"Oh yeah. Can't you tell?" He nudged his knee between her legs and spread them wide. Then he fingered the slit of her panties and worked his penis inside.

When she opened her mouth to yelp her surprise, he plundered her lips as he thrust inside and his hands roamed her breasts. "God, I've missed you, Char. I've missed us. If you ever doubt me again, you have to talk to me and give me a chance to state my case."

She met his hips thrust for excruciating thrust. She clung to his powerful shoulders and revelled in his mastery over her. Who was she kidding? She wanted to be dominated, to be handcuffed to the bed and be told what to do. She longed to be tied up and at his mercy.

For now, she was in heaven and climbing higher. A live wire of need, she was ready to burst into flame. God, his cock felt so wonderful, his lips so divine. Could two cocks at once feel any better? Two sets of lips? Two of the most incredible men in the world in one bed?

She doubted it, but still she wondered. The thoughts drove her over the edge, and she screamed out her ecstasy until her throat was raw. Like a wild woman, her nails clawed at Dexter's back until the riptides of her orgasm subsided.

But she clung to him still, grinding her hips to his as he came with one final shuddering thrust.

How long they stayed in each other's arms, cradled against each other's hearts, she didn't know, and she didn't care. She was where she belonged, and she thanked God for a second chance.

Then a loud, jaunty knock pounded on the door, and Dex swore under his breath and tore away from her.

Chapter Three

Char scowled and cursed herself for being so foolish and greedy that she might have ruined her second chance with Dexter. Could Dr. Hunky have worse timing?

Well, ten minutes earlier would have been even shoddier, but either way, he threatened her new-found chance at happiness. Helplessly, she stared at Dexter's rigid back as he stood facing away from her and glowering at the door as if he had killer x-ray vision.

Suddenly feeling bashful, she wrapped the sheet around herself as best she could, but the blanket didn't want to untangle and so she had a fight on her hands. "I-I'll get rid of him. I didn't really want Ben. I just wanted to make you jealous."

Dexter half turned and tilted his head at her as she pulled the sheet from the blanket's maw. "Oh, really? Why bother to buy me at all? What were you thinking, Charity?"

She groaned. It wasn't a good sign when he called her by her full name. Nor was the tic by the side of his right eye. It also wasn't a good omen that he tapped his foot or crossed his arms so tightly over his chest.

She sidled up to his back and laid her head on his shoulder willing him to forgive her. "I told you. I wanted to make you jealous, to get your attention."

"To pay me back for my supposed indiscretions?"

Mournfully, she nodded and bit her lip. "That, too. I'm so sorry. I'd take it back if I could."

Ben hammered on the door so loudly he surely woke the rest of the hotel. "Charity Reynolds, are you in there? Is this the right room?"

Still naked, Dexter marched to the door, his feet leaving indentations in the deep pile carpet. "Damn. Doesn't the upstart ever go away? Can't he take a hint?"

As dangerous as she knew it was, she couldn't help but crack a grin. Dexter was too darn cute for his own good.

With a growl, he rounded on her, his flaccid penis bouncing against his powerful, hairy thighs. "What are you laughing at? What's so funny?"

Her gaze devoured his cock, willing it back to life, and she longed to taste it once more. On fire again, her pussy starved for his cock, she wrapped her arms around him. "You. You're so extremely adorable when you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous."

"Are, too."

He heaved a big sigh. "Okay, so I am a little bit."

She cocked her head to the side and willed him to tell the truth. "Only a little bit?"

"Are you okay in there?" Ben asked with a tinge of alarm in his voice. "I'm going to get housekeeping to let me in to make sure you're okay."

She tapped the sexy cleft in Dexter's chin. "We have to let him in unless you want half the hotel staff in here."

"Then can I kill him?"

"He isn't that bad. What's so terrible about him that you can't stand him?"

Dexter spread his feet into a parade-rest position and looked down at her with an inscrutable expression. "For one, he's here with the expectation of having his wicked way with my woman."

My woman...

She loved the sound of that but wondered just how far he was willing to take it. Unfortunately, she was afraid to ask since this was all still so sensitive.

She reached out and opened the door to Ben. Vaguely she realised she wasn't dressed to answer the door, but she'd drunk too much wine to care. "Entrez-vous, Monsieur."

Something rumbled in Dexter's chest which she chose to believe was hunger since they'd worked up quite a sweat. She herself had a raging appetite and that lobster called to her. "Join us for dinner. I spared no expense for your pleasure, gentlemen."

Ben sniffed appreciatively even as he looked askance at Dexter. "I hope I didn't interrupt anything."

Dexter's gaze stayed glued to Ben. "You did."

Ben looked to her as she shut the door with a hushed click and then locked it. "Do you want me to leave? The limo took off, but I can call for a cab."

Char didn't feel right dragging the man across town, ruining his night, and sending him home without even a bite to eat. "Nonsense! There's a feast here. Dig in."

Dexter looked at her with a possessiveness that thrilled her. "Cover yourself, woman."

"You don't have to dress for my sake." Ben tilted back his head and popped a chocolate-covered strawberry in his mouth. His eyes closed in ecstasy, and he moaned. "This is so decadent. I'm in heaven."

Dexter grumbled under his breath, marched across the room to where his slacks lay, and tugged them on. Then he looked around for his shirt and let it hang open since most of the buttons were scattered across the floor.

Char found a wrap, threw it on then belted it around her waist. "Better?"

Dexter only looked slightly mollified and pulled her to his side.

When he bristled against her, she hoped he wasn't always so prickly. But then, she'd acted upon her jealousy, too, and so she tossed off her reservations. Wanting to lighten the mood before Armageddon set in, she removed the lids from the entrees and passed out the china. She put a lobster, a slice of steak, and some of the rice on her plate. Then she speared a couple of the asparagus with her fork. "Please enjoy. There's plenty, and we can always order more."

Ben eyed the sumptuous array of food. He loaded his dish with a bit of everything. "This could feed the hospital staff for a day."

Dexter picked at the food but gulped down several big swallows of the wine. Then he passed the wine bottle to her and when she'd had her fill, she shared it with Ben. Within a few minutes, all three of them were laughing as if they were bosom buddies.

Warmed and feeling easier, she leaned over and kissed Dexter full on his lips. Then she rested her head in his lap while he fed her strawberries.

"You two look pretty cosy." Ben leaned back on a few pillows he'd tossed on the floor, and he fluttered his toes inside his socks. "What gives? Are you a couple again?"

Surprised, Char gaped at him as Dexter smoothed her hair away from her flushed cheeks. "You knew we were a couple?"

"Who didn't? What I don't understand, though, is why you bought me, too. There's been a lot of speculation around the hospital this week."

Char swallowed the wrong way and started to choke. She coughed so hard she couldn't breathe.

Dexter turned her over and thumped her on the back. When the hacking subsided, he sat her up and passed a bottled water. "Drink. Doctor's orders."

As if pained, Dexter rubbed his forehead. "It never fails. The rumour mill is alive and well. Why don't they get their own lives and stop putting their noses in ours? Do none of them have sex?"

Ben spluttered his wine then cracked a grin. "You can't blame them. Char did buy both of us. You gotta wonder what that's all about." He leaned closer with a twinkle in his eyes. "What is it all about? Did you want to do the naughty with both of us? I'm game if you are."

Her pussy quivered, and she shivered. She loved Dexter with all her heart, but she couldn't forget her fantasy about being fucked without mercy by two handsome guys at the same time. But she was scared of what Dexter would think and do so she peeked at him through her lashes. She wouldn't do anything to lose him again even if it meant her fantasy would never materialise. After all, she didn't love Ben. It would only be sex, hot and wild, pure and simple.

Dexter remained silent for so long, she was afraid he'd petrified into stone or that he was going to stomp out and never talk to her again. When he finally asked, "Is that what you want, Charity? Would you like a wild night of sex and debauchery?"

Her heart flipped over, and she almost came. But she sensed a trap. Did he really mean it? Or was he testing her?

Before she could formulate a reply, he opened her wrap and massaged her breast so that Ben could watch. Then he looked deeply into her eyes. "I'm okay with it, if you are. As long as he wears a condom and as long as you honestly want this."

God, she was so horny, she was about to drag both their cocks out of their pants and spread her legs so she nodded. "Have mercy. You're making me so hot I'm going to go up in flames. But I only want to do this as long as you know I love you with all my heart and it's only purely physical with him. I don't want to ruin things between us. Not ever."

Dexter cracked a grin that stole her breath. Whether it was due to the alcohol or her words, she wasn't sure, but it was breathtaking. "I want to make you happy. Every woman deserves one night of wild sex in her life. You might as well get it out of your system now because soon, you'll be all mine. Got it?"

Joy flooded her, and she threw her arms around him and plundered his mouth. She squirmed uncontrollably and against his lips. "Oh yes. Yes, yes, and yes! And you'll be all mine."

When she twisted around to make sure it was okay with Ben, his pants were off and he was fondling his swollen cock. Although it wasn't as long as Dexter's, it was almost as thick, and it was super hard.

In lust, she gulped and blinked. Hardly able to speak around the clog in her throat, she finally said, "I've always fantasised about having two cocks in me at once. Do you think we could try that?"

"Is that the ultimate woman's fantasy?" Dexter asked as if amused. He was much mellower with the liquor in him, and he favoured her with a loving, indulgent smile. "Would you like for both of us to lick you all over? To suckle your breasts? You did buy us so tell us what you want."

Ben threw off the rest of his clothes and walked over to them as he licked chocolate off his lips. He eyed her naked breast. "You have very suckable, kissable breasts. Do you mind if I taste?"

Overcome with desire, she nodded and unbelted her wrap and let it sag to the floor. She removed her nightie, and she was completely nude and vulnerable. Feeling dramatic and more than a little bit mischievous, she threw her arms wide and spread her legs wider. "Take me. Have your wicked way with me. I'm all yours."

Then she squinted up at Dexter. "Aren't you going to get naked again? Please! I love to look at your big cock."

Dex stripped, but instead of immediately joining her, he grabbed the chocolate syrup and drizzled it over her breasts. Then he lowered himself to the floor by her side. His throbbing cock grazed her leg then teased her stomach. Around her breast, he murmured, "Anything for my baby. Does this make you happy?"

Emotions rioted deep inside and flew to her extremities. She was one huge squirming mass, a conduit of pleasure. And the chocolate felt so very decadent. "Oh yeah."

When Ben latched onto her other breast with very eager, erotic lips and rubbed his cock along her side, the earth quaked. She'd never really thought this would happen, that the men would make love to her together, so she felt as if she was in a dream. God, she was such a

slut, but she wouldn't have it any other way. She wondered how many women actually lived out their fantasies. How many had men as wonderful as Dex who loved them so much they wanted to see them happy?

Again she thanked God for Dexter and vowed to be the best lover he could ever have, even if it meant repaying the favour and letting him have two women in his bed at once. She'd do anything for him. Her devotion knew no bounds.

"Is this your first time in a ménage?" She didn't ask either man in particular nor did she hold her breath so she was surprised when both chuckled and confessed, "No."

Any trace of guilt she'd felt fled. "Male-male-female? Or male-female-female?" Curious minds wanted to know, especially about Dexter. There was so very much she yearned to know about him. She wanted to know everything, to be one with him.

Again, the men replied together. "Both."

Ben went further. "We work for a very cosmopolitan hospital in a very contemporary city."

Feeling like a good girl losing her virginity for the first time, she did a double take. "Am I the only one who's only had vanilla sex? Is everybody into ménages?"

Dexter licked and nibbled his way down to her pussy and buried his face in it. Against her clit, he murmured, "Not everyone and not all the time, but most of us have sowed our wild oats. In my case, it was a very, very long time ago, when I was just an intern."

When Dexter's tongue slipped inside and his thumb massaged her clit, molten hot desire slammed into her and she thrust her pussy deeper against his face. She wound her fingers through his silky hair and gave herself up to the exquisite pleasure. Breathless, she asked, "Is that why you're allowing me my turn?"

Dexter's voice drifted to her, muffled. "This way you know and won't always wonder what it's like."

"What if I get addicted?"

Dexter growled and lifted his head. His eyes were groggy and glazed with passion. "We'll work it out if it comes to that. Agreed?"

Shocked, she blinked but was happy that they were able to talk things out, whatever they were. "Agreed."

"You two talk too much. I'm ready to do some serious fucking." Ben moved up to her lips and drank deeply. When he pulled back, he gazed deeply into her eyes. "Are you ready to be fucked good and hard? To realise your fantasy? To get what you paid for?"

"First you have to wear a condom." That's when she remembered that Dexter hadn't worn one when they'd made love earlier. She gasped and checked her mental calendar. This was the time of month she was ripe and ovulating. *What if...*

It was too late to think about that now, but she quivered all over. What if Dexter's baby was already incubating inside her? What if her tummy soon started to swell and his child began to flutter around inside? People would know they'd made love tonight. Did she care? Hell no! She'd be proud and thrilled to carry Dexter's child.

Ben rolled on one of the condoms she plucked off the table and handed to him and then stood on his knees over her. "Get ready for the best fuck of your life, babe."

Shivering without the men's body heat, she squirmed with impatience.

Dexter lay on the floor and crooked his finger at her. He grabbed his cock and wagged it at her, too, amusing her. "Uh uh. Don't listen to his hype. The *best* fuck of your life is right here. Climb aboard."

Her pussy clenched and unclenched so ready to be fucked, to be one with him, she straddled him and slid down his cock. She leaned over him so that her tits grazed his hairy chest and sent tingles all the way to her fingertips. "Like this, Dr. Graham?"

"Whoa! Not so fast you two. Wait for me." Ben sidled up behind her and rubbed his cock along the crack of her butt even as she rode Dexter's big, hot dick. "Slow down a minute and let me climb aboard."

Char felt so good already it was almost impossible to stop pumping Dexter's cock, but she squeezed it and pushed her hands on the floor to hold her weight off her lover.

First, Ben worked his finger inside her ass, then two. Gently and slowly, he stretched and prepared her. "How's that? Are you ready for more?"

She was ready to come, that's what. Still, she wondered if two huge cocks would fit inside, if they would feel each other, if it would be like they were all three fucking each other. "Ooh, yeah. Give it to me. I can't wait to feel both of you inside me. Ravage me."

Dexter's hands massaged her breasts and squeezed. "God, you're gorgeous, baby. You're glowing. You're made to be loved. I'll have to fuck you all the time."

Ben replaced his finger with his cock, pushing it slowly in. His fingers bit into her thighs as he steadied himself and drove in further.

The two cocks rollicked inside her, impossibly stretching her, giving her such pleasure she couldn't help but moan and scream. She could barely think a coherent thought except, "Yeah, fuck me all the time. All day. All night."

"You've got it, babe." Dexter's hips thumped the floor, and he ground into her so hard, she knew he was about to climax so she milked his cock, wishing his seed would shoot deep into her womb, to seep down her legs and coat her with their musky love.

"You're so tight, Char." Ben's fingers dug into her hips as he drove his cock into her without mercy. "God, this is the best sex I've had in ages. Are you two sure we can't do this again?"

Char gazed deeply into Dexter's eyes, letting it be his decision as she bucked on his wild cock.

Perspiration trickling down his face and his body, Dexter panted. His hands moulded around her waist and one drifted to her clit where he caught it between his fingers and gave it a little tweak, driving her insane. "I don't know..."

"But it'll be good to change things up so we won't get bored." Speaking of staying off boredom, she remembered her BDSM equipment in the next room.

"Does that mean I get to fuck her pussy next?" Ben gave one last, wild shove into her and exploded. His body quivered for a long time and he fell on top of her.

With Ben's weight, she was sandwiched between her two lovers. Their cocks still squirmed inside her, their heat infused her. When Dex kissed her, she parted her lips and curled her arms around her man, never wanting to let go.

Ben finally climbed off her and her lungs filled back up with air. But she didn't want to release Dex. She was exactly where she belonged, in his arms, cradled against his heart.

"Not yet," she said to Ben, wanting to make sure her number one man was well taken care of. To Dexter, she said, "Fuck me while I suck his cock."

Dexter narrowed his eyes and she was sure he was going to say, "No way," but he surprised her. "How can I refuse an offer like that? If it makes you happy, go for it. I can guaran-damn-tee it won't taste as good as mine."

Ben slid off his condom and dumped it in the trash. Then he swaggered over to the strawberries and wine and rubbed them on his cock. "Are you sure? Have you tasted it?"

"No way in hell would I want to." Dexter rolled his eyes.

Char remembered something in the other room Ben just might like. Dexter, too. She extricated herself from Dexter's arms and helped him up. "I have a surprise for you two I think you might like very much."

"What is it?" the men asked in unison, looking at each other and then her.

"I think seeing is better than being told." She sashayed her hips and jiggled her boobs and crooked her finger at them. "This way, big boys. I hope at least one of you likes to take control. I like to be dominated."

She threw open the door to the room where the BDSM whips, chains, and leather gear was and swept wide her arm in an arc. "Voila! Would anyone like to handcuff me and tie me to the bed? Make me your sex slave for the night?"

God, she hoped so. She hoped at least one of them knew what to do with it.

Dexter put his hand in the small of her back and tented his brows. "You're into this stuff? I had no clue."

She rubbed against his cock that was already erect and throbbing again, and she wound her fingers around it and gently tugged him to her. "I haven't been, but tonight is a first in a lot of ways. I thought this would be fun."

Ben bounded into the room and fingered the wide array of BDSM goodies. "Cool! And I was afraid you two would be boresville. I think I found my perfect threesome."

Chapter Four

Char caught Dexter's gaze and held it. Together, they heartily laughed as he pulled her once again into his arms and possessed her lips, leaving her with no doubt as to who was the master. When they came up for air, Dexter leaned his forehead against hers, and his lips crooked into a sexy, seductive smile that made her want to jump him again that very second.

Char linked her fingers through Dex's and gave a gentle tug into the second room, following the excited younger doctor. "I'm game if you are. We have the suite for the night, the equipment and we're all together."

On the threshold of a new lifestyle, she stopped and gulped. Leather, pungent and raw, singed her nostrils. She could already hear the jangle of handcuffs and chains on the bed.

She remembered the burns of a BDSM patient, whose partner had taken things too far. They hadn't been pretty but not too serious, thank God, but the recollection made her pause. "We need a safe word."

When both men turned quizzical gazes on her, she knew they were BDSM virgins, too. "You know. A word we agree upon ahead of time which we say to bring an immediate cease and desist to our, ah, activities."

Dex folded his arms across his chest and his toes. Dryly he asked, "Something out of the ordinary like 'Pippi Longstocking' that we normally wouldn't call out in the heat of passion?"

She choked trying to hold back her giggles. When she could speak, she said, "Exactly."

Ben swaggered to the cattle prod, switched it on and tested it against his arm. He yowled, jumped, and dropped it to the floor. "That's barbaric! Are you mad?"

Dex scowled. "So who's the Dom? There can only be one master."

She sized them up feeling the sizzle of their fierce competition anew. "You could fight for the honour. For me."

Ben grabbed the whip and snapped it within an inch of them. "Get on the bed slaves. Now!"

* * * *

Dexter wasn't about to take orders from the upstart. He still wasn't one hundred percent kosher with letting Ben make love to his woman, and he damned sure wasn't going to let the guy boss him around.

He looked around for a weapon and snatched up the electric prod. Feeling silly, but doing this for Char, he jumped into sparring stance. He switched on the appliance and jousted. "On guard, slave. I am the Master."

With a rapt, wide-eyed gaze, Char watched. Her nipples perked and she chewed her lip.

You think you scare me with that toy?" Ben sidestepped the parry with a laugh and a bawdy wink to Char.

"Watch this, lady fair." With a flick of his wrist, he lashed out at the prod and tore it from Dex's hand.

Char clapped then stuck her fingers in her mouth and whistled, and her breasts jiggled as she jumped up and down. Then she crossed her hands over her heart and batted her lashes. "My heroes."

Growling, and more than a little pissed, Dex grabbed the first thing his hand landed on. When he thrust forward a giant hot pink feather, he flung it down in disgust to the chorus of chuckles.

He backed up and this time, he checked out the array of weapons, grimacing when the only threatening thing was a chain. So he wrapped the end of it around his hand so his opponent couldn't easily snatch it away, and he twirled it over his head. "My chain trumps your whip. Concede defeat, junior."

"Never, old man! I shall fight to the death for my lady."

Dex rolled his eyes and then lashed the chain a few inches from Ben's feet. "Oh, yeah? I'm the white knight in shining armour."

Feral-eyed, snarling and hunched over, the two men circled each other. Dex wouldn't dare give in and look weak in front of his woman.

He narrowed his eyes, dropped his weapon and cracked his knuckles. "Let's fight like men. You got the guts? Or are you only big and bad when you're hiding behind your macho toy?"

Ben squared his shoulders and stood tall. He opened his hand and let the whip slither to the floor. "Don't bother, pops. I'm a third degree black belt and I could kick your ass with my little toe, but I don't wrestle naked with dudes." A challenge lit Ben's eyes. "Are you into nude wrestling with other men?"

This was war!

Dex scooped up his lady and carried her to the bed. Against her lips, he murmured, "Possession is nine-tenths of the law."

Tired of games, he wedged his knee between her legs and spread them. Desperate to feel her warmth, to possess her, he plundered her mouth and her pussy. Primitive yearnings seized him and focused him solely on his lover. Quivering and quaking, he drove in and out with a fury that left him breathless.

* * * *

Ben wasn't about to be left out, especially not when he'd worked up so much testosterone, when he was so hot and horny seeing Dex's cock plunging in and out of Char's gorgeous pussy, so pink, so moist, and so hot.

God, but he had to get some pussy, too, and soon, or he'd explode. So hot he couldn't stand it, he towered over them and pumped his aching cock.

His balls were so tight, so full, he massaged them with his other hand. Hell. He couldn't wait all night. "Either finish the job now or let a man with real balls in."

Slowing, Dex looked up and over his shoulder. "Fast is not the way to pleasure a woman. Watch and learn."

"I know how to make women swoon. I have them lined up and panting for me." Much as Ben hated to admit it, it made him hot seeing Dexter ravish their woman, to see his cock filling her, slide in and out, and to see his balls slam against her pretty ass.

He enjoyed watching them squirm, their sweaty bodies gliding against the other's and her big breasts jiggling.

Wanting a piece of the action, knowing he couldn't hold out much longer, he straddled Char's face and lowered his cock to her lips. "Suck me hard, bitch. Drink my cum."

Her eyes glazed over and she eagerly nodded. When she parted her lips to answer, he pushed his cock inside. "Don't speak. Service me, slave."

When she raked her nails over his balls then gently squeezed, he went into orbit. On fire, he clutched the headboard as he stroked long and deep, spreading wide her lips.

Knowing she had another lover fucking her pussy while he fucked her mouth made him incredibly horny. He gave it to her good. He loved his little slut, made to be fucked, to pleasure them. He wasn't going to let Dexter claim her for his own without a fight. Before the night was out, he'd have just as much claim. He'd fuck her pussy 'til she cried for mercy and forgot all about Dexter.

With a vengeance, he came and she milked his seed. Greedy for all of it, she caressed the root of his cock and his balls.

It felt like he'd come forever, and he was carried away in ecstasy. He watched her beautiful face with his creamy cum overflowing her mouth, coating her lips and her chin, and came even more.

Finally spent, he sprawled beside them on the bed and spooned against her. Tenderly he kissed her lips, tasted himself mingled with her and moaned. "This is heaven."

When Dexter finally rolled off her and laid on her other side and curled his arm around her waist, Ben cupped her pussy with his hand. Her wiry curls were slick and wet, her clit and pussy lips swollen. He got hot all over. When she moaned and writhed against him, his blood simmered and went straight to his cock, making him hard again.

He rolled on top of her, suckled each nipple in turn as he tested the heavy weight of her double Ds in his hands and rubbed his burning cock along her pussy. Against her lips he huskily murmured, "I can't stand having you so near, yet so far. I need to be one with you, too."

Her thick lashes fluttered up to reveal her beautiful eyes, and she smiled up at him. "I want you, too. I want us to be one."

He willed her not to look at Dexter for permission or to hesitate. That would kill him. When she didn't and said, "Put on another condom," he smiled back, and snatched another one off the nearby table. She helped him roll on the latex protection. Her hands felt so

wonderful, his cock swelled and filled it out. Then he insinuated his hand between them and massaged her clit.

When she writhed and wiggled beneath him and wound her hands in his hair, he was lost in her, heart and soul.

He had to have her, to know her more intimately and he lifted his hips and with a smooth stroke he thrust in long and deep, all the way to her core.

Her swift intake of breath, her cording of muscles told him he'd made his mark on her heart. He was going to make her as much his as Dexter's, and not because he was in some inane competition as the older man would presume, but because she was exquisite and adorable and she'd stolen his heart.

He'd long kept his eye on her but had sensed her heart belonged to Dexter, so he hadn't made a move. Now he was damned if he'd let her go, even if it meant sharing.

Against his lips, she asked, "Do you think we can videotape this from now on, so I can relive it forever?"

Dexter feathered kisses over her face. "I'll still be loving you, so you won't need to."

Ben got hotter, thinking about it. "Hell, yeah. I'll set them up, and they'll be better than any porn movie you've ever seen, my naughty little voyeur."

"I want to see your big hot cocks fucking me. I want to know what it looks like from every angle."

So did he. Of course, he knew what Dexter's cock looked like going in and out of her ravenous pussy.

When Char and Dexter kissed long and deep, jealousy rumbled in his chest. He'd always imagined himself with two hot, naked babes kissing him all over, and he'd stick his cock inside both of them all night and he'd be buried in breasts.

But he also loved indulging Char, pleasuring her. He couldn't envision what other woman could come close to her.

Fireworks exploded and shuddering, clinging to her, he drove into her one last, powerful time. He held on for dear life until she had milked his last drop of desire.

He claimed her lips and moulded her body and soul to him. He'd come to seduce her, but he was the seduced.

A wry grin tilted his lips as he held her to his heart. Did this mean he was whipped?

* * * *

Char's head spun so fast she couldn't catch her breath. Holy cow! She was irrevocably, undeniably, head over heels for two very different men.

What in the world was she to do now? She wanted, no needed, one as much as the next. She was bound to both. She longed to share her life with both.

What if both felt the same way about her? Would war ensue?

Would both want babies? Happily ever after? Should they move to Utah? Would they?

Her head ached. Her heart cried. God, even if the two of them agreed, society wouldn't, even in Utah.

What had she done?

How could she choose between them if it came down to that?

Surely every other female at the hospital, staff and patients alike, would want to hang her if they knew and how was she to hide it?

Ignore both men in public? Only acknowledge one?

Her head split, and she rubbed her throbbing temples. "What have I done?"

Both men looked at her then each other.

Ben spoke first. You've made all three of us deliriously happy."

She longed to ask, "What now?" but feared she'd run off a commitment-phobe, or maybe that was the answer. She'd keep the one who wanted her badly enough to commit.

So she propped up on her elbows and stared at her gorgeous men. "What now? Where do we go from here?"

Twin sets of gulps made her heart sink, and the silence grew deafening. Suffocating under its weight, she sighed, and chilly, rolled off the bed.

Goosebumps covered her arms and she briskly rubbed them, trying to generate some heat. Her tongue was thick in her mouth, still coated with Ben's taste.

Finally, she managed to say around the lump in her throat, "Uh, right. Well, that was, uh, very nice. Thank you, gentlemen, for an interesting time. Maybe we'll do it again one day."

Suddenly embarrassed, she sought her clothes and shrugged into them. Without turning around to face them, she faked a yawn and said, "I'm tuckered out. Your limos will be here in fifteen minutes. Please go."

Dex sidled up to her, and his warm breath coasted along the nape of her neck. "Let me stay. I'll let you sleep. I just want to hold you."

Her heart, weak and traitorous, yearned to say, "yes". Instead, she asked, "How long do you want to stay, Dex? Forever? As in 'til death do us part'?"

His silence killed her.

"Get out of here. Please."

Both men dressed, murmured their goodbyes and left.

Alone in the suite, she hugged herself and angrily swiped away a tear. "I can't face them again." Or anyone else at the hospital. Why hadn't she thought of this *before* she'd gotten herself into this mess? "What now?"

Chapter Five

'What now' turned out to be nothing, except perhaps for an Academy Award winning performance of pretending she didn't care that neither Dr. Hottie nor Dr. Hunky had professed their undying love and commitment. She also feigned blindness to all the snickers and sneers from co-workers. Even Beth had cooled off and avoided her.

Beth's loss bothered her most. At least, Jody stuck by her side.

"She's conflicted," Jody tried to explain, making excuses for Beth. Or maybe not.

Char was too raw to discuss it, but she hugged Jody and clung a few seconds too long. "Thanks for being true blue."

"Watch out for Amy and Simone. They're out to get you."

Not sure she cared, Char shrugged. "So what's new? If they hit below the belt, I'll give to another charity next year. This isn't the only place that helps kids. I don't need the money from this job."

Jody cupped her chin on her hand and wistfully, stared into space. "I wish I could say that."

The cafeteria door swung wide, and Dexter started to enter. Then he spied her. His eyes grew wide, he gulped, and he froze so that the swinging door hit him in the rump.

A loud chuckle arose in the room, and several gazes ping-ponged from him to her. He looked as if he wanted to turn tail and run, but instead, he squared his shoulders, notched up his chin and strode to the food line.

A few moments later, precisely eight minutes and thirty seconds, he re-entered the room carrying a tray with a mixed green salad and an orange juice. He angled towards their table, but his gaze focused beyond them.

Char swallowed hard but tried to look as if her world wasn't crashing around her. She took a bite of food, but it was tasteless and stuck in her throat as she went through the motions.

Dexter paused at their table, gave each of them a noncommittal smile and asked, "How are you two ladies today? Good, I hope."

Before she could do more than nod, he added, "Well, nice to see you. I see my lunch date's waiting."

He balanced his tray on one hand and waved to Simone who proprietarily waved at him.

When he was out of earshot, Jody hissed and leaned forward. "That witch couldn't wait to get her hooks into him. They deserve each other. You can do much better. Forget the creep."

Char nodded, but her heart sobbed. That part of her didn't think he was a creep even if her head did. It didn't want to forget him. God, she missed him and what could have been.

Jody jabbed her hard with her elbow. She whispered, "Stop starting at them."

Yanked from her reverie, her side bruised and aching, Char scooted around so she couldn't see the deadly duo. But her imagination was worse, picturing them in a scandalous clinch, tearing off each other's clothes.

Her appetite gone, her nerves shattered, she pushed aside her food. Any moment, she was going to hyperventilate. "I gotta get outta here."

Jody circled her arm in an iron grip. "You get up and run now, you'll be mortified forever. Sit. Stay."

Knowing the truth of her friend's words, Char counted to ten and glued herself to her seat. "Don't tell me what they're doing. I don't want to know."

Jody nibbled her egg salad sandwich she'd brought from home. Around her mouthful, she muttered, "No you don't."

"Is it that bad?" Char's knuckles whitened around her fork, and her heart trip-hammered.

Jody leaned forward and spoke very lowly. "Maybe he felt this jealous or more when you and Hunky did 'it' in front of him."

Jody and Beth were the only ones she'd told about her wild night, and now she wished to God she hadn't. But her heart aching, she wondered if Jody was right, and even if she was, what could Char do now to fix it? But Dex had said he was okay with it and that he wanted in on the threesome. The more she tried to figure him out, the more confused she became. Then anger flared at herself and she decided to shake it off.

Finally, Dexter and Simone left after bidding them goodbye.

"My my but he's being very civil." Jody watched them go. "Now I know why I could never stand her."

Released, Char rose to go and collided into someone behind her. When she turned to apologise, Beth stared at her as if she'd seen a ghost. "Uh, hi. I didn't know you were right here. Are you okay? Well, I gotta run. Bye."

A knife in her gut, Char stared at Beth's retreating back. She mumbled, "Guess I have cooties."

Jody slid her arm around her and squeezed. "No, you don't. Give her time. She'll come around."

Did she want a friend who deserted her in her time of need? She wasn't going to hold her breath or shed a tear. She just thanked God for Jody.

Still, she felt as if she was contagious the way so many people glared, whispered and pointed. She held her head high and pretended she didn't notice.

A few minutes later, she turned a corner and collided with a tall man in a doctor's coat. His clipboard fell and when she bent to retrieve it, they bumped heads. She prayed to God it wasn't Dexter. When she heard the man's chuckle, she froze.

It was the other one.

She lifted her eyes, and they immediately clashed with Ben's beautiful hazel ones. She forced a gaiety to her voice she didn't feel, but it sounded brittle. "I've always said they should install mirrors at these intersections."

"Are you okay?" Surprisingly, Ben's voice was gentle and concerned as he curled his fingers around her elbow and helped her up.

Her heels slid out from under her on the ascent, and she would have tumbled again except Ben caught her against him and held her tight. His hot breath scorched her neck. "I've missed you. We should get together again. What do you say?"

A loud intake of breath alerted her to another's presence, and her heart sank. Without looking, she had a good idea who it was and what he was thinking.

The truth blindsided her. She was deeply and desperately in love with only one man. One impossible, cranky, judgmental man who possessed her heart and soul but didn't want her. After her little escapade, he never would.

Pain, fast and furious, sliced through her, debilitating her. If she could travel back in time, she'd undo everything. She'd never try to make Dexter jealous again.

Gently but firmly, she extricated herself from Dr. Hunky. She inhaled deeply as she readjusted her ponytail before looking up into his puzzled eyes.

Before she could recite her speech for Dexter's benefit, she heard heavy footsteps swiftly disappear down the hall, and she cursed herself for caring.

She cupped her hand to Ben's smooth, dear cheek and noted she wasn't getting all tingly or going gooey in his arms. Her feelings for him didn't run deep. They had been only of the moment. "Pippi Longstocking."

When Ben gave her a blank look, she searched for better words. "Look, Dr. Hunk – Ben. You're a great guy and an awesome lover and I like you a lot, but –"

He shushed her by putting two fingers to her lips then ushered her to a secluded corner. "But you want a committed relationship. A husband. Babies. House. A ring. I get that, and I do, too."

Sucker punched, she was speechless. Her heart ached for him if he meant what she was afraid of. She splayed her hand on his chest. "Stop right there. Please don't say any more."

Surprise was quickly chased away by suspicion in his eyes. "So you're stuck on Graham. Damn! I was afraid of that."

"Yeah," caught in her throat so she nodded and mad at herself, pursed her lips.

Ben slid a finger under her chin and forced up her face. He deposited a light kiss on her nose. "The dork doesn't deserve you. He doesn't know what to do with you. For such a brilliant man in the operating room, he's a moron outside of it."

She punched him lightly in his upper arm. "Yep. I'm afraid you're right. But what's a woman gonna do? I think I've already done way too much."

Ben tweaked her ponytail, and with a rueful grimace, he said, "I will go on, and you will, too. Friends?"

Her heart fluttered a bit, and she cracked a grin. "Yeah. Friends."

A leer stole over his handsome lips, and he leaned close. "With privileges?"

She rolled her eyes and gave him a gentle shove. "Don't count on it."

As she worked the kinks out of her shoulders and meandered down the hall, he called after her, "That wasn't a firm 'no', was it?"

Since when had 'no' not meant 'no'? After some heart searching, she wasn't sure. Ben was a lot of fun, an excellent lover, and would provide a diversion to heartache but was that fair to any of them?

No!

She vowed to stop playing games with love. Ultimately, she was always the biggest loser. She rubbed her tummy. Thank God, she wasn't pregnant. She'd been an idiot to forget to use protection with Dexter. Deep down, she'd been hoping he'd steal her away and make her all his.

Who was the dork now?

Rather unladylike, she snorted and didn't give a damn who heard.

Love was for morons, and she also vowed not to be a moron any more.

* * * *

Dexter had trouble keeping his mind on work and feared he'd make a life and death mistake. That wouldn't do.

He barged into Amy's office without an appointment or even knocking first. A huge racing fan, her walls were covered with NASCAR emblems and autographed pictures and model cars lined her shelves.

"I need a vacation. Now."

Amy scowled and shook her head. "You're booked up for weeks. You're not scheduled for vacation for another five months."

Five months!

He tossed up his hands and paced in front of her desk. "I can't wait five months. I'm going insane now."

She narrowed her eyes and punched more keys on her computer, amazingly fast for only using one hand. Each stroke rang out like gunfire and pounded like a bullet into his aching head.

"Is there a family emergency or are you certifiably ill?"

"No." Unless a broken and battered heart counted.

She arched a pencil-thin brow, and her lips smirked. "Mentally ill?"

"No." Or was being stuck on a woman who wanted two guys crazy? He couldn't commit to her if she couldn't commit to him. Him *and* Junior didn't count. There was room for only one set of balls in his bed and that was his.

Hell, he was a mental case. Even dating Simone didn't help. He just kept comparing her to Charity, and Charity always came out on top.

"Well, I don't feel as if I can operate safely. Do you really want me in that operating room?"

Amy stood and leaned on her desk. "Need I remind you that your patients are depending on you?"

"Exactly."

"Suck it up, Graham. Get over the bitch or whatever's bothering you but no vacation. I have no one to replace you. Get out of my office and back to work."

On his way out, Dexter muttered under his breath even as he waved and tried to make his "thanks" sound genuine.

He dug his hands deep in his pockets, and his head hung low as he wandered back to his office.

Simone perched on his desk, her silky legs swinging and her short skirt pushed seductively up to the top of her thighs. Her cleavage showed so much he could almost see her nipples. He wondered why the bottle-blonde bothered to dress at all. Did all women think him such a bimbo that they thought they'd attract him with skin? For once, he wished a woman would seduce him with her scathing intellect.

"What are you doing here? What do you want?" He tried to keep the sigh out of his voice, but one look at Simone's disappointed moue told him he'd failed.

Simone pushed off her seat, purring, and sidled up to him. She swept her arm wide to indicate the wine, cheese and crackers spread over his desk. "I bring sustenance. I thought we'd be cosier having lunch in private here instead of that crowded cafeteria. You like?"

He pushed his hair off his face, gave her a wide berth, then sank tiredly into his chair. "Thank you but not today. I'm bone weary and not in the mood."

She pouted prettily, rounded the desk, and climbed on his lap without invitation. Then she leaned so close his nose was between her boobs and her cloying perfume suffocated him.

With hypnotising fingers, she kneaded his shoulders. "I know what my poor baby needs. I'll get you fixed right up."

When she nuzzled his neck, he'd had his limit and gruffly said, "Not now, Simone. I just want to be alone."

She feathered kisses up his throat to his lips, and against them, she murmured, "You don't mean that, honey pie. Mommy Simone can make you better than new."

He hated babbling baby talk. When she popped open her shirt and let her breasts swing free, he grunted and shoved her off of him. "Get out and don't come back. I don't appreciate this."

Simone blinked, dazed, as if she couldn't believe anyone would reject her. "You're dumping me? You dare?"

He leaned back. "Yes."

He was ready when she screamed and stomped, but her screeches still made him wince. If he hadn't been sure before that she wasn't the woman for him, he was now.

"Please stop embarrassing yourself. It's not at all appealing." He poured himself a glass of her bottled water and sipped while he watched her show.

Finally, she stopped ranting and faced him. She slapped him with a resounding sting then fisted her hands to her hips. "Of course, I don't turn you on. You're gay. I bet you and Dr. Hunky are getting it on. You're dirty little secret is blown wide open now."

He laughed in her face at the absurd hypotheses. "Keep lying to yourself, sweetheart. You're the only one who's going to comfort you."

A knock sounded on the door, a glorious noise to his ears. "Come in."

Ben stuck his head in, but when his gaze landed on Simone, a blush highlighted his cheeks. "Uh, I see it's a bad time. I'll come back later."

For once, he was happy to see the other man. "No, no. Come right in. Simone and I are finished, and she's just leaving, aren't you, Simone?"

Simone jutted out her jaw and huffed off. On her way out, she flung over her shoulder, "Fine! I'm sick of you gay guys leading us on."

After she left, Ben closed the door and leaned on Dexter's guest chair. He pointed to Dexter then to himself. "Did you tell her something I should know about? Am I missing something?"

Dex handed a bottled water to Ben. "Nah. She assumes any man who isn't bowled over by her raging beauty and scintillating personality has to be gay."

He lifted his glass to Ben in a toast. "Somewhere out there are nice women for us."

Ben swished his drink and stared into it. Then he cleared his throat.

Dex looked up, and the hand holding his drink hovered midair. "Not that I'm not enjoying this male bonding surprisingly enough, but I get the inkling you have something on your mind. Spill."

Ben gulped down his drink then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Well, yeah. You should know Char's in love with you, not me."

Dexter reeled. The last thing he wanted to talk about was Charity. She was right up there with Simone for busting his balls. He thought about not answering, but that was childish and a dead give away to how deeply he still ached for her.

A wry chuckle escaped his lips. Of all the people with whom to have this conversation, he couldn't believe it was Ben. But then again, Ben was the only one with all the lurid details. "Okay, I'll bite. What makes you think so?"

Ben tipped the bottle to his lips and poured the last drop of water down his throat. Then he stuffed cheese and crackers in his mouth. After he repositioned himself, he scratched his jaw. "Because she shot me down flat when I tried to propose."

Dexter almost fell off his chair, and he stared at the younger man. "You what? She what?"

"Oh, yeah. Talk about the kiss of death. She still wants to be 'friends'."

"So what makes you think she loves me? She hasn't told *me*."

"The way she looks at you when she thinks no one's looking. She's still got it bad for you, buddy. If you feel the same, go get her. I'm not a threat."

Dexter wasn't so sure and besides, he was still smarting. "I don't know. She's wilder than me—"

Ben thumped his thigh. "She's almost as big a prude as you. We all got caught up in the moment that night. Let me ask you something?"

Dex wasn't so sure he wanted to answer, but he nodded and folded his arms across his chest.

"Do you love her?"

He searched his soul and couldn't deny the answer. He stretched and stared at the ceiling. "Yeah. Unfortunately."

"Then stop being a doofus and go get her, man. She's too good to stay single long. Or are you the big dork I've always thought you were?"

"Gee, thanks."

"You're welcome." Ben grabbed more cheese and crackers for the road and headed to the door. He saluted smartly and tapped his heels. "Oh, and take a shower. You reek."

* * * *

Char massaged her aching neck after another gruelling night in the OR. All she wanted was a hot shower then to fall into bed and sleep for a week. Unfortunately, she only had two days off, but it would have to do.

"Nurse Reynolds, can I have a moment with you?" Dexter blocked her way from the scrub room, an indiscernible look in his eyes.

God, he looked so tasty but so aloof she couldn't stand it. Hot and sweaty and eager to get out of here and get human again, she tilted her head and looked cross-eyed at him. "Can't it wait? I'm dog tired."

Dexter leaned against the door and refused to let her by. He put his fingers up in a Boy Scout salute. "It won't take long. Scouts' honour."

"Please be quick. I'm about to fall asleep on my feet." For emphasis, she yawned and patted her mouth.

He crooked his finger at her then swaggered to his office and held the door wide for her.

She felt a trap and hesitated outside his door. "Am I in some kind of trouble? Is Amy waiting in there to ambush me? Can't you just tell me here and be quick about it?"

He towered over her and crossed his arms over his chest. "Only if you want everyone to overhear."

She checked both directions down the dim, deserted hallway and splayed her hands wide. She looked askance at him. "Yeah. It's a real rush hour. Suit yourself."

He cracked a charming, lopsided grin and bowed. "*Entrez-vous, mon amour.*"

Mon amour?

Her pulse raced, and she almost swallowed her tongue. She did a double take to make sure she was with Dexter and not someone else. But it was Dex. "Did I get sucked into an alternate universe? Or am I getting hard of hearing?"

Or maybe one of them had gone crazy? He couldn't have called her 'my love'. He wouldn't do that. He'd hardly been able to look at her.

He put his hand at the small of her back and ushered her into a place that definitely didn't look like his office. Rose petals blanketed the floor. Soft coloured lights and romantic music transformed it from an office to a den of...what? Love?

She bit back a guffaw and turned questioning eyes on him. "What's this all about?"

He closed the door with a soft click, advanced on her and captured her hands in his. "Us."

"What?" She choked on the word, disbelieving her ears, sure now she was caught in some cruel time warp or maybe she was delusional.

"As in 'you and me'."

A cynical laugh scraped her throat, and she heaved a huge, tired sigh. She rubbed her forehead. "There is no 'you and me'."

"I'd like there to be. Ben told me you shot him down and why. He thought I should know."

Anger hummed through her veins. Was she ever going to repay her 'friend' Ben this 'favour'. She backed up and came up short against his desk. "Okay, so I told him I wasn't in love with him and just want to be friends. So?"

"And that you love me?"

She searched his eyes, but she didn't find any answers. Not wanting to be humiliated, she said, "I didn't say that. He was extrapolating."

Dexter closed the gap between them and trapped her with his arm on either side of her. He leaned so close his breath mingled with hers and her eyes crossed to see him. "Well? Did he extrapolate correctly? Are you in love with me?"

As she decided whether or not to confess that she was madly, deeply, and crazy in love with him, he got down on his knees and extracted a blue velvet case from his pocket. In front

of her astonished eyes, he opened it to reveal the most gorgeous, breathtaking diamond solitaire she'd ever laid eyes on.

"I love you. I'm in love with you and I want to spend my life with you, Charity. Will you do me the honour of being my wife?"

In shock, she couldn't breathe. She couldn't move or speak. She could only drown in his beautiful, intoxicating, deep-brown eyes.

"Char?"

That pulled her out of her reverie, and she took the box and gazed at it open-mouthed. "Do you think it'll fit me?"

Dexter stood and pulled out the ring and held it before her. With a plea in his voice, he asked, "Is that a 'yes'?"

In rapture, she smiled and nodded her head and squealed, "Yes! Yes! And Yes! I'll marry you."

He crushed her to him and took possession of her lips. After he'd drunk long and deep like a man dying of thirst, he pulled back just far enough to gaze into her eyes. "Will you forsake all others and be all mine?"

She took the ring and tried it on but it was too loose.

"It was my grandmother's. We can have it sized to fit."

Tears sprang to her eyes and a lump choked her. He really did love her. "So you forgive me about the auction and that night? You won't hold it against me?"

He cradled her against his heart and rested his cheek against hers. "That was the past. From here on out, it's just you and me, babe, forever and ever."

About the Author

Ashley Ladd lives in South Florida with her husband, five children, and beloved pets. She loves the water, animals (especially cats), and playing on the computer.

She's been told she has a wicked sense of humour and often incorporates humour and adventure into her books. She also adores very spicy romance, which she weaves into her stories.

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BETWEEN TOOTH AND PAW

Kim Dare



Dedication

To everyone who learns to look past all the generalizations and stereotypes
and who begins see the people around them for who they really are.

Chapter One

"This is an incredibly stupid idea."

"It is the only way."

"If they kill each other off, that is one thing. But, I will not condone throwing the girl in the middle of it all."

Jasmine Neal knelt naked in the middle of the hotel bedroom. Her training had long ago instilled in her that during a scene a submissive's gaze should never rise from the floor. Unable to look up and see anyone's face, she watched various pairs of expensive shoes walk around her as a dozen eyes trailed over her skin, examining her body from every angle.

Forcing herself to stay still under their casual inspection, she made yet another attempt to work out which voice belonged to which pair of circling shoes.

"Perhaps she will be a good influence on them." A woman's voice. High heeled stilettos – very expensive but discreetly so – they fitted the cultured tone of voice perfectly. Old money, a vampire perhaps.

"Huh!" That exclamation, no doubt, belonged to the scuffed loafers. The edge of the man's trousers had frayed where they'd rubbed on the floor. Poor perhaps or, more likely given the situation, a man who was simply careless of clothes and appearances. Perhaps, a man who felt more at home in a fur coat than a tailored suit – a werewolf.

"Then perhaps she will distract them," the woman suggested.

"The situation has been explained to her and humans are far more resilient than you give them credit for. I have every confidence she will survive the encounter."

Jasmine didn't need the help of footwear to identify that voice. She knew Mr. Washington's voice very well. Harsh, commanding and undeniably dominant. Even if she hadn't known already, she would have guessed he'd wear military boots – each one always polished to a gleam by another person's hands. A submissive's hands. In this particular case, by her hands.

"It is all the damn humans' fault anyway. All those stupid stories about how much vampires and werewolves hate each other. It puts ideas into our children's heads. We've

lived in peace — each species happily minding its own business for hundreds of generations and now we are brought down to this!”

A new pair of shoes came into her view. Black lace ups. Polished, but not excessively so. Well made, but not by any designer of note. Nondescript, just like the voice she attached to it.

“She is their physical type,” Mr. Washington said. “She’s been well trained and she knows what’s required of her. She’ll follow her orders.”

“She is still only one woman,” that was Mr. Nondescript. Jasmine struggled to attach a species to him. Zombie? Ghoul? Maybe the man was even another human. It was possible a human besides Mr. Washington had made it onto the council of elders — highly unlikely, but possible.

“Do not underestimate women,” the high heeled possible-vampire said from somewhere behind Jasmine. “There are many times when more can be accomplished by a smile from a woman than by the threats of a hundred armed men.”

“I’d prefer to be in the middle of those armed men, if I was going to be the one stuck between those two brats.”

“Threats have had no success with Hayden,” the scuffed loafers said. Jasmine changed his species label from possible-werewolf, to definite-werewolf. An alpha werewolf who didn’t like members of his pack disobeying him one little bit. The growl in his voice came through loud and clear.

“Nor Stafford,” the lady sighed. “Oh well, bring them in. If nothing else, she might keep them out of trouble until tomorrow morning.”

Some signal passed above Jasmine’s head and footsteps hurried from the room. The men and women who made up the council of elders wouldn’t have rushed to follow anyone’s command. A servant must have left the room then — or perhaps another trained submissive like herself.

The position she’d been ordered to assume would have given her a perfect view of anyone entering or leaving the room, if she had been allowed to look up. A few seconds later she heard the door open again and saw two new pairs of shoes stride into her field of vision.

One vampire, one werewolf. She’d been told that when she agreed to take part in the scene and it wasn’t hard to guess which one was which.

The vampire stood on the right – designer shoes and tailored black trousers. On the left stood battered trainers that had obviously been pushed off and on the wearer's feet without him bothering with the laces, topped by ripped jeans. He wasn't wearing socks either, she noted.

Jasmine looked for other clues about the men. Long years spent never looking anyone in the eye during a scene had given her a lot of practise at reading people from the knees down. The men were both tall.

Risking glances up as far as the men's waists, she could see the werewolf carried more muscle, and that he was also an inch or two taller than the vampire. But, from her place on the floor, Jasmine would bet her life that neither man would have a real advantage over the other if it came down to a fight between tooth and paw. And both of them were ready to brawl right then, each man had already adopted a stance which would allow them to attack at any moment.

Tension poured off each man. They stood just a few feet from each other, facing the council. Technically they faced her too – although they were so caught up in hating each other, she doubted they'd even noticed her small, naked presence in the middle of the room.

"Hayden Griffith, you understand why you have been called before the council?" a voice asked over her head.

"Yes," a deep voice said, betraying a trace of a Welsh accent. The voice came from above the scuffed trainers – from the werewolf.

The other man tensed, obviously perceiving an insult in being addressed in second place. A moment later the council asked him the same question.

"I understand," he said coldly. "And is the lady the prize? Rather inappropriate, don't you think? *They* might have to live like animals, but perhaps the more advanced species could try to maintain a higher standard?"

The werewolf, Hayden, crouched down. Jasmine caught the movement out of the corner of her field of vision and looked towards it. For the first time in years, she made a novice's mistake and looked a dominant man straight in the eye during a scene.

Hayden held her gaze. Jasmine caught her breath, unable to look away from the deep blue eyes. He tilted his head to the side, a shaggy blond mop of hair falling across his

forehead as he studied her. His chest rose and fell as he inhaled deeply, taking her scent from the air. He smiled at her.

"She is not the prize," a voice said behind her. Still trapped in Hayden's gaze, Jasmine couldn't focus on the words well enough to work out who the speaker was, but whoever it was went on. "She is a participant in the challenge. She has been selected from all the humans to represent the part they have played in this mess."

Hayden frowned and looked away, gazing over her head to meet the eyes of those who he might consider his equals. "I'm not fighting her," he said.

"If the pup is scared a woman can call him to heel too easily," Stafford said. "Then he is more than welcome to forfeit."

"A female *wolf* would not be a problem. Humans are too fragile to fight. They break too easily. I won't fight her," Hayden repeated.

"And I do not fight women," Stafford said. "Of any species."

Sure no one in the room was paying the least bit of attention to her, Jasmine glanced up and stole a look at Stafford. He was dark, aristocratic and perfectly styled. Like Hayden, he was well over a decade younger than her. He was also looking down his nose at Hayden, as if the werewolf were something he'd scraped off his designer shoes. A glance at Hayden, still crouched down to bring his eyes to a level with hers, showed he was making a great show of ignoring the vampire. He caught her eye and smiled at her again.

"You said there would be a contest between us," Stafford snapped at the council. "What are the terms?"

"Stand," Mr. Washington ordered.

Jasmine rose to her feet, each movement made graceful by effort of long practise and knowledge of the appropriate punishment sloppy movements earned. Naked, with not even a collar to show for her submission, she stood before them, long blonde hair trailing down her back in loose waves. As Hayden also rose to his full height, Jasmine extended her hands, palms up, the way she had been instructed to do.

"Stafford, Hayden, step forward. Extend your hands. Each of you, put one hand into hers."

Stafford's right hand and Hayden's left hand were duly placed on her palms. She could tell by the way the two men stood, by the way they moved, that each believed they

were undertaking the start of some sort of challenge ritual. They faced each other solemnly across her as Mr. Washington walked around them and took up his place facing her.

Jasmine knew the dominant was good at what he did. He could be quick when he wanted to be. He took one step forward. A flash of silver, a flick of his wrists and a set of handcuffs had secured two wrists together.

Hayden and Stafford's reactions were both a fraction too slow to do them any good. A moment after the cuffs clicked closed, the two younger men reacted, trying to pull their hands apart, to pull away from each other.

Jasmine, unable to step away from them without permission was, caught in the middle of the struggle. She braced herself for a fall as the cuffed hands, swung towards her. Her training failed her and she stepped back, all thought of permission temporarily forgotten.

As if someone tripped a switch inside them, both men reached for her the moment she moved. One hand grabbed her arm, another caught her wrist and each man pulled her towards them.

"What is the meaning of this?" Stafford demanded.

Jasmine looked up at him, thinking he spoke to her, but he stared beyond her at the council.

"If keeping you apart cannot appease the differences between you, we will keep you together. The human woman belongs to both of you for the rest of the night," one of the council said.

"A slave?" Stafford spat. "Even the damn dogs know better than that. What the hell do you mean, putting the girl in this position?"

Jasmine turned her gaze to Hayden. He frowned. "We don't own people," he said. In a silly way, it felt he was saying it to her – as if her opinion was the only important one to him right then.

"If neither of you will accept charge of her, I will take her back with me, there are plenty of human men who would jump at the chance of spending the night with her," Mr. Washington said.

He made it sound as if the prospect didn't appeal to her — as if she hadn't chosen this way of life of her own free will — as if she hadn't spent the last months and years looking for a master. His tone of voice made the statement barely better than a lie, but it did the trick.

"I will take guardianship of her," Stafford began.

"Mine," Hayden growled at the same time.

They glared at each other.

"Very well," Mr. Washington said. *"The rules of the challenge are very simple. She is yours to do with as you please. Make whatever use you want of her — but you will stay in this room and in those cuffs until you reach an agreement, so don't waste all your time screwing her."* His tone of voice changed to the one he only ever used when he was addressing a submissive. *"They are your masters — do as they command without exception."*

"Yes, sir," Jasmine whispered in return.

The council filed out of the room. For the first time in a long time, she felt nerves as well as desire peak inside her at the thought of the scene she was about to take part in. Not sure what else to do, Jasmine lowered her eyes and waited for an order to be issued.

For several long minutes the two men just glared at each other.

The tension in the room doubled over again and again, but in spite of all that, Jasmine felt something settle inside her. She had her orders, she knew what was expected of her. If only for one night, she belonged to someone — to two someones actually.

Finally, one of those two someones moved.

Stafford released his grip on her elbow and put his arm lightly around her shoulders. Hayden slowly let go of her wrist. He stepped to the side to let Stafford lead her to the edge of the bed, but followed them closely.

Jasmine's training prompted her to lower herself to the floor at the side of the bed.

Stafford's light grip around her shoulder's tightened. *"No, on the bed,"* he corrected, guiding her to sit on the edge of the mattress.

Jasmine did as he commanded, and waited for another order.

"You have nothing to be scared of," Stafford told her. *"I'll see no harm comes to you."*

As Stafford stood in front of her, Hayden crouched down next to him. He shouldered the side of Stafford's leg until the other man moved slightly to the side and made room for him to face her too.

"She's not afraid," Hayden announced.

"And what do you know about humans?" Stafford demanded.

Hayden shrugged. "If she was afraid, she would smell afraid. She doesn't smell afraid, so she's not."

He ducked his head, looking up at her, making an obvious effort to catch her eye. He was right about one thing at least. She saw no reason to be afraid of them. She'd submitted to enough men during her search for a master to be able to read the signs of cruelty or sadism in her prospective partners. These two young men, for all the stories she'd read about their respective species, were neither.

They were simply dominants—inexperienced, as was to be expected when neither of them was far past their teens, but with the potential to become great dominants, great leaders of their respective species in the years to come.

Jasmine took a deep breath and tried to steady her nerves as they blossomed once more. They were just the type of men she'd had in her mind when she started down the road to find a master.

One more deep breath. Jasmine hoped like hell Hayden couldn't scent arousal as easily as he would have smelt her fear.

"I won't hurt you," Stafford said again.

Hayden looked up to Stafford. "And you think I would," he growled.

"Werewolves are still wolves, they are not a species known for their gentleness."

"And vampires are? At least we have learnt not to bite our lovers," Hayden snapped, jerking back to his feet and making the extended chain between their handcuffs rattle.

"Lovers? A pretty word for a species capable of nothing more than rutting like animals," Stafford taunted. "Vampires are known for skill, subtlety, seduction when they take a lover to their beds. Werewolves are merely known for an inclination to do it doggie style."

They were so focused on each other, Jasmine felt it was safe to look up at them. Squaring off against each other, they were glorious. Two dominant men, as different as could be, fighting over her. If she hadn't been well aware neither of them gave a damn about her, she might have been stupid enough to feel flattered by the idea.

Hayden's expression slowly morphed into a smile. "A man with a small cock can become a fantastic lover if he puts a lot of time and effort into acquiring a great technique, a guy with a big cock doesn't need to know a damn thing to be bloody marvellous."

His gaze dropped to Stafford's trousers. He looked particularly unimpressed.

The vampire's eyes narrowed. They appeared to be two seconds from launching themselves at each other when Jasmine slid to her knees between them.

That at least made them pause for a few seconds. She felt their attention turn towards her.

Hayden crouched down. He stroked her hair back from her face. "Hey, it's okay..." he stumbled for a moment when he obviously realised he didn't know her name. "No one is mad at *you*. What's your name?"

"I'll answer to whatever name you choose to give me, sir," she said softly. "I belong to both of you and I will do whatever you want me to do. My name is your choice."

"I meant what I said," Stafford said. "I'll see no one takes advantage of your position in this arrangement."

Hayden spared one, annoyed glance at the other man. "She doesn't just belong to you. And I know well enough how to be careful with those weaker than me." He reached out to touch her cheek. His palm was rough and had obviously seen a lot of use as the surface of a paw, but in spite of Stafford's predictions, his touch was the most gentle she remembered feeling.

Leaning in close, he nuzzled her neck. "You're safe," he whispered, softly in her ear.

"What name is written on your birth certificate?" Stafford asked.

Jasmine looked up at him. The vampire glowered at Hayden's closeness to her. He obviously wasn't in the mood for games or for naming anyone.

"Jasmine Neal, sir," she said.

He nodded. "Jasmine, very well. In case you missed the rather inadequate introductions earlier, I'm Stafford Ingram. The pup is Hayden Griffith."

Hayden smiled against her neck and pressed a kiss to the sensitive bit of skin behind her ear.

"For heaven's sake, stop slobbering all over the poor woman."

He pressed another gentle kiss to her neck. "She likes it."

"Not believing she has permission to push you away is not the same as welcoming you," Stafford snapped.

She felt Hayden sway as Stafford tugged on the cuffs, but he didn't move away from her.

"You do like it, don't you, Jas?" he asked her, softly, whispering the words against her skin. "I can tell by your scent."

Jasmine swallowed. The gentle kisses were getting to her, calling to something inside her that had slept through a great many of the scenes she had completed over the last few years.

Such soft touches from a strong master always made her ridiculously eager to please and gain more of the same. She looked up at Stafford and saw his expression change as he saw the truth in her eyes.

"You are here of your own free will?" he asked.

Jasmine swallowed down her nerves. "Yes, sir."

Stafford studied her very carefully. Seeing no other way to communicate the truth, she forced herself to hold his gaze and let him read the truth there.

"You want this, with both of us?" Stafford asked, almost daring her to lie to him.

Jasmine took a deep breath. She hadn't expected it to be the entire truth, she hadn't expected the misgivings she'd felt when she agreed to take part in the scene to fade away so quickly, but somehow when she nodded it was the entire truth.

Yes, something inside her said. She wanted this. She wanted both of them.

"Excuse us for a moment." Stafford sharply tugged on the cuff around Hayden's wrist. "We need to talk."

Hayden shrugged. He rubbed his cheek against hers. He was clean shaven without a touch of stubble to roughen the gesture. His fingers stroked the other side of her face, trailing down her neck. "So, talk," he told the other man. "I'm not stopping you."

"In private," Stafford clarified with obviously forced calm.

Hayden pulled back a fraction. He looked from Jasmine to Stafford and back again. He gave another shrug and a soft sigh.

Getting up from his crouching position, he turned back to her before he followed Stafford to the other side of the room. "Stay there."

"She is not a bloody puppy," Stafford snapped.

"I didn't say she was."

"Then stop ordering her around as if she's the mongrel in the room."

"I want her to stay where she is. If I don't tell her, she won't know," the werewolf replied calmly.

Stafford gave a long suffering sigh. He walked away, tugging on the cuff. Jasmine heard him mutter the words, "heel boy," under his breath.

Hayden growled in response, but he followed Stafford across the room and out of her earshot.

Stafford Ingram looked across the room. The woman, Jasmine, sat on the edge of the bed, eyes lowered and patiently waiting. Her hair flowed across her shoulders, down her back. It was practically impossible to catch sight of her throat, unless you were willing to burrow and nuzzle past the blonde locks the way the damn wolf had. Stafford took a deep breath and tried to turn his thoughts away from the girl's jugular.

The thought of sharing a woman with the wolf was... he mentally shook his head at himself. This is what he got for going too long between feedings. If blood lust hadn't been pounding through his veins, begging him to feed from her it would never have even occurred to him to lower his standards far enough to include a damn werewolf in his sex life—even if the man was very firmly on the other side of a woman.

"You're certain you would be able tell if she was unwilling?" Stafford asked.

"Can't you tell?" Hayden asked, tilting his head on the side as he studied him.

Not with blood lust making him lightheaded with need. Not with the damn wolf in the room clouding his thoughts and making it so much harder for him to focus in on the woman. He couldn't speak softly to her and read her body language the way he normally would, not without showing weakness before the other man—and that wasn't going to happen.

It was bad enough to have to ask the man once. He would cheerfully be damned before he gave him the satisfaction of repeating the question.

"I am sure," Hayden finally said. "I can smell it in her scent."

Stafford nodded that he had heard, then he stood very still, determined not to show any sign of uncertainty. "If we are going to do this, we need to set some ground rules."

"Why?"

"Because the only reason I'm resisting the temptation to kill you right now is because I don't want your corpse hanging from my arm until the council stop playing these stupid bloody games and let us out of the room."

Hayden seemed to consider the possibility that Stafford would mount an attack on him for several long seconds before he shrugged the idea aside. "Werewolves are not easily killed. Perhaps I am the one who will be left with a corpse attached to his wrist."

"We need to set the rules," Stafford repeated firmly.

"Werewolves do not follow rules."

"Well, you're going to have to learn pretty bloody quickly if you want this to happen," Stafford snapped.

"There is a natural order," Hayden said. "Rules are not necessary when everyone in the pack knows his place in the order."

"Fine," Stafford bit out. "Your natural place in the order is *after* me. I want the girl first."

Hayden looked back at her over his shoulder. He seemed to consider the matter very carefully, putting more thought into the matter than Stafford would have believed a wolf capable of. Then he nodded. "Yes."

Stafford waited, but the word seemed to be the beginning and the end of the answer. He tried to switch mental tracks. The long and difficult battle he'd expected to fight before finally gaining privilege of laying with Jasmine first wasn't happening and for a full minute he couldn't think of anything to say.

Finally he kicked his brain into action. "You have no objection?"

Hayden shook his head. "Why would I?" he asked.

Stafford cast a suspicious look at him. The werewolf returned it blankly.

"Very well," Stafford said eventually. He looked at the cuffs around their wrists. There was only a certain amount of space he could put between them—at the very least, they would have to allow the pup onto the bed with them. There was no chance to obtain any privacy for Jasmine.

Privacy. Yes, Stafford told himself he wanted it, but he knew it was a lie. At least part of him wanted Hayden to see him with Jasmine. He wanted to make it quite clear to the wolf that the woman was his. There really was no better way to do so than let him watch and see the evidence for himself.

Pushing that aside as best he could, Stafford turned away from Hayden and walked back across the room to Jasmine.

As he reached her, he held out his hand. Jasmine hesitated, but rose to her feet, placing her hand delicately in his. With his one hand trapped alongside Hayden's, it was practically useless. He had to let go of Jasmine's hand before he could brush her hair back to reveal her throat.

"You know how vampires feed?" he asked her.

She nodded.

Stafford tucked her hair back behind her ear, completely exposing her neck. There was no mark where a vampire had fed from her before. Against all his expectations, she was truly fresh blood.

"The bite does not hurt," he told her. "Most women find it very pleasurable."

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

Stafford leaned in and kissed her neck, very gently. An expectant shiver ran through her body. He smiled against her skin and trailed his lips over her neck. Hayden was right, she wanted this, and she wanted the bite too. He could always tell once he was close enough to feel the tremors of building desire running through a woman's body. Her breaths sped up. Her muscles tensed. She was waiting for it now, waiting rather impatiently if he was any judge.

Stafford trailed his lips back to her mouth. The first kiss was important. A brief brush of lips to start with—just a little something to tell her what was to come, to make her crave a real kiss. By the time he allowed her the real kiss she was leaning eagerly into his touch. She whimpered as he finally slid his tongue between her lips and tasted her properly.

He opened his eyes as he broke the kiss, so he could guide her backwards onto the mattress. As she lowered herself onto the edge of the bed, he pushed his clothes off, dropping them onto the floor around his feet. There was nothing that could be done with his

shirt except to rip the sleeve so it could be torn from the handcuffs. He tossed the ruined garment away as he joined Jasmine on the bed.

Hayden got onto the bed next to them, and settled himself comfortably, watching them both with obvious curiosity. The damn werewolf had no sense of decency. Stafford tried to turn his attention away from the man, but he was just *there*, just watching him.

"Do you have to stare like that?" he demanded.

The wolf rested his elbow on his knee. "Why shouldn't I watch you?" Hayden asked. "Jasmine is very beautiful. I will enjoy watching her pleasure. Don't vampires like to watch too?"

Stafford frowned across at him, but he was damned if he would waste any more of his time with him when Jasmine was so ready to offer him her body and her blood.

"Just try to ignore him," he told her. Leaning close in to her, he whispered in her ear. "He is not important. Pretend it is just you and me."

She nodded and he guided her to lie back on the bed. Leaning over her, he kissed her again, trailing his kisses over her neck once more. She relaxed back so easily for him. "So beautiful," he whispered. "A vision of Aphrodite."

"Who's she?"

Stafford looked over his shoulder at Hayden. "What?"

"Aphrodite, who is she?"

"It's not polite to interrupt people when they are having sex," Stafford said through gritted teeth.

"It's not polite to call one woman by another woman's name during sex either. You're going to end up getting slapped if you make a habit of it."

"Aphrodite was the Greek goddess of beauty," Stafford said and pointedly turned his back on the other man to look down at her. She didn't lift her eyes and meet his gaze. If Hayden had upset her, he was going wring the wolf's neck right then and be done with it.

Brushing his lips against hers, he whispered, "He's an idiot, but he's harmless."

She nodded and leaned up for another kiss. At that moment he was sure there could have been an auditorium full of people watching them, and all she would have registered was their lips brushing together.

He moved his right hand to touch her, but the cuffs rattled — he wasn't going to have Hayden's hands anywhere near her if he could help it. It was far better to leave his own right hand out of the equation and make do with his left.

Shifting on the mattress to free his other hand, Stafford trailed his fingers down her neck and to her breast. Her nipple peaked eagerly under his touch, pleading for his attention. He allowed his attentions to linger there for several minutes as he manipulated the nerve endings with practised ease.

Jasmine whimpered her frustration, arching her back to push her breast into his hand. He studied each reaction before he trailed his fingers further down her body, caressing her skin every inch of the way. She spread her legs for him, quickly inviting him to slide his fingers down between her thighs and Stafford was not about to refuse such a generous invitation. She moaned her appreciation as he slid his fingers against her slit and up to her clit to tease the tiny swollen bud, his fingers slicked with her moisture so they slid perfectly against her.

She pressed herself against his hand as he worked her slowly to a peak of frustration, never letting her have quite enough stimulation.

As hard as he tried, it wasn't long before he couldn't wait any longer. "If you want this, Jasmine, you have to tell me. You have to say yes for me."

"Yes," she said, very loudly.

Stafford grinned down at her. A movement from the side caught his eye. Hayden shifted uncomfortably and probably very frustratedly on the bed next to them. His smile changed and became more calculating.

"Does it bother you, Hayden watching us?" he asked her.

She shook her head, and looked into his eyes for a moment. If that was the case then it was about time someone showed the wolf how a real man made love to a woman.

"I want you to ride me."

Jasmine immediately pushed herself up onto her elbow, ready to get into whatever position he wanted. Stafford knelt on the bed behind her and gently guided her to spread her legs so he could put his knees between them. She leaned forward putting her hands on the mattress, as if she thought he wanted her doggie style, like the damn wolf inevitably would.

Sitting back on his heels, Stafford pulled her back close to him instead, so she would be able to ride him.

She hesitated for a moment, and then she seemed to realise what he wanted and she nodded her understanding. "Yes, sir."

"That's right," he soothed, as she he guided her to lower herself down onto the full length of his erection. Stafford pushed her hair aside and kissed her neck as she settled onto him.

Looking across at Hayden, still watching their every move, Stafford met his eyes as he bit down on her neck.

His teeth sliced neatly through her skin. She threw her head back with a pleasure filled gasp as her muscles clamped down around him.

Hayden tilted his head to the side, frowning as if he only then realised Stafford told the truth when he said human women enjoyed being bitten by him. Stafford smiled against the cut and teased it with his tongue as blood began to seep into his mouth.

She was so sweet, so perfect, and he didn't need Hayden's sense of smell to tell him she wasn't afraid anymore – he could taste her pleasure, hot and eager on his tongue. He rocked his hips, pushing his cock deeper into her slit as she rode him and he felt her pleasure grow and double.

Reaching around with his free hand he teased her nipple between his thumb and forefinger the way she seemed to like so much. She seemed to appreciate a rougher touch than other women in his experience. A sharper pinch of his fingers, a scrape of his nail across the nipple and she gasped and writhed around his cock for him.

He closed his eyes and sucked at the small wounds on her neck, coaxing the blood to flow more freely as his fingers danced across her breasts. Jasmine shakily took up the rhythm he set for her and she began to ride him properly. She took control of the movements, leaving him free to concentrate on the feeding while she worked hard and fast for both their pleasure. All of a sudden she faltered, gasping and bucking as her rhythm deserted her.

Endorphins failed to pour into his mouth. Her blood made it very clear she hadn't come. He frowned, breaking the bite to speak to her.

Something moved against the base of his cock.

"What the...!"

He looked down. Hayden's head was down between her legs, lapping at her clit as she rode him, and the damn wolf wasn't being too careful about who received the benefits of his tongue's attention.

Before he could reach around Jasmine and push the other man away, she moaned low in the back of her throat and dropped her head right back onto his shoulder. She shifted in his embrace, turning her head to rub her cheek against his neck. Her eyes were closed, but he didn't need to see into her eyes to see her pleasure.

She reached back for him. One hand threaded into his hair to guide his lips back to her neck, begging him to resume the feeding. Her other hand went behind his waist, to slide down over his arse. She whimpered and tugged at his body, pleading with him to thrust into her, imploring him to ignore the other man and finish what he had started.

Stafford automatically kissed the wound on her neck. His every instinct told him she was right. What the pup did was irrelevant. He could wring Hayden's neck for his impudence later. Right then, when pleasure was flowing through her veins and straight onto his tongue, there was nothing to do but keep going.

Warm breaths caressed his cock as Hayden's tongue worked Jasmine to fever pitch, but right then it was impossible to care if those breaths belonged to a man or a werewolf or anything else.

Jasmine whimpered again and bit her lip. Her rhythm was shot after the shock the wolf had given her, but she was still doing her very best to ride him, encasing his cock in her hot, wet slit only to slide off him a little way and repeat the process again and again.

With each bit of pleasure his teeth and the other man's tongue gave her, she writhed against him, no longer able to think but only to react. The hand she'd tangled in his hair, slipped forward to stroke his cheek, then she arched sharply, pressing herself back against his body. Her hand went to his hair again, as if those strands twining through her fingers represented her only grip on reality.

Her other hand left his backside and move forward to tangle into Hayden's longer, fairer hair too.

She was so close to coming, Stafford could taste it. She tried to say something, but she couldn't even seem to catch her breath to ask either man to push her over the edge.

Stafford pressed his teeth deeper into her jugular.

Chapter Two

Hayden Griffith looked up as Jasmine screamed. It wasn't quite a howl, but he was still pretty damn impressed by the sheer volume a woman Jasmine's size could produce when she came. For a tiny little thing, she had a great pair of lungs.

Grinning to himself, he kept lapping at her clit, following her jerky movements as best he could. A moment later she jerked against his mouth again as Stafford lost his rhythm and came inside her. Hayden kept licking Jasmine's clit as Stafford's scent filled the air, marking Jasmine as his.

When they finally fell completely still and Jasmine's grip of his hair eased then disappeared, Hayden pulled back as far as the cuffs linking him with Stafford would allow and he watched the two lovers rest against each other's bodies. Stafford stayed very still, supporting Jasmine as she took deep breaths and struggled to regain her composure.

She smelt happy. So did Stafford. That was new. Stafford usually smelt incredibly pissed off with the whole world – as if the entire planet only existed to inconvenience him. Now, the vampire knelt on the bed, letting a human woman collapse against him, and he seemed to be entirely content to rest there, just kissing her neck over the place he'd bitten her and teasing her skin.

Stafford, for all the things Hayden hated about him, had been right about one thing. Jasmine had liked the careful, controlled way the vampire touched her. Hayden trailed his finger tips along his own leg, copying the way Stafford had caressed her skin. He frowned a little.

The way they were together was very different to how he and the female wolves he had mated with conducted themselves. Hayden watched as Stafford caressed Jasmine's breast and coaxed a final shudder of pleasure from her body.

Stafford, Hayden decided, obviously wasn't a man who had been born knowing how to be gentle or controlled. He must have learnt human ways at some point and Hayden was sure he would be able to learn too. Failing to learn their ways wasn't an option – not if

learning how to be more like the humans would allow him to curl his arms around Jasmine the way Stafford did.

He shifted on the mattress, wishing he could move across the bed and offer her another set of arms, another strong body to rest against right away. He held back a sigh, knowing Stafford wouldn't be ready to release her for quite some time yet.

Stafford moved and he withdrew his cock from Jasmine's slit, guiding her away from him. Hayden tilted his head to the side, watching every move. As she pulled away from Stafford she opened her eyes and smiled across at him. He was right there in front of her, and when she moved forward it was right into his arms.

Behind her, Stafford frowned. Hayden pushed that aside. It was the vampire's own fault for not thinking the situation over properly. Any man in his right mind should have realised it was best to enjoy Jasmine's body last, not first.

Hayden touched her cheek as gently as he knew how.

"Do you need to rest?" he asked, trying not to let her hear how much he wanted to her to say no.

Jasmine shook her head. Hayden smiled his relief and dipped his head to nuzzle her neck. Stafford had left his mark on her throat. It was healing as quickly as rumour had it a vampire's bite always did, but it was still there.

He kissed the mark very gently, letting his tongue run over the wound to aid its healing. "It does not hurt?" he checked.

She shook her head again.

"I will not hurt you either," he told her. "Wolves do not hurt each other when they mate and I will be especially gentle with you."

He caught sight of Stafford's expression over her shoulder. He didn't look at all impressed, but Jasmine smiled at him.

"I believe you, sir," she whispered.

Stafford moved to sit back on the bed, rearranging his legs so Jasmine knelt between them with her back to him. Hayden looked at the handcuff joining them at the wrist. There wasn't enough room to move her away from him, and right then he didn't care how close the other man was to them anyway.

He kissed Jasmine very carefully – tasting her lips and coaxing her tongue out to play. He could smell her scent hanging in the air and he knew she was very ready for him. Watching Stafford enjoy her body had put him on edge too. He couldn't wait if there was no need to.

He turned her around, so she faced Stafford. The vampire looked surprised, but he made no objection.

Stroking his hands down Jasmine back, Hayden ducked his head down and lapped at her clit a few times, the way the werewolf women liked so much. She moaned her appreciation very loudly as he used the length and suppleness in his tongue to tease her to the edge of her pleasure.

Jasmine arched her back, offering herself to him and inviting him to mount her. The tiny movement was all the invitation he needed. Still lapping pleasure against her, he blindly pushed his clothes off and kicked them off the side of the bed. Ripping his shirt the same way he'd seen Stafford resort to, he freed the trailing material from the cuff and positioned himself behind Jasmine.

Placing his hands on her waist to hold her in steady, he had to tug at the cuff to make Stafford move his hand and rest it on Jasmine's back so he had more freedom of movement.

Hayden pressed the head of his cock against her slit. Rocking his hips he pushed his cock into her a little way, and then a little further with every motion.

Little by little, inch by inch, he filled her slit until he was fully sheathed inside her. He stilled then, letting her get used to the feel of his cock inside her. Whatever Stafford wanted to believe, Hayden was well aware he had several inches advantage over the vampire. Stafford might be larger than most of the human men Hayden had chanced to see naked, but he still wasn't a werewolf.

Looking past her shoulder, he saw Stafford watching her face. He seemed fascinated by her expression. A mirror. Next time they had sex, he would have to arrange for Jasmine to face a mirror, so he would be able to watch her expression too. Right then, he focused on the way her muscles clenched and unclenched around his shaft instead. Taking a deep breath, he ran his palms over her back and stayed as still as he could inside her.

Jasmine looked over her shoulder, as if confused by his stillness. She tried to move, pushing back against him, fidgeting within his grasp.

"Hush," he told her, stroking her skin again.

He felt his shaft begin to swell slightly inside her, filling her further. He let his eyes drop closed as he savoured the hot, wetness surrounding his cock holding him tighter by the moment.

"Hayden?" She sounded nervous. Hayden blinked his eyes opened.

Stafford held her face still so he could stare into her eyes. "What's wrong?" he asked, casting an accusing glare at Hayden.

Hayden made a soft hushing sound in the back of his throat. "Hush, it's fine, Jas."

"What going on?" Stafford said.

Hayden ignored him. "I feel good inside you, don't I, Jas?"

Jasmine nodded, her muscles tightened around him. He rocked very slightly inside her, letting his expanding shaft rub against her inside, seeing if she had that little pleasure spot in the same place female werewolves did.

She gasped, a soft little pleasure filled sound, and he smiled down at her. "You're safe," he said. "I've got you, now, the bond will keep us together."

She nodded again, moaning slightly as he caressed her hips.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Stafford demanded

Hayden continued to ignore him. He hadn't interrupted the bloody bat when he was with Jas, Stafford should have the decency to follow his example. Jasmine purred her appreciation as he filled her just a little more snugly. His pre-cum leaked inside her — coaxing her muscles to contract around him and finally lock them together.

Hayden settled his hands on her waist and started to move inside her. The way they were joined still allowed for a little bit of movement — enough to bring pleasure to them both without actually allowing them to part completely. Every time he pulled back as if he would let his cock slip from her slit, her muscles tightened around him, milking a little more pleasure from his cock.

Her head dropped down until she practically rested against Stafford's body. Hayden guided her away from him. The vampire glared at him and held onto her until he seemed to realise Hayden was only trying to rearrange them so Jasmine could be more comfortable.

"That's right, Jas, lie down," Hayden coaxed her, guiding her to lie down on her side as he spooned behind her, still perfectly connected to her.

The ache inside him was easing now. Knowing he had his mate close and safe with him where she belonged, made the world seem a far less complicated and confusing place.

His mate.

The words were suddenly right there in his head. His mate. His alpha female. Hayden held her a little closer and smiled to himself. Jasmine was his. She might not realise that, he was well aware other species could be somewhat slow on the uptake when compared to werewolves, but that didn't dampen down his smile at all.

She was his.

Hayden licked her neck and stroked her hair and then her body, running his hands over her curves and tugging at the cuffs whenever they got in the way. He felt clumsy and awkward after watching Stafford's delicate touch, but she arched against his hand and he could see the pleasure in her body as well as in her scent.

A glance past her and he saw Stafford was still frowning at them both. It had to be hard for him now, to realise he had picked the wrong place in the order, to realise another man was with the woman he had made love to. He didn't want to share his lover, he didn't want to let another man touch his alpha female, but when Stafford reached out and touched Jasmine's cheek, Hayden forced himself to let him make contact with her.

He might be willing to admit he had a lot to learn about humans and vampires, but he knew how packs worked – Stafford probably hadn't wanted to share Jas with him either, but he had. The laws of the pack made it quite clear. Even if she was to take her place as his alpha female in the future, she belonged to both of them right then. He had no right to stop Stafford touching her if Jasmine remained willing to accept his touch.

Just able to see her expression from that angle, Hayden saw her smile at the vampire.

"You're...connected?" Stafford asked.

Hayden kissed her neck. For a man who seemed to think he knew all there was to know about both women and sex, he really was pretty clueless. "Of course," he said against her neck.

"Does it hurt?" he asked Jasmine.

Jasmine shook her head. "It feels good," she whispered.

Hayden smiled behind her, rocking his hips so he moved inside her. Her muscles clamped down around him and she purred her pleasure loud enough for the other man to hear.

Stafford frowned.

"Like the bite," she added.

"What?" Stafford said.

Hayden hesitated – damn sure the joining shouldn't feel like anyone was biting her.

"Just like the bite," she whispered again. "It shouldn't feel good, but God, it does!"

She pressed back against Hayden. He ran his free hand over her shoulder and then along her waist. He tried to think the way Stafford seemed to, but in simple truth, he knew he didn't want to do anything more than stroke her body. There was no technique, no plan. He just liked touching her and feeling her skin under his hands.

He rocked a bit inside her again, letting pleasure run through them.

A chain rattled. The handcuff moved around Hayden's wrist. Stafford moved closer to Jasmine and put his hand on her hip. Hayden looked across at him. He was watching their lover very intently, studying every moment of pleasure as it passed across her face.

Before long, Hayden couldn't stop his movements inside her from quickening. He couldn't hide how eagerly his hands moved against her skin, as he desperately tried to touch every part of her, all at once. Any idea of doing anything other than what came completely naturally to him faded away.

He put his hand on her hip to steady her as he rocked harder and faster inside her. His hand landed over Stafford's trapping the other man's hand against her skin as he felt his pleasure peak one final time and he came inside her.

His jerky movements rubbed his cock against her pleasure spot, just as he knew it would and Jasmine came at the same moment he did, gasping for breath and pushing back against him until he fell still behind her.

Stafford reclaimed his hand from under Hayden's palm and stroked her hair from her face, tucking it behind her ear. He leaned in and brushed their lips together. Hayden, temporarily sleepy and sated, was still not at all willing to be left out. He nuzzled at her neck and turned her face to him, for his lips to be kissed too.

He snuggled into her, pulling her closer into his arms as she closed her eyes and rested her head against the pillow.

"You should sleep now, Jas," he whispered.

"And you should give her some space," Stafford told him.

Hayden shook his head. "Connected," he reminded him.

Stafford didn't appear impressed.

Jasmine reached out for the other man. "Rest with us, sir?" she asked.

"Vampires do not require to rest in this manner," he said coldly, even though Hayden could already see the other man was looking at the way they were wrapped around each other and working out where he would fit into such an arrangement.

"Rest with us anyway," she asked. "Please, sir?"

Stafford looked unenthusiastically at Hayden, but he moved a little closer across the bed, seemingly willing to humour Jas, regardless of his presence. Resting his head on the pillow in front of her, he stroked her cheek and pressed a delicate kiss against her lips.

"It won't be much longer," he reassured her. "I won't let him keep you *connected* like this all night."

"She's happy where she is," Hayden told him, a note of growl making its way into his voice.

Jasmine smiled and turned her head so it was clear she was addressing them both.

"I'm fine, sir."

She certainly sounded fine, all tired and content with her world.

Stafford nodded his understanding.

Hayden murmured his agreement too, and snuggled closer to her as his erection began to slowly soften inside her.

* * * *

Hayden lay on his back, staring up at the ceiling. The more he tried to ignore it, the more impossible it became. Jas was curled in close to his side, which was very right, and just as it should be. Stafford had migrated toward the other side of the bed, which wasn't really proper pack behaviour, but which was fine with Hayden right then.

Taking a deep breath, the wolf smelt all of their pleasure mingled in the air above the bed. Jasmine smelt like him now. Stafford's scent was still there, but it had faded away when he put his scent over it. Jasmine was his. She smelt like her alpha male.

The only problem was Stafford. He smelt like Stafford, which was to be expected and tolerated, but his cock still smelt like Jasmine's pleasure. There was no use trying to ignore it. The vampire smelling like Jasmine's scent was wrong – it made it smell like her pleasure only came from the other man. Carefully moving out of Jasmine's sleepy embrace, Hayden negotiated his way past her slumbering form.

Stafford moved his arm in his sleep, allowing the handcuffs to guide where he rested his arm as Hayden made his way closer to him.

Sitting on the bed, in the gap between Jasmine's body and Stafford's side, he leaned over and slowly began to wash Jasmine's scent off the vampire's body.

* * * *

Stafford shifted in his sleep. He rocked his hips as a hot, moist tongue caressed his shaft. He blinked his eyes open and stared at the ceiling. What he'd assumed was an amazingly realistic dream became an obvious reality and the tongue didn't leave him for a moment.

Jasmine...

Stafford smiled to himself. He let her carry on for a few more minutes before he was willing to admit he was awake. Lifting his head and looked down his body.

Suddenly wide awake, Stafford scrambled back on the bed, jerking away from the mouth hovering over his cock. "What the –"

"Hush," Hayden whispered reproachfully. "You'll wake Jas."

Stafford stared wide eyed down the bed. He looked at Jasmine still sleeping next to them. She stirred, reaching out across the bed for the warmth of another body and failing to find one, but she didn't wake up.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Stafford hissed as quietly as his anger would allow, pulling the blanket he'd cast aside during the night back over his body and almost up to his chin.

"I couldn't sleep," Hayden said.

Stafford opened his mouth. He closed his mouth. He really couldn't think of anything to say to that. He ran a hand through his hair, putting the strands into some sort of order. He tugged the blanket even further up his body and cast a very suspicious glare at the werewolf. "And what? Fellatio is a traditional werewolf cure for insomnia?" he demanded.

Hayden tilted his head on the side. "What's that?"

"What?" Damn, the man didn't even have a vocabulary! "Fellatio—it means sucking another man's cock."

"I wasn't sucking, I was licking," Hayden corrected mildly.

"You should wait for an invitation before you do either!" Stafford snapped.

"You were sleeping."

"And that gives you the right to do whatever you want?" Stafford demanded.

Hayden shrugged. "I didn't think you would mind."

"Well, I do!" He looked across to Jasmine as he realised his voice was getting louder again.

Hayden tilted his head on the side. "Why?" He genuinely seemed curious.

"Because I'm not bloody well gay!" Stafford snapped.

Hayden looked more confused than ever by the declaration. Stafford studied the werewolf. He really didn't seem to understand why he was pissed off with him.

Stafford took a deep breath and tried to think rationally. "Not all men like having sex with other men," he said. "There's nothing wrong with it if a guy happens to like other guys, but I don't. I only like women. Understand?"

Hayden blinked at him. "We weren't having sex."

"You were licking my cock," Stafford pointed out as patiently as he could.

"Your cock still smelled like Jasmine," Hayden offered in explanation.

Stafford tried to follow the logic. "And you were attracted to her scent?"

"I couldn't sleep when you still smelt like her."

Bizarre though it was, Stafford found himself doing his very best to follow the other man's logic. "Doesn't she smell like me anyway?"

Hayden shook his head. "She smells like me now."

Stafford looked across at her.

"You picked to go first," Hayden reminded him, as if he believed Stafford had any reason to regret that.

Stafford tried to look at the situation from the werewolf's point of view. "That's why you were willing to wait, so you would be the last man to put his scent on her?"

Hayden nodded.

Stafford ran a hand through his hair again. Hayden's messy blond mop was sticking up in all directions. Some stupid part of him wanted to reach out and put the other man's hair into some sort of order, but he resisted that temptation.

"For the rest of the night," Stafford said. "You don't do anything unless I specifically give you my permission." He decided not to point out that would happen around about the same time the devil started building snowmen.

Hayden nodded. "Okay."

Stafford echoed the gesture. "And you don't do anything, anything at all," he stressed, "when I'm asleep."

Hayden nodded again. He *seemed* to understand the situation.

Stafford looked at Jasmine, still somehow sleeping soundly through the whole thing. "Neither of us will mention this incident to Jasmine."

"Why not?" Hayden asked. "It's wrong to keep secrets from other members of the pack."

"Because... it will only confuse matters," Stafford said. It would make it far harder for him to implement the plans he had for Jasmine and himself in the future if she got the idea that he was gay into her head.

"You don't think she would like me licking you?"

"I don't know," Stafford said. "And I don't particularly care. We are not telling her."

Hayden tilted his head on the side in that funny way he had which always seemed to indicate he was thinking. "Okay."

"Right," Stafford said. "Now, go back to your side of the bed. Go back to sleep."

Hayden nodded, calmly enough.

Stafford cautiously lay back down on his side of the bed. As Hayden moved back onto the other side of Jasmine, Stafford placed his hand on the pillow above Jasmine's head. It wasn't exactly comfortable to sleep with his arm stretched out to accommodate the

handcuffs, but it was a damn sight better than having Hayden on his side of the bed with him – especially if the guy couldn't keep his tongue, or any other part of his body, to himself while he was asleep.

The vampire shook his head and stared up at the shadowy outline of the ceiling. Running their conversation over in his head, he wasn't sure exactly what the hell Hayden had thought he'd been doing.

Stafford sighed quietly to himself and tried to find a comfortable position on the bed. Really, it only went to prove what he had always expected, werewolves were just weird.

* * * *

"We're ordering breakfast."

Stafford blinked his eyes open. His first thought on hearing Hayden's voice was to pull away from the hand resting on his cheek. God only knew what the damn pup was up to now – or what he intended to lap up for breakfast.

He stopped himself from brushing the hand away just in time, realising it was Jasmine's and not the wolf's. He smiled up at her. "Good morning."

She offered him a shy smile as she took her hand away. "Good morning, sir."

She looked behind her, to where Hayden was sitting on the bed, reading from the hotel menu.

"I didn't know werewolves could read," Stafford observed as he sat up.

"And I didn't know vampires could sleep so damn long. I thought you'd never wake up," Hayden shot back at him.

Stafford looked, blurry eyed, at his watch. "It's seven am."

"He's been awake since dawn, sir," Jasmine told him, with something like amused affection in her voice.

Stafford rolled his eyes. "Bloody dogs."

"Do you eat real food?" Hayden asked him.

"Yes," Stafford told him. "Real food, not kibble."

"Kibble?"

"It's a food people feed pet dogs, sir," Jasmine explained when Stafford didn't bother.

Hayden shook his head. "No kibble," he said. "Steak. And chicken. And bacon."

"I hope for your sake you're not a vegetarian," Stafford muttered under his breath.

Jasmine smiled at him and shook her head.

"What do you want?" Hayden asked her.

"I'll eat whatever you choose to give me, sir."

Hayden frowned. "We don't know what you like to eat."

Stafford took the menu from the wolf and glanced down the various options. "What do you usually eat for breakfast?" he rephrased, wondering if that would get them a real answer.

"Whatever my master chooses to give me, sir."

Stafford glanced at her. "Have you been told not to give us any information?"

"The council think it is for the best if you two make the decisions as you both see fit, sir," she offered.

"And you get caught in the middle?" Stafford asked.

She smiled. "And I submit to whatever my masters desire, sir."

There was something about her tone of voice which made him wonder if she was just following the council's orders or if rules like that were part of her whole life. Either way, it would have to change once she was properly under his protection. A submissive was one thing, he had no interest in owning a slave.

"May I go and freshen up before breakfast, sir?" she asked, glancing toward the ensuite.

Stafford nodded. "Of course, you don't need anyone's permission to go to the bathroom."

He pushed down his annoyance as she looked to Hayden to confirm his order.

The werewolf nodded. "You don't need my permission either," he agreed, frowning at his lack of understanding.

Jasmine nodded and offered a small smile to each of them before she left the room. She looked happier today than she had when they first met her, there was a lightness in her manner which made him sure she didn't regret anything any of them had done the night before.

When the door closed behind her, Hayden looked across to him. "What do humans normally eat?" he asked.

"I don't normally eat with humans," Stafford said. Humans were for blood and sex, not socialising, but somehow, the statement he would have said without hesitation at any other time, stuck in his throat while thoughts of Jasmine were still fresh in his mind. Not willing to confess complete ignorance, Stafford looked at the menu and guessed. "It's a human hotel. She probably eats something from the breakfast menu."

Hayden took the menu back from him and looked it over. "We'll get one of everything then."

Stafford nodded.

He looked across at Hayden.

Hayden looked back.

One of them obviously had to say something.

Stafford cleared his throat. "Last night, the part of last night *before* we went to sleep," Stafford stressed. "Didn't go as badly as I thought it would."

As peace offerings went, it was at least something, and at that time in the morning Stafford was actually quite proud of himself for managing that much of a token step towards not hating the other man outright.

Hayden nodded. "I like her."

Stafford studied him very carefully, wondering what the wolf was plotting now. "So do I," he informed him.

Hayden put the menu to one side. "You are to be the alpha of your pack, aren't you?" he asked.

"The head of my clan," Stafford corrected with a nod.

Hayden considered the matter further. "And there is only ever one head."

"Yes."

"There is only ever one alpha pair in our packs too," Hayden informed him. "An alpha male and an alpha female."

"Vampires aren't good at sharing power, even with their lovers. There is *one* head of the clan."

"So who do you mate with?"

"Submissives," Stafford said. "Humans usually."

"Omegas?"

Stafford half smiled. "To the head of a vampire clan, everyone who isn't him is a considered a submissive."

Hayden frowned. "No pack?"

"We aren't pack animals."

"You should have a pack," Hayden told him firmly. "Packs are good. I'm going to have a pack."

"You don't have one now?"

Hayden shrugged. "I have my parents' pack, but I'm going to have one of my own soon. First, I must find an appropriate alpha female."

Stafford raised an eyebrow at him, suddenly realising where this conversation was going. "Oh?"

"Jas would make a good alpha female," Hayden said.

"You're not good enough at subtlety to make this sort of conversation to work – you'd best stick to simpler forms of communication," Stafford said.

Hayden didn't seem to perceive the intended insult. He nodded. "You would make a good beta," he said simply.

"No, I wouldn't. However, you might make a competent submissive – with a lot of training."

The wolf's eyes narrowed. He shook his head as his hackles rose. "Alphas do not submit to betas."

"I guess you're not really an alpha then," Stafford said with a dismissive shrug as he reached for the phone. "I'll order breakfast."

Hayden reached for the phone receiver at the same time. His hand landed on top of Stafford's. "I am the alpha – I will provide for the pack."

Stafford's grip tightened on the phone.

The bathroom door opened. Jasmine stepped back into the room. Hayden didn't break eye contact, he didn't look down. Stafford tracked Jasmine's progress across the room out of the corner of his field of vision, but he would be damned before he looked away first.

Jasmine glanced back and forth between the two young men. They obviously weren't at the point where they could be left safely on their own yet.

She walked slowly across to the bottom of the bed and knelt down well within both their fields of vision. Neither of them looked away from the other man, but she could feel the subtle change in the atmosphere as part of their attention transferred to her.

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to speak without first looking to one or both the men for permission. "How may I serve you sir?" she asked softly.

Both men turned their complete attention towards her at exactly the same time.

Hayden inhaled deeply, taking her scent from the air. "You smell different," he observed.

Jasmine stood up. Stepping forward, she knelt on the bed between them. She offered her hand to the wolf, letting him sniff at the skin inside her wrist and learn the scent of the shower gel she'd used.

He didn't look incredibly impressed with the change, but he lapped at the skin she offered him, accepting her back under his protection. She smiled across at him, and turned her attention to Stafford.

He brushed her hair back from her face, tucking the damp ringlets behind her ear. "As beautiful as ever," he said.

She offered him the same shy little smile and waited for one of her masters to give her an order, but none were forthcoming.

"Would you like me to order the breakfast for you, sir?" she asked, carefully directing the question at both of them at the same time.

The two men looked at each other.

"Very well," Stafford said slowly.

Hayden, watching the vampire all the time, took his hand away from the phone and Stafford offered it to her.

They each gave her their order for breakfast and retired to the bathroom, still trapped together by the handcuffs.

She phoned down the order for the breakfast and listened with half an ear just in case one of the men took it into his head to drown the other in the shower. It seemed quiet in there – maybe too quiet for two young men who seemed inclined to bicker over everything.

Jasmine put the phone down and crept to the bathroom door. Through the wooden panelling, she heard the faint sound of voices inside.

"Do you have to get the water everywhere? I'm getting soaked out here." That was obviously Stafford, she couldn't imagine the werewolf ever managing such haughty a tone.

"If you'd just let us share the shower like I said, it wouldn't be a problem." Hayden said cheerfully back, never the least bit repentant.

Jasmine found herself smiling as she walked away from the door. Tidying the bed and setting the room in order, she picked up all their clothes and put them in separate neat little piles on top of the dresser.

Smoothing out the creases in the fabric, her smile faded a little. She closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind. She was here to serve them, to distract them until they realised they didn't hate each other as much as they assumed they did, or perhaps as much as they liked everyone else to assume they did. That was all.

She didn't belong to them. Once they found their common ground, she would be returned to Mr. Washington and they would probably never think about her or anything that had happened that night again. They would go on to find vampire and werewolf girlfriends who were closer to their ages and they would have no use for her.

Jasmine took a deep breath and shook her head at herself. She wasn't here to enjoy herself—if she had loved every minute of the previous night then that was chance and nothing more.

They weren't her masters, and they weren't going to be.

The door to the bathroom swung open. Stafford pulled impatiently at the cuff joining their wrists.

Hayden carried on rubbing at his hair with a towel, not in the least bothered by Stafford's tugging at his wrist. As she watched, he tossed the towel aside and shook the last of the moisture from his hair. Stafford, standing well within range of the last few droplets, closed his eyes and, if she was any judge, only just kept his temper.

"Breakfast will be here in a few minutes, sir," she said quickly.

"Thank you, Jasmine," Stafford said, glaring at Hayden but not actually saying anything to him.

Hayden caught his eye and tilted his head on the side as if trying to work out why the other man looked so pissed off with the world.

"How may I please you, sir?" she asked them both.

"After breakfast we all need to talk," Stafford said firmly.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, sir."

Stafford walked over to his clothes and extracted his boxer briefs and his trousers from the neat little pile she had made of them.

Hayden, by the necessity of the cuffs, followed him across the room, but he showed no interest in his own pile of clothes.

Stafford looked to him a few times. When he seemed to realise Hayden had no intention of picking them up himself, Stafford grabbed the other man's jeans and tossed them at him. "Put them on."

"Why?" Hayden asked.

"Because civilised people don't go around with their cock hanging out all day," he snapped.

Hayden shrugged and pulled his jeans on with a long suffering sigh. They rode low on his hips, the legs were full of tears and rips.

"Couldn't you find anything else to wear?" Stafford asked.

"What's wrong with them?" Hayden said.

Stafford huffed and made no further comment.

Hayden looked across at Jasmine. Out of Stafford's line of sight, he winked at her.

The phone rang. Stafford's slightly faster reactions allowed him to pick it up before Hayden. He smiled, very smugly and went to the far end of what the handcuffs would allow.

Hayden beckoned her across to him.

"May I ask you something, sir?" she asked softly as she stood before him.

In the background Stafford went through the payment details on his credit card and confirmed the breakfast order.

Hayden smiled and nodded, pulling her close in so their bodies were pressed together. His free hand slid over her back, caressing her wherever his fancy took him as she rested her hands on the sharply defined muscles of his arms.

"What do you want to ask?" he whispered in her ear, rubbing his cheek against hers.

"You... you wind him up on purpose, don't you, sir?"

Hayden's smile grew. "Sometimes, yes. He has..." his brow creased as he began to think about the matter more carefully. "He has too many sharp edges. He has to learn how to get on with people if he is ever to be happy in a pack."

Jasmine hesitated. She knew very well what correcting a master could lead to, but wrapped in Hayden's embrace, somehow it seemed safe to say more than 'yes, sir' to him.

"Vampires don't usually live in packs, sir," she whispered.

Hayden looked past her at Stafford. "He should. He would make a good pack member. He is wasted on his own. Don't you think so?"

Jasmine looked down. "It is not my place to tell masters how they should live their lives, sir."

Hayden tucked his knuckle under his chin and made her look back up. "You don't think your pack would listen to your opinion?" he asked, immediately concerned.

She offered him a small smile. "I gave up the right to have an opinion of my own a long time ago, sir."

Hayden frowned down at her. Stafford hung up the phone and turned back towards them.

"What's wrong?" Stafford asked.

Jasmine forced a smile. "Nothing, sir."

"Then you should rest until breakfast gets here," Stafford decided, with a nod to the bed.

Hayden nodded his agreement and took her by the hand. Stafford had no choice but to follow where the cuffs and Hayden led. For some reason Stafford seemed quite set on her lying between them on the bed despite the inconvenience of the cuffs and the chain crossing over her body.

The werewolf wasted no time making himself very comfortable and pulling her close.

Stafford, who'd left a gap between their bodies when he lay down, frowned. "She'll rest far more comfortably if you give her some room to breathe," he snapped.

Hayden glanced at Stafford and then to her. "You're comfortable, aren't you, Jas?"

She didn't get a chance to answer.

"I know a damn sight more about women than you do," Stafford snapped.

Hayden considered the idea for several long seconds. "No," he decided. "You said before that humans are for feeding and sex, you don't know any more about human women than I do."

"You'd never even had sex with a human before last night," Stafford accused.

Hayden grinned. "Doesn't matter. I'm a quick learner."

Stafford ran his eyes over the way he held Jasmine. "You haven't learned anything."

"I know Jas has the same pleasure spot inside her as a female werewolf," Hayden said. "I know she likes to feel my tongue here too." He slid his hand between her legs and brushed his finger tips across her clitoris.

Jasmine stopped turning her head to look from one man to the other as they argued across her. Her eyes dropped closed. Instant pleasure coursed through her. Part of the bliss from the previous night seemed to have lingered inside her body, it only took the lightest touch to rekindle the spark into a blaze.

"When you know what you're talking about you'll find those 'pleasure spots' are actually called a G-spot and a clitoris."

Hayden shrugged, his fingers pressed more firmly against her clit with the movement. "Don't need to know what it's called to make sure Jas feels good."

Jasmine blinked her eyes open, looking from one man to the other, trying to work out what the hell she was supposed to do now. "How may I serve you, sir?" she asked both of them.

Her question trailed into a low throaty moan as Stafford pushed Hayden's fingers out of the way. "Like this," he corrected the other man. His fingers played her clit to perfection, trailing the moisture gathering at her slit up to slick his carefully orchestrated movements. Jasmine bit down on her lip, desperately trying not to show favouritism for one man's touch or another man's technique.

She glanced at Hayden, but the werewolf didn't seem to be the least offended, merely curious. Turning to Stafford, she saw the triumph in the vampire's eyes.

Turning back to Hayden, she was ready to reach out and reassure him, when he smiled and ducked his head to push Stafford's hand out of the way with his cheek. Replacing Stafford's finger tips with an amazingly versatile tongue, he lapped enthusiastically at her clit.

A whimper escaped from between her lips, but that was as close as she could get to real words right then. Jasmine reached for the back of his head, trying to wordlessly beg him to stay where he was and to keep doing exactly what he was doing forever.

Stafford caught her wrist before her fingers touched Hayden's hair. She turned to him, blinking her confusion as he pinned her wrist against the mattress. Moving slightly, she tested his hold, not trying to free herself, but wondering what he would do if she tried.

Her gaze met Stafford's and was instantly trapped. Hayden stopped licking. Without thinking she pulled at the wrist in Stafford's grip. He wouldn't allow her to reclaim her hand, but he made no objection to her moving her other hand and tangling the fingers of that hand into Hayden's hair.

"Don't do that," Hayden said. Blond eyebrows almost met as a frown descended on his normally happy countenance. "You'll hurt her."

Stafford dismissed his objection. "I know what I'm doing."

"If you have to hold her down, you're doing something bloody well wrong," Hayden growled.

"Do you like being held like this?" Stafford asked her, turning all his attention away from the werewolf. "Do you like to be held tight so you know that the man you're with will always keep you safe and close to him?"

Jasmine looked back and forth between the two men, trying to work out what answer would please both of them.

"The truth," Hayden ordered.

"I like it, sir," she whispered.

Hayden's frown remained as he took hold of the hand she'd wound into his hair and wrapped his fingers around her wrist. Looking back to her eyes, he offered her a small smile and licked the skin next to his grip, giving the pleasure she took from being held his blessing.

She smiled tentatively back at him, and then at Stafford.

"You like this too, don't you?" Stafford said as his free hand caressed her breast, his finger tips quickly making her nipple peak and plead for attention.

Hayden watched for a few moments before he lowered his head and lapped at her other nipple, sucking the tiny nub into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it. In

different ways each man's touch was exquisite, each man's hold on each of her wrists was perfect.

When Stafford lowered his head to her other nipple, she wanted nothing more than to reach out for them both, but hands tightened around her wrists and stopped her. An extra shot of arousal coursed through her body with the knowledge she belonged to them both more and more thoroughly with each moment she spent in their bed.

As Hayden's lips left her breast and began to kiss his way back to her clitoris, Stafford's teeth scraped against her nipple. She arched and bucked against the bed as somehow the two young men she was caught between began to work together rather than against each other.

Hayden licked at her clit, murmuring his enjoyment of her taste against her. At the same time, Stafford nipped at her nipple again, letting her craving for a real bite, and the pleasure that could bring, bubble and peak inside her.

Jasmine squirmed against the mattress. "Please," she whispered, right on the edge of her orgasm.

No longer able to distinguish which jolts of pleasure that raced through her body were given to her by each of the men, she only knew that it would take just the smallest extra little bit of stimulation to push her right over the edge.

"Please," she gasped again.

The hotel bedroom door swung open and crashed against the wall.

Jasmine let out a small cry. The men on either side of her practically launched themselves vertical and off the bed at the first click of the lock.

The handcuffs didn't seem to bother them at all right then, Stafford reached back and tossed the blanket up over her. Hayden was already half crouched next to him, as they stood at the bottom of the bed, ready to throw himself at whoever stepped into the room.

A low growl rumbled in the back of his throat. A shiver ran down Jasmine's spine. That wasn't the grumbling sound he made at Stafford when the vampire wouldn't let him have his own way. This version had a primal chill to it which no human would forget once they heard it.

Mr. Washington strode into the middle of the room. Stafford and Hayden seemed to hesitate when they recognised him. They slowly morphed from the predators at the top of

the food chain back into young men who wouldn't be a match for Mr. Washington for several years to come.

Jasmine met Mr. Washington's eyes and held his gaze for several seconds. As soon as she saw his expression change at such a huge breach of protocol, she looked down. As the other members of the council trooped in behind them, she kept her gaze on the bed and forced herself to stay still and silent as she felt all their eyes trail over her.

Her hair was a ruffled mess, her skin flushed with arousal, her breaths came in pants. There was no way they couldn't smell their scent of their combined arousal still hanging in the air.

Jasmine quickly tried to push aside the idea that the council were intruding upon something private and intimate right then. She was there to serve, she reminded herself again. They'd screwed her, not made love to her. They weren't her lovers, and they weren't her masters either.

"It seems finding a common interest has helped them after all."

Jasmine cast the briefest possible glance at the two men standing at the bottom of the bed. It wasn't just the handcuffs keeping them together right then. Their very postures showed they were presenting a united front against anyone who walked into their space unannounced and uninvited.

"I trust this little venture has got your petty disagreement out of your system?" the female vampire asked.

The two young men glanced at each other. Jasmine knew it had worked just as the council wanted it to. She doubted many things would break the bond she saw growing between them. The safety of the council's future was reasonably secure already. But she doubted either of them was willing to admit as much yet.

She wondered if failing to bring them to understanding in one night would gain her another night in their bed, lying snugly, happily, between two strong bodies or if it would just lead to her being replaced by another submissive.

Hayden looked across at her. She didn't lower her eyes as quickly as she should have. She saw something peculiar in his expression before she looked away.

"We understand each other," he announced.

Jasmine risked a look back up. Stafford turned to Hayden and raised an eyebrow at the idea there was any such understanding in place.

Jasmine saw Hayden tug his wrist when Stafford would have disagreed with him.

"Jas did everything her old pack wanted her to do," Hayden said. "She convinced us to get on well with each other, didn't she?"

She felt Stafford looking across to her, but she couldn't bring herself to look up again to meet his eyes.

"Yes," the vampire said. "We understand each other just fine. Jasmine fulfilled her role perfectly."

"Then, I think we can consider the matter closed, don't you?" Mr. Washington said. He sounded very pleased with himself as he stepped forward and unlocked the cuffs linking the two men together.

Once they were free of the cuffs, they stepped away from each other.

Mr. Washington turned to her. "Come along."

"What?" Hayden and Stafford both stepped between her and the older man, trying to stare him down.

Jasmine knew it was pointless. A human didn't rise to the top of a council of paranormal beings by being scared of them—or to the top of a community of human dominants by showing any sign of fear either.

She hesitated, but her training gave her the strength to push past her reluctance to uncover herself. She slipped from between the sheets to kneel once more, naked before the council.

"Mine!" Hayden snapped when the Mr. Washington would have pushed past him. He put his hand in the middle of the man's chest and pushed him back several feet without even exerting himself.

"She belonged to both of you for the duration of the exercise. The exercise is over, neither of you have any claim to her," Mr. Washington explained, perfectly, calmly.

Stafford stepped in closer to him. "Are you telling us Jasmine has no say in this?" he asked coldly. "Surely it is up to the lady to decide who she belongs to?"

Mr. Washington looked from one of them to the other. "Very well," he said eventually. "She can have a free choice between you."

Stafford and Hayden looked at each other as Jasmine stared past them at Mr. Washington. Jasmine could practically see the tension ratchet up between them. Mr. Washington wasn't an idiot. The rest of the council might think everything would be fine between the two young men forever, but Mr. Washington had to see as clearly as she did that there was no way they were ready to compete with each other, over a woman or anything else.

Each man nodded their head, accepting his terms, and it was obvious each was sure she would pick him.

"But, it will be a *free* choice," Mr. Washington said. "Each of you will go to a different room in the hotel. When she has made her decision, she will go to whichever man she selects to be her master and that will be the end of it. You will both accept her decision without comment or recrimination towards her or the other man."

Stafford moved to stand in front of her. He touched her cheek and tilted her head back so he could look her in the eye. "If you don't feel safe with him, I won't leave you on your own with him," he said, glaring across at Mr. Washington.

Hayden came across and crouched down to be at her eye level.

"I'm fine, sir," she said to both of them.

With clear reluctance, they eventually took her at her word. A few minutes later they were dressed in what was left of their clothes and had left to wait for her in two of the bedrooms where other members of the council had spent the night. When the door closed behind them, the senior members of the council lost interest and filed out too.

Jasmine stared at the floor as possibilities rushed through her head. If they both wanted her to belong to them then... for the first time in as long as she could remember, she actually thought about accepting a man who offered her a place under his protection.

"Do you have any injuries to report?"

Mr. Washington's question dragged Jasmine out of her thoughts.

"No, sir," she said.

"Very well, then. Get dressed. We're leaving."

She looked up at him, all protocols tossed aside. "You told them..."

"And when you don't arrive at their door, they will each believe you have gone to the other man."

Jasmine stared at him, at first unable to work out what he was telling her. "Sir, you said..." she trailed off.

"Are you questioning my orders?"

Jasmine shook her head. "I'm sorry, sir. I don't understand...you said."

"Do you believe that I will look after you, that I have your best interests in mind when I exercise my control over you?" he asked.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, sir, but..."

"Then you will do as you are told," Mr. Washington said.

Jasmine closed her eyes for several long moments. He had always given her a free choice before. She knew the older man wouldn't order her away from someone who offered her a place in his house on a whim. None of that made it any easier for her to obey him right then.

Finally, she forced herself to nod. "Yes, sir."

It took more effort than she would have ever believed possible to put on her clothes and leave the room with Mr. Washington right then. On the way out of the hotel, she looked at each of the bedroom doors they passed, wondering if she was walking past one of the rooms Stafford and Hayden were waiting in.

She shook her head at herself. Mr. Washington was right – she'd been crazy to think she could go to either of them. She forced herself to remember the truth of the matter – they'd been more focused on each other than her – it was only novelty and a competitive nature that led them to have even a passing interest in her.

That would have faded away in a few days and what would have become of her then? She glanced across at Mr. Washington as she got into his car. He turned his attention to her for a few moments and studied her carefully.

"Sir?" she asked, when the depth of his focus on her became uncomfortable.

"Take a few days," he told her with surprising gentleness for a man who never forgot who the master was during a scene.

"Sir?" she said again, panic suddenly bursting inside her.

"I'm not disowning you," he chided as he saw the worry in her eyes. "You spoke about visiting your family for a few days a little while ago. Take a few days to put both men out of your mind. Sometimes the paranormals can get inside a submissive's head far more

easily than a human master. Caught between the two of them all night, it's no wonder you're off balance. Take a few days, see your family, and come back to the club ready for the weekend. We'll discuss everything then."

He was right. She was off balance.

In that condition, Jasmine clutched onto the order like a lifeline.

"Yes, sir."

Chapter Three

Stafford stormed through the club. As hard as he tried to focus on the women swarming through the shadowy rooms, they really didn't appeal to him. It had been three days since his last feeding and still, all he could think about was how the hell Jasmine could have picked the damn wolf over him.

The man had no idea what he was doing with a woman. He had no idea what he was doing full stop. He was an idiot. Stafford could barely close his eyes without imagining Jasmine's fate.

Perhaps Hayden would treat her as well as he knew how, the vampire allowed. After seeing how careful he had been with Jasmine, he didn't think the wolf was capable of real cruelty, but what of the other wolves in the pack? Hayden seemed very happy to share his lover with him, what if he didn't have the sense to keep Jasmine to himself now she really belonged to him?

A low growl was Stafford's only warning before someone launched himself at him. Stafford just managed to put his hands out in time to avoid going face first into the wall. "What the hell!" He swung to face his attacker. Hayden loomed between him and the room.

"You couldn't stay faithful to your mate for one week, could you?" the wolf demanded.

"What the hell are you talking about now?" Stafford snapped, pushing the larger man away from him. He looked around, eager for the sight of Jasmine and already wondering if he could convince her to change her mind. "Where's Jasmine?"

Hayden growled and pushed him back against the wall. "You can't even keep track of her. How the hell are you supposed to be her alpha if you can't even..."

"What are you on — she picked..." he faded away at the same time as Hayden. "She didn't come to your room?" Stafford realised.

Hayden frowned down at him, the hand against his chest stopped trying to push Stafford through the wall.

They held each other's gaze, each waiting for the other man to blink, each hoping the other man would confess he was in the club screwing around behind her back, just so he could know Jasmine belonged to one of them and was safe.

"I wouldn't be here looking for blood if she'd come to me," Stafford said.

Hayden stepped back and let him move away from the wall. "Where is she?"

"Washington," Stafford remembered. "The human's name was Washington." He stormed toward the exit. In moments he'd pushed past the crowds and was outside in the cold night air, throwing himself into his sports car. Before he could even slam his door, the other door opened and Hayden folded his bulky frame into the small space on the passenger seat.

Stafford stared across at him. He bit back the order to get out of his space and out of his car. It was just possible a wolf might be useful if everything came down to brawn rather than brain.

"We find her and we bring her home," Stafford said. "We'll sort out whatever the hell is going to happen between you, me and her later. Deal?"

Hayden nodded and slammed the car door.

Stafford turned the key and put his foot down. "Washington owns a club on the other side of town," he told the wolf.

Hayden nodded again.

Stafford cast a glance at him. Hayden's normally over cheerful countenance was conspicuously absent. In fact, the guy looked ready to kill. "We'll find her," Stafford said.

Hayden nodded once more.

"And when we find her, you're going let me do the talking," Stafford went on.

"You talk," Hayden agreed.

His tone of voice said everything he needed to say. While Stafford was talking, Hayden might well occupy himself by ripping the throat out of whoever Jasmine was with now.

He looked across at Stafford. "She is *our* alpha female. Our pack. She wouldn't walk away from us unless she had no choice. If someone has hurt her, I will kill him."

Stafford stared out of the windscreen and made no comment. Maybe the werewolf wasn't as stupid as he looked. It sounded like a damn good plan to him.

By the time they reached the club there was a low persistent growl building in the back of Hayden's throat. For some reason, the bouncer took one look at them and waved them through without a word about the queue of people they'd walked past.

Mr. Washington stood on the far side of the club. In the darkness, it took a vampire's night vision to pick him up, but Hayden obviously wasn't reading the room with his eyes—he took one sniff of the air in the club and he was off across the room.

By the time Stafford caught up, Hayden had picked Mr. Washington up by the neck and had him pinned to the wall, his feet dangling several inches off the floor.

"Where is she?" Hayden demanded.

"Perhaps he'll answer you more readily if you release his windpipe," Stafford said, from a few paces behind him. Cold amusement dripped from his voice—if Jasmine was not at stake, he imagined it might be a great deal of fun to play bad cop to Hayden completely-bloody-psychotic cop.

Hayden reluctantly lowered the man to his feet. Stafford stepped in close to him, crowding the man into a corner.

"Jasmine left the hotel with you. Where is she?" he demanded.

The human was far more resilient than any other Stafford had met. He didn't look the least bit impressed with their interrogation technique.

"Neither of you have any claim on her," he said calmly. "She signed a contract. She belongs to me."

Hayden began to growl low in the back of his throat again.

"Where is she?" Stafford demanded, leaning in close to the human man so he had no space at all to breathe.

"She went away for a few days. She's staying with family. I don't know where." He sounded incredibly bored by the conversation.

Hayden's growl escalated.

Mr. Washington looked from one of them to the other. "Grow up both of you—she's no toy for you to play your petty games with. And do stop trying to play above your weight—I've been dealing with vampires and werewolves since long before either of you were born. Neither your parents nor your grandparents scare me, you two aren't about to

either. Especially not when I remember you as a scruffy little pup, and you as a bawling baby."

Stafford cleared his throat, suddenly feeling rather like a child who was about to be sent to bed without his supper.

"And I remember both of you before you hit puberty and decided to hate each other – apparently for no good reason other than to annoy your parents."

Stafford opened his mouth, he closed his mouth, then he pulled himself together. "Whatever you remember of us, neither of us is a child any more – Jasmine belongs to us."

"No, she does not. Neither of your species has ever had any idea how to keep a human submissive," Mr. Washington said. "Your lot always go back to your pack and your lot never keep one of your 'human pets' around for longer than a few feedings. Jasmine deserves a damn sight better than either of you."

"She is my pack," Hayden snarled.

Mr. Washington stared back at him, obviously not the least impressed with the show of temper.

"You sent her to us," Stafford reminded him.

"She's been rather annoyingly able to remain detached from every damn master I've tried to place her with up until now – who could have known she'd be foolish enough to take an interest in two childish idiots."

"What?" Hayden blinked. "You're her alpha..."

"I'm her trainer," Mr. Washington said coldly. "I have no interest in the girl."

"Right," Stafford said – as if any man could 'train' Jasmine and not give in to the temptation to enjoy what she seemed to offer far too freely.

Mr. Washington smiled slightly, amusement dancing in his eyes for a moment. "You two are both far more my type than she will ever be," he informed them.

It was Stafford's turn to blink.

"Sir?"

Stafford turned around, a young man stood near them with a tray of drinks. He looked from them to Mr. Washington and back again.

"It's fine, Stewart. These are the two gentlemen I told you about. They're looking for Jasmine."

"Do you know where she is?" Stafford demanded.

The young man looked him up and down with more haughtiness than he had ever seen in someone who wasn't one of his own species. "She's not here. And my master says you're not good enough for her."

Mr. Washington chuckled, genuine affection warming his voice. "*Now* the boy starts listening to me."

Hayden turned and looked over his shoulder, then he looked back to Mr. Washington. "He is your pack," he observed. "He's your mate."

Mr. Washington nodded.

"Jasmine is our pack," Hayden told him seriously. "She is our mate. She belongs with us, just as he belongs with you. Can't you understand that?"

"Both of you?" Mr. Washington asked.

"Yes," Stafford said, without even thinking about what he was actually saying.

The human looked back and forth from one to the other of them. "She'll be here tomorrow," he said. "It's her choice if she will accept you or not."

"You said it was her choice before."

"If you hadn't come to get her now, you wouldn't have been worth choosing. And she was in no condition to make the choice right then."

Stafford narrowed his eyes. "If anyone has hurt her, we will kill you."

Mr. Washington didn't seem at all impressed with the threat.

Stafford stepped back, seeing nothing else to be done with the human. "Tomorrow," he said and turned away.

Hayden followed along behind him and got into his car as if it was obvious he would be welcome there.

Stafford started the car and considered his options. He wasn't about to leave the wolf on his own, so Hayden could go off and search for Jasmine without him. "You can stay at my place," he offered.

* * * *

Stafford's bedroom door swung open. Hayden stood framed in the moonlight, just visible as a shadowy outline.

"What?" Stafford demanded, leaning up on his elbow. After finally getting the other man to go to bed in the early hours of the morning, he was damned if he was going to get up before noon. He glanced at his watch. "It's four o'clock – you haven't even been in bed an hour!" God, it was like babysitting a damn toddler!

Hayden calmly walked across the room and got into the bed next to him.

"Get out," Stafford demanded.

"Wolves don't sleep alone," Hayden said, making himself comfortable in Stafford's bed.

"Well, vampires do!" Stafford informed him.

"You didn't sleep on your own a few nights ago."

"That was different – Jasmine was with us then."

"We aren't a proper pack without Jasmine," Hayden said sadly.

Stafford hesitated when he saw the pain and the worry in the other man's eyes.

"We'll find her tomorrow," Hayden said. It sounded suspiciously like he was trying to reassure himself, not Stafford.

Stafford sighed. "I suppose I can put up with you for one night if I have to. Just stay on your side of the bed."

Hayden turned his head on the side. "Why?"

"I'm not used to sharing my bed with another man." He would have felt a hell of a lot better about it if Jasmine was sleeping in between them.

"Packs always sleep together," the wolf explained.

"Fine – here are the rules. You stay on your side of the bed and you keep your hands, your tongue and all other parts of your anatomy to yourself. Understand?"

"You think I want to have sex with you," Hayden observed. "Like Mr. Washington and Stewart."

Stafford hesitated. He really didn't want to have this conversation on top of everything else, but perhaps it would be better to have everything sorted out between him and Hayden before Jasmine got back and got caught in the middle of this mess as well.

"Do you?"

Hayden shook his head. "You are not my mate. Jasmine is my mate. You are a member of my pack. It is different."

Stafford tried to fit that idea in with a grown man getting into bed with him in the middle of the night.

"Packs usually sleep closer together," Hayden observed after a little while.

"You're in my bed, don't push your luck, pup."

Stafford watched the wolf warily as he thought about that. Reaching his decision, the other man pushed the blanket back and climbed on top of the covers. Moving firmly onto Stafford's side of the bed, he crouched over his legs.

Before Stafford could even decide what curse word best fitted the situation, the man began to morph. In seconds Stafford was looking down at a perfectly formed wolf.

Yawning to work his jaw into just the right shape, Hayden stretched and settled himself comfortably close to the only available member of his pack. Stafford looked down the bed at the other man... at the wolf... at Hayden.

He supposed it was a compromise of a sort. Humans let dogs sleep at the bottom of their bed all the time. Vampires didn't generally get on well with animals they couldn't eat or bite, but as he met the wolf's eyes he saw how much the other man was trying to make him feel better about the situation.

Stafford sighed once more. "Very well then, you can stay there, but I meant what I said. You keep your paws and your tongue to yourself – especially when I'm asleep."

The wolf... Hayden nodded.

Stafford lay back and looked up at the ceiling. "Jasmine will be fine," he told Hayden, because the wolf and the man he'd been until a few seconds ago obviously needed to hear it.

As he closed his eyes, he repeated it to himself without so much as an excuse to hide behind. Jasmine would be fine. She had to be.

* * * *

Stewart was waiting for her as Jasmine stepped through the back door of the club.

Jasmine hesitated. "Mr. Washington told me I could go away for a few days," she said.

Stewart smiled. "I know. But my master wanted to speak to you before you go through to the front of the club. There are a couple of guys looking for you, and I think he wants to make sure you have fair warning before you run into them."

Five minutes later, she was sitting in Mr. Washington's office behind the club.

"Did your time away help you gain some perspective on recent events?" Mr. Washington asked, as Stewart put a cup of tea in front of her and settled himself on the floor at Mr. Washington's feet.

Jasmine nodded and stared into her cup.

"You're not in a scene now, Jasmine," Mr. Washington corrected. "Look up and look me in the eye when you answer me."

She met his eyes across the table and forced a weak smile. "You were right, sir. The vampires, the werewolves—they get inside your head somehow. I'll get over it."

"So you're still committed to living this lifestyle, to finding a master?"

She nodded, very determinedly.

The older man was silent for a few minutes. She waited, wondering if he had another man in mind for her.

"Stafford Ingram and Hayden Griffith came to look for you," Mr. Washington said.

She blinked at him. "They..." Jasmine could feel the colour drain out of her face.

"You're not quite over them, then?" Mr. Washington asked.

She looked back to her tea, her hands were shaking. She wrapped them around the cup and let the heat from the tea seep into her palms.

"It's your choice if you meet with them. It's your choice if you leave the club with them. But, if you doubt your ability to say no to them and mean it, I would suggest you think very carefully before you agree to speak with them. They both appear quite..." he paused, searching for the right word. "Quite intent upon making some sort of arrangement with you."

Jasmine took a deep breath, trying to calm herself as her pulse raced. "They want me to belong to them?"

"Vampires and werewolves don't often take on human submissives," he said. "I can't guarantee what sort of arrangement they have in mind or how long it would last for."

Jasmine's mind swirled with different possibilities, some of them amazing, some of them terrifying and every single one of them worth risking if the end result was one of the only two men she'd ever really be able to think of as her master taking her on as his submissive.

She looked up. The moment their eyes met, she knew Mr. Washington saw the decision in her eyes.

"Very well," he said and stood.

"I should go and get ready," she said, setting her tea aside.

Mr. Washington looked her up and down. "You'll do very well as you are now."

"Sir?"

"I doubt either of them would be impressed by an outfit which makes it clear you came to the club tonight to meet a man that wasn't either of them," he told her gently. "It appears both... gentlemen seem quite possessive of you."

Jasmine nodded. She swallowed down her nerves and followed Mr. Washington out into the main part of the club.

She saw Stafford first – standing by the bar and glowering at everyone who walked past him. He looked at his watch.

"Five minutes since the last time you checked," she heard Hayden say. The werewolf had his back to her, but he turned suddenly, inhaling deeply.

Stafford turned to face her a second later. He strode across the room and took hold of her arm, immediately moving her away from Mr. Washington.

Hayden grinned and put his arms around her waist, pulling her in close to his body and nuzzling her neck.

"Has he hurt you?" Stafford asked her.

He wanted her to say yes, she could hear it in his voice. He wasn't looking for a reason to launch himself at Mr. Washington right then, just an excuse.

"No, sir, he's never hurt me. Mr. Washington has never been anything but very kind to me."

"She's telling the truth," Hayden reported as he kissed her neck. "She's not afraid of him."

"You didn't choose either of us," Stafford said.

Jasmine looked down.

Hayden and Stafford both reached for her face to make her look up at the same time. She looked from one to the other. In that moment, she realised that even if Mr. Washington hadn't taken her out of the hotel, she wouldn't have knocked on either of their doors. Perhaps in the back of her head, she'd always known that and it was why she'd walked out of the hotel with barely a word of protest.

"I can't choose," she blurted out, pulling away from them both.

Each man held onto her, stopping her retreat.

"I'm sorry, sir. I can't choose between you. Everything rests on you two forming an alliance and..."

Stafford put his finger tips over her lips to stop the sudden stream of words. "We have an alliance, Jasmine, and you're right in the middle of it. You are part of our alliance. Vampire, Human, Werewolf."

Jasmine shook her head. "Mr. Washington was right. This is a bad idea." This wasn't going to work.

Hayden growled.

Jasmine looked from him to Stafford, the vampire looked equally unimpressed with the idea Mr. Washington had ever been right about anything.

"His opinions are irrelevant. You don't belong to him. He told us he's not your master, he's just your trainer. He has no claim on you."

"Trainer yes, but I still have a contract with Jasmine," Mr. Washington corrected him.

Hayden's growl went up a notch. Jasmine automatically reached out to him to stroke his skin and soothe his nerves.

"One week," Mr. Washington decided.

"What?"

"You may both consider yourselves to be her master for the next week. At which time she will be brought back to this club. Jasmine will then be given a free choice, if she still wishes to belong to one or both of you, then perhaps the next scene will last a month, and so on and so forth."

"She belongs to us now," Hayden said. "She is our pack, not yours."

"She is a human, and until both she and I are satisfied the life you two can give her is what she wants and what she needs, I retain the right to call her back to the contract she signed with me at any time, and she retains the right to ask either or both of you to return her to me at any time too."

"No," Stafford's grip on her arm tightened.

"Ours," Hayden said.

Mr. Washington didn't even blink.

"Do you really think you can stop us?"

"Yes."

Stafford's eyes narrowed.

"The council will accept my contract with her as proof of ownership of Jasmine."

Hayden shook his head. "She is not part of your pack, she doesn't belong to you."

Stafford's eyes hadn't left Mr. Washington. "Come along, Jasmine," he said. "We're leaving now."

Jasmine looked across at Mr. Washington. He nodded to her, giving her permission to leave. "One week," he reminded her and them.

She could feel the cold fury pouring off Stafford and the confusion surrounding Hayden. As the two men turned away from Mr. Washington, she saw him roll his eyes at the two younger men.

It wasn't the first time she'd seen him express his exasperation with them. While arranging the challenge he had made her well aware he thought they were both idiots. Although, she'd only once heard him admit he vaguely remembered being just as stupid as they were when he was their age.

Jasmine bit back a smile at him and turned away from him to follow Stafford and Hayden out of the club. When they reached the car Stafford put her firmly in the back and tugged Hayden back when he would have got in there with her. Hayden grumbled but he got into the front passenger seat.

"Since you left the hotel, has any man hurt you?" Stafford asked, catching her eye in the rear view mirror.

She shook her head. "No, sir."

"Have you submitted to anyone?" he asked. "Had sex with anyone?"

She shook her head again. "No, sir."

"Good girl." he said, more to himself than her if she was any judge. Some tiny part of the anger bubbling inside him seemed to settle.

Hayden twisted in his seat and looked past the headrest at her.

Stafford nudged him. "Turn around."

"Why?"

"You can look at her as much as you want to once we get home."

Hayden gave a long suffering sigh and turned around. Something between them had changed since she'd last seen them, their tentative truce seemed to have deepened into some sort of understanding, but by the time they reached the apartment, each man was watching the other one somewhat warily.

"How may I please you, sir?" she asked as knelt on the floor half way between them.

"Not sir," Hayden said suddenly. "I don't want you to call us sir."

"Speak for yourself," Stafford said.

"She calls everyone sir, we aren't everyone."

Stafford looked across at her. "Master, would be more suitable," he decided.

"Yes, master."

"Alpha," Hayden said.

"Yes, alpha," she responded, looking back and forth between one of them and the other.

Neither of them seemed quite sure what to do with her now they had her. Mr. Washington was right, neither of them had owned a submissive before—that much was obvious. And they were still young enough to be worried about looking like a fool in front of the other man if she should rebuff any advance they made towards her.

"How may I serve you?" she asked.

Hayden crouched down and stroked her cheek. "Come to bed?" he asked.

"You have no idea how to treat a woman with respect," Stafford snapped.

"You want her too. Scent doesn't lie, and she wants us as well, don't you Jas?"

He smiled at her as Stafford frowned at them both. Then Stafford gave in and held out a hand, helping her to her feet. "Perhaps the simplest ways are sometimes the best," he allowed. "Come to bed. There will be time enough to talk later."

Their clothes dropped away as they walked. Once they were all naked in the bedroom, Stafford turned to her. He reached out and stroked her lips with the tip of his fingers.

She smiled up at him without needing him to put the order into words. "Yes, master."

He took her hand in his and walked backwards until the backs of his knees hit the bed. He sat naked on the edge of the bed, leading her to kneel at his feet. She automatically leaned in and pressed a lapping kiss to the tip of his stiffening cock.

Hayden crouched down besides her and touched her cheek.

Stafford glared at him. Jasmine looked from one man to the other. She could practically read what the vampire thought right then – fairness suggested the man who went second yesterday would go first today, but the vampire wasn't inclined to give a damn about fairness right then.

"He doesn't like that," Hayden said.

It wasn't at all what she expected him to say.

Jasmine hesitated and pulled away, looking up at the two men for further instruction. "I'm sorry, master," she said. "I thought..."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Stafford demanded, turning to the other man.

"You said you don't like people to do that," Hayden reminded him.

Stafford rolled his eyes and sighed. "I don't like men. The statement is hardly relevant to Jasmine, is it?"

"Because she is female you don't mind."

Jasmine looked back and forth between them, wondering what exactly had gone on between the two men while she had been out of the way.

Stafford touched her cheek. "Ignore the pup. This is exactly what I want."

She nodded and pushed the matter aside, leaning in to take the tip of Stafford's cock into her mouth. Wrapping him in the wet heat between her lips, she felt him quickly stiffen. Her tongue flickered and swirled over the head of his cock, seeking out all the most sensitive points as she made the most she possibly could of everything she had been taught over the years.

Hayden sat patiently on the bed next to Stafford, watching every movement of her lips against his cock, apparently content to wait his turn again. Then he suddenly seemed to realise it wasn't essential for him to wait and he got off the bed. Jasmine tracked his

movements as he walked around behind her. The other man ran his hands down her back, casually caressing her and she felt annoyance suddenly surge inside Stafford.

Hayden's hands left her back. Dipping his head, he lapped at her clit. Jasmine murmured her pleasure and let the vibrations shoot straight through her mouth and into Stafford's cock. He stroked her cheek, telling her to look up at him when her eyes drifted closed.

His expression told her very clearly that she was his. Right then, she could tell it didn't matter to Stafford that the pleasure she whimpered around his cock was given to her by another man. In that one moment, she knew she belonged to him and nothing would ever change that.

Hayden stopped licking her clit and she felt him move away from her for a moment before the blunt pressure of his cock pressed against her slit. Stafford kept looking into her eyes as Hayden pushed into her. She couldn't hide anything from him right then. She knew he saw all the emotions flash across her eyes.

Jasmine did her best to keep working his cock in her mouth. She was so desperate to please him – to prove to both men that she could please them both, that she could belong to them both, at the same time.

Stafford touched her cheek and she knew she had failed. One glance up and she dropped her eyes again. Mortified at her failure to be able to please them both, she let his cock slip from between her lips.

Before she could say anything in apology, he slipped his finger into her mouth. She looked up at him in confusion. He moved his finger between her lips. Working entirely on instinct, she wrapped her lips tight around the digit, sucking on the tip of his finger.

He smiled down at her and moved his finger again, coaxing her to keep working the digit as best she could as her body was overwhelmed by the sensation of Hayden's cock swelling inside her and her own most intimate muscles began clenching around his shaft.

Stafford pulled his finger from between her lips and she instinctively leaned forward, trying to keep it in her mouth. A moment later she sucked hard on the very tip of his finger, her teeth grazed the skin and she was very glad he had the sense to replace his cock with his finger.

She bucked between the two men, coming fast and intense and without any warning. She sucked hard on Stafford's finger as pleasure flashed through her body.

Jasmine felt the bond the werewolf formed with his lovers finish sealing them together as she clamped down around. As her head started to clear, she looked up at Stafford. Her mind started to work again, well enough for her to realise it wasn't his finger that Stafford really wanted her to suck on right then.

Stafford dropped his hand to his side and simply gave her the freedom to submit to him however she wanted to without offering her a single instruction. Jasmine nuzzled into his body, rubbing her cheek against the inside of his thigh and working her way back to his cock.

She took the long, slim shaft into her mouth and bobbed her head into his lap. Inside her, she could feel her muscles working around Hayden's shaft, trying to draw him further into her body than would ever be physically possible.

His cock jerked inside her as he spilled more of his pre-cum into her slit. That set off another wave of contractions inside her. She sucked hard and fast around Stafford's cock as she came a second time.

His body jerked in response as she dragged him over the edge with her, and he came into her mouth. Hayden reached out and stroked her throat as Stafford's hand reached in the opposite direction and traced a path down her back.

The muscles in her throat worked in time with those inside her, pulling the vampire's semen inside her just as she coaxed Hayden's out of his cock with another set of muscles.

Hayden stroked her hair very gently, praising her and soothing as she let the vampire's cock slip from her lips.

"Can you move onto the bed?" Stafford asked.

Hayden nodded and moved them both onto the bed to join Stafford. The werewolf lay pressed close against her back, cuddling into her body as he kissed her neck. Stafford brushed her hair back from her neck at the same time, and it was obvious the vampire obviously wanted to feed. Jasmine looked over her shoulder at Hayden and then back to Stafford, trying to think of a way she could offer her blood to one man without taking her body away from the other.

Hayden turned her face toward him and studied her carefully. Then he nodded and, taking hold of her hand, he offered her wrist to Stafford. The vampire's gaze fixed onto the small patch of skin where the veins came closest to the surface.

Lifting her wrist to his mouth, he pressed a gentle kiss onto the spot where he would feed from and met her eyes. She nodded. His teeth broke the skin.

Jasmine's muscles clamped down around Hayden pushing both her and himself over the edge into a final spasm of muscles that marked his final release. He collapsed behind her, wrapping his body more firmly around hers, gathering her close to rest with him as his erection began to slowly fade inside her.

He pressed a sleepy kiss to her neck, and she murmured her contentment as Stafford's feeding turned into a sleepy tasting.

He lay down closer to them than he had the previous night. Hayden caught the other man's wrist and pulled him closer still.

"Bond," he said.

Stafford looked incredibly sceptical.

"With Jas," Hayden specified. "Rest with your pack and bond with your mate."

The vampire moved a little closer and Hayden arranged them with all the ease of a man used to sleeping in a tangled mess of limbs.

Stafford met her eyes. "Rest now," he told her. "We will all talk later."

Jasmine nodded.

Stafford pressed a kiss to her lips. "Everything will be fine. You belong to us now – we will look after you – regardless of what that bastard thinks about us."

She smiled back at him, thinking Mr. Washington would be quietly pleased by the title.

"You are safe now, love."

"Yes, master."

Hayden nuzzled at her neck until she turned her head to offer his lips to him too. "Ours," he whispered.

"Yes, alpha," she replied.

"And the bat means to say he's pretty damn sure we are both falling in love with you – he's just too embarrassed to say so in front of me."

Stafford glared at him, but he didn't go so far as to deny any of it.

"I think I'm falling in love with both of you, too," she whispered back.

They both smiled down at her and pressed a last sleepy kiss to her lips.

Minutes later, they were both sound asleep. Jasmine tried to turn over to find a more comfortable position. Two strong pairs of arms wrapped tightly around her holding her in place.

Jasmine smiled to herself and closed her eyes, caught firmly between her master and her alpha.

About the Author

Kim is 25 years old, from a small town in South Wales.

After writing for years, Kim is finally editing some of the stories to share with the rest of the world. Kim writes both male/male and male/female stories that range from the dark and paranormal right through to the lighter, funnier side of life.

The only thing every story contains is a happy ever after for the two (or more!) characters that deserve it most. Oh, and kinky sex – there's always plenty of that too – but Kim takes no responsibility for any of that. It's all the characters' fault. Honest...

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MATING SEASON

Nadia Aidan



Dedication

To Rosie, Roxy and April

Chapter One

"I need you and Roarke to mate with me."

Detective Gabriel Alekseev had just taken a sip of his morning coffee only to have it come spewing back up to stain the papers across his desk.

He stared at his partner and friend of almost two years, as if he was seeing her for the first time.

"What the hell did you just say?"

"You heard me, Gabriel. I need you and Roarke to mate with me," Collette Talbot repeated as she folded her arms across her chest.

He stared at her in shock, unable to believe how calm she appeared, as if what she was suggesting wasn't the least bit bizarre.

He pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long breath. Where did he even begin?

"Okay, putting your statement aside for just a moment, can I ask you *why* you require the *services* of me and my best friend?"

For the first time since she'd barged into his office, she actually looked distressed. Well good, because that made two of them. She flopped down in the leather chair on the other side of his desk and released a sigh, her lovely cinnamon face glowing red as if she could barely contain a fury that simmered just beneath the surface.

"I'm in heat, or at least I will be in a week."

Seconds ticked by in silence before he realised she wasn't going to elaborate. "Okay, and?" He hedged.

"*And*, this will be my tenth cycle in heat."

Gabriel felt all the blood he'd consumed that morning drain from his face. He wasn't privy to all of the rituals that went with each supranatural species, but he knew enough about lycans to know mating season only came around once a decade, and it was a time of intense physical and sexual urges for lycan females, so intense that one man wasn't always enough to satisfy her.

"You want Roarke and me to mate with you, during your *mating season*?" He frowned at the high pitch of his voice, shocked that he sounded like a teenage boy, but still more shocked by what she'd said.

"Yep, pretty much." She shrugged, seemingly unfazed by any of this, and that made him all the more nervous.

"*Pretty much*? Damn it Collette, are you insane?"

Detective Collette Talbot cringed as her partner let loose a string of curses, his rising temper infusing his cheeks with crimson heat.

"You march in here, with this half-baked plan, and you haven't even worked out all the details in your head, especially the part about how we're partners and something like this could pose a problem. I can tell by how flippant you're being that you haven't even thought this through. When did you come up with this idea? Last night?"

This morning. "I don't see why you're so upset. And being partners really has nothing to do with this." She wisely chose not to address the *half-baked plan* part. He was already mad enough.

He shot her a quelling look, as if to say being partners had *everything* to do with it.

"Why can't you just do it with another *supra*?"

Do it? She frowned at his offhand comment. He made it sound as if she could just go roam the streets and pick up any guy who happened to walk by, but they both knew she couldn't. Her mating season was far too intimate. She wanted to spend it with someone she knew, someone she trusted.

"If you were me, would you want some random *supra* during a time like this?" She guessed not, given the dark frown that shadowed his face.

"But you go through mating season every ten years. Why do you need Roarke and me now? What have you done in the past?"

She shrugged. "I've always slept with humans, but with that new law about *supras* preying on humans – or doing anything that even looks like preying – well, that means humans are no longer an option. When I'm in mating heat, things can get a little wild. No one has ever been hurt before –" She shrugged again. "But let's just say things get a bit wild."

She almost burst out laughing at the strained expression on Gabe's face. He looked like he'd rather be having this conversation with anyone else but her.

"I don't understand what is so wrong with you just bonding with another lycan. You're almost a century old now. How long do you plan to put off starting a family?"

Her brows knitted together as she frowned at him, her blood simmering with anger at his audacity. The purpose of mating season was for lycan females to do just that and *mate* – but with a lycan male, which meant during that time females were more susceptible to bonding urges and highly fertile. But over the centuries, many lycan females had shunned the notion of mating simply for the sake of making pups, choosing instead to mate with humans and other *supra*, who they were less likely to form a bond with, and more importantly, less likely to wind up pregnant by. As long as she stayed away from a lycan male, she would be fine – *for the most part*.

"You seem so certain of what I should do with my life, but what about yours? How long do *you* plan on putting off having a family?"

His face reddened some more, if that was even possible, and he seemed visibly flustered by her question. "This isn't about me."

"Exactly. This isn't about you, it's about *me*, and you know I've said many times before that I'm not ready to mate and have pups. So, let's just leave it at that," she said, wincing slightly at her brusque tone. It wasn't Gabe's fault that he'd hit a sensitive nerve, but she couldn't help but bristle at his comment. Her entire family had an opinion about when she was going to start a family. She didn't need Gabe to add his two cents to the list.

"You're right. It's not my life, but if I found someone to mate with, I don't think I would run from that person."

She bit back the snappish reply on the tip of her tongue, at his self righteous tone. He couldn't understand why she wouldn't want a mate, just because he *did*. He hid it well, but she knew him better than most, and she knew his life was a lonely one. Deep down, Gabe yearned for the solace a mate would provide, the warmth of her touch, the reassurance that his existence was now meaningful. She understood Gabe's longing, because at times, she felt it, too, and just like him, she did her best to keep her yearnings buried deep.

He accused her of running from her mate, but she wanted to remind him that she wasn't running from her *intended* mate. Hell, if such a mate existed, she wouldn't run at all,

but he didn't exist, and she refused to be tied to a mate and have his pups when she wasn't in love with him.

But even if that wasn't an issue, there was simply no room in her life for a family with her job as a detective for the Las Vegas Supernatural Crime Unit. Her duties kept her so swamped with crazy hours and a mountain of cases that a heart mate and a pup were the last things she needed right now, which was why she'd turned to Gabriel.

Her handsome partner and his equally gorgeous best friend were a temptation she wasn't sure she should entice herself with, but they were her only option. When she went into heat, every lycan in the nearby vicinity would pick up her scent, and the first one to get to her would win the prize. She was far too independent and in control of her life to leave her future to chance.

"Look Gabe, I know there are some details that I still need to work out, but I wouldn't have come to you if I hadn't thought this through—" *Okay, that wasn't entirely true.* She'd spent the thirty-minute drive into work mulling it over, but really there wasn't too much to consider. She could either mate with another lycan and kiss her life, as she knew it, good-bye or take her chances with Gabriel and Roarke. When it came to the men in her life, there were no others she trusted more, which was why they were her first, last and only option.

"You and Roarke are really my only option."

"Your only option for what?"

Collette spun around in her chair as Detective Roarke Dimitru strolled into Gabe's office with all the confidence and swagger of the city's second oldest vampire.

She furled her lips into a small smile as her gaze raked over the ruggedly handsome man with his stubbled jaw and chestnut brown locks that curled lazily around his broad shoulders. His green eyes danced with flirtatious laughter. In a word, Roarke was the consummate *playboy*, and he knew it.

"Collette wants us to fuck her."

She shot Gabriel a hard look as her lips thinned into a tight frown. He didn't have to put it that way *exactly*, no matter that was exactly how she'd posed it to him.

"Hell yeah. I'm all in."

"Of course, you are," Gabriel said dryly to the man who'd been his best friend for over two centuries.

She ignored Gabriel as she flashed Roarke a warm smile.

"Thanks, Roarke. I knew I could count on you."

"Oh please, Collette. The only reason why you can count on Roarke is because he thinks with the head in his pants —"

"Hey! I resent that." Everyone might have actually believed that had Roarke not been standing there, wearing a smug grin, as if he was proud of his scandalous reputation. She shook her head as a smile spread across her face. Knowing Roarke, he probably was.

"Well it's true, and you know it. Besides, while you're all *gung ho*, did you even think to ask Collette for all the details, especially the one about how she could wind up *pregnant* after we're all done?"

She glared at Gabriel, pissed that he'd brought something up that really wasn't an issue. Sometimes, he could really be a self righteous pain in the ass.

"Whoa! You're hot Collette, and I'm sure any offspring of ours would be drop dead gorgeous, but I don't do vamp kittens or were pups," Roarke protested, as he held up his hands like an invisible shield. She rolled her eyes at his antics. No doubt Roarke thought having offspring was akin to death. It probably was given his *active* lifestyle.

Shooting to her feet, she moved to intercede before Gabriel could ruin her entire plan.

"Relax Roarke. You know lycans and vamps can only reproduce when the pairing involves true heart mates." She slid her gaze over both men. "And I think it's safe to say, none of us in here are heart mates, *but*," she added when both men opened their mouths, ready to unleash a barrage of questions and protests. "If it eases your mind, I can come up with a spell to deal with that. Just give me until the end of the day, and I'm sure I can conjure up something."

Roarke visibly relaxed, but Gabriel was a different story. One didn't become a master of an entire city, because he was rash or impulsive. No, Gabriel was extremely thorough and meticulous. Those qualities were what made him such a good detective. She appreciated them when they worked together, but at the moment she cursed him and his damn steady judgment, especially when he still looked at her with that sceptical expression of his.

"I still don't know —"

"Why don't we give Collette a chance to come up with a spell before we just shut her down? She's one of her kind's most powerful witches. I'm sure she can come up with

some —”

“Why are you so eager to jump into bed with her? You weren’t even here to hear her whole convoluted and half-baked story, and yet you’re ready to go.” Gabe said with a dark glower.

She glared at him. He was exaggerating. Her plan hadn’t been *that* half-baked.

Roarke shrugged his large shoulders, his lips curling into a lopsided grin. “I didn’t need to be here, I already know what’s going on. How old are you, Collette? Seventy? Eighty?” He didn’t wait for her to answer as he bulldozed ahead. “She’s obviously about to go through her tenth cycle, and it’s mating season —”

“I should have known you would know,” Gabe grumbled as he shook his head.

Roarke’s grin grew wider. “Who doesn’t? Besides, I’ve helped out a couple of lycan hotties a time or two before. You wouldn’t be so uptight about this stuff if you relaxed a little and got laid. You spend —”

“Thanks, Roarke. Was there something you needed?”

“Not really. I just heard my name when I was passing by, so I decided to drop on in.”

She chuckled when he winked at her. She had no doubt he’d been eavesdropping and decided to pop in to help her make her case.

“I need to get to work,” she said as she moved towards the door. “But will you at least consider my proposition?”

“Honey, you know I’m all in —”

“I’ll *consider* it,” Gabe finished, shooting Roarke a pointed glare.

“Well, that’s all I ask,” she said softly, her eyes fixed solely on Gabe before she turned on her heels and slipped out.

“What the hell is wrong with you, man?” Gabe said, shoving a hand through his midnight black mane that brushed against his shoulders.

“I should ask you the same thing. *Miss Hot Fineness* wants to make you her sex slave for eight hours, *at least*, and you’re all prepared to say *no*. Have you ever slept with a lycan chick during mating season? Man, I can tell you the sex is *hot*. I don’t know what’s wrong with you, or why you’re being so uptight about this?”

He shot his best friend a hard look as he leaned back in his chair, letting out a long ragged breath in the process.

Roarke was only a century younger than him, but in this case, that century made all the difference. His friend was a top notch detective, and was the best at what he did, but when he ended his shift, he was free to go on the hunt for pussy or blood or both.

The same wasn't true for him. When his shift was over, he had to return to his home and hear the complaints of the five vampire clan elders, who were constantly involved in power struggles – and that was on a slow day. Most nights, he was outside, hovering beneath the silver moon, tuning into the pulse of the night, listening for sounds in the darkness for any indication that something was amiss in his city.

No, Roarke didn't understand why his life wasn't just an endless orgy, because he didn't have the weight of an entire city on his shoulders. It wasn't just the vampire clans either. Humans, lycans, witches, and dark fey all came to his door to voice their concerns if a rogue vampire was on the loose, or if one of his kind messed up and harmed another species.

His life had not been carefree for almost fifty years, since he'd assumed control of *Sin City* from a rogue vamp.

At the time, he'd been fresh and eager to control his own city, to wield such power over several clans. As the youngest of five siblings, he'd been the last to inherit such an honoured responsibility, but now he understood why two of his brothers had turned their cities over to other elder vampires after finding their mates. It was an all consuming job, which left little time for anything else, and in his case, that also included meaningless sex and frivolous dating.

"I don't think I'm being uptight about any of this. I'm just considering what could happen if we don't think about this before we enter into an eight-hour fuck fest, as you seem to be so eager to do. Besides, I would think with your carefree life, the thought of getting any woman pregnant would scare the shit out of you."

A lazy grin spread across Roarke's face as he lowered his large frame into the same chair Collette had just deserted. "You forget, I've done this before, and there are no kittens and puppies walking around here. Actually, the last lycan I slept with was in her mating season, and it was no big deal. I shared her with another vamp, and it was all good."

His brows lifted. *He was sure it was all good.* "And how did you keep her from getting pregnant then?" He wasn't even sure he wanted to know, because then he'd have no excuse to turn down Collette. He was counting on her not being able to come up with a spell, because if she did, they were both going to be in some deep trouble.

"I don't know." Roarke shrugged. "I think she used some kind of temporary infertility spell on both of us. Whatever it was, it obviously worked. But it really doesn't matter because Collette's right. As long as we're not heart mates then there's no real chance of us getting her knocked up. Still, if it bothers you, I can ask my friend. It's been a few decades, but I'm sure, if I call her up, she could remember."

He frowned. "I'm sure Collette will figure it out if this spell is so *common*."

"Which is lucky for you, eh?"

Gabe narrowed his blue gaze at his friend, who didn't seem the least bit troubled by his icy stare. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You forget how well I know you."

Gabe shifted uncomfortably in his seat, not really sure if he wanted to hear where this was headed.

"But one doesn't have to know you well to know that you're interested in Collette. Actually, I'd say you're attracted to your partner, *very* attracted."

Gabe shifted again, suddenly feeling uneasy. Roarke was his best friend, and he could share almost anything with him, but he wasn't ready to share his feelings for Collette. Mainly, because he hadn't figured them all out himself. But also because, while it may be obvious that he was attracted to Collette, it was just as obvious that Collette was attracted to Roarke. That thought made the knot in his gut clench tight, but he did his best to ignore it. If Collette wanted Roarke, then he would just have to accept it and move on. It was just that he couldn't completely understand what a woman such as Collette saw in Roarke. It wasn't *just* because he was jealous, although he would be lying if he didn't admit that he wasn't immune to the pangs of the ugly green monster. But it was more than that. Considering how well he knew them both, he would have never thought Collette and Roarke well-suited. But maybe Collette wasn't interested in anything of substance and depth. Actually, the more he thought about it, the more it made sense.

Roarke was a handsome man, who loved to play the field, but maybe that's exactly what she wanted. He'd just been so sure, deep down, Collette wanted something more meaningful, but apparently he'd misjudged her.

Even if he hadn't read her wrong, it was still awfully hard not to miss the easy camaraderie that flowed between the two of them, and how comfortable they were around each other. Just moments ago, he'd been a witness to the intimate exchange that passed between them when Roarke winked at her, and she smiled back. They thought no one noticed, but it was impossible not to.

As wizened and mature he thought himself to be, he was finding it pretty damned difficult to accept that he was attracted to a woman, who obviously wanted his best friend. Yet, no matter how hard a pill it was to swallow, he was determined not to let it interfere with his relationship with either of them—especially Roarke.

Nothing had ever come between him and Roarke, certainly not a woman, and he didn't want Collette to be the first. If he could just manage to keep his feelings to himself, then they wouldn't become an issue.

Collette and Roarke could do what they so obviously wanted to do, without worrying about hurting his feelings. He would go on doing what he'd always done—return home to an empty bed that was always cold and run his city with a steady hand, no matter how lonely a life it was, and in spite of how futile his efforts seemed.

Roarke cleared his throat loudly, in a blatant gesture to force Gabe to address his loaded comment. But he wasn't sure if he could. How did he deny Roarke's words without outright lying?

"Collette is clearly an attractive woman, but she's my partner, which means our relationship must always remain strictly professional."

"Bullshit."

He was so stunned by that simple statement that it took him a second to collect his thoughts. "Why is that bullshit? It's the truth."

He didn't flinch under the weight of Roarke's stare. He couldn't. As the master of the city, he'd been conditioned to hold his ground, but it was damn near impossible when confronting a man who was as close to him as Roarke was, and who knew him as well as any of his brothers did.

"You only put your shields up with me when you're lying or when you don't want me to discover the truth. And they're always up every time I bring up Collette." He stood as he spoke. "You're attracted to her, I know it. If it makes you feel better, she's attracted to you, too."

"Have you been tapping into her thoughts? You know that's rude."

Roarke grinned as he lifted his shoulders in a slight shrug. "Maybe once or twice, but relax. I didn't get much more than she thinks you're sexy."

He snorted. "Yeah, and I'm sure your name followed soon after."

"Actually, no, it didn't."

"How is your ego dealing with that?" he joked, in an effort to break some of the tension that had suddenly descended upon the room. For months, he'd tried to avoid this conversation with Roarke, and he was determined not to have it now either.

"Make light of this all you want, but the only man who seems to enter Collette's thoughts is you."

Gabe opened his mouth to object, but never got the chance.

"Collette's a beautiful woman, and like you said, it's quite natural to find her attractive, but Collette and I aren't *attracted* to one another."

"Why are you telling me this?" His eyes narrowed to slits. He searched Roarke's normally open face that was now as blank as an empty canvas, which made him uneasy with suspicion. He'd been so careful about hiding his feelings for Collette. Was it possible that Roarke had discovered the truth?

"No reason," he said with a casual shrug. "I guess I just wanted to let you know that if we end up helping Collette through her mating season, when it's over, Collette and I will return to normal, and we will continue to be good friends, but still, *just* friends."

"And you think things will somehow be different between the two of us instead?" He didn't wait for him to answer, because truthfully he wasn't prepared to hear what Roarke had to say. "We've shared women before, and neither one of us has had any problem. I don't expect this to be any different."

"Yes, well, I just wanted you to know where I stood on this. Just so there isn't any *confusion*," he said. Before Gabe could probe him for the deeper meaning of his words,

Roarke slipped out of his office, leaving him to wonder *exactly* what his friend had really been trying to say.

"Damn it, Victoria. What the hell do you mean the spell isn't fool proof?" she hissed into her cell as she huddled outside, pressed against the side wall of the building that housed her unit. The walls served as a telepathic barrier, protecting all confidential and sensitive information inside her unit. As long as she was outside, no one could listen in on her thoughts *or* her conversation, which was why she'd ventured outdoors to call her older sister, because one could never be too careful with the place crawling with telepathic *supra*.

"Well, the infertility spell is foolproof. I can't believe you've never had to use it before. I don't know how human men could even compare —"

"Tory!" She snapped impatiently. Like many *supras*, her sister held a slight disdain for humans, the *weaker* species. So Tory had been shocked to learn that she'd never spent her mating season with another *supra*, which meant she'd never had to use it. For some reason human males were unable to impregnate lycan women, although the reverse wasn't the case. Still, it was impossible for a lycan female to get pregnant outside of her mating season, and with her affinity for human men, she'd never had to think of such things. That's why she preferred human lovers in the first place. No birth control hassles — like *now*.

"Oh yes, like I was saying. The infertility spell only works on vampires *and* as long as the vamp isn't your heart mate, otherwise it's useless. But as far as your bonding urges — well there's really nothing you can do about that."

"What bonding urges? I thought if I mated with two vamps, or any other *supra*, that I wouldn't have these stupid urges since they're not lycan."

"And normally you would be right...."

"Okay, so what's the problem this time," she asked when her sister's voice trailed off. *Uh oh*. She didn't like this at all. She could feel her sister's troubled energy even through the phone, and it was times like these when her sister's talent as a *seer* really scared her, because she knew before Victoria even opened her mouth that she was going to hate what she had to say.

"Well, Collette. I don't know how to say this —"

She clenched her eyes shut as she sighed. Tory always had a flare for the dramatic and Collette knew she derived a perverse pleasure from leaving her in suspense. "Oh, Victoria, just spit it out."

"Well, I've been having these visions of you for several months now. It's nothing substantive, or anything that I can pinpoint, but I just keep getting the feeling that this mating season you will finally find your heart mate."

She groaned aloud. *Not this again.* "That's ridiculous, Tory. I'm too old."

"Now that's ridiculous. You're immortal. There's no such thing as too old."

Collette closed her eyes again, this time touching her fingers to her temples as she worked to keep the migraine she felt coming on at bay.

Tory was such a hopeless romantic. She'd found her heart mate when she was just thirty, and could not imagine her life without Lucien or her two pups. Collette loved her sister and knew she was well intentioned, but Tory just didn't seem to understand that a heart mate really wasn't in her future.

"You're a cynic, do you know that—"

"Tory—"

"But, I don't have time to reprimand you about that right now, because I really need to get back to the pups. Before I go though, I just want to ask you something. These vamps that are going to help you through your tenth cycle—are you attracted to one of them?"

Tory's question was innocent enough, but not the image that came to mind as soon as she said it. The vision of a sinfully handsome vamp with eyes as blue as the sea, and hair as dark as night instantly flashed through her head. She stifled a groan as tiny butterflies fluttered in her belly and her nipples tightened. She quickly put up her mental shield to keep her sister from reading her thoughts. Tory would never let this go if she discovered Collette had a *slight* crush on her partner.

She laughed nervously, trying to dispel the vivid image of Gabriel in her head.

"Attracted to *one* of them? Tory if you could see these guys, they are hot! One is—"

"Oh, you don't fool me. Your shields are up, and you're babbling. Besides, you know what I meant. I didn't ask you if you found them attractive. I asked if you were *attracted* to one of them, and I know you know the difference."

Damn. How was she going to get herself out of this one? Tory was relentless when she sensed someone was hiding the truth. She would dig and dig until she got what she wanted. Collette nibbled on her bottom lip, as she searched her brain for a plausible lie that would give her just enough time to get off the phone.

Static crackled in her ear, as her sister sighed loudly into the receiver.

“Keep your secrets all you want, Collette, but be warned. If you go into this mating cycle with a *supra* that you have strong feelings for, you could wind up losing your heart. So just be mindful, those spells won’t be worth a damn if one of those vamps is your heart mate.”

Collette stifled a long groan, as she fought to keep her eyes from rolling in the back of her head. When would Tory give up this crusade of hers? She wasn’t cut out for a heart mate and it was as simple as that.

“I would think I’d know my heart mate when I met him,” Collette said, the sarcasm heavy in her voice.

The line was silent for several moments, and she almost thought her sister’s phone had dropped the call, when Tory’s voice came across the line, as little more than a hushed whisper, sending eerie shills racing down her spine.

“Not if he *isn’t* lycan,” she said slowly.

Every muscle inside Collette’s body tensed, forcing her to acknowledge that it was especially difficult for female lycans to recognize their heart mates if they weren’t lycans themselves. But then that was just so *rare*.

“Just remember, Collette, some heart mates are harder to spot, especially when you’re doing your best not to see.”

Chapter Two

“Did Roarke tell you I found a spell,” Collette whispered teasingly, her lips nearly brushing against Gabriel’s ear.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood at attention as Collette’s warm breath fanned out across his skin. Before she whispered in his ear, he’d known the exact moment she’d entered the break room, because he’d picked up the subtle scent of her perfume that smelled of honey and wildflowers. Despite his best effort not to physically react to her throaty purr and the heat of her body that was just inches from his, warmth still pooled in his loins as his body hardened.

He spun around to face her, his hands clamping around her upper arms. A tiny gasp fell from her lips, and her light brown eyes widened, telling him he’d surprised her with his abrupt movements.

“I do not want to play these games with you, Collette. You are my partner, and to be honest, I really wished you wouldn’t have put me in this position.”

She stared up at him, her lids fluttering over her eyes, and she appeared even more shocked, if that was possible.

“What does being partners have to do with this? I need you to *help* me. I came to you because you’re my friend, and I trust you. But if you would rather not—”

His hands tightened around her arms. “It’s not that I won’t do it,” he said softly, trying his best to ignore the wounded look in her eyes as the invisible knot in his gut tightened. *Damn, why did she have to affect him so powerfully?*

“Then what is it? It’s obvious you’re uncomfortable with all of this, but I don’t understand why.”

He released her arms to tunnel a single hand through his hair. He heard the question in her voice and knew exactly why she was so puzzled. His reaction was like that of a human. To humans, sex was a taboo arena with rules and boundaries, but not to supranaturals. *Supras* viewed it as a natural interaction between one another, just as natural as having a conversation.

As her closest male friends, it was considered normal for Collette to turn to Roarke and him for something like this. She'd assumed they would help her then, when all was said and done, they would all go back to being friends, as if nothing had happened. Ordinarily, he would have felt the same way. But this time was different.

He let out a long, uneven breath as he stared down into her expectant face. He knew she wanted an answer, but he didn't have one to give. Well, at least not one she wanted to hear.

He reached out his hand, and with the lightest of touches, he skimmed his callused fingers across the smooth surface of her full mouth.

"Are you sure this spell will work?" He couldn't believe he was actually going along with her reckless plan, but since he apparently was, there was no point in denying he was attracted to her. He knew nothing good would come of this in the end, so why not at least have a bit of fun before it all went to hell.

"Yes." She said with a small nod as her lips parted slightly, and he knew from the widening of her eyes, she instantly felt the change in him.

Blood pumped furiously through his veins, as his body grew harder. The scent of her arousal wrapped around him, and if he hadn't known already that she was nearly in heat, the essence of her unique scent, which was heavy in the air, would have instantly revealed the truth.

"You're trying to distract me." Her voice shook slightly, and he knew with the approaching full moon, her growing desires made it difficult for her to focus on anything besides her primal needs. "You're trying to keep me from asking why this makes you so uncomfortable."

"I never said I was uncomfortable with any of this." He hadn't been expecting her to realise what he was doing, but he shouldn't have been surprised. Besides his mother, she knew him better than any other woman.

"You're uncomfortable. I can feel it."

He closed the small distance between them, his other hand settling on her hip to drag her flush against his body. She gasped softly when his rigid length dug into the soft flesh of her belly. If there was any evidence that he *wasn't* uncomfortable, well then she now had it.

Everything inside him roared to life at the feel of her soft curves moulding to the hard planes of his body. His incisors lengthened as the steady throb of her pulse beat wildly in his ears. Lowering his head, he swiped his tongue against the base of her neck that peeked out above the collar of her blouse. He growled against her throat when she shuddered against him, her stiffened nipples stabbing into his chest.

"I'm not uncomfortable, my sweet Collette, but I think you might be. Or maybe uncomfortable is not the word. No, I think *you're* worried."

He vaguely felt her hands sliding up his back to tangle in his hair, so lost was he in his desire for her that beat so strongly within him, demanding that it be satisfied. He ached to settle her lush body against the floor, spread her thighs and sink his hardened length inside her warm, tight sheath. He knew instinctively that her body would eagerly welcome the invasion of his cock, and he nearly spurted right there in his pants as he imagined their bodies glistening with sweat as they both strained towards climax.

A knowing twinkle flashed in her eyes as she twisted her arms tighter around his neck, and he wondered if, maybe, he'd let something slip past his shields without realizing it.

"I'm not worried, Gabe. I trust you completely. I know you would never do anything to hurt me."

A knife twisted in his gut, and he felt like the world's biggest coward in that moment. He didn't deserve her trust, and he knew she would hate him when she discovered the truth. Even *he* wasn't ready to face the truth, and he certainly didn't want to face it right then. So he did what any good coward would do. He brushed it aside, focusing instead on the enticing distraction that was Collette, as he lowered his head to taste her, his mouth pressing against hers in a searching kiss.

He'd barely touched his lips to hers before she parted them. Her tongue sought entrance inside his mouth at the same time he probed the moist centre beyond the lush paradise of her berry lips. He devoured her slowly, savouring the heady taste of her as he sucked gently on her tongue, drawing her essence deeper within him until he felt as if she would seep from his pores.

They clung to each other, their bodies entwined in a lovers' embrace. He ached to explore her more fully, more intimately, but he knew now was not the appropriate time, and yet, he still couldn't find the strength to drag himself away from her.

"Gabe, I need you."

He groaned against her lips, as he backed her towards the wall of the break room, all thoughts of the right time and place long forgotten. Everything inside him burned for her, and his aching body was urgent in its need.

"I know you're not starting the party without me."

Gabe growled low in his throat, but he didn't pull away from her as Roarke stepped inside the break room and shut the door.

"Lock it," he whispered, his voice hoarse with need. Collette had set the stage, now it was time for them all to play their parts.

"Gabe, we're at work. We could get caught." Collette warned, her voice shaking slightly.

He curled his lips into a small smile as he slowly traced the curve of her full lips.

"We could," he said softly, letting the mystery of his words hover between them. They certainly could get caught, but then there was the chance that they wouldn't. Still the excitement of doing the forbidden spurred him on, daring him to do to Collette what he'd envisioned from the moment she'd propositioned him and Roarke.

He glanced at his friend, who wore a small grin, his eyes focused on Collette. He pushed along that telepathic link between them, speaking without words his plans for Collette. Roarke nodded, but didn't tear his gaze from Collette, who now stood before him, trembling.

He met her lust-filled gaze, the dark pupils of her eyes now clouded with desire. He slowly ran his hands down the length of her arms, gently stroking her bare skin. She was warm, her body flushed from the heat of her arousal and he drank in her essence, her lingering scent, as he leaned into her again, to taste her lips.

This kiss was harder, more urgent as he claimed her with his mouth. And she instantly responded by moulding her body to his, yielding to his probing lips. Every cell within him called out to her, desperately seeking the completion that she now offered. He ached to slide his length inside her warmth, but he clung to his iron will of self-control, resisting the demands of his body. She deserved more than a hasty fuck on the floor of the office break room, and he was determined to give that to her — and so much more.

Dragging his lips from hers, he gave her one last quick peck against her mouth before sliding down the length of her body to drop to his knees before her. With deft movements, he unsnapped her jeans and slowly tugged down the zipper.

He closed his eyes as he inhaled deeply, her musky scent filling his lungs. Reaching inside her jeans, he cupped the full swells of her ass and massaged gently before pushing her pants down to her ankles. She grasped the back of his head, anchoring herself against him, as she stepped out of her pants and kicked them aside.

Lifting his head, he held her gaze and a small knot tightened in his belly at the intimate look that passed between them. A lump formed in his throat, and he swallowed hard. Despite his earlier bravado, he knew making love to Collette would change everything, but it was too late now, he'd already agreed to help her. He was trapped.

Desire pumped through Collette's body, and she moaned low in her throat when Gabe's hands stroked the length of her bare thighs, hovering dangerously close to the centre of her womanhood.

She met his gaze, and a jolt of awareness shot through her at the look that flashed between them. But just as quickly as it came, Gabe's hooded eyes darkened, closing off his deeper emotions to her, leaving her to wonder if she'd imagined the intimacy of their exchange.

But the real emotion that floated between them just moments before had not been imagined, which was why she now stood there, hovering in the mist of desire, still clinging to self-doubts. She knew there was something about all of this that troubled Gabe, but he refused to admit to it. Even now as she stared down at him, he refused to meet her searching gaze. Instead, he did what he'd done before. He resorted to distracting her with his powerful brand of lovemaking.

She'd been so deep in her thoughts of Gabe that she hadn't noticed her panties being dragged to her feet, but at the first touch of Gabe's mouth to the swollen lips of her pussy, she instantly forgot all her reservations and focused solely on the throbbing heat that pulsed between her thighs.

She trembled as Gabe swiped his tongue through the folds of her sex, and given her wobbly legs, she probably would have collapsed in a heap to the floor, had Roarke not pressed his body against hers, pouring his strength into her.

She'd been so lost in Gabe that she'd forgotten all about Roarke. But wasn't that always the case? It was just too bad Roarke was such a player, because unlike Gabe, who only saw her as one of the guys and treated her as such, at least Roarke could appreciate her as a woman, even if it was purely superficial.

"You're thinking too hard, honey," Roarke whispered against her ear, as he snaked his arms around her to cup her breasts in his hands. "You need to forget whatever is in that pretty head of yours and just focus on what we're about to do to you." And to make his point clear, he massaged the weight of her breasts as he dipped his head to the curve of her neck and stroked his tongue along the sensitive flesh.

Tremors roared through her, as the simmering heat inside her leapt to life, building to an out of control wildfire.

She was lost to the sensation of it all as Gabe nibbled on the tiny nub of her clit, dragging sharp bolts of pleasure from her body. When he slid a single finger inside her clenching heat, she nearly fainted.

"Gabe," she gasped, as her body melted against Roarke's. She closed her eyes, savouring the heat of both men's touch, and for the first time, she sifted through the unique scent of them both.

In many ways, they were so alike, and yet the differences between them were stark. Gabe's essence vibrated with a dominant, masculine intensity that was all consuming, and power clung to him like a second skin. Whereas, Roarke was intensely primal, and everything about him screamed of baser urges, still there remained a sensuality about him that whispered of gentlemanly refinement. Their scents told her more about them than words ever could. Roarke was a ladies' man, but Gabe was all man – an Alpha male among many.

She knew then that she'd chosen the perfect men to usher her through her mating season. There was no doubt in her mind, they would bring her body to new heights, as they were doing now.

Tangling her hand in Gabe's silky hair, she held him pressed against her, as his mouth teased her towards the edge of fulfilment. Liquid heat slipped from her body, and Gabe drank from her, his mouth kissing her in the most intimate way a man could.

She shivered, as she felt herself sliding closer and closer to the edge. He seemed to sense her impending climax because he stroked another finger inside her as he tugged harder on her clit, with his skilful lips.

A wave of pleasure washed over her, and she drowned in the powerful sensations he dragged from her as she hovered just at the precipice of completion.

She clung to him, her nails digging into the back of his head, telling him with her body not to stop the sweet torture he was bestowing upon her. He responded in kind, eagerly devouring her with his mouth until she felt her climax building within her, but when Roarke fastened his lips to her neck and bore down, she completely shattered

The pleasure pain of his incisors piercing her skin sent white hot shocks of heat sizzling through her, and she found herself tumbling over the edge, falling straight towards the sweetest orgasm she could ever remember.

She cried out, her body pulsing from the force of her climax as both men drank from her until she was both weak and spent.

Tiny quakes roiled through her, as she slumped against Roarke, letting him take the entire weight of her body. She was a mindless, boneless zombie for a long while, to the point that she didn't realise Gabe had slid her panties and jeans back onto her body until he stood before her to press his lips against hers.

She moaned into his hot mouth, as she tasted herself on his lips. The kiss was so sweet, so erotic, and it was over all too soon.

"That is only the beginning," he whispered, as if he'd read her thoughts, but knew he hadn't since her shields were still in place.

Roarke chuckled from behind her, his response mirroring the laughter that flashed in Gabe's eyes.

She felt herself smiling, too, at the thought of what lay ahead for them, but her smile quickly disappeared when a sharp knock vibrated against the door, followed by the distinct sound of a key turning in the lock.

They sprang apart, and just in the nick of time, before their boss came barrelling inside. A *were* like herself, Captain Moliker's hairy face was flushed a ruddy red as he glared at all three of them. The knowing look on his face told her exactly what he was thinking, and her cheeks heated with embarrassment.

"You three better have a damned good reason for why this door was locked!"

* * * *

A week later, Collette was still reeling from her embarrassing ordeal with her boss. He'd known what they were up to, but the Captain had let them all off the hook with just a warning, as long as they promised nothing like that would ever happen again.

She had not hesitated to assure him she would continue to be the model of professionalism he knew her to be. She'd been with the unit for almost five years and had never had so much as a citation levelled against her. She and Gabe were the epitome of professionalism, and they would both be up for promotion within a year's time. Roarke, on the other hand....well, he was another story entirely. Apparently, that hadn't been his first *episode* in the break room, which really hadn't been a surprise to her. She had a very good feeling that it wouldn't be his last either.

She shook her head at that thought, a smile spreading across her face. Roarke was certainly *not* the epitome of professionalism, but, to his credit, *every* job he did, he certainly did well and to the highest of standards.

The chime of the doorbell shook her from her reverie, and she crossed the foyer to open her front door.

A small smile touched her lips as a slow heat churned in her belly at the handsome sight that greeted her. Dressed in a black silk shirt and black trousers, Gabe was a striking vision with his dark good looks. While Roarke stood behind him, looking rough and tumbled in a white dress shirt and worn jeans, wearing his most unique accessory – his classic dimpled grin.

"As always, you are stunning, my dear," Roarke said, pushing past Gabe to sweep her into his arms, and plant a hard, swift kiss against her lips, before releasing her to march down the hallway.

"Something smells good," he called from over his shoulder, just as he disappeared into her kitchen.

"Yes, well just help yourself," she yelled after him, but knew it was already too late when she heard dishes clinking against each other.

At the sound of Gabe's heavy sigh, she turned to face him, and an apologetic scowl marred his handsome features. "Sorry about that. We planned to hunt, but would have been late if we stopped."

Being lycan, she consumed both raw and prepared foods, depending upon her cravings, and she knew vampires did the same. They could exist on human food for quite a while, but their strength and longevity of life could only be sustained with blood. *Supranatural* blood being the richest source.

"You can drink from me if there should be a need."

A small smile lifted his lips as he stepped inside. "There shouldn't be. Roarke is *obviously* not suffering from weakness, and I fed last night, so I am fine."

For now, she wanted to say, thinking of how draining the full moon phase would be for all of them.

"Roarke and I are strong enough—"

She gasped as her eyes widened, surprised that he would read her thoughts so openly.

"I didn't mean to," he said softly, as he stroked his hand down her cheek.

"You just did it again." With just the slightest touch of his fingers against her skin, her body ignited, making her voice weak, and causing the slight reprimand to sound more like an empty statement, given how badly she trembled. It was always like this as she neared the full moon. Within an hour, she would become a slave to her lusts, completely blinded by her desires.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to be rude, but you had your shields down for once, and I just found myself curious. Again, my apologies."

"For once?" She said, her brows lifting in question.

"Excuse me?"

"You said I had my shields down *for once*. Makes me wonder how many times you've tried to probe my mind."

A sheepish grin tugged at the corners of his lips, and for the first time ever he didn't look like he carried the weight of the world on his broad shoulders.

"I'll be honest. I've probed a few times before."

Her eyes widened. *Now, that was interesting.* "Why? Why would you try to read my thoughts?"

He shrugged. "General curiosity, mainly. But, in some instances, I wanted to gauge your reactions to certain things, or hear your thoughts about other people."

"Well, why not ask me then?"

Something flashed in the depths of his eyes. Suddenly their benign conversation seemed to transform into something more when he slipped his arm around her waist and dragged her flush against his body.

"Would you have told me the truth, Collette? Would you have been honest about your thoughts, your feelings about something or *someone*?"

"Of course."

"If that's the case, then why are your shields once again back in place? What is it that you're hiding, Collette? What is it that you don't want me to know?"

Nothing. She screamed inside her head, but she knew this time he couldn't hear her. She opened her mouth to tell him that just because she kept her shields up didn't mean she had something to hide. Besides, it wasn't like he was an open book either. Come to think of it, Gabe *always* had his mind closed to her. Yet before she could get a word out she found herself battling against the onslaught of his powerful sensuality when he dipped his head to cover her mouth with his.

Heat radiated from his body, nearly scorching her with its intensity, and she melted into him, giving herself over to the arousal he awakened within her. She wound her arms behind his neck at the same he slid his hands down the side of her body to slip them under her shirt. His fingers moved almost absently, as he caressed her skin in a lazy manner, sometimes creeping up to nearly graze the swells of her breasts, before inching down to the curve of her hips.

He teased her with his hands, the rough pads of his fingers causing tiny goose bumps to break out along her bare skin as she shivered with need.

The Call was starting to heat her blood, slowly making her a thrall to the spell the waxing full moon wove over her body, but it wasn't just the moon. Gabe was a master in all things, and he wielded his own power over her, taunting her with his skilful mouth and hands to surrender completely to him – if she dared.

"You've started without me again. If you're not careful, I might get jealous."

Unlike the week before in the break room, Gabe did not break their kiss. Actually, quite the opposite. His hands tightened around her hips, trapping her to him, and his mouth lingered on hers until the harsh sound of Roarke, noisily clearing his throat, forced them to finally separate.

"I thought we were supposed to be having dinner," Roarke said with a slight chuckle.

Right. She'd prepared a meal, but it had been completely forgotten from the moment Gabe touched her.

The look on his face told her he felt pretty much the same. Whatever meal was in her kitchen followed a distant second to the delights they'd just savoured.

"Are you guys hungry?" she asked as she spun around and walked in the direction of her kitchen, but stopped when she nearly collided with the hard, solid wall of Roarke's chest.

He licked his lips as he grinned down at her, his hand reaching out to grasp her hips, an instinctive gesture to keep her from crashing into him.

"I'm not hungry anymore – at least not for food," he whispered, his lips furling into a wicked grin as a naughty gleam lit up his face.

"I never was hungry – at least not for food," Gabe said from over her shoulder, his husky words sliding over her like smooth velvet.

Come to think of it, she wasn't hungry either, but even if she were, it would have been secondary to satisfying the needs of the two men who stood before her.

She parted her lips and ran her tongue along the seam, dragging Roarke's gaze to her now glistening mouth. He smiled that classic, cocky smile of his and tugged her closer. Gabe closed the distance between her body and his as he sidled up behind her to press himself against her.

A tiny gasp tumbled from her lips when Gabe nudged his hardening length against the cleft of her ass.

"Before this night is over, I plan to take you there," he whispered against her neck, his tongue drawing lazy circles along her skin. "I plan to take you everywhere."

She shivered at his words, which were so like him – insistent, erotic, possessive. The heat of both men wrapped around her, igniting a blaze of warmth deep within her belly. Her body was in need of both men, and the release they would give her, and she trembled with anticipation as her pussy swelled with moist heat, eagerly preparing her for the night to come.

She curled one arm behind Roarke's neck, as she slipped her other hand behind her back, to curve around Gabe's taut, firm ass. She held their bodies against her as she finally allowed herself to succumb to the onslaught of sensations that swirled inside her.

Gabe continued to nibble along her neck, as he wrapped his arms around her, but instead of touching her breasts, he teased her once again, by stroking his hands up and down the plain of her belly. Every nerve ending stood at attention as he skimmed his rough fingers across her sensitive skin, bringing her closer and closer to full arousal.

He drew a needy moan from her lips, and she tightened her arms around both men. Roarke seemed to sense the urgency within her, and she found herself tilting her head back when he tangled a single hand in her hair and lowered his head to her waiting mouth.

The pulsing flames of arousal leapt higher, and she closed her eyes as waves of heat gathered inside her.

Roarke's tongue probed inside the hot cave of her mouth, and she slipped her own between his lips to taste him. Again, she found herself noticing the differences between the two men. Roarke was a skilled lover, adept in the knowledge of pleasing a woman, so he knew how to tempt her, tease her, nip her here and there to elicit a certain response, but he was always in control of his emotions, in control of his desire. Gabe was completely instinctive, giving and taking what he felt she needed, when she needed it. At times, he was in control, but there were other times, like now, when his desire raised the beast within him, and she could feel it crawling inside him, begging to be unleashed.

Let go. She whispered into his mind, giving him free reign to lose control, because in less than an hour, she was going to lose control, too.

Blood rushed to Gabe's ears as Collette's whispered command brushed against his mind like the most delicate of fingertips. She didn't know what she was inviting with her innocent words, but she'd given him permission, and the primal being that lurked just beneath the civil façade he normally presented instantly broke free.

His incisors lengthened, and he stroked his tongue against her neck, trying to soothe her with his touch. She quaked in his arms, sensing the dangerous creature within him, but there was no fear in her, instead she arched her neck, openly surrendering to him.

He closed his eyes and dragged in her heady scent that hovered in the air, heavy from her arousal. The smell of her hardened his body, and he was driven to touch her more intimately, so he let his hands wander, sliding a single palm down her body to slip within the confines of her pants. Stroking through the soft hair of her mound, he easily found the wet treasure that awaited him, and he teased his fingers along the swollen folds of her sex until she was writhing and panting against him.

The soft, sensual dance she did against him was sweet torture, and he found himself drowning in her explosive heat. With his eyes still shut, he slid a single finger inside her at the same time he pierced her neck. The warm gush of blood flooded his mouth, and he drank deeper from her, at the same time he invaded the hollow spaces of her mind, lulling her into an erotic trance with the ancient song of the *Vampese*, used for centuries to mesmerize and seduce.

She rocked against Gabe, her sharp cry muffled by Roarke's mouth, who'd deepened his kiss. Her legs buckled, and she probably would have collapsed had Gabe not tightened his grip on her. Gabe slowly retracted his fangs, and swiped his tongue across the tiny pinpricks that marred her silky skin as he gently withdrew his finger from the clenching warmth of her pussy. Still holding her against him, he gently lowered them both to the floor so that she sat with her back against his chest, and her legs spread.

Roarke, soon followed, dropping to his knees before her, and with the practiced hands of a modern day *Casanova*, he undid her pants and tugged them from her body within seconds, dragging her panties off in the process.

She bent her legs at the knees, and Gabe couldn't resist stroking his hand once again through the slick heat of her sex.

"Open for Roarke," he whispered against her ear, but he needn't have said a word. She sat, nestled in the crook of Gabe's body, her legs already spread, with his fingers parting the lips of her sex.

Roarke grasped her thighs with his large hands, spreading her even wider before he lowered his head to drink from her honeyed cunt.

"Roarke," she hissed, her body arching against Gabe's as she slid one arm behind her head, to wrap around his neck and tangle in his hair, while the other gripped Roarke's head, clenching tight against his scalp until her knuckles reddened.

Gabe lowered his head to that small space at the base of her throat, but this time he didn't bestow upon her the *sāruta d'vampese*, the vampire's kiss. With dusk just on the horizon, he could already feel her temperature climbing as she drew closer to her heat. He'd purposely awakened her arousal before the full moon, so when she entered full blown heat, she wouldn't be quite so ravenous. But the more blood he siphoned from her before that time came, the more aggressive she would be when it happened, as her body fought to find its equilibrium.

She rocked against him, her hips thrusting upwards driving her closer and closer to Roarke's hungry mouth.

"That's it Collette, come for us. Come against Roarke's mouth."

His heated words seemed to set off a maelstrom within her, and she erupted like a geyser, her body jerking wildly as she let out a hoarse sob.

Roarke pinned her against Gabe, who held her tight, cradling her body as it shuddered violently until the waves of her orgasm eventually receded.

She slumped against Gabe, panting wildly as she sat there in a daze, and he lifted her into his arms and carried her into her bedroom with Roarke at his heels.

Pushing inside the master bedroom, he laid her atop the crisp golden comforter of her king-sized bed, resting her back against the fluffy white pillows. She was boneless and weak, and she wobbled slightly nearly tipping over, still riding the euphoria of her climax. But he steadied her, before gently coaxing her out of the rest her clothing.

From what he already knew, and the little pieces Collette had filled in about the entire process, he knew time was now of the essence. But still he took just a moment to rake his gaze over her lush body, drinking in the gentle flare of her hips, and her full breasts that

openly teased him with their berry ripe nipples that jutted forward. He couldn't resist tweaking one, and he grinned at the sound of her soft gasp.

The soft swish of clothing dropping to the floor dragged him back to the present, and he glanced out the window at the pale, silver moonlight, streaming through the parted curtains. Roarke padded across the room, stopping at the edge of the bed, the streaks of moonlight illuminating the muscled planes of his naked body.

"Hurry up, Gabe," Roarke said.

He nodded at his friend as he quickly shrugged out of his own clothing, tossing his garments aside, before joining Collette atop the bed. He ran his hands along her smooth, brown thighs while the mattress shifted under Roarke's weight as he lifted himself onto the bed with them.

"Get on your hands and knees, Collette," Gabe whispered hoarsely, his voice shaking slightly with the intensity of his desire that roared through his veins.

She didn't hesitate to obey his command as she scrambled onto all fours, her rounded backside high in the air.

A low groan rumbled in Gabe's throat as he moved behind her, gently caressing the full globes of her ass. Roarke kneeled in front of her, tangling one hand in her hair, his gaze fixed solely on Collette, who was poised above his lengthening erection, her mouth only inches from the tip of Roarke's dick.

While she was fixated on Roarke, Gabe speared her cunt with two fingers, coating them with her juices, before gently probing the tight ring of her anus.

She stiffened against his invasion, but she didn't pull away as he worked his fingers deeper within her, stretching her rectum until he was sure she could take his girth without causing her any pain.

Grasping the base of his cock in his hand, he pushed the tip against her puckered hole, slowly feeding her his length until the unyielding muscles of her rectum enveloped his cock like a warm, wet fist.

Shutting his eyes, he gripped her hips, struggling to calm his racing heart as he fought the urge to spurt. Every one of his senses was overloaded with her, the smell, taste, feel of her, and he was powerless to stop the assault she unknowingly waged against his iron will of control.

When he was sure he wouldn't embarrass himself, he opened his eyes to meet Roarke's questioning gaze. He nodded, signalling that he was alright, and then he said the single word that would hurl them all headfirst into that shadowed abyss, where there was only the intensity of sensation, and untold pleasure.

"Now."

Chapter Three

In the recesses of her mind she heard Gabe's hushed command, but it was faint as blood pumped wildly through her veins and roared in her ears, shutting out all thought

Her body, which had been doing a slow burn was now aflame with hunger, and she was powerless to stop it. *The Call* hit her swiftly, powerfully, and she trembled as her sex clenched violently.

Like vampires needed to feed, she needed to fuck.

"Take him into your mouth, Collette. Satisfy the beast that lives within you." This time she heard Gabe's command, which was spoken both aloud and directly into her mind.

At this point, she was so mindless with need, Gabe's words were unnecessary, but she heeded them as she curled her fingers around Roarke's thick length and parted her lips to draw him within her mouth.

Bolts of electricity arced between all three of them with the joining of their bodies, and harsh groans erupted around her as both men were struck with a powerful jolt that heightened their arousal.

They both swelled within her, their hard lengths expanding as they pushed forward, burying their cocks deep within her at a pulsing, pounding rhythm that for now appeased the hunger that tore at her.

Gabe ploughed into her from behind, his stiff erection pushing past the tight ring of muscles within her anus, sending sharp needles of pleasure pain sizzling down her spine.

She rocked against him, matching his rhythm, but in no way did it interfere with the pace she set herself, as she bobbed her head back and forth along Roarke's hard rod.

She moaned around his cock, sending small vibrations skating along his length, as she swirled her tongue around the tip, dragging it slowly through the small cleft at the top.

"Collette," he groaned, his hand tightening in her hair, and now it was his turn to repay the favour, as she thought of how she'd tugged at his hair when his face had been buried in her pussy.

She worked her mouth harder and faster as Gabe shoved his length inside her at a frenzied pace.

I'm coming. You feel it. Fuck me back, Collette. Come for me.

Her breath hitched in her throat at Gabe's muted words, and she nearly exploded when he emphasized them with the stroke of his hand through the puffy folds of her greedy sex.

Clasping her hardened nub between his fingers, he applied just enough pressure to bring her to the edge, but not enough to send her over.

The Call whipped through her, and she felt the change come upon her as her wolf growled at him, but Gabe did not back down.

You can change. I don't care. I will still fuck you until you come for me.

Sensing the immense power that radiated from Gabe, the beast inside her instantly quieted, but until the full moon passed it would remain just beneath the surface, ready to be unleashed at any moment. No longer struggling to fight *The Call*, the heady sensations both men ignited within her bubbled to the surface, making her forget all thought, except her need to claim the release that hovered just out of her reach.

It's there Collette, just grasp it.

Gabe's words brushed against her mind like a soft caress, dragging a hoarse sob from her lips.

Roarke surged forward then, taking advantage of that single moment to plough his length deeper into her mouth.

Both men drilled her from both ends, as Gabe strummed her clit with each stroke.

She felt the pressure building inside her until she thought she would explode. Working her lips faster, she took Roarke deeper down her throat until the tip of his cock grazed against the back.

"Collette," he hissed, his fingers clenching in her hair, making her wish she could lift her head for just a moment to see his face twisted in sweet agony as he strained towards his climax.

That image sent a wave of hot, searing need roaring through her body, and she rocked her hips back, eagerly taking Gabe's brutal thrusts as he buried his steel length inside her ass.

Her body was on fire and completely out of control as she lost herself to the tingling of sensation and pleasure that flooded her. The moment was so intense, so overwhelming that she desperately wanted it to go on forever, but it couldn't, and as her body began to tremble, she knew it wouldn't.

This time when Gabe pressed down on her clit, he didn't let go, sending shocks of sizzling heat whipping through her, hurling her straight to completion.

Wet heat flooded her pussy at the same time she cried out, her body stiffening as she climaxed around the hard poles of both men, who continued to pound inside her, their pace unrelenting.

Her climax instantly triggered Gabe's, the muscles in her anus tightening around him, until he could not help but spurt. She winced slightly as his nails dug into the soft skin of her waist, his hips pumping furiously as he drilled his hard length deep within her until he exploded with a hoarse shout.

Her moan mingled with his ragged cry as he poured hot semen deep inside her rectum, his body shaking violently from the aftershocks of his climax.

For a moment she savoured the smell of him that was heavy with sweat and cum. She probably would have focused on him longer, but Roarke was not one to be ignored.

He took control of the pace, his hand jerking her head back and forth along his glistening cock as he thrust his hips up to meet her waiting mouth.

She twirled her tongue around his length, stroking every inch of him, as she drew in her cheeks to suck him harder. He was on the verge, she could feel the pulsing vibrations that shook his body. Reaching forward with a single hand, she cupped the heavy sacks that hung low between his legs, massaging gently as she sucked harder.

The onslaught of sensations was apparently too much for him, because he didn't last much longer. Letting out a feral growl, followed by a guttural moan, he came inside her mouth, shooting his warm seed against the back of her throat, forcing her to swallow every drop of his essence.

She worked her mouth around him, dragging out his climax until he was completely soft and easily slipped from between her lips.

Both men pulled away from her, and she collapsed against the bed, stretching her limbs. The sound of water running came from behind her, telling her Gabe was cleaning up, since Roarke still lay beside her.

Reaching out, she slid a single hand through the coarse hairs that dotted his chest as a small smile curled her lips. Even the slightest of touches, was like kindling to flame as liquid heat gathered between her thighs once again.

Gabe sauntered out of the bathroom then, the moonlight slipping through the curtains to bathe him in its silver rays. She shivered as she held his intense gaze, her body now completely on fire.

When he lowered himself onto the bed, she reached for him, and once again, they all fell into a tangle of arms and legs, soft caresses and heated kisses.

For several hours, she was insatiable, and both men eagerly fed her hungry beast, until finally she slipped into a fitful sleep at the first light of dawn.

Collette groaned as her eyes slowly fluttered open, squinting against the thin rays of sunlight that streaked through her window.

"How are you feeling?"

A lazy smile spread across her face as she rolled over to face Gabe.

"Fine. How are you feeling?" She purred softly, inching her way closer to the warmth of his body, her hand reaching out to gently caress the rippled muscles of his abdomen.

"I thought you said you were fine," he said shortly, his lips bending into a frown as he scooted away from her and sat up.

"I am but—hey, where are you going?"

His body was taut with tension as he moved towards the edge of the bed, and she scrambled atop him, straddling him with her body before he could get up.

"What's up with you?" She stared down at him, puzzled by the strained expression on his face. If she didn't know better, she'd think he was nervous, but that was impossible, not after last night.

"Collette, get up. I need to get going." His hands closed around her hips, but she clenched her thighs together, drawing upon her lycan strength to keep him imprisoned beneath her, at least temporarily. When Gabe was ready to go, he'd have no trouble

disentangling himself, but she counted on the fact that he wouldn't use his own strength for fear of her hurting her.

"Not until you tell me what's wrong"

"Nothing's wrong."

She didn't believe him for one second, especially since he kept avoiding her eyes, and there was also one small thing that was odd about last night which convinced her that he was definitely lying.

"How come you didn't take me last night," she asked softly, as she let her hands glide across the rough skin of his shoulders.

"What are you talking about?"

"Last night, Roarke took me several times, but not you, why?"

"I took you, Collette, many times, if you remember." He wore a dark scowl, but his eyes gave him away. He wasn't shocked or puzzled by her question, and that's why she knew he understood exactly what she'd meant.

"But not there," she whispered, as sharp tingles skated across her flesh, tempting her to arousal. Images from the night before teased her, as she recalled every wicked way he and Roarke had pleased her, but Gabe had never once slid between her thighs and claimed her as a woman.

"Why, Gabe? Why are you so afraid to take me *there*?"

"I'm not afraid," he said, his hand clutching her hips tighter, but she knew he was still lying, she read it there on his face.

He tried to push her away, but she clamped her thighs tighter, her hands pressing him against the bed, as she leaned over him, her unbound hair brushing his cheek.

"Get up, Collette," he growled, the blue pupils of his eyes flashing red as his incisors lengthened. But his attempt at intimidation did not frighten her, because she knew Gabe would die before he ever hurt her.

"Not until you take me there. If you're not afraid then do it," she taunted, her voice husky with need, and she released her hold on him just long enough to lift her hips, shift the few inches down the length of his body and settle the mouth of her pussy against the tip of his cock.

“Collette,” he ground out in warning, but it was too late. She slid down hard, impaling herself fully on his cock, burying his hard length deep inside her sheath.

As soon as he was inside her she understood the reason for his hesitation, and she was furious, but it was too late. Tiny explosions ricocheted in her head, and she closed her eyes trying to ease the sharp crack of fireworks that seemed to burst all around her as a scorching bolt of heat sliced through her heart, marking it for eternity. She cursed herself and her damn impulsiveness. Although, the sun was now out, the moon was still full until it entered the waning phase an hour from now. It was too late.

Yet, even though she realised it was futile, she still tried to scramble off Gabe. Maybe if she got off now —

It's too late. Now, you will finish what you started.

She closed off her mind completely to Gabe. She was furious with him. He'd known, but he hadn't told her, and he knew she'd deserved to know.

Oh, when she was done, she was going to kill him. Right now, her body didn't care how angry she was as her channel filled with slick, sticky warmth, and her hips instinctively rocked against him, setting a lazy rhythm.

He rose up to meet her on each stroke, driving deep into her pussy until she swore she could feel him in every corner of her body. His hands slid along her skin, teasing her smooth back, before moving around to cup her breasts that bobbed before him. Taking them within his hands, he massaged them gently, tugging on her nipples until they rewarded him by hardening to tight buds. She faltered, losing her rhythm for just a moment when he drew one nipple into his hot, wet mouth and sucked gently.

She clung to him, her hands clutching the back of his head as he moved between both nipples, sucking and nipping gently until she was nearly mindless with pleasure. Lost in his erotic torture, and distracted by his hot mouth, her movements became erratic as her hips jerked wildly.

“I think you need some help there.”

Roarke. She'd forgotten all about him, but it must have been impossible for him to stay asleep beside them, with them writhing and panting like wild animals.

She wasn't sure if he thought *she* needed help with the pace of her strokes, or if Gabe needed help handling her, but she didn't protest when he moved behind her and pushed her against Gabe to settle the head of his dick against the pucker of her anus.

He surged forward at the same time Gabe shoved her hips back, and he slid into her on one smooth thrust.

Her body stretched to accommodate both men, as they slammed into her with urgent strokes.

She twisted her hands into Gabe's hair, struggling against the tidal wave of emotion and pleasure that assaulted her senses. Closing her eyes, she knelt between them as they held her imprisoned between their hot, hard bodies, straining towards the pinnacle of climax.

Their hard lengths filled her with each desperate stroke, their hips moving wildly as they surged into her at a frenzied pace.

She unfurled a single hand from its tight grip on Gabe's hair to slide between her thighs and stroke her engorged clit. She could feel them on the verge of climax. Their hard poles pounded furiously inside her, and she did not want to be left out of the wild volcano of bliss that was so close to erupting she could almost taste it.

She fingered her clit harder, faster, her fingers mimicking the fierce pace Gabe and Roarke had set.

Sweat dripped from their bodies, mingling together as the musk of sex permeated every single space in the room. She sniffed the air, losing herself to the primal, masculine scent of them, as their essence clung to her.

Every nerve ending strained within her, begging for completion and she strummed her clit faster, until the raging storm of her orgasm claimed her. She stiffened against them, her pussy clenching tight as it flooded with wet warmth to coat Gabe's pistoning cock.

Her climax triggered his, and he grunted out her name, his hands tightening against her hips as he held her still against him while he pumped his hot seed deep inside her, drenching her channel with his essence.

She slumped forward against Gabe, her new position aiding Roarke who rode her ass hard, shoving his hard length into her until he tensed above her before filling her with his warm semen on a strangled groan.

The harsh sound of their breathing filled her ears, and she remained locked between both men, until Roarke pulled out of her, and padded across the room into her bathroom.

As soon as he disappeared inside, she instantly became aware of the fact that she and Gabe were now alone, and with that awareness, came her anger.

She shifted off Gabe and stood. Reaching for her robe at the end of her bed, she quickly donned it, shielding herself from Gabe's searching eyes. Folding her arms across her breasts, she stubbornly refused to meet his gaze.

"Collette –"

"Get out." She wasn't ready to talk to him, not when all he would do was make excuses for his behaviour. She didn't need excuses, she needed answers, but not from him, at least not now. Maybe after she'd calmed down, she could face him, but she wasn't so sure. Gabe was her partner, her best friend. Until that morning she would have trusted him with anything, including her life, but now she knew she couldn't trust him at all.

He released a heavy sigh as he rolled out of bed and donned his clothes.

"Collette –,"

"I don't want to talk to you, not right now. You knew all along, and you never told me, and it's just unconscionable to me that you would keep something like that a secret."

She still refused to look at him, as she stared out the window instead, but she could feel the anger radiating off his body like a heat wave in the desert. Well good, that made two of them.

She sensed he still wanted to plead his case, but knew his pride held him back when he stomped angrily across the room and stormed out slamming the door behind him.

It was as if the crashing of the door knocked all of the wind out of her, and she slumped down onto her bed with a weary sigh, but she didn't wallow in self-pity long when the door to her bathroom swung open and Roarke shuffled out, wearing nothing but a towel around his hips and a sexy grin.

But his grin quickly faded when he realised they were now all alone in her room.

"Uh oh. This can't be good."

"Did you know?" she asked softly, hoping that at least one of them was decent. Although, it would certainly be ironic if Roarke were the more decent of the two.

"Suspected," he said quietly as he crossed the room to stand before her, his hand shooting out to grasp her chin, tilting it upward so she was forced to look at him.

"I suspected the truth, but didn't know for sure. I know you're angry right now, but don't blame Gabe."

Don't blame Gabe? Why the hell not when he deserved all the blame! Fury heated her blood, and she parted her lips, all set to lash out at him, but he never gave her the chance, especially when his next words completely knocked her flat on her ass.

"You knew, Collette." He whispered. "You just didn't want to admit it, but I know you had to have felt *something*. It's easy to blame Gabe, but ask yourself *why* he didn't tell you. Then ask *him*, because I'm sure he had a very good reason."

* * * *

She was prideful and stubborn. That's the only explanation she could come up with for why, after spending two weeks on *sick* leave, she'd refused to heed Roarke's word. She'd ignored calls from both him *and* Gabe, only to end up back in her office, hastily shoving all of her belongings into a cardboard box before Gabe arrived for work. She wasn't quitting, she just needed *more* than two weeks. At least, that's what she kept telling herself.

Yes, pride and stubbornness, that had to be it. Or it could just be fear.

"I'm going to say fear."

She froze at the sound of the familiar voice, before she pulled herself together and whirled around to face the one man she'd been hoping to avoid.

Gabe.

"Get out of my thoughts."

A tight smile tugged at the edges of his lips as he stepped inside her office and closed the door behind him.

"You know that's hard to do when we're near."

She glared at him, hating that he was right.

"Look, I still don't want to talk to you —"

"Well that's too bad, because it's past time that you do."

Her nostrils flared in anger, and she clenched her hands into tight fists as she fought back her fury. He couldn't force her to —

No, but I can force you to listen.

"Damn it! Get out of my head!"

"I can't help it. I'm sorry." He dragged a hand through his loose mane, a ragged sigh falling from his lips. "I'm sorry for everything. I should have told you when I first realised it. Believe me, I was going to. I just wanted to wait until it seemed like the right time."

"Waiting for a *right* time is one thing, but not telling me at all is another. I deserved to know."

Damn it. She wasn't ready to talk to him yet, but he'd trapped her, leaving her no other choice. Forcing out a calming breath, she pinned him with a hard stare.

"I trusted you Gabe to always tell me the truth. But when it came to the most important thing to tell me, you didn't. You knew you were my heart mate long before I did, and you should have told me instead of letting me find out the way I did."

"I wanted to, Collette. Believe me I did. But you didn't want a mate, you didn't want any distractions from work. You certainly didn't want me."

She narrowed her eyes. What was he talking about? "What do you mean I didn't want you?" Hell, out of that entire list, he was the only thing on it that she actually *did* want.

"Oh, come on Collette. I see the way you are with Roarke. It was very obvious to me that you two were interested in each other."

Was he serious? Her mouth nearly fell open when she realised he was.

"You've got to be kidding me. Roarke will hit anything that moves, and yet you somehow think *that's* what I want."

His eyes darkened, and she sensed the anger rising in him. She didn't care how angry he got, because on top of everything he'd done, he'd just insulted her character *and* her taste. She snorted. *Roarke? Never!*

"You know what, Collette? To be honest, I don't know *what* it is you want, at least not from me or a mate. Since I've known you, you've never been in a serious relationship, always claiming that you were too busy and *wouldn't have it any other way.*"

She frowned at the mocking tone of his voice, the sound grating on her ears.

"The Collette you've always shown me would want a man like Roarke. No strings, no complications, just carefree laughs and fun." He stalked towards her, closing the distance between them to clasp her arms in his hands. With nothing but mere inches now separating them, she swore the air in the room had vanished, because all of a sudden, she felt as if she couldn't breathe.

"The Collette I've seen wouldn't want a man like *me*. There is nothing carefree about my life, and I come with a host of strings and complications. I *want* a mate, and eventually, I would like to ease up on my work schedule in order to have pups or kittens, even if that means I don't get that next promotion, or I have to turn my city over to another vampire. But the Collette I know doesn't want any of these things, so forgive me for not telling you the truth, but I figured it was for the best."

"Best for who? You or me?"

"Both of us."

A lump formed in her throat, as she read the truth in his eyes. He'd feared she would either resent him for messing up her perfectly ordered life or reject him outright, because finding a mate just didn't fit into her master plan. She couldn't blame him. She hadn't shown him much else. But that was because she'd been afraid to openly want such things, to hope for something that, if it didn't happen, would have people pitying her. So she'd convinced herself she didn't want a mate, or a litter, because then when it didn't happen, she wouldn't be crushed. But that couldn't have been further from the truth. Although, she was still mad at him, the raw emotion in his eyes finally made her realise the truth of her sister's warning. All the signs that Gabriel was her heart mate had been there, but she'd been so determined not to see.

Instantly, Roarke's words came back to haunt her — Gabe wasn't the only one to blame. She deserved her fair share, too.

She wound her arms behind his neck, pulling him deep into her embrace.

"I know the Collette you *think* you know, but I am telling you that I don't want a man like Roarke, who is *nothing* but fun. I want someone who I can *trust*." She stared him straight in the eyes, so he understood how serious she was about that. "I also want someone who I can confide in, and him in me. I want a partner, Gabe, in *all* things. That's all I ever wanted."

"And I can be all those things. I *want* to be that person for you Collette, and so much more," he said quietly, his hand lifting to cup her cheek.

"I know," she said softly. *Just as you can expect the same from me*, she whispered in his mind.

His eyes darkened, and before she could take her next breath, he dipped his head to place a tiny kiss against her lips. She instantly melted into him, but fought to keep a lid on her burgeoning desire. They were at work, and they'd promised Captain Moliker no more antics. If he caught them again, it was patrol duty for a week. But then he'd only mentioned the break room. He'd never said anything about an office.

She pulled back from Gabe, a mischievous smile curling her lips.

"Collette." He warned, reading the devilish twinkle in her eyes, more so than her thoughts.

"Lock the door." Before he could say another word she undid the buttons of her blouse and dropped it to the floor.

He couldn't bolt the door fast enough.

About the Author

Nadia Aidan lives, works and writes on the West Coast in the United States. Under her real name, Nadia holds a PhD in Political Science and Public Policy and by day she works as an Assistant Professor. She is the self proclaimed NEW FACE OF INTERRACIAL AND MULTICULTURAL EROTIC ROMANCE and writes across all genres, from historical, to fantasy/sci-fi to contemporary.

In addition to writing erotic romances Nadia enjoys reading other authors, playing flag football, studying muay thai, working out, listening to music, scuba diving, and target shooting. Her other interests include collecting Top Cow comics, especially Witchblade and Tomb Raider. She loves professional football and soccer. Her favourite teams are the Washington Redskins and Manchester United, respectively.

Nadia loves watching, reading about, and writing about strong, assertive heroines which is why she is an enduring fan of Fight Girls, Xena, Buffy, American Gladiators--New and Old, and La Femme Nikita! Nadia also loves interacting with people so feel free to visit her at <http://nadiaaidan.com/> for more information about her, her new releases, and how to contact her!

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Also by Nadia Aidan

On a Dare
Sleeping with the Enemy's Daughter
Every Desire

MAGICAL MENAGE

Crissy Smith



Dedication

This book is dedicated to my editor Jess, for all her hard work and encouragement that never goes unnoticed.

Chapter One

For the residents of Grand Falls, Colorado, their town was a haven, a safe place to be themselves. A mixture of the supernatural world that can be found in one place. The sheriff was a werewolf, the town mayor was a vampire, and the fire chief a witch. All the creatures who call this place home had the protection of not only the town but of all of its residents.

Madison Montgomery watched as the first snowflakes of the year fell outside the door of her bookstore. She loved this time of year – when the end of fall came and the first days of winter were upon them.

The town sheriff drove by in his SUV, and Madison stepped away from the window. She'd been avoiding Sheriff Tom since last winter, when on New Year's they'd shared a deep sensual kiss. It had heated her blood and body and left her aching for more. By the look on his face, he'd also been surprised by the kiss.

Normally this wouldn't have a problem, but Madison had also shared a kiss with another man – Dante – and that had thrown her through a loop.

Dante was the Master Vampire to the others in the area. He was like a father to them, connected by the sharing of blood.

Madison's best friend and business partner, Angie, was a shifter who was dating a vampire Chad. Madison had come to love Chad as a brother. It wasn't the vampire thing throwing her off with Dante, or not all of it anyway. Madison couldn't figure out how she could have such a strong reaction to two very different men.

The bell above the door sang out as Angie rushed inside. "Oh wow! It's cold out there!" she exclaimed.

Madison laughed, stepping back behind the counter. "Well, it does have to be pretty cold for it to snow."

"Ha! Ha! Comedian," Angie said as she unwrapped the scarf from her neck. The small bite marks that covered her neck stood out as if screaming 'taken'. Her red hair shone against her white sweater as she brushed snowflakes from it.

She and Angie had been best friends for years. After losing the last of her relatives in a tragic fire, Madison had come to think of Angie as family.

Madison's power as a witch was pretty minor compared to others in the town, but she'd never had proper training. Her mother had married a mortal and moved away. After her mother's death, when Madison was nine, her father had refused to let any magic take place in the house. She and her brother Matt had learned at an early age to hide their magic from him. Two years later, when they'd moved in with their grandparents back in Grand Falls, Madison hadn't been ready to go against her father's wishes so soon after his death. Her brother, however, had jumped right in practicing spells with their grandmother.

Thinking about Matt brought back a sharp pain in her heart, and she quickly shook her head and thought about something else. "How's the party planning going?"

Angie grinned and clapped her hands together. "It's going to be great! Everyone in town is coming."

Madison knew that. It was the reason she was dreading the party. Turning to the coffeepot, she poured them each a cup. "Sounds pretty big," she commented.

"Well it's not every day you turn a hundred."

Madison smiled into her coffee. That was true. Chad would be turning one hundred, and Angie was throwing him a big party at the town centre. She'd been working on the preparations for months now.

"Dante's going to stay with Chad until it's time to bring him into town."

At the mention of Dante's name, Madison made sure not to have a reaction. Six months after the kisses, Madison had confided in Angie. Now, her best friend was convinced Madison needed to spend the night with Dante or Tom or both. Madison kept telling her friend she needed time to figure it out, but Angie was relentless in her pursuit to get Madison laid.

The door opened, setting the bell ringing, and both women looked up as the six-foot-two man walked in. Perfection was the only way to describe him. From his long, shaggy brown hair and his deep crystal blue eyes to the body that even under the clothing couldn't hide the muscles—perfection.

Madison swallowed the coffee in her mouth, hoping she wasn't drooling.

"Hey, Sheriff," Angie greeted just a little too happily.

Tom smiled at her and shared a greeting before turning his eyes to Madison. Madison could feel the heated look all the way to her chilled bones.

"Madison," he said her name in a whisper, his deep voice sending vibrations through her body. He smiled smugly and Madison knew he could smell her arousal. So could Angie for that matter.

"Sheriff," Madison said calmly. "What brings you in today?"

"You," he said, reaching the counter and leaning his hip against it.

Angie made a cheerful statement about getting something from the back, but as Madison stared into those alluring eyes she didn't respond.

"And just what can I do for you?" Madison asked sweetly.

It wasn't until he lifted an eyebrow and ran a heated look over her body that Madison thought about her words. Blushing, she fidgeted where she stood.

His soft laughter had her shivering as he leaned across the counter and cupped her cheek. "I'll leave that question alone for now." He brushed his thumb over her lips. "I just stopped by to make sure you've checked your generator and have plenty of firewood."

Madison nodded, even though she could barely think with him touching her. "Chad checked it out this weekend, and I have plenty of wood for the entire winter," she managed to get out.

"Good." He smiled but didn't move his hand. "Then I guess I'll see you Friday."

Madison saw him move closer, but she was unable to pull away. When his soft lips touched hers, she opened for him, and he gently invaded her mouth with his tongue.

The kiss was even better than the one they had shared before. Heat, liquid fire, and passion surrounded Madison as he took possession of her mouth. She moaned when he pulled away, and he winked.

"Save a dance for me." he said before leaving.

Madison held onto the counter with white knuckles as she tried to regain her balance.

* * * *

Madison dressed carefully for the party. She told herself it was in honour of Chad, but she knew she was only lying to herself. She hadn't been able to stop thinking about her kiss with Tom.

Dressed in black slacks, a soft pink sweater, and her new fur-lined boots, she was comfortable but well dressed. She'd spent an hour on her make-up and hair—putting on enough make-up to bring out the green of her eyes and curling her long brown hair so ringlets covered her back. She was quite happy with the result.

Her two black labs danced around her as she grabbed her keys. "Sorry, guys, you have to stay home tonight."

They danced some more, but when she shook her head, they headed off to the big pillow they shared in the bedroom.

Madison laughed as she locked her door, looking forward to the night's activities, promising to herself to see where things went.

Pulling up to the building in the middle of Town Square, Madison was surprised by all the cars already there. A quick look at her watch showed she was later than she'd thought. She hurried through the cold to the front door where she was hit by heat. Smiling, she took off her coat as people started to greet her. Angie ran up from the side and grabbed her arm.

"About time you got here. I thought you were a no show!"

It was obvious Angie was nervous so Madison hugged her. "The place looks awesome. Chad's going to be thrilled!"

"Really?"

"Yes, I promise."

Angie hugged her back. "Thanks. I needed that. Hey! You look really good tonight!"

Madison blushed and picked imaginary lint from her sweater. She was saved from further discussion when Angie's cell phone rang twice and stopped.

"That's Dante! Hey, everyone, they're almost here!" Angie called across the room.

Five minutes later, Madison felt her heart skip a beat. Chad walked into the hall, all smiles, with Dante right behind him.

She watched Dante's eyes search the room before settling on her. While Tom was ruggedly handsome, Dante was classically beautiful with pale, flawless skin and high

cheekbones. He wore dress slacks with a button down shirt and tie. His black hair was arranged perfectly, and his dark eyes were full of wanting.

He walked in a straight line to her. People parted as the powerful man passed, never taking his gaze from her. Madison tried to break the eye contact but felt lost as she stared into their depths.

"Madison, how are you this evening?" His rich voice held a hint of the Old World.

"Fine, and you?" she said politely, moving closer to him.

"Very well...now."

Madison shivered as his hand brushed the hair from her face.

"You look lovely."

Blushing, Madison finally broke eye contact. "Thank you."

Chad came up and picked Madison up in a big hug. "Hey, you!"

Madison giggled at the big, stocky man. "Happy birthday, old man!"

"Isn't this great?" he asked, spinning with her. "Angie is just wonderful!"

"Yes, now put me down before you drop me."

Chad laughed, the big boom bouncing off the walls. "This is a great party!" he exclaimed, moving on to another group of people and picking each one up and hugging them.

With a smile on her face, Madison looked back over to Dante. "He looks happy."

Dante nodded as he placed his hands in his pockets. "It's good for him. Not all birthdays will be happy like this when you keep having them. He needed this."

Madison studied the man in front of her. She had no idea how old Dante was. He had to be pretty old to be a Master. Chad was only a level-two vampire, and he was one hundred.

"You don't want to know," he answered her unasked question, smiling sadly.

"Dante." Madison wasn't sure what she would have said when his head jerked up.

"If you'll excuse me, I need to take care of something."

Madison watched him walk away. He moved with purpose and ease, almost floating instead of walking. Shaking her head, Madison joined the party and mingled with her friends.

A hand on the small of her back took Madison away from a debate on fixing the indoor hockey ring with the mayor. Looking behind her, she caught her breath as Tom pressed against her.

"Hello there, darling," he greeted her with mischief in his eyes.

Madison nodded, her mouth becoming suddenly dry.

A soft, amused chuckle sounded against her ear before a drink was placed in her hand. Madison gladly took a swallow of punch.

"I believe you promised me a dance," he said as she finished her drink. He nodded to the mayor, and the other man smiled back before Tom led Madison towards the dance floor. He placed her empty glass on a table as they passed so he had both hands free to hold her.

Once wrapped in his arms, Madison forgot everything else. He held her tightly, and his scent surrounded her. Madison looked up at him, trying to come up with something to say.

"I didn't see you come in."

He shook his head. "I came in late, had a call to take care of. You were talking in the corner with Dante." The last was said with a hint of bitterness.

"Tom."

He shook his head and pulled her closer. "No, it's okay. I know you haven't made your mind up about me yet. I've waited, given you time, but in fair warning, I do consider you mine."

Madison blinked up at him after that statement. Wolves were normally possessive—she knew that from experience—but so were vamps. Madison's gaze found Dante in the corner.

He was watching her dance, and he wasn't smiling. Seeing he had her attention, he nodded once before backing into the darkness.

Madison felt a tightening in her stomach.

Later that evening, Tom left quickly after getting a call about a downed power line. With a soft kiss on her lips and a promise he'd see her soon, he left the party. Madison stayed another hour, laughing and visiting with her friends.

Ready to call it a night, she kissed both Angie and Chad and said her good-byes. Her coat was no protection against the elements, and she hurried to her truck. The lean body leaning against the side of her vehicle had her stopping suddenly.

"I thought you'd left."

Dante shook his head and straightened. "Hanging back."

Madison stood in front of him, forgetting about the snow swirling around her.

"What's going on between you and the wolf?"

Madison wasn't surprised by the question. Dante was an honourable man, and if he thought she was taken, he'd step away. It was one of the things she admired about him. He'd been friends with her grandparents and had covered her with his protection when she was born. She gave him the only answer she could. "I don't know."

Dante didn't say anything as he seemed to search her face for the answer. "I believe you."

She should have probably been insulted, but instead she was relieved. "I don't understand my feelings. For him...or for you."

Dante nodded. She didn't see him move, but suddenly she was wrapped in his arms.

"Just wanted to know where I stand." Then his lips were on hers. He licked and nibbled until she opened then he thrust his tongue inside.

His tongue massaged hers as his hands pressed her body to his. Madison returned the kiss, her tongue invading his mouth, running over his teeth. The snow and the thought of people who could come around left her mind as he consumed her.

She moaned when his mouth left her and travelled down her neck. He dazzled her with licks and nibbles that had wetness pooling inside her panties. When he lifted her off her feet, she naturally wrapped her legs around his narrow waist, pressing intimately against him.

He turned and trapped her between his body and her truck. Madison rubbed herself against him as her arousal spiked. This wasn't the civilised man she'd thought. This was a man who wanted and needed a woman.

And she would gladly give herself to him.

Dante pulled his head up. "This is not the time or place."

Madison nodded, trying to regain her senses.

"You need to choose soon, Madison. I want you, and I get what I want." With that said, he retrieved her keys from the ground, where she had dropped them without realising it, and unlocked the door.

Once she was inside, he grabbed her chin and gave her one more kiss. "You know where to find me."

Confused, aroused, and frustrated, Madison drove carefully back to her house. A mile out of town, she saw lights in her rear view mirror. Dread weighed down her spirits as she pulled her vehicle to the side of the road.

Tom's vehicle pulled up behind hers. He got out and stomped towards her. Guilt flooded her as she remembered ten minutes earlier.

Madison rolled down her window but Tom yanked her door open. He leaned over her, caging her body in as he looked down at her so she saw his anger shining bright in his eyes.

"Enjoy the rest of the party?" he taunted.

"I..."

She didn't get any further as his mouth swooped down on hers. The kiss was brutal and so were the hands that held her head to him. As his tongue invaded her mouth, Madison tried to fight, telling herself it was wrong, but she couldn't fight her or him. She wanted him too. Her body and mind wouldn't cooperate, and she kissed him back just as forcefully.

He growled in the back of his throat and nipped her bottom lip. She tasted blood before his mouth covered hers again.

His hand travelled up the inside of her thigh, and she tried to open her legs farther, but she still had her seatbelt on. When his fingers pushed against her sex through the material, her hips bucked.

He laughed against her mouth before his hands reached the seatbelt. He released the seatbelt before he unhooked her pants with only two fingers. He pushed the material aside until he was touching her wet bare mound.

The first touch of his fingers had her gasping and moaning as his mouth lowered from her mouth to her neck. He quickly penetrated her throbbing pussy, causing her to grab his arms and throw her head back.

How long had it been since someone had touched her? She couldn't remember, couldn't think, as Tom's fingers plunged in and out in short strokes.

Her body tightened as her hips moved in rhythm with his hand. "Tom..."

His mouth left her neck and returned to hers. He thrust his tongue inside matching the same tempo as his fingers.

Pulling and grabbing at him, Madison let him finger fuck her until she exploded. Her climax came hard and powerful, making her cry out his name over and over.

Opening her eyes, she saw him watching her.

“You’ll only come for me Madison, do you hear me?”

She nodded, drained and spent.

He removed his hand from her pants and brought it to his mouth. As he licked his fingers clean, his eyes held hers. “Drive carefully,” he warned before shutting her door and stomping back to his own car.

Madison sat in her truck, her breathing laboured and tears stinging her eyes. What in the hell was she going to do now?

Chapter Two

Madison woke up tired and cranky. Dreams of Dante and Tom had followed her all night. She was with one then the other, or she'd be with Dante and he'd turn into Tom. A headache throbbing in her temple caused her to get up to take two aspirins and make a pot of strong coffee.

The dogs scratched at the door, and she opened it, letting cold air in. They took off, snow flying under their feet as they ran into the woods. Madison laughed and watched her babies. They could always bring a smile to her face.

Leaving the door cracked, she paced restlessly and waited for the coffeepot to fill. The first sip relaxed her shoulders, and by the time the first cup was gone, her headache had dulled.

After refilling the cup, she stepped in front of the big picture window and looked over the snow covered ground.

Belle came bounding out of the woods. Taz quickly jumped her, sending her rolling in the cold white mess. The two played—jumping on each other's backs, chasing, and wrestling. Finally tired, they started back towards the house. Before they reached the stairs, their ears perked up and they ran back into the woods, barking.

Madison stuck her head out the door and called them back, but they ignored her and went farther into the trees. Sighing, she pulled on her snow boots and jacket over her pyjamas.

Continuing to call her dogs, Madison followed their tracks deep into the woods. She found them circling and sniffing footprints in the snow. Madison frowned at them, feeling her temper raise.

There was no hunting in these woods. She would have to call Tom and have him check them out to make sure traps weren't set. She'd go crazy if one of her dogs got caught in a trap from illegal hunting.

Thinking of calling Tom brought flashes back of last night. His mouth on hers and his hands in her pants on the side of the road. What had they been thinking?

Madison could only contribute her behaviour to going without sex for too long. She'd decided that was what was messing with her—not the two men. You couldn't have the exact feelings for two different men. Angie was right; she needed to get laid.

Whistling, she got the dogs to follow her back to the house. Once inside the warmth and comfort in her own home, she smiled. She loved the home she'd made for herself. Its furniture was worn and used, but it was hers. Her large, open living room had a fireplace that she and the dogs loved to sit in front of. She'd turned the dining room into an office with book shelves and a computer desk. Looking around, she was happy and content. At least with this part of her life.

The ringing telephone drew her away from her thoughts.

"Hello."

"Madison!" Angie's excited voice came over the phone.

Madison looked at her watch. It was only eight in the morning—the store didn't open for another two hours. "Hey, Angie."

"The store was broken into!"

"What?"

"Mike next door just called and said the front door was busted. I told him to call the sheriff, and I'd call you. I'm headed over there, but I stayed at Chad's last night." Which meant she was farther away than Madison.

Taking the cordless phone with her, Madison scrambled into the bedroom. She tore off her pyjama bottoms and yanked on a pair of jeans.

"I'll meet you there," Madison told her friend before hanging up quickly and yanking an old Denver Broncos sweatshirt from her closet.

With both dogs loaded in the front seat next to her, Madison drove carefully into town. Biting her bottom lip, she worried over the inventory that could be lost. She had insurance, so that would take care of most of her books, but Angie handmade all the candles they sold there, and they had a computer in the back with all their business information on it.

Pulling onto Main Street, Madison could see Tom's SUV parked in front of the store. Two deputies were outside the store when she parked. She left the truck running as she hurried towards the store to get a look at the damage.

Deputies Kyle and Greg looked at her as she approached. They sent her small smiles, which she tried to return.

Madison took a deep breath before walking through the door that had all the glass broken out. The lights inside were on and Tom knelt in front of a display case that had been smashed.

He turned when he heard her walk inside. "Madison."

She took in the mess. Books were knocked off the shelves. The snow had ruined the ones by the door. Glass was everywhere, and it looked like every candle in the place had been smashed. All the display cases had been either opened or broken.

Tears pricked at the back of her eyelids as she had the overwhelming feeling of being violated.

Tom stood and walked towards her with long strides. His expression was fierce as he reached her and held her arm. "I'm sorry."

She nodded, still studying all the damage.

"Maybe you should wait in your truck," he offered.

"No. No. I want to see." Her voice was thick with unshed tears.

Placing his arm around her shoulders, Tom gave her what comfort he could. "Can you tell if anything is missing?"

Madison shook her head. "I don't know."

"Okay. It's okay. We'll find out."

"What about the office?" she asked, turning her face up to him.

"Fared better than up here. It's trashed, but I didn't see anything broken."

"Okay. Okay," Madison repeated in a low voice as she tried to convince herself that the store looked worse than it was. No one had been inside when the break in had happened. That was the most important thing. No one had gotten hurt.

A sharp intake of breath brought their attention to the door where Angie stood. Madison watched her friend's eyes take in all the broken glass and ruined work. She knew she would have to be strong to get them both through this

After getting the glass cleaned up, Madison let the dogs into the store. Angie sat on the floor, making a list of everything that was broken or ruined. After a couple of tears and

choice words, Angie had rolled up her sleeves and declared that they'd make the store even better.

Madison placed the ruined books in one box and the books that could be saved in another. The coffeepot had been smashed, but Tom had brought one over from Fred's Grocery so they had hot coffee.

The owner from the local hardware store had rushed over to help them also. Sam and his son were fixing the broken glass on the front door as Tom finished taking pictures.

Madison felt an arm wrap around her from behind and leaned against the solid chest of support. "Who would do something like this?"

"I don't know, honey, but I'll find out. I promise," Tom assured her, placing a kiss against her temple.

Madison sighed. "This is a mess."

"I know, but at least no one got hurt." He kissed her cheek and pulled away.

Taz and Belle both got up from their favourite spot and walked over to him, wanting some attention. Tom bent down and gave them both good rubbings before patting their heads. They wagged their tails at him.

"Just keep these two with you when you can. They won't let anything happen to you."

Madison smiled down at her dogs and remembered. "I almost forgot. I saw footprints in the woods in front of my house. I was wondering if you could send someone to check them out. If we have another illegal hunter out there setting traps, I might just shoot him."

Tom gave her a strange look before nodding. "I'll send someone out. When did you see them?"

"This morning. I was going to call you and then all of this happened."

He nodded again. "They seem fresh?"

"Yeah, pretty fresh, I'd say."

"Okay. I'll take care of it." He leaned over and kissed her quickly on the lips. "Be careful. I'll be in touch."

Madison watched him walk away, enjoying the view of him in his khaki uniform. After he'd gone through the door, she looked back at Angie sitting on the floor and smiling at her.

"Shut up," Madison mumbled walking towards the back.

Angie's soft laughter followed her.

* * * *

Madison was tired, and her back hurt from lifting boxes. She drove up to her house, grateful that, in her hurry this morning, she'd left the lights on. Getting out of the truck, she held the door open for the dogs.

They bounced down and ran for the house. They stopped at the foot of the stairs growling. Madison looked up and watched Dante walk out of the shadows.

"Dante." She whispered it but was sure he heard as his gaze met hers.

Taz snapped towards him, and Belle hunched down, giving a furious growl.

"Taz. Belle. Down. Friend." She gave the command automatically and without thought.

Walking up the stairs, Madison took in the sight in front of her. As exhausted as she was, nothing could curb the thrill of seeing him here at her house.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to check on you. Chad called me and told me about your store." He cupped her cheek in a loving gesture

Madison laid her hand over his before taking his colder one in her grasp. "Come inside. You're cold."

Dante followed her inside, taking his coat off as he stepped inside. The dogs, now sure he was a friend, walked past him to the fireplace. Taking the time to calm herself, Madison lit a fire, aware Dante's eyes never left her.

"There's nothing to be nervous about," Dante said from behind her.

Madison turned and faced him. "I think there is."

Closing the distance between them, Dante moved to her and cupped her face in his hands. "I would never hurt you."

Madison sighed and closed her eyes for a moment. "I don't play games, Dante. I never have. I respond to you, hell, I'll admit I want you."

The last statement brought a smile to his face. One that was rarely seen.

"But...there is someone else."

Dante nodded, but before he could respond, he lifted his head.

Madison looked over her shoulder as the back door slammed shut.

"Madison. Dante." Tom addressed them politely, but Madison could see the anger radiating off of him.

"Wolf," Dante greeted, using the respectful name for a shifter.

"Tom!" Madison moved away from Dante, but she knew he'd seen the other man's hands on her.

"I stopped by to check on the tracks in the woods like I told you I would." Tom spoke without raising his voice, but his eyes flashed.

Madison found herself standing between the two men.

"Umm...did you see anything?"

Tom never took his eyes from her, and Madison shifted uneasily.

"Someone was there. I don't know who it was. The scent was gone, but it looked like they were watching the cabin."

Madison's breath caught in surprise. Who would watch her?

"Is she in danger?" Dante asked the question Madison didn't want to.

Running his gaze over her one last time, Tom looked over to the other man. "With the break in at the store, I'm concerned."

Dante nodded as if something passed between the two that they understood but she didn't.

"You think someone is watching me, and they broke into my store?" Madison had to have him clarify.

She watched Tom's features soften. "I'm concerned, that's all. I don't want you staying here alone."

Madison blinked at him then looked around her home. Her home where she had moved after the accident that had burned half of her grandparents' house. This place was her haven.

"I'm sure I'll be safe here," she said out loud but even she heard the doubt in her voice.

"Your back door was unlocked," Tom pointed out.

"I left in a hurry," she excused herself.

"That's no reason not to lock your house, Madison."

She frowned at him and looked over at Dante, who was still silent. He caught her eye and shook his head.

“He’s right. You shouldn’t stay alone.”

Madison wrinkled her nose at him, pissed he hadn’t taken her side. “I’m a big girl and I can take care of myself.” She finished the statement by crossing her arms over her chest.

Tom laughed. “I would normally agree with you, but until I know for sure, I’m staying here...with you.”

Madison looked at Dante, who smiled. “I don’t think that will be necessary. I’ll stay with Madison.”

Both men looked at her.

Chapter Three

Madison looked between them before backing away. "No really. I don't need anyone to stay with me."

Neither made a move to leave.

"I'm serious. I have Taz and Belle. I'll be fine."

Hearing their names, both dogs' ears perked up.

Dante took a step towards her but stopped when Tom growled. Dante raised his eyes over to the wolf and shrugged before looking back at her.

"You need to decide, Madison, because one of us is staying," Dante told her, his voice soft and caressing.

"I..." Madison shifted her gaze from one to the other. She had told the truth. She didn't play games. If she could have, she would have already. "I'm sorry. I can't."

"Madison." Tom's voice echoed through the cabin.

Tears pricked the back of her eyes, but she refused to cry. Her heart broke, and she felt like her soul was being torn in two. "I'm sorry, I can't. Now I have had a very hard day and really need a shower. I'm sure you two can show yourselves out."

Madison walked towards the hall.

"Oh, and lock up when you go." She threw over her shoulder at Tom.

Once in the bathroom, Madison leaned against the closed door and took a deep breath. Being around both men had been a wake up call for Madison. She couldn't keep lying to herself and them. She wanted each of them, for different reasons, and had been stringing them along.

Madison moved from the door and looked at herself in the mirror. She had been waiting for one of them to make the decision for her. For one of them to take advantage and choose for her. They hadn't. They'd only demanded that she pick one over the other. As much as she wanted to, it wasn't possible. Giving up on it for the night, Madison started the shower and undressed.

Once inside, she let the pounding spray relax her tight muscles. It hadn't been fun cleaning up the store. Someone had done a lot of damage. That was what she should be thinking about. Who would break into the store and cause that destruction? She couldn't think of anyone in town who would do such a thing.

Neither she nor Angie had made enemies that she knew of. Nothing of value in the store had been taken. And why would anyone want to watch her cabin? That thought scared her more than she would have admitted. In all honestly, she didn't want to stay alone but what could she do?

Madison searched her mind as she washed the shampoo from her hair. Not being able to come up with anything on that subject, her mind drifted back to Dante and Tom.

She wondered if Tom hadn't shown up would she have given herself to Dante? The answer was yes. But what if it had been Tom waiting on her to return home? Would she have given herself to him? Yes again.

Madison felt so conflicted with her feelings for them. Picking up the bar of soap, she washed her body. Her breasts felt heavy and full as she washed them. When she took her hand lower, she brushed against her swollen pussy. It had been throbbing since she laid eyes on Dante. With Tom in the room with them she could feel the wetness between her legs pool inside her panties. God, she wanted them.

As her finger dipped inside her centre, she thought about them. About what kind of lovers they would be. Madison added a second as she rocked her hips. It didn't matter which one she imagined inside her, either man, as long as it was one of them. She lifted her leg to the shower wall and added a third finger. She cried out in pleasure as her release came, swiftly shaking her body.

The bathroom door swung open and slammed against the wall before she even had time to drop her leg or remove her fingers. The glass door hid nothing.

Tom growled as he stalked towards her. Madison shrieked as he reached for the door. He swung it open with so much force she was afraid it might shatter. He turned off the water as he yanked her out of the shower.

"Hey!" Madison complained as he dragged her from the bathroom soaking wet.

In her bedroom, she saw Dante standing next to the bed.

"I thought you two left," she said defiantly.

Dante nodded his head, not taking his eyes from her naked body. "That is quite apparent."

Madison couldn't cover herself with Tom still gripping her wrist so she glared at him. "Could you let me go so I can put something on?"

Tom didn't answer but looked at Dante. The two men stared at each other for a long time before Dante finally nodded again.

Madison didn't know what was happening, but it couldn't be good. She tried to yank her arm from Tom, but he only tightened his grip as he turned to look at her.

"I can't believe that you would rather pleasure yourself than allow one of us," he told her, his voice turning huskier than usual.

Madison could feel a blush work up her neck to her face. It wasn't like she had planned on getting caught. Tom lips quirked as if he knew what she was thinking. He stepped in front of her, and Madison let him fill her entire vision.

"Is that what it is? You would rather think about us than really be with us?" Tom continued.

"Or is it that you truly can't choose one of us over the other?" Dante asked from directly behind her.

Madison jumped. She hadn't heard him move. She looked over her shoulder and almost lost her breath. He was so handsome with his high cheekbones and dark eyes. Without realising it, she started to lean towards him. .

But Tom started talking again.

"So which is it, Madison?" he asked, stepping closer until he was pressed against her front.

Dante pressed his hard body against her back.

Madison looked into Tom's eyes before once again she glanced behind her. "I..."

She didn't get any further before Tom's mouth covered hers. Madison was taken by surprise, her mouth opening before she realised it.

Tom's tongue invaded her mouth, massaging her tongue and drawing her deeply into pleasure. Her hands went to his shoulders as she used him as an anchor.

When he pulled away, Madison only had a second before a hand under her chin turned her head, and she tasted Dante. Madison shook with need by the time Dante withdrew from her. With confusion and lust clouding her mind, she looked from one man to the other.

"What are you doing?" She whispered the question.

"Taking the decision away from you," Tom told her before kissing her again.

Madison couldn't fight the desire. Not standing there naked, pressed between them. It didn't matter who had possession of her mouth, whose hands cupped her breasts, and whose erection was teasing her where.

She lost the ability to tell the difference between their touch as she felt herself drift. Her body overly sensitive as lips covered one hard plump nipple, Madison moaned into the mouth that covered hers. Somehow she found herself being pushed onto her bed. Opening her eyes, she saw Tom kneeling on the mattress, spreading her legs.

He pulled his shirt over his head, and Madison wanted to pinch herself to make sure this wasn't just another dream. Looking to the side, she watched as Dante also had his shirt removed and had his hands on his belt.

He smiled at her, and Madison forgot all of her worries. In that moment, she didn't care about what she *should* feel. This just felt right.

Dante winked at her and pulled the belt from his pants. Madison couldn't hold back a sigh as he dropped it to the ground. She turned her head in time to see Tom slide his pants down.

His cock stood out from his body. Madison licked her lips in appreciation. He was long and hard, and Madison wanted it inside her. Tom bent and placed a soft kiss against her lips. Madison nipped at him, and he chuckled before moving his lips lower. His tongue trailed down her chin to her neck.

She felt him breathe in against her and knew he was scenting her. No matter how much man he was at this moment, he was still a wolf shifter. And the wolf was never buried too deep.

A hand in her hair took her attention away from Tom and on a naked Dante. His body was everything that had been in her dreams. She lifted a hand and stroked his hard erection. Dante moaned, and his head fell back. Madison continued sliding her hand up and down as Tom sucked patches of her skin into his mouth.

As she felt him at her heated core, she arched on the bed. Tom shifted between her thighs, pushing them farther apart, and Madison gladly moved to accommodate him, never faltering from the cock in her hand.

The first swipe of tongue over her folds had her bucking off the bed. Tom caught her hips and buried his face into her. His tongue separated then penetrated her. Madison cried out, and her hand tightened around Dante. He groaned in arousal and thrust harder in her hand.

Tom added first one finger then a second as she lifted her hips to ride his hand. When his lips covered and sucked her clit, she exploded, her release catching her off guard.

Madison rode out her orgasm with Tom licking up her juices and Dante's hips whipping faster. Tom moved up her body, kissing as he went. When he lifted his head, his face showed how much he wanted her.

"I hope you're ready for this, baby, because we are done waiting."

Madison nodded, unable to form words. Dante pulled out of her grasp, and she reached for him again.

"Not yet, sweetheart," he told her, leaning down to kiss her.

She started to protest, but Tom stole her attention once again as he settled fully against her, and his cock teased her opening. With his eyes locked on hers, he started to push in. Madison could feel her body start to accommodate his size. Neither looked away while he rocked himself inside.

When he was fully seated, Madison would have sworn she had never felt so filled in her life. Tom started thrusting in and out making each stroke harder than the last. Madison could only gasp as he rode her.

Dante touched her head and she looked over to him. He knelt on the bed beside her. With one hand on Tom's shoulder, she used the other to bring Dante closer.

The first taste of Dante's cock burst in her mouth. She greedily engulfed him, twirling her tongue around the tip and massaging while sucking. It didn't take long before his movements matched Tom's. Together, they filled her with so much pleasure she had tears in her eyes.

Tom grunted above her while Dante's soft voice spoke nonsense to her ears. Pounding into her harder, Tom raised her legs over his shoulders and pushed in deeper. Madison cried

out around Dante, her mouth full, but Tom never let up. At full speed, he continued to take her until her second release took over.

Dante removed himself from her mouth as Madison's head jerked back, and she arched. She felt Tom stiffen a moment before his hot seed filled her. Madison didn't have time to think when Tom moved off her. Dante, still kneeling, pulled her to him. She straddled his waist and was immediately invaded.

Dante plunged into her at such a fast speed Madison knew no normal man could ever reach it. Grabbing hold of his shoulders, she wrapped her body around his.

Dante gripped her hips tightly as he moved. Madison wasn't expecting the third climax, didn't even think it was possible, but when it came, she screamed.

Hand in her hair, Dante yanked her head back and attacked her throat. His vampire teeth sank deep into her flesh, and he released inside her at the same time.

Madison's body shook as he pulled her blood into his mouth. Erotic sensations coursed through her, and she whimpered when he stopped drinking from her and licked the bite. Dante held her in his arms as she fought to get her breath back. Tom moved up behind her and kissed the back of her neck.

Heaven, she thought as her sated body relaxed.

Chapter Four

Madison woke up shortly after the sun rose. She had always been an early riser, and even after the activities of the night before, this morning was no different.

Tom and Dante had laid her between them, where she had quickly fallen asleep. Some time during the night, they'd woken and made love to her all over again. This time slower with Dante having her first.

As she stretched her arms over her head, she realised she was alone in her bed. Madison sat up and looked around, but no one was in the room with her. The bathroom door was open and that room looked empty also.

Madison rose and grabbed her robe. As she walked out of her bedroom, she worried her lip. She wasn't sure what would happen now. The only thing she was sure of was that there was no way after last night she could give up either man. They both had gone out of their way to make her feel loved and wanted. Her feelings had only increased.

She was surprised to see Tom sitting at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and reading the paper.

"Good morning," he greeted as she walked in. He folded the paper and sent her a stunning smile.

"Um...hi." She didn't know what to say.

The smile stayed in place as he gestured to the coffeepot. "It's fresh. Why don't you grab you a cup and come sit with me?"

Madison nodded and did what he asked. She started to take the seat next to him, but he reached out and pulled her into his lap. Coffee tipped over the edge of her cup, but she didn't mind when his scent enfolded her.

"I'm much more comfortable than that chair," he told her, kissing her check.

Madison looked around, but didn't see Dante. "Where's Dante?" She had to ask.

If Tom had any objections to her questions, he didn't show it. He only shifted in his seat so he could look at her. "He had to get home before the sunrise."

Madison was surprised she hadn't realised that. But then another thought hit her. "If he had to leave then what was with the two of you wanting me to pick who could stay?"

"My argument exactly. But it had more to do with not leaving me alone with you."

But he was alone with her now. "And now?"

Tom shook his head and picked up his cup. "Let's just say we've come to an understanding."

"An understanding?" Madison questioned.

Tom's eyes sparkled with humour. "Let's just say there will be a lot more repeats of last night until you choose otherwise."

Madison wanted to jump up for joy, but it couldn't be that simple. Could it?

"I don't see how this is going to work," she told him honestly.

Tom only chuckled and tightened the arm round her. "You just let us worry about that. Unless you've decided already that you just can't live without me."

Madison had to smile. "No, not yet."

He gave an exaggerated sigh, but Madison could still see the smile at the edge of his lips. She pressed her fingers over them and closed her eyes.

Please don't let this be too good to be true, she thought.

Tom's tongue licked her fingertips, and Madison opened her eyes.

"It will be okay, baby," he promised.

Madison nodded. She hoped so.

"But there are a few things we need to discuss this morning," he said, more serious.

"What?"

"Well, if you remember, there were footprints all around your house. Someone has been watching you."

Madison couldn't help but shiver at that horrible thought. Tom moved his hand up to rub her back.

"That along with the fact your store was broken into, we want you to take extra precautions." Tom finished.

"What extra precautions?" Madison asked warily.

"Well, keeping all your doors locked would be good."

Madison rolled her eyes, but he continued talking.

"Also, staying in town until either Dante or I can come home with you."

Madison opened her mouth to argue, but he wasn't finished yet.

"I'll drive you to work and check things out before you go in. If you suspect anything, you are to call immediately."

"Don't you think that's overdoing it a little?" Madison asked even though she knew what his answer would be.

"You're ours," he told her, grabbing her chin. "Don't forget that. Both of us are territorial. Our situation may be different, but it still remains that you belong to us. No one else will touch you."

Madison pulled her face away before standing. "I'm not property."

Tom stood also, and Madison watched his eyes flash. "Our property."

Madison pushed at his chest. "That is the biggest bullshit I've ever heard."

He laughed.

Madison could feel her blood pressure rise. "Do not laugh at me."

"Well, babe," he told her calmly, "I'd get used to it. You picked two alpha males. Your life is going to change fast."

Without another word, Madison turned and headed for the shower. She was mad at Tom's words, but a part of her cheered. So she was mad at that part of herself, too.

* * * *

Tom hadn't been joking when he'd said her life was going to change. He'd taken her to work and looked around the store before letting her inside. Angie had arrived by the time he gave the all clear.

Before leaving, he had given her a deep, erotic kiss that had Angie asking questions all day. He'd even shown up at lunchtime with hot sandwiches and soup. When he left that time, he informed her Dante would be there at sundown and not to leave without him.

That had questions flying out of Angie's mouth until Madison finally gave in and told her friend. Angie had just smiled and hadn't said anything else. Madison knew her friend was happy for her, and that made what was happening a little sweeter.

Dante showed up with Chad in tow right after the sun went down. Madison worked on rearranging the store and putting up candles to replace the ones that had been broken. He worked beside her, and she found herself distracted each time she looked at him. Angie and Chad disappeared into the back, and she was alone with him for the first time since the night before.

Without wasting time, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Madison responded, kissing him back and rubbing her body against his. He groaned when they broke apart.

"Be careful or I might take you here in front of the window," he warned.

Madison laughed but backed away. She wouldn't put anything past him.

"Tom told me you were unhappy about our looking after your safety."

Madison frowned and wondered just how much the two were talking. "I'm unhappy that you both think I'm unable to take care of myself. That you can just come in and order me around."

Dante sent her an understanding look and once again pulled her to him. "Neither of us thinks you are unable to take care of yourself. But we both agree that something is going on. It's our job to protect you."

"Your job? Says who?" she questioned, her annoyance evident in her tone.

"Madison, I have lived for a very long time. Society isn't like it used to be. My first instinct will always be to protect you. To keep you out of harm's way."

Before she could respond, he nodded. "Tom has the instincts of a predator and a protector. It is not any easier for him than me."

Madison knew he was right, but she had been on her own for so long. "I know but..."

He stopped her with a soft kiss on her lips. "Give it time, sweetheart." Then he kissed her again.

Madison melted against him and closed her eyes, letting everything else around her go. As the kiss deepened, her hands found their way under his sweater.

It wasn't until a throat cleared loudly that she thought enough to pull away.

She knew she was blushing when she turned to see who had come in. Tom stood just inside the door with his hands on his hips.

"Damn, that's hot," he said, walking over.

He kissed her and Madison felt her head start to spin. She whimpered when he pulled from her.

“Let’s get you home and more comfortable,” he told her with a wink.

“I have to tell Angie—”

“I already sent them on their way,” Dante interrupted.

Madison turned back towards him. “I didn’t hear you tell them anything.”

He only smiled, and she remembered her grandma telling her that Master vampires could talk to their family telepathically.

“Okay, let me just lock up.” Madison moved, turning out the light.

She was anxious to get home with her two men.

Chapter Five

Dante insisted he drive Madison home through the snow since Tom had gotten to drive her in. She didn't mind. It gave her time to play. With her hand in Dante's lap, she teased the entire drive.

She started with just faint brushes through her hips then she unzipped him, anxious to feel his flesh. His erection jumped in her hand as she slowly stroked him.

Dante opened his legs, giving her more room to work, and she used it, sliding her hand up and down. Her thumb teased the slit of his cock which leaked pre-cum into her hand.

Only miles from the house, Madison took off her seat belt and leaned over to blow her breath against him. Dante groaned, and she felt the car swerve.

"I'm going to wreck if you don't stop."

Madison decided to test his control and licked just the head. He seemed to swell in her hand. Pleased with the reaction, she went about licking his cock.

She started at the tip then ran her tongue over the sides like she was licking an ice-cream cone. She could feel Dante's legs shake under her.

"Madison." He groaned out her name.

Deciding to stop tormenting him, she moved closer and took him deep in her throat. One of his hands found its way to her hair as she bobbed up and down.

"Good. So good," he whispered.

Madison moaned and sucked him harder, deeper.

He moved his hand from her hair down her back to her waistband. Moving what little she could, she reached under herself and unsnapped her jeans.

Dante pushed them and her panties over her bottom to her knees. She was already wet when his fingers teased her folds.

"So hot," he murmured.

Madison hummed, knowing the vibration would add to his pleasure. Dante's fingers parted then entered her swollen centre. He pumped two fingers in and out. Madison could feel her body grip them, trying to keep them in.

"Almost there," Dante said, and she wasn't sure if he meant the house or release...nor did she care.

Madison teased his head with her tongue again before sliding him down her throat. Dante's fingers continued to plunge in and out. Her hips bucked as she fucked herself against his hand.

"Almost..." He was panting now.

She felt the car turn before he slammed on the brakes. His hips pumped up, pushing his cock in farther. Madison moaned as he moved his hand from her pussy to her back entrance. He pressed one finger against the puckered hole.

Madison swallowed her scream as he began to insert his finger. A bite of pain, before pleasure followed as he pushed the digit all the way in then pulled it back out. He continued to penetrate her ass with his finger as she sucked. He stretched her before adding a second finger and Madison's climax took her.

Dante's hips moved faster until he himself found completion, thrusting one last time and holding himself to her as he released his essence.

Madison pulled her mouth from him just as the door behind her flew open. She turned and was captured by Tom. His mouth swooped down on her and she was yanked to the edge of the seat.

When he broke the kiss, he growled at her.

"I knew what you were doing in here," he complained as he yanked open his pants, letting his full hard erection spring out.

He spread her thighs until she could feel his cock. He slammed into her causing her to cry out. Tom pounded into her like a man with no control. Each time harder until she thought he was going to go through her womb. Still it wasn't enough. Madison moved her legs over his arms.

"Harder," she demanded.

He complied, picking up the speed and shortening each stroke until Madison's body exploded. Vaguely she heard him howl his climax to the moon while she flew.

Madison came back to herself slowly. Tom's weight still covered her, but a hand running through her hair told her Dante was still there. She looked up at him, and she smiled.

"Shall we take this inside where it's warmer?" he asked.

She laughed. Then laughed harder when Tom groaned.

They made it inside where both men checked the house out before letting her any farther than the entry. When they decided it was okay, Madison took off her boots and jacket before collapsing on the couch.

Dante and Tom sat on either side of her. Throwing her legs over Tom's lap, she leaned against Dante.

"I think the two of you are trying to kill me," she teased.

Tom ran his hand up her thigh. "Could be."

Madison chuckled softly as electricity shot up her body where he touched. Dante's soft lips trailed down her neck. "Definitely trying to kill me."

Before they could go any farther, both men pulled away suddenly.

"What's wrong?" She looked from one to the other.

"Go into the bedroom take the dogs," Dante ordered.

"What? No!" Madison tried to argue, but Tom stood, taking her with him.

"Now," he demanded in a tone that screamed not to disobey.

Madison started towards the bedroom. The dogs that had been lying on the rug in the kitchen followed. Madison tried to listen for something but to her everything was quiet.

Madison sat on her bed and waited. Both dogs took position in front of her, between her and the door like they knew they were in charge of her protection.

It didn't take Dante long before he came back.

"Someone's outside, sweetheart, so just sit tight," he told her gently.

"Who is it?"

He shook his head and moved to her. "I don't know. I can only sense a presence close. Tom went out the back to get a scent."

Madison nodded then pressed against Dante's hand as he cupped her cheek. She was suddenly grateful she wasn't alone.

"We won't let anything happen to you," Dante promised.

She believed him. But what if something happened to one of them? What if she lost them as soon she had found them? She didn't want to think about it. The loss of one of her men would be too much to bear.

The front door opened, and Madison jumped up. Dante caught her arm, stopping her from moving.

"Madison," Tom called from the living room.

Dante nodded but kept a hold of her arm. Madison let him lead the way. The first look of the visitor had her crying out and running to him.

"*Matt!* Oh my God! *Matt!* You're okay! Where have you been?" Madison ran her hands all over her brother, unable to believe she was seeing him, touching him.

Her brother hugged her closely, and Madison closed her eyes. When she was able to keep the tears from falling, she pulled away and took in her brother's appearance. He looked different, yet the same. He was thinner than she remembered, his black hair falling over his shoulders, and circles under his eyes.

"Where have you been?" she asked softly.

Matt shrugged and didn't meet her eyes. "I met a few people, and we have been travelling around."

"Travelling around?" Madison just stared at him. "You disappeared. I thought something happened to you. That you were dead!"

He met her eyes then. "I was fine."

Madison could feel her temper rising. "You could have called and let me know that!"

She watched as Matt's gaze drifted from her to the two men that stood with her. "Looks like you're doing just fine. I mean, two men, Madison? If Mother could see you now."

Madison jerked back as if he slapped her. Dante moved so quickly all she saw was a blur then her brother slammed up against the door.

"You will not disrespect her!" Dante said, his voice dangerously low.

Matt's lips twisted in a sneer. "What are you going to do, Dante? You promised to protect us both."

Madison could see Dante's arm muscles bulge. "Dante. Don't. It's okay."

"No, it's not," Tom answered for him before stepping up next to Dante and looking down at Matt. "Watch yourself, boy. Dante may have promised to protect you, but I didn't."

Madison knew she needed to diffuse the situation fast. "Okay. Stop, both of you." She laid her hand on Dante's shoulder. "Let him go."

She didn't think he was going to as both men continued to stare down at her brother. But finally Dante released Matt and stepped away. Tom turned and stalked into the living room without a word.

Madison met Dante's gaze and noticed his eyes were glowing. He was angry. And on her behalf. Madison smiled at him and rose to her toes to kiss his cheek. "Just give me a minute."

He nodded before joining Tom in the living room.

Madison waited until they were both seated before turning to her brother. "Let's go outside."

Chapter Six

The cold wind hit Madison in the face as she stepped outside her cabin. Matt had walked out while she put her boots and jacket back on. She found him leaning against the railing with his arms crossed over his chest.

"So what are you doing here?" she asked, still hurt by his words earlier.

"I grew up here. I'm just as welcome here as you are. I may not be fucking everyone in town, but that doesn't mean this isn't my home."

Madison refused to let him bait her into a fight. There was something wrong with him. Matt had never treated her this way. "I never said this wasn't your home, but since you disappeared, I'm asking what brought you back."

He stared at her for several seconds. "I want the book Grandma left you."

Madison knew exactly what he was talking about. The book of magic was left to the women of the family. Her grandmother had given it to her on her eighteenth birthday. "Why do you want it?"

He shrugged, but Madison didn't believe the casual gesture. She could feel the tension radiating off of him. "You don't practice, so what good is it doing you? That is unless you had to use a spell from it to get those two in your bed."

Madison took a step forward but kept her voice low. "Now, listen to me. What I do is my personal business. You left without word and didn't even bother to call to make sure I was okay."

"Looks to me like you're doing okay. I didn't see you worrying about anything as you got fucked in the car."

Madison gasped, but everything started falling into place. "You're the one that has been watching the house."

Matt didn't deny it.

"Did you break into my store too?"

He snorted. "What would I want out of that small town, rink-a-dink store?"

But Madison knew. "You wanted the book."

He shook his head and stepped closer. "Just give it to me."

"I wouldn't give you anything. I don't know what's wrong with you, but you've changed. You can leave now." Madison turned to walk back in the house.

Matt's hand snaked out and grabbed her arm before she could get inside. He pulled her back, and she slammed against his chest. "I don't want to hurt you, Madison. Just give me the book."

Madison turned her head. "Don't threaten me. I have two men inside who would rip you apart."

Matt opened his mouth to comment, but her front door opened. Just like she said, both Dante and Tom stood in the doorway, eyes narrowed. Matt released her and pushed her towards them.

"I will get the book," he promised before stomping off the porch.

Madison looked up at her men and broke down in tears. Four arms surrounded her, and they took her back inside.

* * * *

Madison straddled Tom's waist, riding him slowly, when Dante pushed her flat against the other man. Dante's lubricated fingers breached her back entrance, stretching her.

She moaned as he magically worked his fingers inside. Tom raised her chin and kissed her deeply, taking her attention away from what was being done from behind.

Dante's weight against her back told her he thought she was ready. He pushed inside, and Madison felt a sharp bite of pain. She cried out inside Tom's mouth. Dante stopped moving and waited for her to adjust, kissing the back of her neck. Tom nibbled on her chin and cupped her breasts.

"Now," she panted to Dante.

He pulled back then pressed forward again. It was amazing, the fullness she felt. She could take both of them. Sucking on Tom's tongue, Madison delighted in this new position. Dante kept his movements slow as he penetrated her until he was fully seated.

"Oh, God! Oh yes!" Madison moved her hips. She felt more than just full—she felt loved, cherished, and never wanted the feelings to leave. She squeezed her inner muscles, wanting to hold both men inside her for as long as she could.

"Oh fuck!" Tom yelled as she tightened around him.

She screamed as her first orgasm hit. Tom grabbed her hips and held her still as he pumped his hips up and Dante thrust in behind her. Madison didn't think she could take anymore, but they continued.

Both men rode her. Tom grunted as Dante whispered to her, telling her to just feel. Telling her how much they both loved her. Taking away all of her stress and anxiety from earlier with her brother.

In the arms of these two men, she could just let herself go.

She heard Dante's long moan before he buried his cock deep inside and exploded. He bit down and his incisors sliced into her skin. Madison went crazy, slamming against him then Tom as his climax caused hers. Tom growled and wrapped an arm around her waist as he filled her.

Dante pulled out of her gently and Madison lifted herself off Tom. As she collapsed down beside him, Tom wrapped his arms around her while Dante snuggled up to her back.

"That was wonderful," she told them.

Dante nibbled on her neck. "You have no idea, sweetheart."

Tom brushed his lips against her forehead. "We have to do that again."

Madison looked down and saw that his cock was once again standing up. "There's no way."

Tom plucked at one of her nipples, drawing a low moan. "Let me introduce you to one of the perks of being with a man not fully human."

Dante pulled her on top of him. "Or I can show you the pleasure of my tongue and teeth on every inch of your body."

Tom pressed himself against her back. "Later, vampire."

"Men." Madison giggled.

"My turn," Tom announced as he caressed her behind.

Chapter Seven

From the front window of her store, Madison watched Tom drive off. Even though they all had agreed it was probably her brother, the men didn't want to take any chances. Madison didn't think Matt would really hurt her, but she didn't want Tom or Dante to get hurt either.

Madison made a pot of coffee and opened the store. Glancing at the clock on her wall, she noticed Angie was running later than usual. She put it out of her mind when she saw the town's doctor Max stop by the window.

She smiled and waved. He waved back before heading to the door.

"Good morning." She greeted as he stepped inside.

"It's colder out there than a witch's tit," the older man grumbled.

Madison didn't take any offence since Max was one of the best witches they had. "Can I offer you a hot cup of coffee?"

Max smiled and started to take off his jacket. "Bless you, child."

Madison laughed as she filled one of the extra coffee mugs. As she handed him the cup, he winked at her. "So how are things with you?"

Madison could feel her cheeks heat with a blush. "Good."

Max laughed. "Nothing to be ashamed of, girl. You have two very sexy men."

Madison narrowed her eyes and put her hands on her hips. "You better stay away from my men, Doc," she told him playfully.

"Hey! You can't blame a man for looking," he said, holding a hand up.

"Well, does Devin know you're looking?"

His smile dropped from his face. "You wouldn't."

Madison laughed. She loved both Max and his younger partner Devin. Devin ran the bar on the outskirts of town and was a very big man. But he had the softest heart of anyone she knew. "Not as long as you only look."

Max nodded and smiled. "Deal."

They spoke for a few more minutes, talking about the upcoming Thanksgiving dinner while he finished his coffee. He kissed her cheek before leaving, wishing her the best.

Madison smiled as she washed the mug and looked over her shoulder at the clock once again. Angie was never this late. Never without calling.

Deciding to just check on her, Madison headed to the phone. It rang before she reached it.

"Hello."

"Hello, sister dear." Matt's voice crackled over the line.

"Matt. What do you want?"

"Did you not just get mad at me for not calling? Now I call, and you aren't being nice."

Madison sighed. She didn't know what he had planned, but she didn't feel like playing games. "Look. I'm sorry about last night, but I really have to go. I have a phone call to make."

"You wouldn't be trying to call your friend Angie, would you?"

Something between fear and panic twisted in her gut. "What have you done?"

The laugh that came through the phone sounded evil and not like Matt's at all. "Let's just say I have something you want, and you have something I want."

"The book."

"Very good. Now lock up the store and get the book. I want it now or I will hurt her."

"Why are you doing this?" Madison cried onto the phone.

"Now, no hysterics from you. Just get the book."

"Where are you?" Madison looked around the store and tried to come up with a plan.

"You don't need to worry about that. Your ride is there," he told her.

"My ride?" Madison didn't see any cars out front. Hearing a noise behind her, she turned and faced a large muscled man.

"Now get the book, and Tag will bring you and it to me."

Madison's mouth was dry, and she had to swallow several times before she could speak. "Why?"

"Just do as you're told, Madison. I have given Tag permission to do whatever he wants if you don't cooperate. He's a big guy. I doubt you would need two of him to satisfy you."

Madison put a hand over her mouth as her stomach rolled.

"You have fifteen minutes," Matt told her then she heard the click of him disconnecting and a dial tone.

She looked over at the stranger who took a step towards her.

Madison held her hands up. "I'll get it."

He nodded and Madison looked outside once again. No one was in sight.

The strange man followed her into the back room and stayed on her heels as she moved the old painting that hid the safe. Madison turned the combination in the hidden safe. She could feel the man behind her, and it was all she could do to keep from screaming in terror. She knew this couldn't end well.

There was nothing in the book that was worth all this. She wasn't sure what her brother was after, but she would give him the book and hopefully get herself and Angie back safely.

Her mind drifted to Dante and Tom. They were going to be so pissed, but it wasn't like she had a lot of choice. Taking the book out of the safe, she looked over her shoulder. The man, Tag, took it from her and grabbed her upper arm.

"Let's go." He yanked her out of the room.

Madison didn't fight him, knowing it wouldn't do any good. He led her out the back door, and she saw Angie's SUV parked behind the store. He opened the driver's door and pushed her in.

Madison climbed over to the other seat and put her seat belt on. "Where are we going?"

He didn't answer and Madison leaned back in her seat, trying to come up with a plan.

Chapter Eight

As soon as Tag pulled onto the old dirt road Madison knew where they were headed. Her grandparent's house was out this way. It had been years since she had come out this far, but she knew immediately she was in more trouble than she thought.

As Tag navigated the rough road, Madison prepared for the battle ahead. When the house came into view, she noticed three cars that she'd never seen before.

"Who's all here?" she asked.

Again he didn't answer, but Madison hadn't really thought he would. He pulled between two black cars and turned off the engine.

"Don't try anything, girly."

Madison made a face at him. Girly? She didn't get time to comment before he grabbed the book with one hand and her with the other. He easily dragged her from the car.

The door opened before they reached it and a young girl, probably not even twenty, held it open for them.

Madison looked at the home where she had spent most of her summers. The fire, years ago, had damaged only the back of the building, so the living room was in order as they led her there.

That was where she saw Angie handcuffed to a chair, and from the burn marks on her wrists, Madison guessed they used pure silver.

"Son of a bitch!" she cried and ran to her friend. She knelt in front of her, and Angie opened her eyes. Madison could see the pain etched all over her face.

Madison looked over her shoulder until she found her brother. "I brought you the book, now let her go!"

Matt walked forward. "As soon as we finish our business."

Madison stood and faced him. "We're finished. I brought you the book. *Now let her go!*"

Matt stopped and looked from her to Angie. "All in good time. I have something for you to do then I will release you both."

Madison didn't believe him. Wherever he had been, he had changed. He had turned evil. She could smell the black magic in the house. "I won't do anything else."

Matt's hand came across her face, and she didn't have time to avoid the blow. Pain exploded across her cheek, and she lifted a shaky hand to her face. Eyes stinging, she wiped off the blood from her lip.

"Wow. How manly," she taunted.

He hit her again but Madison didn't recover as quickly this time. He moved and wrapped a hand in her hair. Yanking her head up, he brought her face close to his.

Madison saw the biggest change in him for the first time. Where his eyes had once been blue, they were now coal black.

"What have you done to yourself?" she whispered, trying to understand the change in her brother.

He laughed and leaned even closer. "I embraced my heritage. Just like you're going to do tonight."

Before she could argue, he pulled her to the side of the room, and Madison saw for the first time what he had planned. The pentagon and black candles in the middle of the floor had every indication of a ritual.

The girl who had opened the door carefully placed the book in the middle.

"That's not a book of black magic," Madison told him, struggling.

Matt wrapped an arm around her neck. "You have so much to learn, little sister. Every spell can be done in black or white magic. It's all about the witch."

She shook her head as the other people in the room made a circle around the pentagon. Matt started to move forward, taking her with him.

He pushed her down until she was kneeling on one side of the circle. He matched her position on the other side.

"Give me your hand," he ordered, holding his own hand out.

Madison shook her head.

He looked over to where Angie was tied up and Madison followed the movement. Tag stood behind Angie with what looked like a thin necklace. He placed it around her neck and Angie screamed in pain. Shocked, Madison looked back at her brother.

"Pure silver and we have plenty more," he told her. "Now give me your hand."

Hand shaking, Madison put hers inside his larger one. He closed his fingers around it, and Madison's body went cold.

He started chanting while one of the women lit the candles around them. Madison tried to pull her hand away, but Matt's hold tightened. Not knowing what else to do, she tried to listen to his words.

Her grandmother had tried to teach her Latin, but Madison hadn't been very good at it. She could only pick up one out of several words, but the words she could pick up were bad. *Invoke, evil, sacrifice.*

When Matt started the chant over again, Madison could feel the change in the room. The air sizzled around her. The flames of the candles grew.

Madison closed her eyes and concentrated on her own magic. It had been years since she had practiced, but as she started the spell to ward off evil that her grandmother had thought her, the words flowed easily to her mind.

Madison repeated the spell over and over as her brother's voice rose.

The air snapped in front of her and the candles blew out. She opened her eyes and saw her brother watching her. A flash of surprise crossed his face but was quickly replaced with an angry frown.

"What did you do?" he asked her angrily.

Madison bit her lip, not really knowing. Matt twisted her hand in his, making her palm face forward.

"I thought you didn't practice," he accused.

"I don't."

"She's lying," one of the women interrupted. "Couldn't you feel the white magic surrounding her? She did a spell."

Matt laughed, still looking at her. "You were always full of surprises." He reached behind him and held up a shiny silver dagger. "But then, so am I."

He sliced a line down the middle of her palm. Madison cried out as he squeezed, causing the blood to flow faster. He turned her hand down and let the blood drop onto the floor.

As the drops of blood hit the scarred hardwood, they started to smoke. Madison watched as the smoke rose and circled in front of her. She felt it enter through her nose and fill her body.

She tried to move away, but Matt still held her hand, and the more she fought the faster the smoke invaded her body.

Madison could feel the change. She became dizzy and started to cough. Matt started to chant again, and she could feel the smoke inside her responding to it. Then, as if she was in a fog, she felt herself slip away.

Chapter Nine

Madison knew something wasn't right. She could see Matt kneeling in front of her, arms raised and chanting. She opened her mouth, but nothing came out. She tried to move. For the first time since she entered the circle, he wasn't holding her, but her body wouldn't cooperate.

She couldn't turn her head and look around. She was helpless and could just stare at the man who had once been her best friend. Matt lowered his arms and opened his eyes, the deep black depths penetrating through her chilling her body.

"All you had to do was follow directions," he told her.

Madison couldn't respond and he smiled, amused. "Sucks, doesn't it?"

If she could have panicked, she would have. Instead she just watched as he pierced the tip of his finger and added his blood to where hers had landed. Even though they were inside, she felt the wind raise her hair off her shoulders.

The door slammed open behind her, but she couldn't turn her head. The others around the circle scrambled away, right before a large grey-and-white wolf flew through the room.

Madison knew it was Tom but couldn't call out to him. He cornered the others against the back wall as movement to her right alerted her. She had to wait until he moved into her eye line, but she could have collapsed with relief as Dante stood next to the circle.

Dante tried to walk between the candles but stopped. He looked at her, confused.

"Sorry, vampire, but you can't get in here," Matt told him, laughing.

Dante slammed his fist in the air, meeting the invisible barrier.

"Madison, are you okay?" he asked, clearly frustrated.

Madison couldn't speak or even shake her head. She didn't know what was wrong with her.

"She's just fine," Matt answered for her before she felt the dagger he'd used to cut her hand at her neck.

She watched as Dante changed in front of her. His eyes began to glow a moment before his teeth lengthened and he hissed.

“Bad vampire,” Matt taunted. “But I have to say I was expecting you.”

He moved his free hand, and the curtains in the room opened. Dante hissed again and covered his face. As he retreated to a dark corner, Matt laughed.

Commotion echoed through the room until Madison saw the wolf land hard beside the circle. A dart in his side showed how ready they really had been.

“Now you have to make a decision. Help me and I’ll let you all go. Don’t and I’ll kill both your lovers and your friend.”

Madison didn’t have a choice. She would have died for Angie, and she would die to make sure Dante and Tom were okay.”

“I take it you’ll do what I want you to now.” He moved the knife down. “Now I need more blood so where should I take it from?”

Madison managed to get her eyes closed. She didn’t want to know. She felt the cut on the same hand he’d opened earlier. As the blood left her body, she felt her limbs start to tingle.

Madison moved her fingers.

“Pretty neat huh? As I drain your body of blood, you will slowly regain possession of your body.” He laughed next to her ear. “But I’ll let you in on a secret. You won’t get it all back before I have all your blood.”

The blade sliced into her leg. Her hoarse scream echoed in her head.

“Hurry, the vampire’s trying to get loose.” Another voice came from behind her.

Madison focused on her body, trying to bring it back to her faster. She ignored the next cut and the next. She brought a picture in her head of a page in the book she remembered seeing. It had to do with healing.

Her grandmother had never let her practice that one, saying she wasn’t ready, but that had only made her want it that much more. She had memorised that spell when she was only twelve.

A sharp pain in her right side had her flinching, but she refocused and chanted the spell over and over in her head. She felt heat flow through her hands and legs.

Madison waited until Matt moved closer to her hand. When he was within reach, she opened her eyes. She could hear Dante struggling behind her, and she could see Tom’s leg twitch. It was now or never.

Before Matt could cut her again, she grabbed his wrist. He jerked his arm in surprise, but Madison was ready for him. She elbowed him, causing his head to snap back. Breaking out of his hold, she stood and stumbled to the edge of the candles.

She knocked one over, causing the flame to spread and dance away. Madison glanced down at the fire and stepped away, knocking into another one.

She heard a yowl and turned in time to see Tom stand on his four legs. He growled and, Madison looked around to the fast spreading fire. The others in the room backed away before making a run for the door. Dante screamed in rage and grabbed for her, lifting her from the flame.

"Angie," she whispered, her throat raw.

Dante pulled her over to her friend and easily crushed the cuffs that held her. Angie clawed at the necklace, drawing more blood. Dante managed to push aside her hands and remove it.

Madison jumped as she felt something touch her leg. The soft fur that came in contact with her skin had her relaxing quickly. She buried a hand in his neck.

"My heroes."

Dante picked up Angie in his arms and held her close to his chest. . Using Tom as a brace, Madison started forward as well. Before they could make it more than a few steps, Matt blocked their way.

"Matt," Madison cried, wobbling on her feet.

"This isn't finished," he said, holding the knife up. "I haven't come this far to let you ruin everything."

The room spun and Madison gripped Tom's fur to ground herself. "Let it go." she told her brother tiredly.

He screamed and dove for her. Tom lunged but not before the dagger sliced her one last time. As Madison fell, the last thing she saw was Tom's teeth around her brother's neck.

Chapter Ten

Madison opened her eyes and found herself in a small hospital room with only a lamp off to the side for any light. Looking around, she saw the blinds were closed tightly, and the figures of two men in chairs beside her told her she wasn't alone.

She tried to sit up and hissed in pain as her stomach pulled.

"Stay still," Dante commanded from beside her.

Madison looked over to him. His face was in the shadows, and she reached for him. She needed to touch him. To feel for herself that he was okay.

Dante leaned forward and grasped her hand. As his face moved into the light, she saw the angry red burns that covered him.

"Oh my God!" Madison cried and tried to move again.

Hands held her shoulders down. "Calm down." Tom's voice penetrated through her panic. He sat on the side of the bed as Dante held her hands between both of his.

With her free hand, she brought it to the side of his face. "I'm so sorry."

Dante leaned farther towards her and kissed her gently. "This is nothing. I will heal, sweetheart. You are the one who was hurt."

Madison couldn't stop the tears. It seemed she'd cried so much lately. "How? This couldn't have happened from just the window."

Dante sighed and looked over to Tom. Tom rubbed her shoulders and bent down to kiss her. Just as softly as Dante had.

"It was a long drive to your grandparents. And he was in direct sunlight when he entered and exited the house," Tom told her.

Madison covered Dante's hand with hers and looked at the other man. "And you...are you okay."

He smiled and Madison couldn't help but return it.

"No worse for wear."

"And Angie?"

"Already healed. Shifters heal quickly, honey."

Madison shifted on the bed. She had one last question. "My brother?"

Tom looked away, so Madison turned to Dante.

Dante shook his head. "I'm so sorry."

Madison sob caught in her throat. Tom started to pull away, but she caught his hand. "Not your fault. He was going to kill me."

Tom met her eyes again. "I..."

Ignoring the pain, she leaned towards him. "Not your fault. Hold me please." She looked back to Dante. "Please, both of you hold me."

Madison was surrounded by arms and she relaxed into them. Taking the strength they offered her.

Epilogue

Madison walked into the cabin with a bounce in her step and a plan in her mind. She had closed the store early and needed to prepare for the night.

So much had changed in the six weeks she had been recovering. Angie and Chad had taken a vacation but would be returning from England soon.

Dante and Tom had stayed with her every night. Their clothes and belongings had slowly started to take over her house until they decided they needed more room. They had argued over where to stay. Dante's house was big enough for the three of them and her dogs but had been his, and Tom wanted something that was theirs.

Construction would start in a few weeks for a new house on Madison's property. It would be big enough for all of them and a family they were hoping to have in the future.

She couldn't give Dante children. That was something that he had given up when had had been turned into a vampire, but she would share any children she might have with Tom with him.

Tom had unselfishly told the other man that any children they had would be just as much Dante's as his. There was still a lot to work out between the three of them, but Madison knew they were all in for the long haul.

She loved her men and had committed to both.

Stripping out of her sweater, she quickly headed for the shower. Six long weeks had passed, and Doc had told her she needed to be careful. She'd been stabbed nineteen times.

The men had taken the doctor at his word when he told them no activity that could pull her stitches, which meant she hadn't been physically loved in too many weeks.

But Doc had given her the go ahead, and she planned to take her men to bed and not let them out until they were all fully sated.

Madison showered quickly, not taking time to play, wanting to be in bed when the men got home. Drying her body, she wrapped a towel around her head and opened the door to the bedroom.

And stopped in her tracks at the sight of two men naked and waiting in bed.

Placing her hands on her hips, she glared at them. "How did you know?"

Both men laughed before Tom answered. "I saw Doc in town. He told me I needed to hurry home and take care of a pressing matter." Reaching down, he fisted his cock. "And let me tell you, baby, it is pressing."

Madison blew out a breath and shifted her gaze to Dante. He was fully healed as he'd promised, but Madison would always remember how he had sacrificed himself for her.

Now the beautiful man was stroking his erection ever so slowly. Blowing out her breath, she shrugged and ran and jumped on the bed.

"Careful, sweetheart," Dante warned, pulling her up and between them.

Madison straddled his waist and licked his lips. "No more being careful."

Dante nodded and his lips went to her throat. Madison reached over and grabbed Tom's wrist.

"Mine," she growled, prying his hand from his shaft.

Tom sent her a dazzling smile before he moved up behind her. Teasing her slick folds, he nipped her shoulder. "Yes, it is."

Dante's mouth moved lower, his lips sealing over one nipple while Tom cupped her other breast from behind.

Madison wiggled her hips. "Inside me. Both of you."

The men's eyes met and they shared a smile. "Your wish..." Dante started.

"...is our command," Tom finished. "You little witch."

About the Author

Crissy Smith lives in Texas with her husband, daughter, and three Labrador retrievers. When not writing or reading, she enjoys hunting, camping and shooting. But she has a girly side too and is addicted to pedicures and coffee.

She has been writing since she was a teenager and still loves everything to do with the paranormal. Her stories and characters all have a place in her heart. She loves the alpha male, the dominant werewolf, or the Master vampire which find their way in most of her books.

Crissy is currently working on her first series for Total-E-Bound called Were Chronicles. She will introduce her readers to a hidden world of wolf shifters and their unpredictable mates. The first book Pack Alpha will be released in May 2009.

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Crissy loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

Also by Crissy Smith

Savage Love
Seduced by the Neighbour
Were Chronicles: Pack Alpha

TROUBLE FOR THREE

Sascha Illyvich



Dedication

To Michele, my editor, for putting up with my shit and making this a better story than when she got it. To my support, my pack. I love you all. Morgan as always, thanks for the kick in the ass. Kayelle, Kiernan, Francine, Stephanie, Seletta, Kaitlyn, and anyone else who put up with me while I suffered trying to write this book. Thank you.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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Mazda: Mazda Motor Corporation

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Chapter One

Anneke was so fucking through with this mess. Men like Jones were an incompetent lot, and there sure were a fuck load of them.

"Ugh," she stormed around the office, aware of the lush furniture that complimented Jones and his seemingly expensive taste. In truth, she'd been with him when he'd made his last few purchases, all discount knock-offs of clothing and furniture that would make the average woman sick from the sheer amount of his cheapness.

But that was only one straw out of many on the camel's back.

"You were fucking another man last night *and* that whore. What more is there to say?"

"But Anna, wait!" Standing, he reached out to her over his cluttered desk. His hair had been parted in the centre so that it curled upwards, showing off his dark skin, delicate jaw and soft features. Dressed in a power suit that showed off clean lines and a tailored appearance, he had the looks all right.

But she didn't care. Anneke spun on a heel and marched towards the door. Reaching for the handle, she looked over her shoulder, an angry smirk on her face. "Fuck off, Jones. We're through. Deal with it."

She stormed from her former lover's office. She started down the hallway, aware he was calling her name. She had no time for fools. Running a hand through her auburn hair, she lunged down another hallway until she came to the elevator.

The previous evening, Thom Jones had left her high and dry for the last time. He'd started off with some excuse about how he'd been busy until late at work, but she knew better. He was with that fucking whore of an ex of his – the woman who could probably suck a tennis ball through a garden hose. What was her name?

Jennifer.

Evil bitch.

Not that Anneke could blame Jennifer. She'd met the woman once and realised within ten seconds that Jennifer was just as shallow as Thom. They'd be a perfect match for each other until the sniping started, and Jennifer realised Thom liked dick.

Oh well. Anneke stepped inside the elevator and vowed never to darken this doorway again. Tomorrow, she'd look for some excitement of her own. Tired of the same old bullshit routine of dating a man, fucking him if he was commitment-worthy, or dumping him if he was a slob, she decided what she really wanted was two men. Well hell, she actually seemed to need two men. One wasn't enough for her, that much she'd found out early on.

Silence stopped her when she realised she'd quit moving and was no longer in Thom's office. A male co-worker looked askance at her.

Anneke glowered.

The man stepped away quickly as if there were a threat.

Which, there was.

Leaving the elevator, Anneke picked up where she'd left off, heading towards the parking garage, a smile on her lips.

Yeah, two men.

She licked her lips at the thought—two men who would be solely focused on her pleasure, her experiences.

The last time she was with a man had been awhile. Jones had been something to pass the time but one couldn't call what they did sex. More like a blind grunting monkey trying to find the proper hole with a pencil. Of course, the reality with two men was that they'd have to compliment each other as well as her.

Her head and heart were separate forces to reckon with. One man would balance out her emotional side. The other would be for her mentality. That'd be good. It was silly of her to think that she could get either of that shit from Jones.

Sure Jones was good looking, tall and dark skinned. But he wasn't a real man. He was more of a bitch. Mainly because he'd said he was straight, but the way he'd been with her in the sack had been less than okay.

The two or three times a week they'd seen each other hadn't sated her sexual desires. Nor was he there for her emotionally. The bastard was just like her mother, selfish and self-centred.

Her heels clattered along a set of concrete steps that led to the main floor of the parking garage. She huffed and shrugged her shoulders at the thought of Thom, his confused scowl implanted firmly in her mind as the last thing she had seen before storming out of his office.

But he was no more. After last night, she'd kicked him to the kerb just like she had her distant memories of bad parents. She'd worked fucking hard to get to where she was, and she was damn proud of it.

Fuck them all.

"You're not even half as good as me!" Her scream made her feel slightly less angry, but Thom hadn't heard it.

She wanted him to, not that it'd do any good.

Men like him were only interested in what women could do for him.

Straightening her shoulders, Anneke inhaled, exhaled and then marched her ass down a flight of stairs into the parking garage. Retrieving the keys from her jeans pocket, she clicked off her car alarm and opened the door to her red convertible. A Mazda, with plenty of horses for one little girl, soon purred nicely beneath her, exciting her. Hell, it was almost enough power that she wished the engine could be shrunk down and fit into her vibrator. Revving the engine, she put the car in drive and pulled out of the garage, spinning the tires as she sped out onto the highway.

Wind whipped through her hair as she hit the freeway, heading home. Her girlfriends would help her relax tonight with a bottle of whiskey and chick porn. That'd be an interesting night for sure.

Ogling hard bodies while making fun of bad dialogue with a few close friends would certainly put a smile on her face. That was a ladies night in, all right.

Amanda would have to come over with her latest stash. Anneke enjoyed how free Amanda seemed to be with her sexuality. The woman was full of stories. Who could blame her? Amanda was five-foot-four, curvy in all the right places and a fantastic kisser. Anneke had firsthand knowledge from a one night interlude that had involved too much whiskey and a lot of tears.

She sighed. Shifting the car into a higher gear, Anneke picked up speed. It was definitely time to relax.

The job had been stressful today. Clients had called from all over the country to bitch about rising prices on products they'd been ordering. Economic times were tough right now, but Anneke had reminded them that salesmen and women were the backbone of society and managed to calm quite a few fires. Still, it had stressed her out. She'd thought a few coffees

during lunch had helped settle her nerves, until her boss pointed out that she looked high strung. She inhaled, exhaled and resumed her job with a modicum of tension.

But seeing Thom earlier had irked her. It wasn't the bisexuality she hated, it was the selfishness he'd blatantly displayed.

Men like Thom were scum, she decided as she pulled onto the off-ramp and shifted into a lower gear while bringing the car to a slower speed.

A few minutes later, she'd pulled into her driveway, managed to drag her tired ass inside the house and strip off her clothes before heading towards the shower.

Turning the water on full blast, Anneke raised her chin towards the warming spray, letting water sluice off her body and run over her full curves. She reached for the soap and rubbed it together in her hands, inhaling the scent of lavender and roses as she lathered her body with the bar.

Anneke let the soap slip between her thighs, inserting the slender bar between her lips. A sound escaped her open mouth. The bar slid in over her clit, and Anneke moaned louder.

Her nipples hardened into tight little peaks while water trailed down her round breasts over her slender belly. Anneke caressed her stomach with a free hand, sliding upwards over her slick silky skin until she cupped one breast. She pinched the nipple into a harder point, moaning even louder.

Pushing her hips forward, Anneke dropped the soap and let the spray hit her chest, tingles of excitement running through her. Her soapy fingers caressed her mons, parting her lips wider.

Fingers replaced the slim bar of soap. Rubbing faster and faster over her clit, Anneke threw back her head, slamming a hand against the shower tile as her other palm slapped against her pussy. Panting, groaning, Anneke let sensation build up within her just a little longer.

Slow strokes, then faster ones, over her swollen clit drove her higher and higher. Those fingers slid over her pussy and between her cheeks, teasing her asshole. A finger pushed past the tight ring of muscles into her warm hole while her other hand caressed a nipple then moved down towards her sweet pussy. Just a little bit more...inside both holes...

"Oh God!" Water splashed against her face and down her neck, rivulets trailing through her thick auburn hair as it swung over the curve of her ass.

Slumping over, looking down at the drain as she caught her breath, hair blanketed both sides of her view. She caught her breath, calming down just enough to finish her shower with a satisfied smile on her lips.

An hour later, she was dressed in a black satin robe with red trim that belted at the hips and came just below her ass. She sat on her plush couch, her legs curled beneath her.

Amanda sat next to Anneke with an arm slung over the back of the couch, beer in the other hand. "I told you that fool was crazy, Anneke. And fucking gay."

Jamie snickered from the other end of the couch.

"I know. I finally told the bastard it was over today. He just irritated me to no end." Anneke took a deep swig from her beer. Leave it to her two best friends to remind her of Thom's shortcomings.

Anneke smirked in Amanda's direction. The pink satin nightie her friend wore covered most of her body but exposed the tops of very luscious thighs that were known to make many a man beg. A wine stain from earlier had soiled her jeans in an embarrassing place so Anneke had offered to wash them while they watched bad porn.

The couple on the screen changed positions and the dialogue just got worse. All three women began laughing at the size of the actor's cock.

"I hate it when the main reason we watch porn is interrupted by a man who can't even get it up when he's being sucked off." Anneke shifted against Amanda.

Jamie, a brunette with a slender figure, sat on one end of the couch with a beer in one hand and popcorn in the other. "You know," she took a pull from her beer, "you should really get out more, Anneke. Amanda and I were talking about going to shoot pool later tonight."

Bad moaning from the couple on the screen made all three girls giggle louder.

The man wasn't even well built or muscular. In fact, he was somewhat chubby with no muscle tone or anything. And he was kind of hairy, which was an immediate turnoff.

Anneke lifted her beer. "I'd love to go out with you two tonight, but I've got this fucking presentation due tomorrow. It's already written, thank goddess."

"What's the presentation on?" This came from Jamie.

"Something to do with diversity management in our company. I need my sleep. If I don't show up fresh tomorrow, the speech I have to give will bore me as well as our management team." Anneke yawned.

"Come on, Anneke, one night out in an attempt to find a real man would do you some good after Jones." Jamie tapped Anneke's bare thigh with a foot.

"Or maybe two men, since you've been talking about that lately." Amanda made the words seem dirty with her sultry voice.

The thought stirred Anneke's desire. She did want to go home with two handsome hunks who looked much better than what was on the screen. But...

"I don't know, girls." She hesitated.

"Ah, that's a yes!" Jamie clapped and stood. "I'll go get your favourite pair of jeans." She ran off into the bedroom before Anneke could stop her.

"Come on, hon. Just one or two drinks. It'll do you some good. Besides, it's still early. And this guy," Amanda gestured with her thumb towards the TV, "isn't going to get you off tonight."

"Hell," Anneke laughed. "He can barely satisfy her. She looks like she's faking it."

"They're all faking it, hon." Amanda clinked her bottle together with Anneke's and took a sip. A moment later, Jamie returned, shuffling her feet across the hardwood floor, jeans and belt in hand.

"I can't go out just like this." Anneke ran a hand through her hair, which she'd only run a brush through after her shower.

"Sure you can. It'll be fun. We'll be the trio of trysts." She grinned.

"How does she know where your clothes are and which pair are your favourite ones?" Amanda asked.

Jamie bubbled with laughter. "Who do you think picked out this pair of blue jeans? We needed something to put extra emphasis on Miss Thang's hot ass." She touched her own ass and made a hissing sound for emphasis.

"Fine," Amanda chuckled. "But how'd you know where her pants were?"

"Jamie spent a few nights on my couch when her ex threw her out. I have plenty of space and offered it to her for as long as she needed." Anneke took the pants from an overanxious Jamie.

“Ah. And I suppose you’ll want her to wear the satin robe out, too?”

Jamie licked her lips.

“Relax,” Anneke waved a hand. “I’ll go fetch a top. And Jamie, stay here with Amanda.”

Jamie pouted but did as she was asked. She reached for her beer and plopped down beside Amanda to see the TV just in time for a scene switch.

Anneke sighed and rolled her eyes. Traipsing off to her bedroom, she untied the robe at her hips and let it fall open. Firm tummy and round breasts were exposed, nipples hardening from contact of the cool air conditioning.

She quickly thumbed through her closet, picking out a low-cut, black top, matching bra and panties, and a pair of stockings. A girl who planned to get laid needed to look her sexiest and feel the same way, too.

She looked in her dresser at the selection of garter belts and thought twice. No need to overdo it.

Hell, she wasn’t sure she was even going to get laid. It was a Tuesday night, after all. Most bars the girls dragged her to, wouldn’t be packed until later in the week.

Sighing and deciding to go along with the plan to forget that pinhead Jones, she slid on her clothes, ran a brush through her hair for good measure and appeared in the living room just in time to watch two men penetrating the overly buxom actress.

One in her ass, one in her shaved pussy. Anneke licked her lips. But...did she really want a one-night stand? A few hot dates with the right pair of men could make her forget about gay-ass what’s his name pretty quickly. And keep the memories gone while they were at it.

“Girls,” she coughed.

Both women seemed mesmerised until Anneke coughed louder. “Are we ready?”

At the same time, Jamie and Amanda turned their heads, eyes somewhat glossed over. “You want that?” Jamie was the one to ask.

Heat crept up Anneke’s cheeks. She opened her mouth but paused. Shrugging, she decided to admit it aloud. “Who wouldn’t? Two men loving only me? Satisfying my every need and whim? What’s not to like?”

Amanda raised a beer in salute. "You're definitely approaching my level of living, hon." She slid off the couch and brought Anneke's beer with her. "Here."

Anneke snickered at Amanda's statement. The woman was definitely brazen. She looked down and saw what was a new ice cold beer. "What's this for?" Anneke cocked a brow.

"For the three of us. We're going out tonight to do it up right and find you two handsome studs."

Anneke swallowed hard. The beer down her throat helped, but she wasn't sure she'd heard Amanda right.

"This is all in fun, guys, but I don't have time tonight." She took a step backward.

Jamie was suddenly at her side, leaving Anneke to wonder how the smaller woman seemed to move so quickly.

"You'll have to live for me. I haven't the courage to do this, and Amanda's shacking up with someone right now." Jamie's smile made her seem more like she was cajoling, rather than suggesting strongly.

Anneke sighed.

Amanda frowned. "Come on hon. It'll be fun." She winked.

"Okay." Anneke joined the other two girls in a toast, clinking their beer bottles together before taking a long sip.

She'd realised she'd settled into a routine just like her parents had. How boring. Her father had always come home from work tired. Every other night, he'd have a new case of beer and maybe some weed. Mother would complain about the dope, they'd fight, get stupid drunk and pass out. This was during her teenage years.

Anneke couldn't figure out what had gone wrong with her parents' marriage, but at around age forty-three, something came over her mother. Money was suddenly tight, and her father quit smoking pot, which was nice. But the routine they'd settled into after that was just...droll.

Looking at her two best friends, she knew she should be grateful for them dragging her out on a work night.

She had to admit, the images on TV screen did arouse more than just her interest.

Chapter Two

The moon hung bright in a cloudless sky. The weather was cool with a light breeze blowing autumn scents through the air along with dead leaves that littered the sidewalk leading towards the steps of the bar. The parking lot hadn't been all that full, just a couple of cars.

Anneke's boots clicked against the wooden floor. She led the other two girls inside the bar and scanned the area. There was a table to their left, the bar to their right and a large room directly ahead with a few pool tables and some overly skinny bitches wearing too few clothes. A guy dried a glass at the bar before turning to the three ladies.

"You three want a drink?" His handlebar moustache moved over thick lips. Dressed in black slacks and a white T-shirt, he reminded Anneke of an old fashioned bar keeper, the guy you told your sorrows to while he poured beer or shots of hard liquor. His dark hair was thinning on top, but he kept it neat.

Amanda slid up to the bar and took a stool. "Sure. " She leaned forward. "We'd like a few frosty mugs of ice cold beer." She whipped out a twenty and slapped it down on the bar.

The bartender offered her a smile before pouring three beers. Setting them down, he took the money then handed Amanda her change.

Anneke sat on one side of Amanda, flanked by Jamie on the other. Lifting her mug to her lips, she raised it in salute of their girls' night out before taking a long sip. The cold liquid slid down her throat and tasted refreshing.

She set down her mug and looked at her companions. "Nothing's going on. Chances are that I'm not getting what I want tonight."

Amanda took a sip of her beer before turning to Anneke. "It's early. It's what," she checked her watch, "barely 8:30. A few guys should be coming in soon."

"You act as though you know." Anneke smirked. Something was up. She had a feeling in her gut that told her she'd just been set up.

Jamie snorted. "She couldn't. We've never been here."

"Hmm." Anneke ran a hand through her hair. The door behind them opened, and two men in cowboy hats, blue shirts and jeans that hugged firm legs sauntered into the bar. They didn't waste time looking around. One headed straight for the bar, his steady stride showing a modicum of confidence with each step he took.

Anneke's heart thumped against her chest. He was not only built, but clean shaven with a rugged jaw, deep blue eyes and a killer smile that made more than just her mouth water.

"Hey," he slapped down a bill on the bar.

The bartender poured two beers and slid them down the length of the wooden bar before returning to his previous task.

"Thanks." Cowboy turned to look directly at all three ladies. "Ya'll new here?"

Anneke nodded, strands of hair falling in her face. She offered the man a smile before licking her lips. "Yup. First timers."

"Cool. We don't get many women in here on a Tuesday night. It's entertaining to see three lovely ladies here at the bar." He leaned in close to Amanda, resting his elbow on the bar. "Name's Troy. My partner Bill is setting up a table for pool. Do you play?"

Jamie raised her hand and giggled. "Yeah, all three of us."

Anneke remembered Jamie wasn't a bad pool player at all. In fact, she was quite the shark in college.

"Care to join us?" Troy offered a seemingly genuine smile, but his stare seemed to laser in on Anneke.

"Why not? We're just out having a drink. It'll be fun, right Amanda?" She noted the little bit of annoyance that slipped into her tone.

Amanda slid off the bar. "Good idea, Anneke. I haven't shot in awhile. I'm a little rusty."

"Bill kinda sucks," Troy chuckled, a rich masculine sound that seemed to emit from deep within his chest.

Up close, he seemed larger than he had at the door. Anneke decided he was probably well built beneath his workman's shirt.

Grabbing her beer, she slid off her stool and joined Amanda, who still stood mesmerised by Troy's piercing gaze.

Unfortunately for Amanda, Troy seemed more focused on Anneke's eyes, though she caught the slightest movement of his gaze roaming down the line of her body.

She bet his tongue would probably disappear between the valley of her breasts.

Hell, she knew it would. The thought hardened her nipples.

He tilted his hat and pointed towards the pool tables with an open palm.. "After you, ladies."

Anneke began walking, aware of the heated intensity in Troy's eyes. His burning stare ignited something low in her belly though she had her back to him. It wasn't hard to tell when a man looked at her ass, especially since the jeans she wore hugged her perfectly and emphasised every movement of her legs.

Jamie had told her so the first time she'd seen Anneke in them.

The four of them found Bill setting up a table in the far corner by a TV on a platform mounted to the wall. Bill took the beer Troy offered and sipped long from the frosty mug.

"Damn, that's good after a day on the ranch. I see you brought friends. My name's Bill." He extended a hand to Jamie, who was closest to him.

She took his hand and gripped it, shaking with each pump up and down. "Jamie," she managed to get out the word after he let go.

"Anneke," she offered her hand and was met with the same reaction as Jamie. The firm grip from his calloused hands lingered slightly longer than was correct for a handshake, followed by a smile that seemed to reach his perfect sea-green eyes. His face wasn't as rugged as Troy's, but it held a charm of its own. Dimples formed when he smiled and took the edge off his rough appearance.

"Shall we?" Troy set the cue ball firmly on the table before reaching for a pool stick. "Ladies against gents?"

Anneke looked at Jamie and Amanda. Both women nodded. Anneke smirked. It wasn't that she was against being led into the den of wolves. It was more or less how simply things seemed to line up.

Of course, if her friends had anything to do with it, it was for her own good.

"Sure. I'm game. Jamie can break." Anneke retrieved a pool stick from the many on the wall then rolled it along the table to check its evenness. Satisfied, she glanced at Troy and Bill. "I like a straight stick."

Troy smiled, his lips curving upwards in a wicked grin. "I appreciate a woman who likes them firm."

Bill snickered and nodded.

Jamie picked up a stick and looked down the length of the wood. "It's nice and hard." She snickered, a blush reaching her face.

Bending over the table, she took careful aim, adjusted the stick between her fingers and punched the cue ball directly into the triangle formation, sending balls scattering everywhere.

"Balls on the table. Nice." This came from Amanda.

Bill and Troy exchanged glances before Troy stepped forward to line up a shot. He sank a solid coloured ball into the corner pocket. "Girls are stripes, I guess." He took aim on a ball near the side pocket.

Anneke waited for him to strike before she coughed.

As she planned, the ball just missed the side pocket, rebounding off the corner before slowing to a halt in the centre of the table.

"Now that's not fair." The grin on Troy's face seemed more devilish than innocent, Anneke decided. Still, the intensity of his gaze on her body radiated within her.

She snorted. "Like I'd cheat at a game I'm already good at. Besides, it's not my fault that some men can't handle their balls."

"Oh babe, you're mistaken there." Troy gestured with his hips, a glint in his eyes.

Walking to Troy, Anneke licked her lips. She bent over the table, directly in front of him, giving him a view of her ass.

The moment his eyes roamed up the length of her body, the hairs stood on edge on the back of her neck. Still, she sank her shot with ease. Slowly straightening, she glided to another area of the table, bending over in front of Bill and giving him a great view of exposed cleavage.

He set a hand on his hip, and his tongue darted out over his bottom lip.

Anneke smiled and banked her shot against the opposing wall only to miss the corner pocket slightly.

"Aw, poor baby couldn't handle the ball." Troy snickered behind Anneke.

Anneke wiggled her ass and made a clucking noise before standing to face him. There was a note of humour in his tone that she found amusing. "No, I have great ball skills. Sometimes the stick's not up to par." She walked past him, running a hand over his well-muscled arm.

She swore Troy flexed his arm beneath the shirt for her benefit.

He lined up a shot, looking down the line of the stick. His lips turned upward in a little bow she found endearing until a wicked glint reached his eyes, and he sank his shot.

"Looks like I can handle my balls and stick." He moved in for another shot.

"I like a man who can handle his stick." Amanda chuckled in a low, throaty voice.

Anneke shot her a glare. Weren't they supposed to be getting her that threesome?

For that matter, was Bill even interested?

Amanda smirked and waited for Troy to miss his third shot. She sauntered to the table and bent low enough that her breasts practically fell out of her top. She puckered her lips and kept her gaze on Anneke's reaction.

Anneke snorted and pushed her own breasts upwards, adjusting them in the top she wore.

As if on purpose, Amanda missed her shot, a simple straight shot into the side pocket.

"Damn, I must be rusty." She took a sip of her beer.

Jamie came around the table and wrapped a hand around Anneke, almost possessively. She stood on tiptoes and whispered into Anneke's ear. "Are you interested in these two, honey?"

Anneke glanced at Bill, who was aiming his shot. The line of his body would fit perfectly against her if she backed up to the bulge in his pants. It also seemed that Troy had plans of his own with the way he stared at Anneke, but were the two of them friends enough to share a woman?

Anneke nodded and patted Jamie on the ass. "Yeah. We'll see."

Jamie shook her head and walked back towards Amanda.

"Another round?" Bill headed towards the bar.

Nodding, Anneke leaned against the wall and watched Troy take another shot. The man wasn't bad at pool, she had to give him that. But his body was more interesting than his technique. She wondered just how well he handled himself in bed and grew aroused, the coil

in her belly pooling heat between her thighs. Good thing she'd worn jeans tonight, otherwise she'd have wetness dripping from her pussy down her thighs.

She watched Amanda and Jamie take shots to clear the table before Bill came back with another round for everyone. He handed the girls their drinks, set one down for Troy and came back to hand Anneke hers.

She took the beer, their fingers touching, and a spark of excitement tingled through her. His hand lingered just a little longer again, as did the smile on his lips.

He was clean shaven and smelled of man. His closeness to her made her nose twitch. She took a long sip of the cool liquid before setting her drink on the table.

"Up for one more game, ladies?" This came from Troy as he took a sip of his beer.

Amanda shook her head. "It's nearing my bedtime, and I know Jamie has to be up early, too. What say we take a rain check?"

Anneke frowned. "You girls dragged me out for two beers and an early night?"

"Aw, that's no fun. We were just getting warmed up." Troy came around to stand by Anneke. "How about you, gorgeous?"

She shook her head and frowned harder. "I'm afraid I'm the one who brought these two. I'd have to leave with them."

"Well, that makes sense, I suppose." Troy looked disappointed but managed to keep the hint of the seduction in his voice that had revved Anneke's engine earlier. "Here," he reached into his pocket and retrieved a business card. He flipped it over and handed it to her.

She took it and slid it between her breasts, licking her lips as she did so.

"Call me." He winked at her.

Anneke walked to the other side of the table where Amanda and Jamie waited. "Sure will, cowboy." She winked back. Taking a sip of her beer, she finished the last swig and set down the empty bottle.

Amanda and Jamie followed suit. Both set down their empty bottles on the shelf behind them before eyeing the guys.

"We'll be here next week if you're around," Troy said to all three women but kept a heated gaze on Anneke.

"Oh, I plan to be." She hugged Troy firmly.

His hand patted her ass lightly.

She tilted her hips forward and pressed against the impressive bulge in his pants.

She did the same with Bill. His hug was firm, strong. Just like his cock.

"Ready, girls?" Amanda extended her hand and waited.

Jamie and Anneke linked arms with Amanda before striding out of the bar and into the parking lot.

Anneke stopped when they were about three feet from the car. "Okay," she spun around and glared at the other two. "What was with that?"

Jamie shrugged her shoulders.

Amanda coughed.

"You two drag me out for a few beers, with the idea of getting me laid, then bail out on me after two beers? What the hell?" She eyed them both warily.

Amanda stepped forward. "You could give us the keys and go back in there. I'm sure neither of them would mind." Her chest stuck out proudly beneath her top despite it being a loose-fitting nightie.

"I could, and that'd leave me stuck with the two of them overnight. I have a big presentation in the morning, and I don't care about it. But I think it's kinda fucked up that you two appeared to be setting me up, don't you think?"

Jamie yawned. "I think it's about that time."

Anneke glared at her.

Jamie frowned and looked at Amanda. Her expression looked like she'd just been caught.

Anneke noticed Jamie stepping towards Amanda. "Come on, what's up, you two?" She set a hand on her hip and waited for an explanation.

Amanda relaxed her shoulders and sighed heavily. "Well, it wasn't entirely a set up. I mean, we knew those two guys would be there, but we haven't met them yet." She looked at Jamie, who nodded at the same time while clinging to Amanda.

"Relax, Jamie. I'm not going to kill you, though I totally should. A simple mention of that little fact, and I might have been more inclined to go out." Anneke ran a hand through her hair and sighed. She looked at her watch. It was barely eleven o'clock.

"Those two are regulars, Anneke. They're pretty safe. Haven't seen a ring on their fingers or other women with them." Amanda settled an arm around Anneke and led her towards the car.

She went willingly while fumbling for her keys in her pocket.

"Yeah, I almost thought they were gay at first." Jamie slid in the backseat.

"Hush, Jamie." Amanda glowered.

The three women laughed and pulled out of the parking lot. Heading home, Anneke kept quiet while Amanda and Jamie talked nonsensically about this and that.

Arriving back at Anneke's, the girls piled out of the car and leaned against it. Amanda and Jamie looked pretty impressed with themselves, judging by the looks on their faces. Huffing, Anneke smirked. "Goodnight, girls," Anneke kissed them both on the cheek before sending them off.

Both of them waved and walked down the street towards their cars. Watching to make sure they both drove off safely, Anneke shut the door and locked it, sliding against the doorframe with a heavy sigh.

Closing her eyes, she thought about the evening. Troy was a delicious man. He had a hell of a build if the rest of him was as hard as the biceps she'd grazed earlier. His smile was killer, and his eyes...oh goddess, those eyes. What it would be like to let him mount her while she looked into deep blue eyes that held desire only for her while those strong arms gripped her shoulders and he drove what she presumed was a massive cock into her slit.

Then there was Bill. He was a little more round than Troy, but he had a definite masculine gait to his walk, a stride that showed deliberate confidence. What if she felt his cock brush against her ass...slowly sliding itself in?

"Argh!" she screamed as beads of wetness formed at her thighs. Her panties were already soaked, and she'd manually pleased herself earlier.

One look at the clock told her it was late already. Almost midnight.. She had yet to go over her presentation because she'd been too busy watching bad porn with the girls. Oh well, at least they'd had a bit of fun.

She trudged down the hall and stripped off her clothes until she was down to bra and panties. One glance at herself in the mirror then back at the clock and she realised it was too late to go over her presentation notes before bed. She tugged off the remainder of her

undergarments. Crawling beneath the covers, she resigned herself to bed, unsatisfied yet determined to bag herself two cowboys for a threesome.

Chapter Three

Anneke tossed and turned all night with visions of two men dancing in her head. They seduced her, starting off with slow kisses along her neck, her jaw, her collarbone. Strong hands gripped her shoulders while a second pair held her firmly at her hips.

Her deft fingers moved over rippled muscles beneath the fabric of a charcoal grey T-shirt stretched over taut muscles to feel the hardness of a smooth chest and chiselled stomach.

Nails scratched along skin while teeth nipped her earlobe, sending shivers down her spine. Arching her hips against the thick bulge beneath coarse blue jeans, she waited for her own pants to be removed.

Thick fingers worked down her waist, skittering lightly over her skin to the zipper of her jeans. With a light tug, the zipper fell.

Soon, her jeans were off, and she stood between two hot men who had their hands all over her. Leaning back against the one, she felt a pair of arms circle her waist, pulling her into the warm body while a mouth locked onto her neck.

Another pair of lips settled over her breast, tongue laving through the material of her shirt.

The fabric of her top irritated her breasts to the point where her nipples begged to be suckled into hard little peaks.

The mouth over one breast did just that, pulling and pressing with a firm tongue.

Sensation shot down her spine and she arched her hips upward.

A powerful thigh spread her legs while hands splayed over her waist.

Fingers dipped beneath the waistband of her panties and began the descent into her creamy slit.

Bam! The alarm clock buzzed loudly, waking Anneke from her sleep. "God damn it!" She threw a hand against the alarm, shutting it off. Stretching, she looked down at the sheets to see them tangled around her bare thighs. Her pussy was soaked, the smell of wanton lust

filling her nostrils this morning. She looked at the clock. It was barely a quarter after five. She had just enough time to get a shower, eat breakfast and dash off to work.

How she could give her presentation in her current state of mind was beyond her. The erotic dreams she'd had all night had kept her tossing and turning, as evidenced by the tangle of sheets.

Slipping out of bed, she padded into the bathroom, showered quickly, dressed and rushed into the kitchen to pour a glass of orange juice and make a quick breakfast out of yogurt and oats.

Downing her juice and inhaling her breakfast, she grabbed her briefcase and keys then noticed the business card on the table beside her keys.

She picked it up and looked at it, a wicked smile crossing her lips at the thought of calling Troy and Bill later today.

Would they both be agreeable to a threesome?

She sure as hell hoped so. They were oh so ready and willing in last night's dreams.

It hadn't even been that long since she'd had sex. Damn, she'd slept with Jones two weeks ago before she'd thought of calling it off with that bastard. Not that sex with him was spectacular or anything. More like dismal.

Hell, she'd had to finish herself.

Again.

What a disappointment.

Tucking the card into her briefcase, she walked into the hall. Locking her door behind her, she headed towards her car.

A moment later, she'd pulled onto the highway and sped towards work. She grinned to herself. She had a plan to get herself in some trouble with two hunky men..

* * * *

After giving her presentation with renewed enthusiasm and a healthy dose of coffee, the rest of the day was uneventful. Revealing figures and facts to the board of directors had been something Anneke didn't want to do, based on the dismal financial outcome, but the only thing she was truly concerned with at the moment was coming.

Hard and fast.

She strolled out of the boardroom with folders in hand and a sense of accomplishment until she'd spotted an annoyance just down the hall.

"Anneke, baby." The man strode towards her, snapping his fingers and pointing at her. "Free tonight?" He was dressed impeccably in three-piece, navy blue suit with matching tie. And he reeked of expensive cologne that would surely play hell with her sinuses later if she didn't vanish now.

Throwing a hand up, she brushed right past the obnoxious troll. "Skip it, Jones. No time, you pompous bastard!" Damn, that felt good! She continued walking towards her office, giddy about the phone call she was about to make.

Shutting the door to her office, she slid on top of the desk and picked up the phone. Retrieving the card from beneath her briefcase, she dialled the number and leaned back comfortably on one hand.

She crossed her legs while the phone rang until a heavenly, deep, male voice picked up.

"Hello, Angus Brothers Farm where our meats are organic and grass fed. This is Troy. What can I do for you?"

The rumble of his voice sent a shiver down her spine. "Hello, Troy. It's Anneke from last night." She let the last part drip with innuendo.

"Well, hello there, stranger. Didn't think you'd call." He chuckled.

She imagined the rise and fall of his chest beneath whatever shirt he wore and found it incredibly sexy. "I didn't think you'd give me a bogus number, but a girl has to be sure." She sounded flirty, blithesome.

"Well hon, I never give a woman the wrong number. She might be the right one." His voice dropped a note. "What's up?"

"I was hoping," she twirled the phone cord around her fingers and shifted her weight, "we could get together sometime."

He waited a beat. "Are you free tonight, Darlin'?"

"I am, but..." She hesitated. The fantasy of having both men satisfy her burned hot within her, so much that it nagged at her.

"But what?"

"I'd like it if Bill joined. Do you mind?" Anneke made sure to let the wanton lust drip from her voice.

"Mind? If I am right about where this is heading, I think he'll be more than agreeable, babe. What time should we pick you up?"

The cockiness in his voice amused her. Anneke leaned back, her lips parted for a response.

He interrupted her silence. "How about seven tonight? We'll pick you up at say...the bar?"

"My but you're fast." She let out a light, airy laugh.

"I have to be if I want to snag someone like you. You're quite a prize." His smile was evident through the phone. Closing her eyes, Anneke visualised his full lips curved upwards in a bow before his pink tongue darted out to lick his bottom lip.

"Flatterer." Anneke crossed her legs at the ankles and set a hand down on her desk for balance.

"That's me. Mr. Charm."

"Well, Mr. Charm," she let out a giggle, "Seven it is."

"Great. I'll tell Bill, and we'll both be on time."

"Fabulous." Anneke leaned forward, setting a hand on her thigh. She was already aroused from her dreams this morning, but the anticipation would make her antsy. "I'll see you then."

She hung up the phone, slid off the desk and walked around to sit in her chair. One glance at the clock told her the day couldn't pass fast enough.

Several hours later, Anneke found herself sitting in the same bar she'd been in with her friends last night, only they were absent. She was dressed in her killer jeans, a pair of stockings and panties complete with garter. A black skin tight sweater hugged her curves in the same manner as the jeans she wore. Pumps completed the outfit. She'd chosen to wear very little makeup, leaving her hair down to frame her face.

She leaned over the bar, nursing a beer. Deciding to skip the last two hours of work to come home early and change for her dates, she'd made up an excuse about how she needed to be home early for her nonexistent cats.

Her boss had let her go without a word other than to thank her for her presentation that morning. Still, he'd seemed irked that she had priorities other than her job.

She'd giddily slipped out of the office and sped home to change into the sexiest thing she could think of: lingerie.

Black seamless stockings attached to a purple and black garter. A matching strapless bra cupped her breasts, holding them up just enough to give any man a decent view of her cleavage. She topped off the outfit with a black, jeans and fuck-me pumps.

This wasn't an outfit her mother would let her wear to a bar!

She'd already had two guys come onto her and try to buy her drinks, but she'd refused, saying she was waiting for her boyfriend.

The thought of a boyfriend scared them off while it amused the bartender.

"Another round, ma'am?" He reached for her glass.

Checking her watch, she nodded. "I'm early. I've got time for one more." She hoped the boys weren't insane or assholes. She couldn't put up with another one of those after dealing with her stupid ex.

The bartender took her glass and refilled it with more beer.

Lifting the glass to her lips, Anneke took a long sip before the sound of the door opening to her left had her turning her gaze on the entrance.

Troy strode through confidently, his long legs encased in denim that showed off how powerful his thighs were. Boots clicked along the floor as his eyes surveyed the place until meeting with Anneke's.

His smile widened. Behind him, Bill stepped in, dressed in a black, long-sleeve dress shirt and black jeans with matching boots. His hair had been slicked back as had Troy's.

The sight of both men dampened her thighs even more. She crossed her legs unconsciously and turned towards both men.

"Hello, boys," she purred.

Troy was the first to approach, slapping down a bill on the bar. "Keep the change."

The bartender slid him two open bottles of beer before taking his money.

Bill nodded, licking his lips. "Hi," he waved.

Troy leaned into Anneke, quickly closing the distance between them. Their lips met. He tasted of beer but smelled more of masculine musk and sandalwood—odd scents for someone who worked on a farm.

His tongue pushed past her lips, stroking the inside of her mouth, claiming her, caressing her tongue in such a manner that her breasts tingled and her back arched.

She hadn't noticed his hand along the small of her back until then, but sure enough, he'd slid it along her spine and sent waves of pleasure racing upwards.

He broke first from the kiss, a smile on his plump lips.

Gazing into his eyes, she swore she saw sparkles of desire, the tiniest hints of arousal. Pressing a hand to his chest, she found a wall of muscle she wanted to feel more personally.

"My," she licked her lower lip and leaned into his hand, "you're good."

Troy let his hand linger just a moment longer against her back before he slid it along the underside of her ribcage and released her. Taking a sip of his beer, he nodded. "I am always good."

Bill joined her and set a hand on her bare shoulder. His touch warmed her.

Her nipples hardened beneath the dress, the fabric of the material rubbing against her irritated skin. She shuddered.

"I'm even better," he whispered against her ear, his breath warm along her earlobe. His tongue trailed along her neck, sending sensations towards her sweet, wet slit.

Goose bumps appeared on her exposed skin. Anneke took a long, deep swig of her beer before setting down an empty mug on the bar. Bill's strong hands caressed her shoulders.

Troy took a seat beside them both. "Hard day at work?"

She nodded. "Yup. I'm in advertising, and this stupid client we're dealing with is a pain in the ass." She nudged Bill's thighs with her hips, pressing her ass against an already firm erection.

"I can imagine. Bill and I had a hard day." Troy raised his bottle to his lips.

Bill scoffed, "I had a hard day. Mr. I'm-in-the-office-all-day had me hauling bales of hay for our horses. But it's no big. I'm strong like that." Bill flexed an arm for emphasis.

"I see," Anneke reached around and felt Bill's bicep. Indeed, he was contracting solid muscle. What would it feel like to have actual strong hands grip her and pump into her from behind?

Jones was such a pussy with touch.

"Something the matter, Darlin'?" Troy leaned forward, keeping his body posture open. He leaned his head on the palm of his hand.

"No," she sighed in disgust. "You two are just what a girl needs. I had this..." She closed her eyes and searched for the words to describe just what the hell she had with Jones.

"Bad fling?" This came from Bill, whose hands smoothed over her bare shoulders.

"Yeah." She opened her eyes and turned to face him. His touch was gentle but still laced with hidden passion. Soft eyes reminded her of her someone playful, kind but still open to new ideas.. The thought made her smile until she noticed the silence, both men waiting on her next words. "That's what he was. Only more pathetic."

Troy chuckled. "We've had a few of them, haven't we, Bill?"

"Yup." Bill nodded before taking a pull on his beer.

"We?" She cocked a brow.

"Yeah, we." Troy sighed. "I'm going to be forward and mention that I think this proposition may lead to sex with both of us, am I right?"

Heat crept up Anneke's cheeks and pooled between her thighs. The blush that slid up her skin turned her a few shades of red, but she smiled and licked her lower lip. "Maybe."

Bill's hand settled on her hip, his thumb strumming a space on the small of her back. "Well, maybe we've had a few girlfriends who have shared us."

His voice held the faintest hint of playfulness that made her nipples harden beneath her top.

"Maybe, huh?" She leaned back, eyeing first Troy then Bill. Both men sat leaned over the bar resting on their elbows. They looked at her and at each other without moving their eyes. It felt a little intuitive.

"Well," Troy broke the silence, "it started one night when I'd accidentally slept with someone who just happened to be Bill's ex."

Anneke set her hand to her chest. "Oh?" She narrowed her eyes.

"Yeah." Bill leaned back and took a sip from his beer before setting it down on the bar. "I walked in on the two of them and my ex looked dead at me. There was a bit of fear in Troy's eyes 'cause I had just cleaned the guns and was bringing them in." His lips curled upward, and he started to chuckle.

"Bill brought in my twelve gauge and found us, rather his ex riding high on the T-mobile. I thought he was going to take aim and blow off my damn head!" Troy turned to face Anneke, his posture more open.

"My fucking ex turns to me," Bill slapped a hand on the bar and started laughing even more, "'Come join us Bill'."

Anneke was more curious than anything else. "So because of one incident like that, you two decided hooking up with women should be a couples thing?"

"Ha! Nah." Troy spread his legs apart, giving Anneke a gaze at just what an aroused man in tight jeans looked like.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

"Bill did as Marie told him to, stripped off and started – well you don't want to hear the rest of this story from this point on." Troy stopped short just as the bartender came up to refill their drinks.

"Interesting." Anneke set her palms down on the bar, aware of Bill's light touch against her bare skin. She was turned on and thankful that both men seemed able to play nice. "You two have a system of rules or is this basically a free for all?"

"Honey..." Bill cupped her shoulder, his touch still delicate.. "No system. We've been doing this for um...", he closed his eyes, looked away and then back at Anneke, "probably two years now?"

"That's about right." Troy interjected.

Somewhere inside her, Anneke felt she should be...she didn't know. Surprised, maybe? "You're not playing me, boys?"

Troy put his hands up, palms outward. "No, ma'am. The choice is entirely up to you. We prefer to operate with integrity."

"As it turns out, we end up with better bed mates that way." Bill squirmed when he realised he'd stuck his foot in his mouth. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean –"

"No," Anneke held up a hand, "I understand. It makes sense. That's kind of a reassuring thought, anyway. I take it you two don't count your lovers?"

"Oh, we know how few women we've slept with together." Troy chuckled. "But it's not polite to kiss and tell. Besides, we're sort of looking for something more at this point."

"Interesting," Anneke mused, sipping her new beer. She didn't hear alarm bells or warning signs in her stomach like she had when she was with her last pinhead ex-boyfriend. In fact, she felt wetter than she had in years. Her thighs were so soaked she knew she'd need to discard her panties.

Or give them to the boys. A sly smile crossed her lips. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I have to go check in with the girls. I'll be right back."

They both nodded.

She slid off the stool and headed towards the bathroom. Once inside, she practically had to peel off the thong from her body since it was soaked. Her nipples were hard, and her skin was flushed. The two men were honest and open about their lives, which was a turn on. Add to that they were both experienced, she hoped, with sharing a woman, and things got even better!

It was cold, and she'd chosen to wear her panties on the outside of her garter belt—she'd read somewhere that it was easier to take off that way while still leaving her feeling sexy in her thigh highs and lace. Her bra matched the stockings, a nice shade of purple that looked deeper against her alabaster skin.

After adjusting her clothing, she walked out of the bathroom, panties in hand.

Troy was the one to speak first. "Well, are your friends, okay?"

Anneke smiled big, her lips curving slowly upward as she set one hand on her hip. She had to do this, had to feel them both with her in bed. It'd be wonderful, she was certain! It'd pull her from her monotonous routine of boring books and gardening, and it would keep her from adopting six cats more than she could care for!

She took Troy's free hand with hers and set her closed fist in his. Opening her hand, she dropped her thong in the palm of his hand and grinned.

Troy's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree in downtown Dallas. He took her wet panties and slid them discreetly into his pocket like any gentleman would, but he'd eyed Bill in a manner that made her intentions clear.

Bill responded with a kind but wicked grin. She had no idea the two emotions could be blended into one, but he had managed.

"I think you have your answer, boys."

Chapter Four

She couldn't believe she'd just done what she'd done. Sitting between Bill and Troy in their black, dual-cab pickup on the way back to their house had been a dream, right?

She pinched herself, the sting of pain settling into her and reminding her of reality. She was getting her threesome.

Troy kept one hand on the wheel. The other on her thigh, rubbing circles slowly over her and sending pools of liquid racing towards her pussy.

Bill leaned against the cushion, keeping an arm behind her while his fingers stroked the bare skin beneath her hair. Chills went through her that made her shudder into his touch. He was definitely the sensitive one.

Troy was more practical—Get 'em horny and take 'em home to play.

Bill seemed a little more like the guy you could bring home to mother, while Troy was just the opposite. In stature, the two men weren't that different in height. Both were well groomed, and the kiss she'd shared with them both before leaving had left her breathless enough to want more.

Silence carried between the threesome for the most part. The duo lived on a ranch not far from the bar. The road was smooth, and the landscape was dotted with large trees off and on. Anneke patted Bill on the thigh, her hand creeping up towards his crotch. "How far are you from here?"

"About four or five miles," Bill responded, opening his legs for easier access.

"Greedy?" She grinned and felt Bill's piercing stare in the darkness.

"Honey, you're the prettiest most honest thing that's come our way. Hell yeah, I'm greedy!" He spread his legs apart wider, his knees bumping against Anneke's.

She reached higher up his thigh, patting the thick bulge beneath his jeans. "Ooh, I like this."

Troy's hand roamed higher up her thigh until it had reached the waistband of her jeans. Fingertips brushed against bare skin, intensifying the rush of desire already spreading through her.

Anneke sighed slowly, enjoying the feel the two of them touching her, caressing her, teasing her until she grew wetter. The ride wasn't at all bumpy until about ten minutes after anyone spoke. Her hands continued to roam over Bill's crotch while she leaned against Troy, nuzzling his neck and inhaling his very masculine, woodsy aroma.

Closing her eyes, she felt thick, warm fingers skitter along the inside of her jeans, brushing over the curve of her ass. Then the truck stopped.

"Here we are." Troy's voice distracted her, bringing her back to reality. She was going through with this!

Troy slid out, taking the keys with him. He stretched.

Anneke kept an eye on him, letting her gaze travel up the length of his hard body.

Bill followed next, patting the seat. "Out you come."

Anneke grinned. "I hope."

"Oh, the two of us are very good." Bill's smile radiated even in the darkness.

Before them stood a large, ranch-style house with one lit lamp in the window. A wooden porch led to the front door. Anneke took Bill's hand and felt Troy's on the small of her back.

She sashayed, well aware of their heated gazes on her.

"My, what a lovely ass." Bill patted her square on her bottom.

Anneke wiggled her hips a little more for his benefit. She swallowed a lump of nervousness down, pushing any and all fears about this endeavour out of her head. She wanted this, her body craved their touch.

Troy pushed a key into the lock and turned the handle, opening the door with a soft click. A breeze blew past the trio, forcing a shiver from Anneke.

Troy looked back, stepped aside and waved her inside. "Ladies, first."

She stepped inside, her shoes clicking loudly against the wood patio until she'd stepped onto the soft carpet of the living room and foyer. A light switch flipped on behind her, illuminating the place in a soft glow. Their furniture was sparse, a couch, two recliners, a coffee table she was certain one of them had made by hand. A shelf on one wall housed a number of books, some looking to be fairly old. Candles rested on the mantel above the fireplace. Two oak tables had more candles. A few plants littered the floor by the windows.

It seems that the boys took care of their place. Not an ounce of what she saw spelled bachelor pad.

Scents of hay and wheat hit her nose along with pine and oak. Everything in the house spoke of comfort in some manner or another.

"Wow." She stepped further inside.

"You like?" Troy set a hand on her hip, letting it slide down to cup her bottom.

"I do indeed. I figured you two were ultimate bachelors, La-Z-Boy recliners with a beer cooler and large screen TV. This is...different."

"Troy and I like to read a lot in our spare time when we're not working on advertising or the farm. We've spent time rebuilding this place from what it was once to what it is now."

"By hand, I imagine." She let the drawl in her voice sound more like a purr.

Bill walked towards a wet bar. "Drinks?"

"I'll have a beer." Anneke throat was parched, but she was certain after a few minutes that things would heat up, and she'd taste something to cool off her hot mouth.

"Bourbon on the rocks, Troy?" Bill reached below and popped out an ice-cold beer, removed the top and handed it to Anneke.

Troy nodded.

Bill poured ice into two separate glasses and poured bourbon for both of them before turning to Anneke. "I think we'll be done with this place in a few weeks or so. Ain't that about right, Troy?"

Troy took the drink and nodded. "Have a seat." He offered Anneke one of the recliners or a spot on the couch.

She chose to sit in the middle of the couch, figuring for the most clichéd scenario. A moment later, Bill and Troy had sat down, each occupying a side of her.

"What brought you and the girls out last night?" Troy slid an arm around Anneke and the back of the couch, his fingers brushing against the soft skin of her neck.

A shiver ran through her from the touch, the spark of desire spreading low in her belly.

"I had a bad breakup with this stupid ex and needed to be cheered up. The girls came over and brought a stack of bad porn so we could drink and make fun of guys who can't fuck or get hard when they see hot chicks." Anneke took a sip of her beer and looked at both men.

Troy's fingers played lightly over her skin, sending goose bumps rushing over her skin. "I see. So you three decided to go out after watching bad pornography."

"Mm-hmm. It's kinda our thing." Anneke stretched and let her shoulders relax against the couch. A pair of hands caressed her shoulders and turned her to face Troy while easing tension from her.

"That feels good." Anneke stretched out, leaning forward for Bill's strong hands. Nimble fingers moved over her shoulders, smoothing tension out of her neck. She set one leg across Troy's thigh.

He smiled and stroked her thigh. "You've got very nice legs."

Even through the jeans, she felt the strength in his touch. Anneke smiled. "I work out."

"I can tell." He gave her thigh a light squeeze.

Troy set down his drink and excused himself. He walked into the kitchen.

Anneke kept her gaze on his ass, watching the shift of weight in his jeans. Bill spread out one thigh alongside hers, easing her back into his arms that settled around her waist.

"You're not trying to make a girl too comfortable here, are you?" She set her head back against his shoulder.

Bill nuzzled her cheek with his rough five o'clock shadow scraping her cheek lightly. "Now why would I do that?" His drawl slipped out in his speech.

Anneke found it cute.

A moment later, Troy returned, lighter in hand. He walked around the room, lighting various candles including the ones on the fireplace mantel.

He move gracefully from one candle to the next before setting the lighter down. The air filled with scents of jasmine and cinnamon, instantly warming things.

He picked up his drink, brought it to his lips and took a sip before settling down on the couch beside Anneke. He pulled one leg into his lap and took off her shoe.

She wiggled her toes and watched him slip off her sock to reveal a stocking clad foot.

Winking, he rubbed his knuckles into the ball of her foot. Rolling his knuckles down slowly, he looked up at her and smiled. "And your feet are pretty, too."

Sighing, Anneke let herself slip into a deeper state of relaxation. She felt safe with these two men so far, though her hormones were racing through her body at the speed of an Indy

500 race car.. She definitely wanted some action and needed to steer the conversation towards her aching pussy.

Troy's fingers massaged her foot, sending pleasurable waves up her thigh towards her throbbing bud.

Bill's hands worked down her shoulders and started in on her arms. "You're toned." He muttered, kissing the back of her neck.

A chill went down her spine, hardening her nipples. Anneke turned and cupped Bill's chin and stroked it lightly.

He leaned back, spreading his legs open for her.

She settled herself against him, nudging his cock with her ass. She wriggled her hips. "I'd like to feel that sometime."

Bill smiled against her skin, inhaling her scent.

Troy's fingers had worked between her toes, easing discomfort from her. His hand crept up her leg, long fingers massaging her calf muscle. He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Stockings?"

She winked. "Yup. I was hoping you two weren't gay."

Troy leapt up and straddled her thighs, his huge figure encroaching upon her. His mouth hung inches from hers. "You think we're gay, darlin'?"

She snorted. "What's it take to get a girl laid around here?"

Bill's soft chuckle blew whispers of warm air against her neck.

Troy leaned in, pressing his lips hungrily against hers. His tongue shoved into her open mouth, swirling around the inside as though claiming her while he explored. He pressed her against Bill, his mouth slanting over hers to deepen the kiss.

Anneke stroked his tongue with hers while inhaling his oh-so-divine, masculine scent. This was what she wanted!

Her skin itched against her bra. Panting, she begged for his touch or Bill's. Either would work just as long as one of them took her into his warm mouth and suckled hard.

Bill's fingers continued to massage down her arms until he'd reached her elbows. Sliding his hands around her waist, he lifted up the hem of her shirt slightly and touched her cool skin with his hands.

She adjusted her weight against him to allow him to slide his hands up her back while kissing Troy's luscious lips.

Troy continued his oral assault on her mouth, pushing, nibbling on her lower lip while tugging at her lips to tease her.

It worked.

She pushed him back and let Bill's hands lift off her top. Discarding it on the floor, she sat between the two men in jeans and bra while they were both fully clothed. "This is a good start!" Her eyes widened when Bill unhooked her bra.

"If you don't want this, say so. We'll—"

She turned around and seized Bill's mouth with hers. Glad for respect, but damn!

Bill's mouth wasn't quite as pliable as Troy's, but it was just as delicious. He was more open, more submissive in his gestures, letting her take control of the kiss. His heady scent was a mix of aftershave and hay, a scent that she could certainly get used to while fucking his mouth with her tongue.

His five o'clock shadow nudged against her chin, his mouth parting for more of her tongue's plundering.

Troy's hands found her breasts, capturing them between his large hands and rubbing the nipples in circular motion with his thumbs.

The sensation of his hands on her breasts sent electricity arcing down her body towards her throbbing clit. She was definitely soaked now!

Every nerve was primed for Troy's skilled touch. Hands squeezed her breasts while a hot wet mouth latched onto one and suckled hard.

Troy now lay halfway across her body, his mouth working her nipple into his mouth. He trailed his tongue over one breast, down her belly then back to the other breast without fully removing her bra.

She shivered against him and let Bill's hands cup the back of her head. She pulled him in deeper for a kiss while a palm caressed his chest and fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. Once she popped one open, she worked her way to the next one, her hand caressing the light thatch of hair that covered his chest. She looked down at his musculature. Sure enough, he was built beneath those clothes. Licking her lips, she kissed a trail of fire down his neck.

He arched into her, his hands tugging lightly at her hair.

Troy's mouth found her belly and suckled her flesh.

Anneke giggled and licked Bill's mouth while a hand snaked through Troy's thick hair.

Bill caught her lower lip between his and suckled, nipping before dragging his mouth down her neck, leaving fiery kisses in the wake of his mouth.

Anneke broke out in a sweat, her breasts heaving.

Troy took one in his mouth and suckled hard, sending more electrical pulses shooting towards her wet pussy.

She shifted her weight to accommodate his hot mouth. Hands reached for her waist band, tugging lightly at the zipper.

"I'd love to taste more of you." He breathed hot air against her belly that sent heat pooling between her lower lips.

After undoing the button, Troy's fingers tugged the zipper down.

Anneke shifted her weight again, stretching out so she could kiss Bill more, feel his hands on her shoulders. She now lay on her belly, legs sprawled out behind her while her upper body blanketed Bill's. Her mouth locked onto his while she lifted her hips upward to assist Troy in sliding her jeans off her legs.

"My, what long legs you have. And a sexy garter," he pulled off her pants and tossed them aside. Lowering his body to hers, he kissed the small of her back, tugging on her garter.

Giggling, she arched her hips upward, inviting him to kiss her ass.

He caught the hint, placing heated kisses over the globes of her ass cheeks. His tongue swirled around one cheek, then the other, licking flames over her. Strong hands parted her thighs while his mouth licked between her cheeks.

Thank goddess, she'd remembered to shave earlier! His mouth felt hot, wet against her flesh, so good. So wonderful.

Bill's hands massaged her breasts, catching her nipples between his thumb and forefingers.

She moaned while his mouth dragged down her throat and his tongue made circular motions over her collarbone.

Anneke arched her body into Bill's mouth, enjoying the feel of his tongue sliding against her heated flesh. Her breath caught in her throat.

Troy had parted her ass and slid his tongue inside her asshole, practically fucking her with it.

She moaned, spreading her thighs even wider apart for easier access.

He slid a hand down the length of one leg, caressing the garter and stocking clad thigh. "I like this."

She laughed, rolling her hips for his benefit.

Bill shifted positions beneath Anneke, pressing his cock against her belly.

She felt the huge bulge swell up and decided she needed a taste. Reaching for his pants, she unzipped him, popped the button and pulled his cock free. "Hmm, what have we here?"

Bill looked down at her, a smile growing on his face.

"My cock looks like it needs something," he muttered, gasping when she took him in her mouth. He tasted of masculine salt and sweat.

Pre-cum oozed from the head of his swollen cock, tasting even saltier. She licked him up and down, twisting her tongue around his shaft.

He shook, lifting his hips up off the couch.

His cock slid deeper down her throat. She opened her mouth wider to accommodate his girth, taking more of him. She pumped and bobbed her head up and down, enjoying the feel of his velvety steel in her mouth while Troy's tongue worked in and out of her asshole.

Troy's hands kept her legs parted, slurping up and down around her anus before moving slowly towards her slit.

Anneke braced herself pressure from his tongue that never came. Troy's mouth pressed at her ass, his tongue sliding in and out, licking, swirling like her asshole was her mouth. He'd made sure to lubricate her well before she felt him pull out.

She practically cried from the loss of his heat against her, but the cock in her mouth pulsed and reminded her of the salty cum that awaited her.

She bobbed up and down, relaxing muscles in her throat to take Bill in deeper.

A moment later, she felt hands on her ass, spreading her and lifting up her hips. A tongue dipped inside her slit, making circular motions that forced a moan from her.

Bill groaned, tangling his fingers in her hair while he massaged her scalp with one hand and continued fondling a breast with the other.

Anneke lifted herself up, letting him squeeze her breast before she settled her body over his powerful jean clad thighs.

"I should remove these," Bill said as he tugged at his jeans.

She didn't want to move, the tongue in her cunt felt so wonderful, warm and wet while it filled her.

Still, Bill slid from underneath her and slipped out of his jeans, removing his shirt at the same time. He stood before her, his cock hanging large and wet between two large, well-defined thighs. He was moderately hairy, but a dark patch of hair covered the area around the base of his cock.

"You should shave that so I can see it all," she giggled.

Chapter Five

Bill wriggled an eyebrow and smirked.

She looked up the line of his body until she met his eyes. Steady determination met hers as he sat down on the couch and patted his lap. "Come here baby, bring that lovely mouth with you."

Hesitantly, she crawled away from the mouth that occupied her pussy and settled herself over Bill's thighs.

Troy's tongue trailed down the length of her leg until reaching the top of her stockings. "I love these. They're sexy. You should model for us sometime."

His voice was laced with an edge of more than just tonight, which pleased Anneke. She could do more than one night with these two if they were going to pamper her like this.

She heard a zipper slid down. Troy shucked off his pants and tossed them near the fireplace. A fire would definitely be romantic, but it'd be overkill on the first night with the two of them, she decided. Taking Bill's cock in her mouth, she gave him a long hard suck that made him groan.

Pleased with herself, she popped the heat of his cock out of her mouth and sat up to look at Troy. She remained straddled over Bill's thighs.

Standing before her completely nude, Troy had a build similar to Bill's but a little less stocky. He was circumcised, dark hair covering his chest and groin but it looked well manicured. His cock sprang firmly forward from between two strong, well-developed legs. His six pack begged for her tongue while his nipples were tight buds.

Low slung balls hung from beneath his cock, shaved as well. He set a hand on a hip, tilted his head and grinned at Anneke.

"Well?"

She felt like a kid in a candy store. Two delicious men before her, both bent on pleasing her and not themselves? This was a fantasy come true.

Sliding off the couch, she straightened to her full height. Stepping back from the boys, she set a hand on her hip, shifted her weight so that she emphasised her breasts for them,

then her hips tilted forward so she showed off the garter belt. Watching both pairs of eyes travel down the length of her body and back to her face again was a major turn on that made juices run down her leg.

"I could use another tongue in my mouth." She crooked a hand.

"Nu huh. Turn around first and show me what Troy was so thoroughly enjoying." Bill grimaced, his cock bobbing as he stood beside Troy.

Anneke blushed, heat creeping up her cheeks. She'd already been worked into a frenzy by both men and was annoyed that neither one had fucked her yet. But she spun around on one heel. Wriggling her ass, she bent over, touching her toes while aware that both men eyed her slit and asshole.

Who would take her first? She thought about reissuing the challenge she put out earlier. Were both men gay? That was a great line, she decided, but Troy came up behind her, nudging her pussy with his cock. "I want in you babe, you down?"

She slowly rose to her full height, purring and leaning against Troy's huge frame. "Yeah. I am. Wanna ride me, baby?"

Troy didn't hesitate. Grabbing her by the hips, he bent her over carefully.

She gripped the couch and waited, arcing her hips upwards.

The head of his cock brushed against her entrance, wet and hot. He was thick, his bulbous head protruding just between her slick lips.

She relaxed herself, opening herself up for him. "Come inside, baby," she cooed, her voice a soft whisper laced with desire and dripping with sensuality.

In one thrust, Troy impaled her, burying his cock to the hilt while his balls slapped against her. "Goddamn honey, you're so hot and wet!"

Both moaned in ecstasy from the contact. Finally! Filled to the hilt with cock!

But that left Bill standing behind them, jacking off.

"Bill," she groaned as Troy pulled out and thrust inside her again, their hips slapping together hard in a motion that had sound echoing throughout the room, "you should be in my mouth."

"You don't have to tell me twice, honey." Padding over to the front of the couch, Bill stood in front of her, his cock proudly jutting out from his body.

Anneke licked her lips and took him in one hand. She pumped him a few times and watched pre-cum ooze out of his slit.

"I like this." She licked his cock, tasting the saltiness of his dick and covering him with her own saliva while Troy slowly pulled out of her.

He slid back in slowly, inch by painful inch, her body opening slowly to accommodate his girth. He was bigger than that previous asshole she'd fucked, that was for sure. And much gentler.

He took his time, thrusting in and out, grabbing her hips to steady himself until she'd worked up a rhythm between the two men that had them both moaning pleasurably.

Taking Bill's cock in and out of her mouth while Troy fucked her took patience, but she managed. Cupping Bill's balls, she tugged lightly while a finger probed between his cheeks.

His hips lunged forward, shoving him deeper down her throat.

She gasped for air, and he pulled back.

"I'm sorry, darlin'." He pulled completely out of her mouth.

She looked at him, and their eyes met, his filled with lust and desire. She looked over her shoulder at Troy, who pumped into her slowly, his thrusts driving her towards the height of passion. Her climax seemed imminent if he kept a comfortable pace, but she craved both men inside her.

Anal sex wasn't something she was new to, but both men had a rather large girth so this time would be tough. She bucked against Troy, taking Bill's dick in hand and pumping him.

Bill set a palm on her shoulder, caressing her hair and stroking fingers down her cheek.

She smiled against him, a groan escaping her parted lips while Troy thrust. The two of them were very good. Could she come multiple times from them?

Bowing her back to take more of Troy inside her, Anneke opened her mouth and thrust Bill deep inside her, swallowing him to the hilt. Her jaw relaxed while his cock nudged the back of her throat. She ran her tongue up and down the length of his shaft, cupping his balls while Troy gently rocked against her.

Her orgasm built, starting low in her toes before reaching her calves, thighs, and finally crashing into her core with a fierceness that shook her entire body. She cried, bucking faster against Troy's cock and angling her hips so his every thrust continued to stimulate her throbbing clit.

Anneke moaned, sending vibrations up the length of Bill's cock. Bill's grip on her shoulders tightened. She withdrew him from her mouth, licking the pre-cum that coated her lips. "I like this," she panted. Reaching back to pat her asshole, she nudged Troy. "One of you needs to be here."

Troy slid inside her pussy with a hard thrust.

A shockwave of the next orgasm raced through Anneke but died down from the lack of continued thrusting.

Slowly, he pulled out. "I think," he said with a ragged breath, "we can do that."

Anneke patted Bill's cock and stood up, stretching her arms over her head while thrusting her breasts out for Bill's delight.

He licked his lips and stepped over the couch until he stood face to face with her.

Troy came up behind her, wrapping his fingers around her hips while Bill caressed her breasts.

Both men placed kisses on each side of her neck, sending more pleasurable sensations racing down her body towards her heated cunt. She threw back her head to enjoy the feel of Bill's teeth scraping along her neck.

She was definitely enjoying this. Judging by the two hard dicks she stood between, the men were also equally happy. "Is this something you two do often?"

Troy's fingers tugged her hair lightly. "Nope, not in six months probably. Both of us work too much."

Bill chuckled lightly, agreeing with Troy.

She patted Bill's head while caressing Troy's hand on her belly. "What a shame. You two should have more fun."

"We intend to." Troy nuzzled the centre of her back while licking a trail of heat up her spine.

The air smelled like sex and cinnamon, the spicy taste of jasmine now hanging in the room as well. Both mouths left her body. She started to whine until Bill took her hand and tugged her towards the couch. He sat down, his dick bobbing happily up and down.

"How did we do this, Troy?"

"Anneke straddle Bill, and I'll come in from behind like we did before."

She turned around to see the grin on his face. He was definitely excited, though the candlelight cast a warm glow around his skin, giving him a softer appearance. Their eyes met for a moment and locked.

She saw a flicker of where she could have her perfect boyfriends, at least for now. She wasn't sure she wanted a serious relationship but now wasn't really the time to debate that fact. The glint in Troy's eyes was nothing shy of sincere, just like the expression Bill often wore. She thought she had them figured out but...

A pat on her ass sent her forward. She gave Troy a mock glare.

"Well?" Troy shot her a wry glance. "I'll be back in a moment."

She set a hand on her hip only to watch Troy disappear down the hallway. Turning her gaze back on Bill, she saw him sitting with his legs spread with his cock standing straight up.

"Looks like you've got something for me." She stepped between his legs then straddled him.

His hand went instantly to her hips while one of her hands stroked his cock. "Yup. Have a seat."

"Don't mind if I do." She sank down his cock, feeling him impale her inch by slow inch. Her mouth hung open, head thrown back while her hair brushed the tops of his thighs. The fullness of his dick was a unique feeling, and the angle of his penetration was also different.

Bill half snickered, half sighed through gritted teeth. "You're hot as hell, woman. I swear I could get used to this." He shifted their weight so that he settled against the corner of the couch and was almost lying down. Anneke's thigh brushed against his and the soft cushions.

Anneke lifted herself up and slammed down on Bill's cock, a groan tearing from his mouth as she repeated the gesture. Her lips squeezed around his shaft, tighter on the up stroke, looser going down until she felt the tops of his thighs slap her ass.

He leaned forward, embracing her with his huge arms. She put a hand on his chest, fingernails twirling around the light tuft of hair on his chest. "You're going to give me a second orgasm, baby?" She smiled, tilted her head and leaned forward to kiss him.

Their lips met briefly, his mouth curling upwards in a smile against hers. "Yes ma'am." He flicked his tongue across her bottom lip.

She leaned forward, kissing him deeper. Something wet and warm wriggled against her asshole.

Anneke glanced over her shoulder, saw the full glory of Troy's nude body, his face buried between her cheeks. His tongue snaked up and down her crack before working its way inside her tight hole.

He pulled back from her and caressed her with two thick fingers.

She arched her hips to take in those fingers, her hole opening greedily.

They slid in, a cold wet solution forcing her muscles to clench around his fingers. He worked them in and out slowly with the rhythm of her stroking Bill's cock.

Bill continued to groan, cupping Anneke's breasts and taking their full weight in the palms of his hands.

She enjoyed the rush of pleasure that filled her when Troy's fingers slid in and out faster, faster still until she thought she'd cream right there.

She cocked a brow up. "You gonna fuck me with that big cock of yours?"

Troy nodded. Standing, he stepped closer so that his cock brushed against her asshole. Slipping on a condom, he jerked himself a few more times before pressing the head of his cock against her tight entrance.

She shifted her weight to take him in while still keeping Bill's dick inside her. Bracing herself against Bill, she bowed her spine upwards and relaxed her anal muscles to take in Troy's girth.

The head of his prick passed through her anal entrance.

She groaned, the pleasure/pain intensifying every sensation, including Bill's thumb circling her nub. Waves of electricity pulsed through her body straight to her throbbing clit and made her buck forward. Rocking gently backwards, she helped Troy ease his dick inside her.

Her mouth remained open.

"One thick inch in," she heard Troy mutter through gritted teeth. "You're so tight, Anneke. Such a beautiful ass." He patted her butt and began withdrawing.

"No!" Her anal muscles gripped his cock hungrily.

Troy hesitated.

"I want," she begged, her breathy voice an indicator to her own ears as to how much she wanted to be stuffed by both men.

Troy pulled himself all the way out, paused and pressed his cock against her again. He slid in with more ease. The lubricant helped relax her even more while providing slight warmth.

Minor pain gave way to the pleasure of being filled so completely when Troy's cock was buried to the balls.

Both men shifted positions, still keeping themselves inside her. Anneke gripped the arm of the couch and rocked back and forth, the sensation of being fucked first in one hole then the other causing her orgasm to spiral quicker within her.

Bill's mouth claimed a breast while fingers tangled in her hair and tugged lightly.

The feeling of both men fucking her, pumping into her helped her settle into a smoother rhythm, allowing her to concentrate on everything around her. The smell of hot cinnamon and apricot from the candles, along with sweat forming on her brow, kept her focused on the one thing she wanted most right now.

To come like a rocket!

Gentle thrusts picked up while both men fucked her, stimulating her clit from one angle or her pussy from another. She bobbed up and down, higher and higher as adrenaline coursed through her.

Gripping her hips tightly, Troy pumped harder, faster, sending heat from the many nerves in her asshole throughout the rest of her body.

Anneke shook. The build-up of another orgasm started low in her groin and spread throughout her body, causing her to feel lightheaded and warm.

A thin sheen of sweat covered Bill, and her hands slid along the smooth skin of his shoulders. She tangled her hands in his hair, yanking his mouth to her breast while his tongue worked magic that set her nerve endings in her pussy overload.

Troy's thrusting picked up again, his balls crashing against her ass while Bill continued to pump upwards into her.

Anneke's screams of "Oh Gawd!" and "Fuck me!" filled the air along with both men's grunting and groaning. Finally, Troy shot inside her, his cock quivering rapidly.

She threw back her head, yanking her breasts from Bill's mouth. She cupped her chest, and rode both men higher into a zone where the only thing she saw were stars and rockets. Bill's continued pumping slammed against her clit, slicking it up with pre-cum until he'd gripped her waist and came deep inside her.

She gripped both cocks with her muscles and squeezed the last bit out of each man before falling forward, her hair spilling over her back and Bill's shoulders.

Tender fingers stroked her spine until those fingers met the tops of her legs and caressed the sweet spot where her thigh met her hips.

Soft kisses caressed her sweat-covered forehead while a pair of arms wrapped around her and stroked her hair.

Both men pulled out of her. Troy sat down beside her.

Bill adjusted himself so that Anneke sat between the two men, her pussy dripping cum.

Troy's cock was still hard, despite his release.

Anneke licked her lips at the prospect of another round with both men. Looking around, she brushed her hair out of her face. She leaned back on the couch sighed. Turning her head, she rolled onto her back and looked at both men, each wearing a satisfied smile on their face.

"That was fun." She giggled, tossing her head back.

Two hands clasped hers and held them. "Yeah it was," Both men said.

The warm afterglow set in. Anneke closed her eyes for a moment only to doze off.

The next morning, she woke up still nude but on the couch with a blanket thrown over her. Slightly disappointed that neither man had offered to share his bed with her, she stood up, stretched and felt pain in her ass and between her thighs.

She licked her lips at the delicious feeling.

The scent of fresh coffee, dark roast probably, wafted through the air. She turned around to see Troy in the kitchen, three cups on the counter. Sunlight beamed in through a window, brightening the entire kitchen. She looked at the marble countertops, and noticed fine hardwood cabinets and updated appliances. Definitely not a bachelor pad.

"Morning, gorgeous. How'd you sleep?" Troy offered a smile that could melt her heart.

She picked up the blanket and wrapped it around herself. Padding into the kitchen, she studied Troy's face for a moment before yawning. Her hair must look like shit, but the desire in his eyes didn't agree with her self image first thing in the morning.

"All right. But I would have slept better in a bed." She nudged him in the ribs.

He leaned in for a swift kiss. His taste of mint toothpaste was mixed with his masculine sandalwood scent.

"Well, that's the funny thing." Troy scratched his head. "Actually my bed is broken, an accident of stupidity and too much beer, and I'm not about to share a bed with Bill. The old man moves about too much in his sleep."

Laughter filled the room. "Someone say my name?"

Bill stepped into the kitchen.

Anneke turned around to see him dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt that showed off his broad musculature.

She licked her lips at the site of the two gorgeous men who had given her the ride of her life last night. "Troy was just telling me about the loss of his bed."

"Yeah." Bill planted a chaste kiss on her cheek and reached for a cup of coffee. He handed it to Anneke. "Neither of us know how you take your coffee, but we figured you'd take time to teach us."

She accepted the cup and brought it to her lips. It was black, which she'd grown accustomed to drinking at work.

She lifted an eyebrow. "You're asking me to become a part of your life?"

Troy nodded.

She looked at Bill, who had a hopeful look in his eyes. "You see, the reason my ex invited me back into the bedroom when Troy was fucking her was that she believes I'm the more sensitive one while Troy is slightly more logical. It turned her on until she took a better job in a different part of the country two years ago and left us."

"Seems rather odd."

"Yeah, I had a way with the odd ones years ago. But now, we've got you?" His eyebrows rose.

"You both feel this way?" Anneke sipped her coffee, the bitter taste one she'd also grown fond of.

Troy nodded.

Anneke closed her eyes and lowered her head for a moment. Date two men who are absolutely crazy about her? Two men who were also not gay? Wake up to them on a regular basis, have the best ménage à trios of her life, or go back to her dull bullshit life where she had to hunt for a one man to satisfy her? Choices, choices.

She opened her eyes and smiled, taking each one of them by the hand and letting the sheet drop from her body. She stood there nude, nipples hard, pussy aching and ass sore from last night, a smile on her face. "I'm yours, boys."

About the Author

Radio Host for Radio Dentata, BDSM Erotic romance author and passionate enthusiast, Sascha lives in Oakland California where every day is sunny and the weather is always gorgeous! He spends his time listening to death and thrash metal while writing romance novels. When he's not writing, he's listening to real estate education and motivational seminar material.

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