



**DOUBLE**

*Time*

**SL MAJORS**

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Double Time

ISBN #978-1-906811-75-4

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Edited by Claire Siemaszkiewicz

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spridlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

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

# DOUBLE TIME

SL Majors



## *Dedication*

For Bev... This one really is all yours!

## Chapter One

"Absolutely not." Captain Trent Williams's fingers formed a death-grip around the pint of beer on the table in front of him. Jaynie, his younger sister's best friend, could beg and cajole all night long. But he wasn't budging. "I am not fucking a woman I've never met. No matter how long I've been in the desert." Or how horny he was. He had morals and scruples to go along with his hard dick.

"It's only for two days," Jaynie shouted above the noise.

Clayton, his mate since university, hid his laugh by taking a deep swig from the amber liquid in his mug. What the hell was a best friend for, anyway, if not to laugh his ass off when his mate was faced with female disaster?

It was no accident that she'd invited him and Clayton to a public place that served up loud, throbbing music, cocktail waitresses in short, short skirts, and lots and lots of beer. Get him liquored up, that would be Jaynie's plan, and then move in for the kill.

She batted her baby blues hopefully. "Please, Trent? It's for a good cause. Promise."

"It's always for a good cause. Last time it was posing for a calendar with a puppy."

"And we raised a mint for the dog shelter."

Unfortunately for her and this week's charity, he was wiser than he'd been last time he was home. And he'd made sure not to drink more than a pint.

"Sorry, love. You'll have to find some other bloke."

"Blokes."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Blokes." She repeated. "The lady in question specifically requested you..." Jaynie had the good grace to flush with embarrassment before glancing at the table. "And Clayton."

Trent looked at his comrade.

"Wait. Both of us?" Clayton asked.

"She doesn't just want me? She wants...?" Trent trailed off, snapping his mouth shut. Jaynie was a harebrained mastermind, but this? She might as well have dropped an IED in the middle of the room.

"Yes. And she's willing to pay for it. Uh, for you. Willing to pay for both of you. Handsomely, I might add." She smiled sunnily, her embarrassment apparently forgotten. "Did I mention it's for a good cause?"

"Jesus, Jaynie," Clayton said. Beer sloshed over the rim of his glass. "Trent's right. You're out of your mind."

"Not so funny now, is it, mate?"

"What kind of woman pays for sex with a stranger?" Clayton asked.

"Not *a* stranger," she corrected. "Two of them. Actually, you both have quite the reputation in town, so it's not as if you're an unknown. Actually, I wish I'd thought of it myself. I'd have bought you in a heartbeat."

Clayton choked on a drink of beer. Trent smacked him on the back.

"It was the calendar," Jaynie said, going on as if neither had spoken. "Mr. July." She nodded to Trent. "Hot enough to sizzle for summer. And Mr. December." She grinned at Clayton. "Cool as ice. In fact..." She reached into her handbag and pulled out a cheque book. She uncapped a ballpoint pen, then started to scrawl her signature on the bottom line.

Trent's blood heated to a slow boil. "We are not sleeping with you, Jaynie."

"Then...?"

"Or the mystery woman," he added.

She pouted. "Ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand..." Clayton trailed off.

"And it's all or nothing. She gets both of you, or she wants neither. Think about it." She dropped her pen and curled her hand around Trent's wrist. "No one will ever know."

"Not like the damn calendar," Clayton grumbled.

"Ten thousand quid to benefit John MacDougal's family."

"Fuck." John MacDougal's family. He'd served in the Middle East with John. Fine man. Fine soldier. With three-year-old twins. Fuck. Trent took a long drink from his beer. "That's low, Jaynie, even for you."

"I didn't make the offer," she said, softly. The teasing was gone. Nothing but the weight of a fallen comrade shrouded the table. Even the music seemed to recede.

They all knew John and Susan. Jaynie had gone to school with the couple. He and Clayton knew John from the Army. Trent remembered that the man had carried a picture of the twin girls and his wife in his pocket, tucked inside a small Bible. *Fuck*.

"What does she want us to do?"

At Clayton's question, Trent raised a brow.

"She's willing to send a car for you on Friday, around tea time. You'll be returned on Sunday, most likely in the afternoon, if that suits you. You could probably negotiate a longer stay if needed." She smiled sweetly, innocently. She was neither, Trent knew.

"That wasn't my question," Clayton said.

"Oh, the usual, I suppose." She waved a hand dismissively. "Whatever it is that two men do when they get a sexy woman in bed."

"Sexy?" Clayton asked.

Trent shouldn't have clapped Clayton on the back. He should have boxed the man's ears. The idea was preposterous. Outrageous.

"Sexy," Jaynie repeated.

"So why is she paying for a fuck?" Trent asked.

"You're being crude, Captain."

"Answer Clayton's question, Jaynie."

"I didn't ask. I took the money and ran."

Very carefully, he enunciated each word. "You took the money?"

"Oh. Uhm. Well..."

He let her dangle from the noose of her own words.

"I knew you wouldn't say no, not when you knew it was for Susan and the wee babies." This time, she appealed to Clayton. Smart woman. "You like don't have to touch each other. Just her. I think."

"What the hell?" Trent demanded.

She ignored him and continued to look at Clayton. "You could even take turns. One of you in her bedroom at a time. Wear a condom if you want."

"Jaynie," Trent warned.

"Ten thousand quid," she said again. "Not for you, for the MacDougals."

"Susan needs it," Clayton reminded Trent. "And we always said we'd do what we needed to in order to help out."

He looked from Clayton to Jaynie, and then back again. They had both lost their collective minds. The calendar was beginning to look as if it had been one of her better ideas.

"She's John's widow, Clayton." Jaynie stroked the back of Clayton's hand and ignored Trent. "No commitments or obligations. You'll be making the generous donor happy as well as helping Susan and the children."

Trent brought his fist down on the table. All three beer mugs jumped. "Forget it."

"I'm in," Clayton said.

Trent blinked. "You're what?"

"It's for a good cause, mate. Queen and country and all that."

Jaynie leaned over and kissed Clayton's cheek, leaving a little streak of pink lipstick on his freshly shaven cheek. The man preened like a freaking peacock.

They were talking about fucking a woman they'd never met.

Grinning like an idiot, Clayton said, "Any port in a storm, hey, Trent?"

They were soldiers, for chrissake, not sailors. "We are not doing this."

"I am," Clayton said softly. "Ten thousand quid. Hell, I've fucked for a lot less noble causes than this one."

Jaynie turned to look at Trent. "You can't say no."

"The hell I can't."

"But you won't," said Clayton, suddenly serious, suddenly assertive.

Trent scowled. When in the name of all things holy had his buddy decided this was a good idea, and for him, too?

"We've talked about sharing a woman before."

Which was probably too much information in front of Jaynie, but she just kept on smiling. Well, why wouldn't she. She was close to getting what she wanted. Ten thousand quid to help a soldier's wife.

Put that way, it didn't seem so unpalatable.

"Do the right thing, Trent." Clayton raised a pint of beer in mock salute. "Now, Jaynie, tell me something about our mystery lady, besides the fact she's dripping money?"

"She wants you both in uniform. Well, at least to start with, I imagine."

"Do we know who she is?"

"She's a bit younger than you are. Micah Collins."

Clayton shook his head, but Trent said, "I've heard of her."

"Then you know you'd happily pay to sleep with *her*." Jaynie reached over and patted his cheek.



Trent had only two questions, what in the hell was happening here? and why the hell wasn't he stopping it?

\* \* \* \*

Micah Collins dragged her fingers through her hair, dislodging a pin. The metal pinged as it hit the ceramic tiled kitchen floor.

She was completely out of her mind.

What *had* she been thinking when she'd written that cheque? Oh yes, that she could do a good thing by making a significant donation to the military fundraiser. She was supporting Crown and country.

Oh hell.

Who was she trying to fool?

She'd wanted to take care of her pesky problem. For the love of God, how many twenty-five year old virgins were there in Britain?

So how did she decide to solve the problem of her virginity?

By buying two men. And not just any two men. Captains Trent Williams and Clayton Blackwell. Two of the county's bravest and sexiest soldiers.

They had dominated her dreams since girlhood. Several years ahead of her in school, they'd been the older boys she and her friends had whispered about on the phone.

She'd wanted to be kissed and held and romanced.

They'd never even known she was alive.

Then they'd grown up and gone away to university. The next time she'd seen them, they'd been in uniform.

Oh, Lord.

She'd wanted sex.

And then...

Life had happened.

Bringing her to this moment and the fact her car was on the way back with both of them in it.

*Both of them.*

She pushed her hand into her hair again. There were no more pins to dislodge, but there was quite a pile of them on the floor.

Micah heard a gravel crunch under car tyres.

The illusion of bravery that she'd been clinging to deserted her.

*They were here.*

Her heart jumped into her throat, and nerves made her spine tingle.

She smoothed imaginary wrinkles from her skirt, wondering if she had time to run upstairs to the bedroom and change clothes...for the fourth time today.

What did one wear to a planned seduction? Especially when the seduction was her own?

She walked through the house to greet them at the front door. She reached for the doorknob only to see it turn on its own.

She took a quick step back to avoid being flattened.

Captain Trent Williams filled the doorway.

Oh, Lord! He was taller, broader, more commanding than she ever remembered. His dark hair was cut military short, and, beneath his sage green T-shirt, she noticed his biceps rippled.

He was a hunk and a half in his military uniform and black boots. There was something about a man in uniform. She was all-but speechless already.

What on earth had she gotten herself into? And, criminy, don't let her out anytime soon.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and dragged her against his chest, crushing her. "Micah Collins, I presume."

She looked up. Her head spinning, unable to speak, unable to breathe, she had to settle to for nodding. His eyes, storm-tossed blue, commanded her attention.

He dug one hand into her hair, holding her steady. She didn't have time to blink before he kissed her.

## Chapter Two

The kiss was hard and deep; and he didn't relent until she gave a little moan of surrender.

He tasted of power and determination, and he smelled of a rain-kissed night. His body was a solid mass of manhood, and she felt his cock against her. It was hard, too.

Her knees weakened. If his fingers weren't digging into her shoulders, she doubted she could have stood up.

"Well," Clayton said, closing the front door with a decisive thud and dumping two duffel bags on the hardwood foyer, "the messy awkwardness of the first kiss is out of the way."

Trent released her, slowly.

"I'm Clayton," the blond god said.

Micah shook her head, trying to focus on what the man had said. Her lips were swollen. She'd never been kissed like that before.

She realised Clayton had extended his hand. He stood just a few centimetres shorter than Trent, but Clayton was leaner. He resembled a long-distance runner, while Trent reminded her of a professional boxer.

She took Clayton's hand, and he clasped hers. His grip was comforting, as if he were a man who could be leaned on for support, either emotional or physical.

In a frightening situation, he'd be the one she wanted holding her. Trent, however, was the one she'd want brandishing a weapon to protect her.

"I'm the warm, tender one," Clayton said. He smiled, instead of glowering like his friend. "You've already met the insensitive half of this duo, Trent Williams."

Where Trent was intense, Clayton was more casual. His blond hair skirted regulation length, she was sure. But his eyes were his most engaging feature. They were the colour of bittersweet chocolate, and she could melt into their depths.

This could very well be the best ten thousand quid she'd ever spent. If she survived it. Well, she thought, her heart revving up with excitement, it might still be the best money she'd ever spent, even if she *didn't* survive it.

Her gravestone would read: She died happily in the service of her country.

"Share the joke?" Clayton asked.

"I was just wishing all my donations to military fundraisers had such rewards."

Unconsciously, she touched her tender lips.

"And I was just wishing all of our assignments were this pleasant. Hey, Trent?"

Trent's answer was more of a grunt.

"A drink?" she asked.

"Irish whiskey," Trent said. "If you've got it."

"I do."

"Beer," Clayton said.

She headed for the kitchen, and Clayton followed. She pulled an already-opened bottle of Chablis from the wine cooler, and he took it from her.

"For you?"

"I'm a lightweight. One glass a night and no more."

"What happens if you have more?"

She closed the cooler with the toe of her shoe. "I get quite silly. Likely to do and say things I wish I hadn't."

"I'll keep that in mind. Where do you keep your wineglasses?" he asked.

"Getting me started early?"

"Absolutely."

She smiled. "Top shelf, in that cupboard to your right."

He kicked something as he moved towards the cupboard.

"Hairpin," she explained, feeling uncomfortable, exposed. "Might want to make sure you don't slip on any others."

He frowned in apparent confusion.

"Some people smoke or bite their nails."

"And you pull out hairpins."

"Right." Avoiding looking at him, she uncapped a beer and poured it into a mug.

"You yank them when you're nervous?"

"There's an even worse habit that you've already noticed." She'd dated before, and had managed to keep her little habit hidden from everyone. "I tend to leave them where they lay, as well."

"Micah?"

Topping off the beer, trying not to let it spill over the rim, she said, "Hmm?"

"Look at me."

She put down the bottle.

"We're both nervous, too."

Her mouth opened, and then she snapped it shut, afraid she'd look like an out-of-water fish otherwise.

After putting the wineglass on the granite countertop, he uncorked the bottle and splashed a small amount in it. He tasted the white wine before filling the glass. Was this a man after her own heart? Too bad she only had him for the weekend.

Earlier, forty-eight hours had seemed an absurdly long amount of time to have two men to ravish. Now it might just be a blink. In less than ten minutes, she'd been kissed nearly senseless and had a man look out for her drink. Lucky girl.

"You're the first one we've shared." Then he amended, "Well, at the same time, anyway." He touched her on the arm. "You're jumpy," he said.

Observant man.

"This might help take the edge off," he said, offering her the stem.

The glass was two-thirds full, a whole lot more than she drank on a usual basis.

"Wouldn't mind seeing you a bit silly, Micah."

She took a drink, but then he plucked the stemware from her hand and slid it back onto the countertop.

He advanced on her purposefully, but slowly, giving her time to move. But she was paralysed. She'd tasted Trent, now she wanted to taste Clayton.

With his lean, sexy body, he nudged her backward until she was against the cupboards.

"May I kiss you?"

So different from Trent. "Yes."

He laid one hand alongside her jawbone, capturing her. He feathered his other hand into her hair. "I'm glad you've already pulled out the pins," he said. "You saved me the effort."

She placed a hand on his chest. The top two buttons of his uniform shirt were open. He had a white T-shirt on beneath. With the way he was looking at her, she wanted to feel his bare skin. Would his chest be smooth or covered with downy-fine hair?

He brushed her lips with his own, in a light tease.

Oh. So delicious. Sensual.

He did it a second time, and then a third.

He teased until she demanded more.

She moved her hand behind his neck and drew him closer. Their tongues met and parried, and she leaned into him.

She'd had no idea what to expect when she'd made that huge donation in exchange for a weekend with the two soldiers. A little embarrassment, perhaps. Maybe even some hesitation or regret for being so impulsive. She'd even wondered if either of them would be unkind. After all, they were probably not happy to hear their services were needed in such an unusual way.

But each of them, each in their own unique way, chased away her inhibitions and made her respond so completely.

He tasted of mint and man, *and she wanted all of him.*

"What happened to the whiskey?"

Slowly, never taking his gaze from her, Clayton ended the kiss and responded, "Sorry, mate. We got distracted."

"You've never been distracted a day in your life," Trent said. "You're a captain in the Queens Royal Hussars. Nothing shakes you."

She felt a flush creep up her face. In less than five minutes, she'd been kissed by two men. Did life get any better? "I'll, uhm, just get that whiskey."

"She's a bit nervous," Clayton supplied.

"Do you swim, Micah?"

"Swim?"

He grinned, and it transformed his face, making him a whole lot less intense. "Swim. Like in the water," he said helpfully.

She nodded.

"Ever dipped in your toes and found the water too cold?"

"It's England," she said. "The water's always too bloody cold."

Clayton smiled.

"So what do you do about it?"

When she didn't answer right away, he crossed the room, almost silently. "Jump in," he supplied helpfully. "With both feet."

He unfastened her top button.

The calluses on his fingertips abraded her sensitive skin. "Well, that's certainly one way," she said.

"Ever done a ménage before?" Clayton asked, pouring Trent a whiskey, neat.

"Uh. No." Or a non-ménage, for that matter.

"Why us?" Trent asked, opening a second button.

"Trent—" Clayton warned.

Heat radiated from Trent's body, and there was a bite of spice to his aftershave. She scooted a little farther back, but the counter prevented her from moving more than a couple of millimetres. "Jaynie. You've probably met her."

"She's my sister's friend."

"She's a friend of mine, as well. And one night we were brainstorming ideas for the military fundraiser." She tipped her head back, determined to meet his gaze and not act like a simpering virgin. "She asked me what my wildest fantasy was. What I'd be willing to pay for."

"Over a glass of wine?" Clayton guessed.

"Well... Yes. And after a night with Brad Pitt, I said my second wildest fantasy was two sexy men. I actually never thought..." She smiled. "I never thought she'd put something together, then hit me up for the massive donation you two asked for."

"She...?" Trent asked.

"Jaynie said she'd found my two hunks, her words. And if I were willing to make a donation to the soldier's fundraiser, you two had wanted to spend a weekend with me. I could hardly refuse when all of you went to that effort. Queen and country, you know? All for a good cause."

"Methinks Jaynie has some explaining to do," Clayton said. He took a drink from his beer. "But I'm not complaining."

A third button surrendered beneath Trent's onslaught.

Her bra was visible, and her breathing changed, oxygen constricting deep in her chest.

He tugged the shirt's hem from her slim-fitting black skirt. Then, while his gaze continued to hold hers, he released the last two buttons.

"Uh..."

"You have to get wet when you go swimming," Trent told her. He grabbed her hand and put it on his cock.

Her eyes widened.

"Squeeze it," he said. "Harder."

She did.

"Now stroke."

Through his uniform pants, she did. She hoped he didn't realise how little experience she had pleasing a man.

"I want you naked," he said.

*Here? In the kitchen?*

He moved her hand away from his penis and then shucked the silky turquoise coloured blouse from her shoulders. The material swished to the tile, joining her hairpins.

"Turn around," he told her, backing off a couple of metres.

Feeling her own heartbeat in her throat, she did. Both men were watching her; she was hyper-aware of both of them. She suddenly wished she'd thought to turn on the radio or slide in a CD, any kind of music would be preferable to the sound of her ragged breathing.

Trent deftly released her bra, then lowered her skirt's zipper.

Trent worked the skirt past her hips and down her thighs. He knelt so she could step out of it. Surprising her, he folded the skirt then placed it on the countertop.

Micah had dressed for seduction, or for being seduced, as the case might be. She'd taken a trip to London for lingerie, and now she was terribly glad she had.

For the first time in her life, she was wearing a garter belt, stockings and a sexy thong. They were all black and lacy, and it was all a smart match with her bra.

She'd splurged on shoes, too. They were higher than she usually wore, and they had a spiky heel. The shoes made her calves actually look like they had a nice shape. No wonder so many women dropped a mint at the shops.

"Take off the bra," Clayton said.

Coming from him, the command was even more potent. She shrugged it off and let it pool to the floor.



Then she was mostly naked in front of two men, self-conscious and nervous.

"Beautiful," said Clayton. He moved in closer and cupped her breasts in his large palms, supporting their weight.

Capturing her gaze, he drew his thumbs across her nipples, teasing them until they became hardened, erect nubs. His touch was exquisitely wonderful, and her eyes shut, as if she could enjoy the sensations more that way.

She was aware on some level of Trent picking up his own whiskey glass and tossing back the amber liquid in a single swallow.

Her eyes opened again when Clayton brushed her lips with his.

"I'm afraid my mate will flatten me if I don't share."

It'd be more than fine with her if Clayton just swept her up the stairs and took her. For her first, she couldn't think of a more perfect man. But she had bought them both.

"Move behind her," Trent said.

Command dominated his tone. This was a man accustomed to being obeyed without hesitation. Nothing in his voice soothed; rather, it insisted.

"Take off your knickers," Trent told her.

He overwhelmed her senses.

Still, while Clayton moved away, she did. In for a penny...

Moments later, all she wore was a garter belt and stockings, along with her fabulous shoes. She resisted the impulse to strategically place her hands across her lower body.

Clayton got behind her. Reaching around, he cupped her breasts and started to play with her nipples again.

"Open your legs for me, Micah," Trent instructed. This time, he wasn't bossy. It sounded more like a request.

Again, she complied. Her throat was so dry, she could hardly swallow. *Wine*. A glass of wine would be great.

Clayton gently bit the tender flesh between her neck and shoulder while Trent got onto his knees.

She was captivated.

Trent licked a finger, then drew it across her clit.

Her knees threatened to buckle. Clayton, however, wasn't letting her go anywhere. He held her, supported her, kissing the side of her neck and keeping her overwhelmed.

Trent looked up at her and increased the pressure against her clit. He alternated pressure with long, sweeping strokes. She moistened. And as he dipped a finger into her vagina, she became totally wet.

He parted her labia and pressed on her clit.

"Ahhhh..." The man touched her exactly the way she liked, the same way she touched herself when she used her vibrator. "Just..." It would only take a few more minutes for her to come, especially with the way Clayton was tormenting her nipples.

This was all she had hoped for when she'd had a glass of wine and told Jaynie her wildest dreams. But never had she imagined it would be so exquisite. Two handsome, sexy men who were totally focused on her. Did life get any better?

Her hips jerked forward. "I'm—"

"Don't hold back," Clayton whispered in her ear. Then he nipped at her lobe.

His hands gripping her thighs, Trent moved in closer and licked her clit.

"Oh. Oh my... God!" This hot, hot man had his head between her legs!

"Come," Clayton told her.

Shaking convulsively, she did.

Trent didn't stop, even though she'd climaxed. He kept up the pressure, and then intensified it. It was a total assault. Her whole body felt as if it were on fire with desire. Nerve endings she didn't know she had were vibrating.

Deep inside, another orgasm built. She could hardly believe it was possible. She'd never come more than once. In fact, she generally just fell asleep after coming. But Trent was having none of that.

Clayton squeezed her breasts, moving them closer together.

Trent inserted one finger inside her before slipping in a second.

Her hands curled into his shoulders.

"You've got the hottest cunt," Trent said.

His words, raw and earthy, were enough.

She jerked convulsively, shamelessly. And then she screamed.

Clayton laughed, a seductive sound if ever there was one. His breath was warm on her skin. "It's my turn," he said. "I want to hear you scream for me."

## Chapter Three

Clayton hadn't known what to expect when he'd agreed to Jaynie's suggestion. To tell the truth, he wasn't the type for one-night stands, and for the last couple of years, he'd focused on his career and being a good leader. He hadn't left any time for a relationship, and that was intentional. Too many military marriages failed. It took a special woman to marry a man and the Army.

Three years ago, he'd thought Sally might be that woman. They'd dated for almost a year, and he'd fallen in love with her sense of humour and insatiable sexual appetite. She was fiercely independent and dedicated to her job at an up-and-coming advertising agency. A match made in heaven, or so he'd thought.

When she'd asked when he was going to resign his commission, they'd had their first big row. She said she couldn't be involved with a man who would likely be sent overseas. She had cried. Tears he could deal with. The begging had been another thing entirely.

When none of that had moved him, Sally had thrown a piece of his grandmother's crockery against the wall. And he'd been finished with Sally. He'd put her in the car and driven her home. He hadn't answered a single telephone call or e-mail.

But now... Having a warm, willing woman in his arms... He suddenly realised what he'd been missing during his years of celibacy. Body armour and munitions only went so far. There really was no substitute for a woman's companionship, and for exploring the softness and suppleness of her body.

Sharing with Trent. Who knew? They'd done everything together since boyhood. Well, everything except sharing the same woman at the same time. And why not? They'd talked about it often enough. And to find a woman that wanted exactly that. What could be better?

He held her, supported her while Trent cajoled a third orgasm from her.

"I can't!" she said.

"Oh," Clayton whispered, "you can."

She arched and moaned. His cock throbbed in demand. No way masturbating would take this edge off. He needed to be deep inside her pussy. Or her mouth. He'd settle for being in her mouth.

Her body was becoming more compliant, and she was leaning on him more and more. No worries from him, though.

He liked supporting her, holding her, kissing her, oh, right, and playing with her full, sensuous breasts. Her nipples were so responsive. The nibs were hard, and he was ready to have them in his mouth.

She groaned.

He squeezed her nipples hard at the same time Trent pulled her pelvis a bit more towards him.

"Trent! Clayton!"

She shuddered and shook. He grinned. This woman was going to be well satisfied before they even got her to bed. By the morning, she wouldn't be able to stand up.

He couldn't resist a pleased grin.

"I think our girl may need a bit of a rest, hey, Trent?"

From his place on his knees, he looked up at Micah.

"Yes," she whispered. "Mercy. Please."

Trent chuckled. The man was intense, that was for sure.

Slowly, Clayton released her. "Do you have a robe?"

"On my bed. Upstairs."

He went up the stairs and headed for the first open door. Nice house. Naturally, it would be. He couldn't forget she'd paid ten thousand quid for the weekend. Which made him wonder. She was attractive and charming. She could have a ménage with any men she wanted. She sure as hell didn't need to write a cheque for it.

He found a white, silky, frothy, see-through confection on her bed. This was a robe? It'd do little to keep her warm, and it would do even less to hide her charms. As if he needed his appetite whetted even further.

He returned to the kitchen to find her leaning against the counter, a glass of wine in hand. Trent was pouring his second whiskey.

But Clayton only had eyes for Micah.

Jesus, she was desirable.

Her big breasts were bare, her nipples still hard, the aureoles still red from where he'd squeezed her. Her breasts all but begged to be touched, held, cradled, fondled.

Trent had his head buried in her crotch earlier, and now Clayton was finally getting a view of her entire body.

Her hips were shapely, and the starkness of the black lingerie against the creamy softness of her thighs was startling. He'd never been a huge fan of frilly or fancy. He preferred naked women. But the sight of her could convince him to spend a month's pay on all things lacy and feminine.

The patch of dark hair between her legs hid the secrets he wanted exposed. Better get her covered up, now. "Here you are, love." He offered her the robe.

With a grateful smile, she put down her wine and accepted the robe. "Your beer must be warm by now."

"Small price to pay to hold you while you come. Again and again."

She slipped into the floor-length robe and tied a knot at the waist. He'd been right, it was transparent. But the best thing? With the way it fell and the folds of the fabric, it made her look even sexier.

It took all his self-control not to lift her up, sit her on the granite counter top and slam his cock into her.

Instead, he picked up the glass he'd all-but forgotten about, and then he said, "A toast."

"To?" Micah asked.

"New experiences?" Clayton suggested.

"Multiple orgasms," Trent said.

"Ugh. I'm not sure I can survive it!"

They clinked glasses, and Micah laughed.

"Hope we're worth your money," Trent said.

"Well... So far."

She looked down into her glass, as if to hide the furious blush that bloomed on her cheeks. Clayton wasn't sure he knew women who actually still blushed. He was captivated. "I'm going to kiss you again."

"Do you know how bad I want to fuck her?" Trent asked.

He could imagine coming home to her from a long deployment or even a long day. His groin tightened at the very idea. "You're going to wait," Clayton said, "until I kiss her." He plucked her stem from her fingers and put it on the counter beside his beer mug.

And he did. Kiss her.

She tasted of innocence and heat in one contradictory package. The wine was sweet on her tongue. Ending the kiss, he nipped at her lower lip. Maybe Trent was right. They could kiss later. Right now, his cock throbbed painfully, and he wasn't sure how much longer he could wait. "Upstairs," he told her.

"About damn time," Trent grumbled.

Clayton smacked her on the bum as she started up the stairs. She wasn't walking very fast as she took each step. One hand was curled on the railing. With the other, she held her wine as if for dear life.

"You've given this some thought," Clayton said, his hand resting proprietarily against the small of her back. He considered hanging back a bit so he could watch her arse as she climbed up. "How do you want to do this?"

She almost tripped up the stairs. "Uh. I was hoping you gentlemen would lead the way."

"I have an idea or two," Trent said. "And one of them includes your mouth and my cock."

When they arrived in the bedroom, she faced them both. "I have a confession to make before we go too much farther."

Oh, oh. Like why she was paying for sex?

She took a long drink from her wine. "There's another reason I agreed to Jaynie's suggestion. Why I wrote a cheque for ten thousand pounds." After another fortifying sip, she then drained her glass.

How bad was this confession going to be?

She put down the glass, then combed her fingers through her shoulder-length dark hair. If there'd been any pins there, she'd have sent them plummeting to the floor.

"I have a small problem."

Warning alarms sounded in Clayton's head. "Go on," he said.

"We have condoms," Trent said. "If it's an STD. We'll keep your secret."

Her eyes widened and she blinked. "No. It's not like that. Well, you see..." She took a breath and in a single exhalation said, "I'm a virgin."

"A virgin?" A twenty-something year old virgin? How the hell did that happen?

"I just didn't want to surprise whichever of you was the first to figure it out."

She was a virgin and one of them was going to relieve her of that burden. Christ. He'd been in combat, and he doubted he'd ever walked ground that was more laden with landmines.

"I hope you don't mind."

"Fuck." Trent said what Clayton was thinking.

"C'mon," Trent said. "We thought we were playing with someone who knew the score."

"My mother was ill for a lot of years," she said. "That didn't give me a lot of time for a social life." She curled her hand around Clayton's wrist. "I'm not a freak."

"No one said you were. Just..." This time, he was the one who ploughed his hand into his hair.

"I took care of my mother for years. I want to live. I want to make up for lost time."

"For God's sake, Micah. I don't go around deflowering virgins. *We* don't," he corrected at Trent's scowl.

"I paid you to do exactly that."

"Sorry."

"You're reneging?" she asked, licking her bottom lip.

"Oh, no you don't. I don't take guilt trips, Micah. Don't even try selling me one."

"Find yourself a nice boy who'll marry you and settle down."

"I would if that's what I wanted." She shook her head and dark strands of hair fell alluringly across her cheeks. "That's not what I want." Then she boldly grabbed Clayton's penis. "That's not what you want, either."

She was right on that score.

"Or you," she said, reaching for Trent.

"Micah," Trent warned.

She let go of Trent and said, "Take off your clothes."

Trent's mouth fell open. Two soldiers, both of them combat veterans, didn't have a clue what to do with one slight woman. Clayton would have laughed if the situation weren't so serious.

"I mean it. I made a huge donation to fuck you." She poked Trent in the chest and squeezed Clayton's cock extraordinarily hard.

He winced. The woman knew what she wanted and knew how to make a point.

"No STD's," she said, "no hang ups. Now take off your damn shirt."

Trent shot him a glance. "This was your idea, as I recall."

"Good of you to mention it." What a good mate, had his back, did he?

Her eyes narrowed. "I could ask for my money back."

"Lady, I'd give you every pence, happily," Trent said.

"I'd rather you kept your word, like a man."

She couldn't have landed a more direct hit if she'd been armed with a map. Questioning a soldier's integrity?

"You want to be fucked?" Trent demanded. The words were a growled warning. "It'll be my pleasure." He yanked his shirt from his waistband. "What're you waiting for? Take off that piece of fluff, get on your back and spread your legs."

"Bring it on, soldier." She let go of Clayton's cock and moved towards the bed.

"Unless you want to be fucked from behind. In that case, get on your hands and knees."

"Hang about," Clayton said.

Fury flashed in Trent's eyes.

And Clayton noticed that her eyes, which had been light blue, like a cloudless summer day, were now dark and stormy.

"Never mind trying to defuse the situation, even if you are a munitions expert," she said to Clayton. "I want you naked, too. I paid for the goods. Deliver them."

The woman might not be military, but she knew how to take precise aim when she fired a volley.

Despite her bravado, he noticed her fingers shaking as she undid the knot in her belt.

Trent unbuckled his belt and let it fall to the floor. It clanked on the hardwood plank.

Then he untied his boots and toed them off. He threw them; his socks followed.

How the hell had a fun evening gotten so far out of hand?

Oh yeah, Micah had questioned their integrity.



She proudly, bravely, stupidly dropped her robe. It fluttered to the floor. Trent's trousers landed on top. He was in boxers and a T-shirt. Micah wore only her shoes, the garter belt, and stockings with a seam up the back. Did she have any idea what she did to him, how much it took not to ravish her?

"Take off your clothes, Clayton," she said. "It's no different than it was downstairs."

"The hell it's not." His own anger began to simmer.

"The woman wants to be relieved of her virginity," Trent said. He tugged off his shirt. "Should take about five seconds."

*Fuck.*

She knew what she was doing, though, knew how to goad both of them. Damn her.

Her eyes were wide, but it wasn't with fear.

She evidently fed off the intensity.

In that regard, she wasn't all that different than him and Trent. Adrenaline was a powerful driving force. He understood why she was handling the situation this way. It beat fear and uncertainty. She'd get what she wanted on her terms, whether he liked it or not.

"Clayton?" she said.

What the hell was he supposed to do? Tell her to suck him off while his mate took her? Tension crawled up his back.

## Chapter Four

She wasn't scared, even though she probably should be. She'd pulled the tiger's tail, and instead of running, she was standing there, facing him down.

Instead, she felt more alive than she ever had. Her mother hadn't wanted Micah being a caregiver. Mum had wanted Micah to hire a nurse, go out and enjoy life while she was still young. But Micah's sense of loyalty and her pure love for her mother made that impossible.

But now, she wanted every experience. Which was why she'd sky-dived last year and travelled to the Gobi Desert six months ago. Life was for living. And didn't she know it. Her mother had been robbed of too many years. That wouldn't happen to Micah.

These two men, warriors, heroes, had morals higher than she'd expected. She'd believed men were interested in a quick lay, no matter the circumstances. That they so vehemently objected had shocked her. When it didn't appear guilt would work, she'd gone for the jugular, attacking their honour.

To be honest, she admired their restraint.

Had she been a man, she'd be sporting a broken nose by now.

Trent removed his boxers. His cock was swollen, sticking straight out. It was bigger than she expected, much longer and thicker around. His balls were huge.

"I said spread your legs," Trent told her.

She feasted on adrenaline and nerves.

He was sexier without his clothes than he had been fully dressed. His chest was broad, his biceps cut with definition. He had a tattoo. Was it a dragon? Or something else?

She opened her legs wider, leaving her more exposed, more vulnerable. And she wouldn't trade it for anything.

He sheathed his cock with a condom, then stroked himself to full arousal.

A low fire ignited in her belly. She was going to take all of that? Was it even possible?

He climbed onto the bed and poised there.

He began to ease his cock inside her. She was so dry, she winced.

Trent froze, then he backed up. "You're not wet enough."

"Let me," Clayton said.

Trent got out of the way. Still fully dressed, Clayton moved between her legs and began to lick her cunt.

She writhed, responding to his touch. He was gentler than Trent had been, but just as sexy. She dug the heels of her shoes into the mattress and arched, seeking more.

He gave it.

She hadn't known either of them long, but she was relieved Clayton wasn't being standoffish.

Her pussy was moist. Unbelievably, even after all the orgasms Trent had given her downstairs, she was close to coming again.

Apparently realising how wet she was, Clayton climbed off the bed. Probably wouldn't be for long, though, as he was untying his shoes.

*Yes!* So close to getting what she wanted.

Trent got back into position. His eyes were intense, dark. His jaw was clenched, and a vein throbbed in his temple.

He stroked his cockhead across her clit. She arched, seeking more. Slowly, he gave it to her.

"Tell me what you want."

"You."

"Tell me what you want," he repeated, the words tight, as if forced through gritted teeth.

"I want your cock."

"Where?"

"In my pussy."

"Ask for it," he said.

"Please," she said, gasping as he went deeper. "I want your cock in my pussy."

Clayton, his lithe body naked, climbed on the bed. He captured her head and closed his fist in her hair, holding her fast. He claimed her mouth.

She was overwhelmed.

Sensation after sensation rocked her world.

Trent thrust deep, tearing her hymen. Clayton swallowed her cry. Then he intensified his kiss. Slowly, as she adjusted to him, Trent began to move back and forth, pumping into her, then pulling back out.

Clayton ended their kiss, then bent to suckle on one of her breasts. She couldn't take it. Couldn't think. Couldn't — She needed...

Clayton sucked one nipple into his mouth and bit it while brutally pinching the other. Arching her back, she screamed.

Trent stopped, letting her ride out her orgasm, grinding against his pelvis.

"You like it a little rough," Clayton said.

"Yes." She tried to turn her head away, but he wouldn't let her. He kept her gaze captive.

"Tell me about when you masturbate."

"I..."

"We just took your virginity. No shyness."

"I use clamps on my nipples."

"Where are they?"

"I—" She gave up. These two were as relentless as she was. "Top drawer of my dresser. Beneath the knickers."

"Ever been spanked?" Trent asked her.

Her eyes widened.

"You use clamps," he observed.

"I've never been spanked," she said, barely able to breathe as he began to move inside her again.

This time, he felt good. She liked the way he stretched her and filled her, rode her.

"You've wondered, though. About being spanked."

"What is this, true confession time?"

"You've got forty-eight hours. How you want to spend them is your choice. What will you wonder about next week, next year? Your choice if you want regrets."

"Anything I want?"

"Ask," he told her. "We can say no."

"Fuck me harder."

He grinned. He no longer looked so ferocious. "That," he said, "I can do."

"I want you on your side," she said

He pulled out and repositioned her on her left side. "Put your right leg over my hip."

She blinked. "Uh...I'm not a contortionist."

"Trust me."

The position left her a bit uncomfortable, but she did as he asked.

"Do you need lube?"

"I'm good. Well, for being in this position."

"Good, now see if you can get one of your hands behind my neck to hold on."

"Didn't we have the gymnastics discussion?" Despite her complaints, she did as he told her. Each shift opened her up a little, gave him a different angle. She felt so full, so penetrated.

"And from that position, you can open your mouth and suck on my cock."

Clayton's words gave her an instant thrill. She expected Trent to be a little crude, but when Clayton did it, it had a way of twisting her insides into a knot of wanton desire.

"Open your mouth," he said again.

She did.

And since they already knew she was a virgin, she didn't need to tell him she'd never sucked cock before.

He filled her mouth while Trent thrust deep in her vagina.

She moaned at his depth, and her moan opened her mouth wider for Clayton's penetration.

This...

This was beyond anything she'd imagined.

Clayton tasted of soap with a slight hint of salt. He held her head steady as Trent moved his hips. "Be careful with your teeth," he warned. "The most sensitive spot is at the top of my cock, just beneath the head. If you can put some pressure there with your tongue, you'll be doing everything right."

She nodded.

"You said you wanted to be fucked harder," Trent said. Then he did.

Oh. Oh.

He drove into her, impaling her.

He was impossibly deep. It felt so powerful. It hurt. It was dizzying.

He pushed against her womb, and her moans were muffled by Clayton's cock stuffed in her mouth.

Trent never went for a rhythm she could figure out and accommodate.

He stroked hard and deep, then more shallow. She arched and bent, asking for more, seeking more, and he gave it with a powerful slam.

She was going to come undone. Her body convulsed; Clayton took full advantage of it, getting more and more of his cock in her mouth. Unbelievably, his cock got harder.

"I'm going... Going... To come," he warned her. His words were incoherent and broken. His breathing was ragged. "Micah!" He pulled out of her mouth. He groaned. Moaned. Called out her name.

He jacked himself off, his semen landing on her face in warm spurts that made her feel naughty.

Trent continued to fuck her. His motions were jerky and uneven. Rational thought fled. When Clayton swiped some of his cum from her cheek and fed it to her, she sucked on his fingers, licking them clean.

The sensations were too overwhelming for her to climax.

But Trent dragged her backward, holding her hips prisoner as he drove in deeper.

He came with a quiet, "Fuck *me*."

The two men were so completely different, even in the way they came. One loud, one restrained.

"How are you feeling?" Clayton asked.

"My pussy is tender."

"Fucked you hard enough?"

She wiggled, wishing she could see him. Cheekily, she said. "Yes. That'll do for now."

Trent slapped her exposed right buttock hard.

"Ouch!"

"That's just the beginning."

"What?"

"If you think you're getting away with questioning our integrity, Micah Collins —"

"You're not serious!" She tried to face him, but he kept her prisoner. He wouldn't. Not really. Even though he'd just asked her about spanking, he wouldn't paddle her as punishment. He'd simply use it as a way to tease her into greater arousal, wouldn't he?

"Completely serious," he affirmed.

His left hand was on the back of her neck. His right hand was on her buttocks. He held her firmly. "You'd spank me now after you just... *After we had sex?*"

"After you manipulated us?" he corrected. "In short, yes."

"Clayton?" Desperately, she looked around for him. But the more tender of the two shook his head. Damn him. He wasn't going to come to her rescue.

"You crossed a line, Micah."

A slow tendril of fear uncoiled in her gut.

They were both honourable, she knew that. But they were still men. Men who wouldn't tolerate her shenanigans. While she might protest, she couldn't be happier. She hadn't dated much, and the men she had dated had been really easy to railroad. She'd hated that. Even Clayton, the kinder one, had his limits.

Before she knew what was coming, Trent had moved them both. From the moment he arrived, she'd recognised him as a powerful man, a warrior deserving of respect. Now she was seeing him as a righteously angry man. And she was deserving of his punishment.

And now he was sitting up in her bed, and she'd gone arse end over teakettle. She was across his lap, her bottom upturned, and she was dragging her legs together, trying to close her thighs to maintain some sort of dignity.

Dignity, she knew, was the first thing he'd have off her.

## Chapter Five

“How many do you deserve?”

Trent waited patiently for her answer. When the situation called for it, he could wait quietly for hours. And looking at the swell of her arse, the curve of her hips and hearing her ragged breaths could amuse him endlessly. She wouldn't have the tolerance for that, though, he already knew that about her.

In fact, the more he knew about her, the more he appreciated her.

He liked a cheeky woman who would keep him on his toes. He liked a woman who knew what she wanted and would do anything to get it.

He and Clayton had spent a long time together over the past dozen or so years that they'd been friends. They'd each had girlfriends. Clayton had come close to being serious with Sally. Trent wasn't as smart as his comrade. He'd actually proposed to Deena. Good thing he got out before she got a ring, the equivalent of a noose, around his neck.

Only, luckily, he'd come to his senses. She wouldn't stand up to him. Her manipulations weren't transparent like Micah's. Deena was subtle, and she was a liar. About anything, anytime. How to tell if Deena was lying, his sister had teased. Her lips were moving.

He sure as sunshine didn't need a woman back at home he couldn't trust.

This one, though, with her arse begging for his punishment, wouldn't lie about anything, not even a tiny lie, he was sure. “I'm waiting for your answer,” he told her.

“What's the regular sort of number for something like this? Three?”

He laughed. “Clayton?”

“Twenty.”

“Twenty?” She strained against the hand Trent had on her neck, trying to raise her face a little. He pushed her back down. “Are you mad?” she demanded. Her face might be buried in the bedspread and her voice muffled by the mattress, but Miss Rich Girl who could buy two soldiers for the weekend was still being the county princess and letting her outrage be known.



Little did she know her outrage had barely started. "You don't think twenty is a bit harsh?"

"Thirty," Clayton said.

"Twenty it is," Trent said. "Ten from each of us?"

"Clayton wouldn't!"

"Ten from each of us," Trent affirmed. "Just a suggestion, vixen. Dig in your knees a bit and lift your bum a bit more."

"So you can hit it harder? Mad. You're mad."

Maybe. But he could smell the scent of her arousal. And the way she was wiggling, she was trying to grind her pussy against his thigh. *The lady doth protest too much.* "It will hurt less," he told her, "if you take the blows across your buttocks rather than your thighs, but if that's your wish..."

"No!" She did as he told her, getting into position.

He landed the first smack across her arse cheeks. She wiggled, but said nothing. He gave her three more in quick succession, and that elicited small moans. "How many is this?"

"At least a dozen!"

He met Clayton's gaze. They both grinned at her expense. "This is number five." He delivered it smartly and she moaned. "Why are you getting spanked, Micah?"

"For manipulating you."

"For trying to manipulate us," he corrected. "To make sure it doesn't happen again."

"Yes, sir."

"Ought to add extra for impertinence."

"Sorry! Honestly!"

He enjoyed the feel of his hand on her bare flesh. "Your arse is getting red," he said.

"That's because you're beating me."

He laughed, then his hand connected with her flesh two more times. She was getting hot, and bothered, if her moans were anything to go by. It hurt, he knew that, but he guessed that the sensations in her body and the neurons firing in her brain only made her more aroused.

She'd be very much aware of her naked body exposed to their gaze, and she'd be feeling the dampness between her legs. She'd probably be fervently praying that neither of them would notice how wet she was.

"Spread your legs a bit," Clayton told her.

She hesitated for a couple of seconds before complying.

"Better view of her cunt?" Trent asked.

"And how slick she is. One would think she might be enjoying it."

This time, her moan did sound miserable. He could almost feel sorry for her. Almost.

"Continue on," Clayton told Trent.

He finished her off with the three remaining slaps and then said, "Your turn, I believe."

"Get on your hands and knees," Clayton told her. "And don't move."

She did as she was told, and the sight of her, the scent of her made Trent's cock stir again. That shouldn't be possible, but there it was.

He moved out from beneath her, then went to her bathroom to get rid of the used condom and to get her a warm flannel.

When he returned, he gently washed her, and it was only a moment or two before Clayton delivered another command. "Put your forehead on the mattress."

She did.

So, Clayton wasn't going for an across-the-lap spanking, then. This might be really interesting

"Arch your back." He spoke quietly, but there was no misunderstanding his focus and intent.

Trent grabbed his cock and began working it. He'd figured it would be interesting, this ménage. But he'd had no idea how turned on he'd be watching another man pleasure the woman who'd already crawled under his skin.

"Get your arse a little higher in the air."

"Clayton," she said softly, "I thought..."

"You thought wrong, love. I didn't want Trent to fuck you like that. You're going to be spanked for torturing me."

"But that's what I wanted," she protested.

"And you got what you wanted. And now I will, too."

Clayton's voice was ragged and raw with emotion. Seems neither of them had gotten what they bargained for when Jaynie cornered them at the pub.

"Open your legs a bit more." He slapped her on that tender flesh on the underneath of her arse cheek. She wiggled around.

He caught her on the other leg.

Then he grabbed her hip bones and dragged her back, burying his face in her cunt.

Blood rushed to Trent's cock. She liked getting spanked. He liked spanking her. And, equally as well, he liked watching her be spanked.

She shamelessly pushed back, seeking more from Clayton.

Instead of giving her what she wanted, Clayton moved away and gave her a few more spansks, falling randomly on her buttocks, not where she was expecting them.

While Trent watched, Clayton dipped two fingers in her vagina and finger fucked her.

"I want..."

"You may not come," Clayton said.

And somewhere along the line, Trent had gotten the reputation of being the hard ass of the duo?

Clayton licked her, pressed on her clit, made her moan.

The sixth and seventh spansks were more intense. "You understand what this is about, correct?"

"Yes! You're torturing me."

Trent cupped his balls with his hand. They were full and swollen again. The idea of being in one of her holes was becoming an insistent demand.

The eighth made her yelp.

He went back to finger fucking her. Even from the distance, Trent could see the slick dampness of her pussy juices.

Using her own moisture as lubricant, Clayton began to work a finger into her anus.

"I—"

"You can take it," Clayton told her.

"And you want to," Trent said. "You want it all, you said. All the experiences."

"Yes! But—"

"Bear down."

"Clayton!"

"You're not getting out of this, love." He pulled out his finger and eased it in again.

"Bear down."

She was fussing and struggling, and Trent caught the unspoken command in his mate's nod. Coming closer, he slapped her right arse cheek, hard.

“Argh!”

But the distraction was enough. She moved to escape, and in the process, her arse opened up. Clayton slid his finger in, to the hilt.

He grabbed a tube of lube from the nightstand with his free hand. Trent, always ready to help a fellow soldier, took the tube and flipped up the cap. He squirted a huge dollop that Clayton used to prime her with a second finger.

“You’ve still a good slap to go,” he told her.

“I think I’m coming apart from the inside.”

She wasn’t the only one.

Now that Trent had met her, now that he’d tasted her, experienced her, he wanted more. Tonight, even forty-eight hours, wouldn’t be enough. He doubted it would be for her, either.

At Clayton’s nod, Trent gave her a stinging, painful tenth spank.

“Do not come,” Clayton told her.

“Mean!”

“Love, hang about. If you think me denying you this orgasm is mean, just wait.”

Trent climbed on to the bed. He couldn’t wait for the next few minutes.

## Chapter Six

Clayton gently withdrew his finger from her arse. He didn't need to tell her to put Trent's cock in her mouth; she naturally did it. Things were easy between them, as if they'd been doing it for years. One thing was certain, he didn't want this to end.

While her body was in a different position, he took the opportunity to open the vicious little jaws of her nipple clamps. Her breasts hung down naturally, and her nipples were still peaked. This would be easy and would catch her completely off guard. The pain, the fact she was sucking off Trent, the stinging sensation on her arse, it would all work together to distract her brain when he took her anally.

Trent, seeing what Clayton was about, pushed his hands into her hair.

Clayton reached beneath her and fondled her breasts.

"You drive me wild," she told him, coming off Trent's cock for just a moment.

Clayton tweaked her nipples a little. She wiggled and all but purred contentedly.

Then, surprising her, he clamped one nipple with the metal jaws.

She raised her head.

"Breathe into it," he told her.

"But..."

While she was busy protesting, he fastened the other nipple clamp in place.

She hissed a breath in through her clenched teeth.

"Suck me," Trent told her.

"It hurts."

"Give it twenty seconds," Trent said. "And in the meantime, woman, *suck my dick.*"

Clayton sucked on her clit while she followed Trent's order.

Her clit was swollen. Another time, maybe he'd clamp it, too. Her reaction would be worth every moment. He doubted he'd ever known a more sensual, responsive woman.

When her breathing was a little more normal, when she'd adjusted to the lack of blood flow to her nipples, he finger fucked her pussy and her arse.

Minutes later, her breaths became little ragged bursts, and her climax was close.

Clayton took that opportunity to press his cock against her tightest hole.

He eased in a bit, stroking her back, telling her, "Bear down. Relax."

With her mouth full of Trent, all she could do was moan.

"Bear down. Almost there." He clenched his back teeth together. He couldn't believe he was ready for her again. He was almost ready to explode.

Trent pulled on her nipple clamps, and Clayton shoved the rest of the way in.

Micah let out a muffled scream.

"You're there," he told her.

She remained frozen.

"There," he repeated. "You're doing great." Heaven help him. It wasn't possible to feel this way about a woman he'd just met. He'd had a taste, and he wanted more. Her arse was so tight, and after the years of celibacy...

Trent suddenly pulled back and spurted on her breasts. When Clayton watched Trent come all over her, he almost went over the edge.

"So full," she said. Her words sounded almost dreamy, far away.

Clayton went back to what worked though, and tried to detach the way he'd learned if he were to ever be taken prisoner and interrogated. Detach. Detach.

"Come in me," she said.

Training? What training?

Micah's demand shoved him over the edge. She could wrap him around her little finger. And had.

He came, pumping her full.

Shocking him, she climaxed, too.

Was there another woman for him? For them?

\* \* \* \*

"One of you has to carry me to the shower."

"You're assuming one of us has enough energy to carry you," Clayton said.

"You're soldiers. You've got inner resources. One of you has to carry me." After Clayton had climaxed and she'd ridden out the waves of her own orgasm, she'd rolled to her side. Somehow, she'd ended up between the two men. They were both facing her, and they were all three tangled together.

She'd never known it was possible to be this content. Maybe that's why she hadn't dated much. Maybe she was waiting.

Or maybe she was being ridiculous.

This could be just a forty-eight hour interlude for them. She shouldn't make it into anything more. No matter how tempting. They were military men, under the best of circumstances, a relationship with a soldier wasn't an easy thing.

"Right then," Trent said, always the one to take charge, "into the shower with us all." He climbed from bed, then swept her into his arms. To Clayton, he said, "You can bloody well walk yourself."

She giggled as she snuggled against his chest.

Since his arms were full, Clayton had to turn on the shower water. "I'll wash your front," she told Clayton, "if you'll wash my back," she said to Trent.

"Might be hard to resist taking you," he said. "After watching Clayton have a go at you..."

"I don't think I could stand up."

"Maybe we should find out."

Trent nuzzled her neck while she rose on tiptoes to kiss Clayton in a nothing-held-back open-mouth kiss.

One of them must have reached for the soap, because her entire body was suddenly slick. "Where do you get your energy?"

Trent said, "You're addictive."

He slid soapy hands across her body then knelt to kiss the small of her back.

"Tomorrow may not be enough," Clayton said.

"Thank God!"

Trent answered more earthily, by guiding his penis between her legs.

She couldn't... But the soap, the water, the heat, the soldiers...

"It's not easy," Clayton said, "being military."

"It isn't easy," she said, "losing your family."

“Touché,” Trent added, with a gentle forward motion of his hips.

“It isn’t easy,” she continued, “wondering *what if*, instead of going for it.”

“You know,” Trent said. “I would have done this for nine thousand quid.”

She would have turned, but with their positions, it was impossible. Instead, she bumped her hips back a bit, hinting at what he might get, if he behaved, and when her bum stopped hurting.

She’d never felt more gloriously alive. And she was looking forward to the rest of the weekend and possibly her life with her two brave soldiers.

“Maybe even eight,” he amended.

“Yes, well, I believe I’ll be writing Jaynie a cheque of my own,” said Clayton.

After all, it was for a good cause.



## **About the Author**

SL Majors enjoys living on the edge. She pens stories to tantalise and arouse, maybe shock and, hopefully, to make you think.

From her earliest years exploring England and Wales (and finding out early what nettles are!), she's learnt that things aren't always as they seem. She hopes to capture that in her stories.

She encourages you to delight in life and the unexpected, embracing each experience. It's her greatest hope that at the end of her stories, you'll say, "What if?"

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