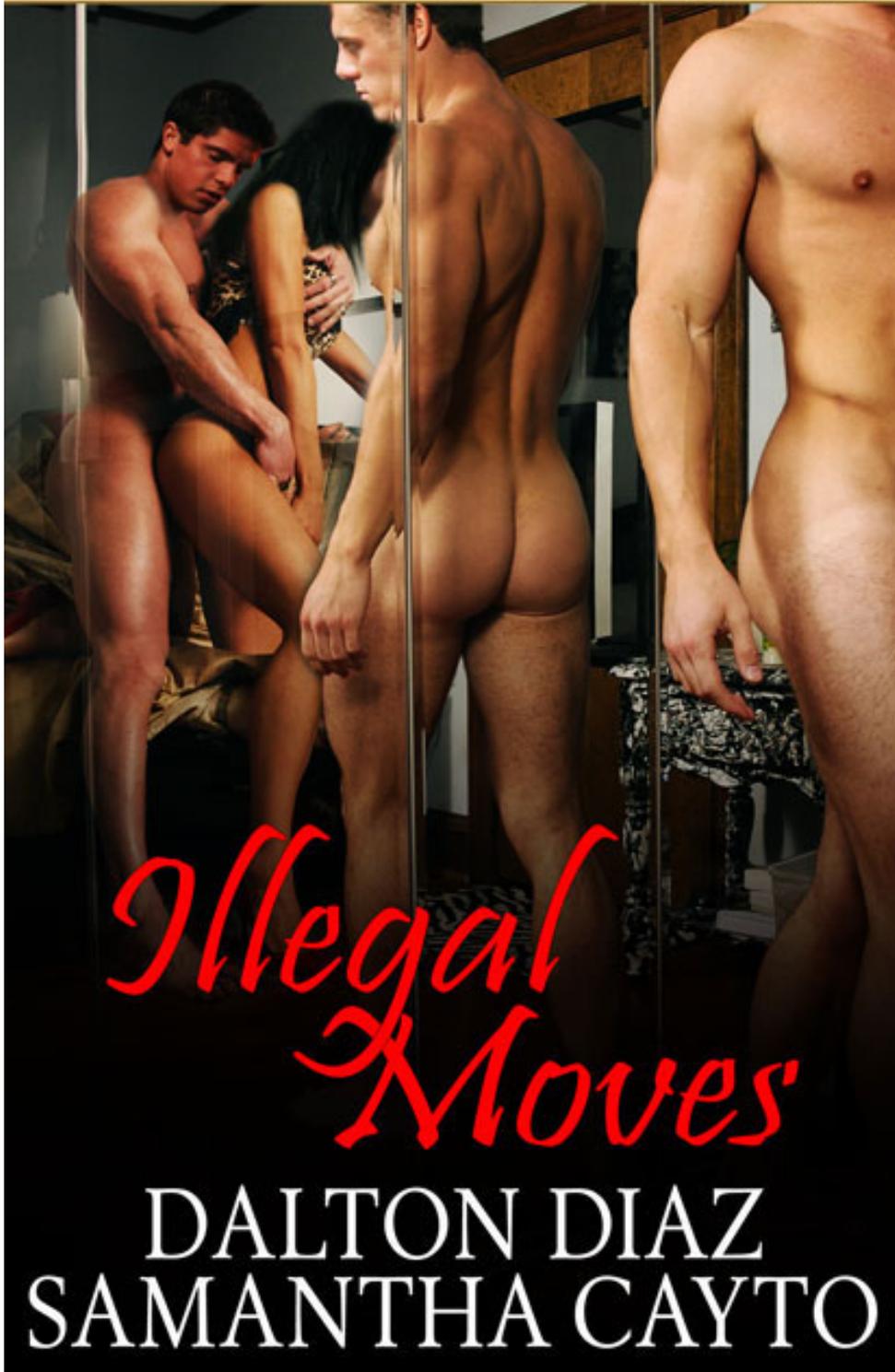


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



*Illegal
Moves*

DALTON DIAZ
SAMANTHA CAYTO

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Illegal Moves

ISBN 9781419922572

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Illegal Moves Copyright © 2009 Dalton Diaz & Samantha Cayto

Edited by Helen Woodall

Photography and cover art by Les Byerley

Electronic book Publication May 2009

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

ILLEGAL MOVES

Dalton Diaz & Samantha Cayto

Dedications

To Jess, Donna, Alicia, Marley and Char, who took turns holding my head above water. OMG, you're a writer? Me too! A special thanks to Suz Brockmann, friend and mentor extraordinaire, who is determined to change the world one closed mind at a time. Love exists for all.

Quirky Ladies Rule! www.thequirkyladies.blogspot.com

—Dalton Diaz

To Dalton Diaz and Jessica Andersen who befriended me the moment I walked into my first RWA-NEC meeting and never wavered in their support. Thanks to Marley, Char, Katy, Pam, Dana and the other Sporkies for their constant encouragement and to the Quirky Ladies for all their invaluable help.

—Samantha Cayto

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Google: Google Inc.

GQ: Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.

Red Carpet: Rodney Rooney Productions, Inc.

Chapter One

Son of a bitch.

Caroline Ellis hung up the phone with a sigh.

Barely forty-eight hours had passed since she'd released word that her biggest client Trendsetters was interested in a buyout. Response had been lukewarm except for two potentials and one of them just bit the dust. She now had no choice but to hope for a legitimate offer from the one man she wished had fallen off the face of the earth. Better yet, been catapulted by one fierce stiletto heel right between his...

Nope, not going to think about what was between that bastard's legs. She had wasted way too many hours on that subject in college.

Life just sucked sometimes and thanks to the current economic downswing, it sucked big-time right now. As if the higher price of living weren't bad enough, Caroline had to find a way to face Jordan Fox without killing him. It wouldn't be easy. Just looking at his long, lean body, the focus and intelligence sparking his dark green gaze had made her wet whether he'd been helping her study or making love to her as if she was made of spun glass.

But that was fifteen years ago. She was older now and wiser to the fact that men could be complete scumbags. He'd taught her that first lesson and she still remembered it well. Sitting behind her antique cherry desk, she took out a legal pad and did what she did best, write out the facts as she saw them.

Fact one, Jordan had called Sidney Morton—Trendsetter's owner—directly, bypassing the normal channel of attorney to attorney. That meant Jordan was well aware Caroline was Trendsetter's outside counsel. It meant the man hadn't changed a bit. He was still a coward, leaving her to suffer the consequences of his dirty work.

Fact two, Jordan Fox was a lying prick.

Fact three, Sidney Morton was one of her first clients. She'd helped him build Trendsetters from the ground up and she deserved the giant legal fee that would come from working on this sale.

Fact four, refer to fact two.

Fact five, it was Sidney's business and therefore Sidney's call.

Resigned to the inevitable wisdom of that last fact, she picked up the phone and dialed Sidney's cell number.

"That was quick," he said by way of answering, obviously checking caller ID. "Did you talk to Fox's in-house attorney already?"

"No." Caroline took a deep breath and went for broke. "Sidney, I think you should know that I have a prior personal relationship with Jordan Fox."

“Huh. So that’s why he called me directly.” Sidney’s tone was neutral as he mulled the situation over. Then, “Damn, you must have really broken his heart. What’s the chance he’s after revenge through Trendsetters?”

Caroline couldn’t help laughing. His belief in her was heartening, though it wasn’t surprising. Sidney, unlike Jordan, had never let her down. “None. You’ve been reading too many corporate thrillers. It happened over fifteen years ago while we were in college and...uh...he basically dumped me.”

“Oh?”

Uh-oh. She got the distinct feeling she wasn’t going to like where his thoughts were going.

“Sounds like there’s a bit more to it than that. Have you managed to get past it?” Sidney continued when she didn’t respond.

“It still makes me angrier than it should,” she admitted. It was definitely time to end the conversation. “That’s why I feel it’s best to bring someone else onboard for this. I believe you’ve met my partner, Amanda—”

“I want you,” he interrupted. “I can’t think of anyone I’d rather have on my side than the good friend and ace lawyer I’ve counted on for advice all these years.” He paused. “The fact that you’re a jilted lover can’t hurt, either. No offense.”

Shit!

If working with Sidney for ten years had taught her anything, it was the ability to recognize when he could not be swayed. They could spend hours dancing around the issue, leave her private life in tatters on the floor, and the bottom line would still prevail.

The customer, or in this case the client, was always right. Her understanding of that was what had allowed them to become and remain close friends.

“None taken,” she assured Sidney, proud that her voice didn’t crack at the lie. “Well then, I’ll get back to you after I’ve spoken with FoxNet’s attorney.”

Hanging up, Caroline swallowed all her misgivings, along with a couple of antacids.

Fact six, working with Jordan Fox was going to be painful.

With a deep sigh, she once again picked up her phone.

* * * * *

Jordan Fox looked up from his quarterly financial report as his general counsel Seth Foster strode through the open doorway, walked up to his desk and slapped down fifty bucks.

“Caroline Ellis called,” Seth admitted with disgust.

Jordan smiled, purposely taking his time to dig out his wallet and pocket the money. He knew there was nothing the man hated more than losing, especially on a wager. "Have you written up the preliminary offer letter?"

"It's ready for your review just as soon as I hit the send button." Seth stood there quietly for a moment, clearly debating whether or not to expand on why *he* was in his boss's office instead of the requested document. Sure enough, he strode back and closed the office door before taking a seat. "I still say this is a damn expensive way to get laid."

Jordan sat back in his chair with a sigh. His friend still didn't get it. God yes, he wanted to have sex with Caroline, but it was more than just the physical release of getting laid. Been there, done that, had multiple claw marks on his back to prove it. None of those women had made him forget Caroline, just as the years hadn't diminished the guilt he felt over the way his relationship with her had ended.

He wasn't about to give Seth those gory details and he had no explanation why his need to undo the past was suddenly too overwhelming to ignore. "We've been over this," he finally replied.

"Yeah, and I still don't understand why you can't just hop on a plane and go tell her you want her."

"Off the record, it's because she'll tell me to go to hell and she won't be using words. As your boss, I'm telling you this is a solid acquisition for the company. You have the terms I'm willing to agree to. All I'm asking you to do is draw out the negotiations. I need time."

"This is coming out of nowhere." Seth ran his hand through his hair in what Jordan recognized as a rare moment of visible frustration. "I mean, one minute we're burning up the town with gorgeous women like Brenda and Janine and the next you're telling me you're still in love with your girlfriend from college. Someone you haven't seen in fifteen years. What the hell?"

"Ah yes, the 'BJ Twins'," Jordan grinned, still getting a kick out of the apt play on their initials.

"Damn straight. So why don't we call them? Forget this acquisition and accept what those twins so generously offer?"

The grin faded. Yes, he had enjoyed that night and he enjoyed the memory but it was exactly that sort of thing he was ready to put behind him. Meaningless sex wasn't cutting it for him anymore. Coming home to an empty place—or worse, bringing someone home just to fill the lonely hours was fucking depressing. And depressing fucking.

The only one who had ever filled those voids, who had ever given him complete satisfaction was Caroline Ellis. Yes, he wanted to have her beneath him again, to see her silky black hair spread across his pillow and her big brown eyes full of love and passion as he thrust inside her. But he also wanted what came before and after they'd made love, when they would talk or simply hold one another. Or sometimes they'd just be absurd and make each other laugh for hours.

He missed her. He'd made a terrible mistake and he wasn't going to let another fifteen years go by before he did something about it.

Not willing to explain himself further even to his best friend, Jordan leaned forward, all business. "Send me the draft. I'll get it back to you by the end of the day, and I want Caroline Ellis to have it in hand by tomorrow morning. As soon as it's signed, I want you on a plane. I'll follow as soon as I can."

His eyebrows rose at the curse Seth uttered but he let it pass as his friend got up and walked out. He supposed he'd be upset if Seth were the one calling a halt to the fun they'd been having. He also damn well knew that document would be sitting in Caroline's email by morning even if it took him and Seth all night to finalize it.

Nothing was going to stop Jordan from making things right with her. Nothing.

* * * * *

Fuck!

Seth pounded his fist against the wall of his private bathroom. This was serious if the "BJ Twins" couldn't sway Jordan.

For Seth, sex had always been a wide-open field. Why limit yourself to one gender when there were two to choose from? He enjoyed women and men in equal measure, spending his college years and early career dining on both sides of the table.

He'd been perfectly satisfied with life until he'd walked into Jordan Fox's office to interview for a job and been completely blown away by the man. Jordan was not only a good-looking guy, he fit Seth's fantasy of a rugged athletic type who was at ease in a designer suit. What set Jordan apart and still made Seth drool was the power that emanated from the man. For the first time since becoming sexually active as a teenager, Seth could see himself not only dominating but being dominated.

When it became evident that Jordan was the proverbial straight arrow, Seth, loving his new job and budding friendship, put aside his personal interest in the man. It was the right choice, especially when their friendship evolved to double dating and picking up women together. Seth convinced himself he was a happy man.

Until that night with Brenda and Janine.

Their evenings out had often ended in Jordan's sky-high condo and while they were discreet enough to do their actual screwing in separate rooms, sounds of Jordan getting laid were an occasional sweet torture for Seth.

The twins took that to a whole new level and there had been no turning back, no more denial for Seth.

The four of them had been on Jordan's long leather couch, each couple engaging in light kissing that would either deepen or end the evening.

Or so it usually went.

Much to the men's surprise, both women, as if on cue, had slipped to their knees and run their hands up to spread the men's thighs. Seth had been on the verge of

putting a stop to it when he heard Jordan curse. Holy shit indeed, Brenda had already unbuttoned Jordan's pants!

He'd watched Jordan's huge cock burst free, right toward that eagerly descending mouth. Was this really going to happen? Oh man. Janine had begun working at Seth's zipper and he forced his gaze up Jordan's body just in time to catch his friend's identical "What the fuck?" expression change to "Fuck, yeah!"

Then Jordan's eyes had closed, freeing Seth to once more watch as Brenda tried to take all of that mouth-watering cock down her throat. She failed, but it was still an impressive endeavor.

"She's going to win." Janine's sexy voice had brought his attention back to his own date. "We can't have that now, can we?"

She didn't wait for an answer. Seth's cock was engulfed in warm, wet heat, making him draw in a sharp breath.

Maybe it wasn't wise, but at that point he sure as hell wasn't going to stop either woman. Didn't look like Jordan was planning to either. Obviously, this was what got the twins off, the competition over who could make her guy shoot first.

A quick double-check across the couch had nearly been Seth's undoing. Pleasure slammed into him at the sight of Jordan's rapture, coupled with Janine's sucking glide up and down his own cock. He managed to hang on, maneuvering his body just enough to be against the arm of the couch.

Anyone looking at him would have seen a man leaning back, his head against the fabric, eyes closed as he enjoyed getting sucked off by a beautiful woman.

What they wouldn't know was that by opening his eyes to mere slits, he had a dead-on view of Jordan's entire body, from action to reaction. Seth hated to disappoint Janine but, by God, he was going to hold on to see Jordan come first.

He would have given his left nut to have been Brenda at that moment. To take that huge cock *all* the way down *his* throat. To make Jordan groan as he drew closer to climax.

Not that Janine was making it easy on Seth. She was determined to win the challenge and she damn well came close. Taking Seth deep within her throat, something few women—or men—had been able to accomplish due to his girth, she'd used her fingers to push his balls forward and, dear God, began to tickle them with the tip of her tongue.

Had it not been for Jordan's lusty cry of surrender grabbing his attention, Seth would never have been able to hold off his own release. Instead, his gaze had been riveted to the fantasy unfolding right in front of his eyes. He'd been enthralled when Brenda had slowly eased Jordan's cock from her mouth, her tongue swirling up the glistening length until she released the crimson head with a pop.

What a waste, Seth thought. He would have sucked that throbbing head to ensure he got to feel the explosion, to taste every sweet drop of cum as it flowed over his taste buds then taken both cum and cock back down his throat.

Second prize was pretty damn good though. He was more than grateful for the chance to watch Jordan arch and unload, groaning as first ecstasy, followed by shuddering relief, played across his coveted features.

Seth was so ensnared by the vision he'd been incapable of giving Janine the same courtesy of a warning. His climax had exploded through his cock, his body bucking with the force of it.

Needless to say, Janine hadn't been so thrilled with Seth's loss of control or her loss of the challenge. The former still embarrassed him, even though she'd assured him he'd more than made it up to her by the end of the night.

It hadn't been the last time he and Jordan had picked up women together, but it had marked the end of Seth's ability to convince himself his desire for Jordan could be ignored. He loved the man, pure and simple, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

Well, he could do what he'd done a thousand times over the years. With frustrating familiarity, he flung his tie over his shoulder and undid his belt and pants to pull himself free. Christ, he was hard, even more so than usual when remembering that night with the twins.

This was going to be a fast one and it called for down-and-dirty. Spitting into his left hand, he turned to brace himself with his right forearm on the wall of the miniscule bathroom. He leaned over the toilet and let his mind take over.

Oh yeah. One stroke and he was in full fantasy, past any foreplay, past preparation. In his mind he could see Jordan lying on a king-sized bed, looking like the alpha male that Seth knew and admired him to be. Nothing could be sexier than having all that power willingly reined in, waiting to obey Seth's command. That was the part of this fantasy that had him biting back a groan of desire. Seth would be in control, the one Jordan would trust to guide him to the cock-bursting pleasure of being filled by another man.

In today's version, Jordan held out his hand in invitation, welcoming his new lover even as apprehension over what was about to happen shadowed his gaze.

Seth closed the gap to the bed and took that offered hand in a firm grip, to accept and reassure and to show the strength he held. He was the master, not Jordan, and while he'd take great care during the initiation, it would all happen on his terms, face-to-face.

God. Seth squeezed his eyes shut tighter to keep the image alive over the reality of his bathroom wall. He could come now if he wanted to, but this fantasy was too good to waste.

Fantasy Seth climbed on the bed beside his soon-to-be lover, perusing the hard, toned flesh of the other man. His perfectly sculpted, muscle ridged pin-up boy. He had to do more than look though. He had to touch. Releasing Jordan's hand, Seth leaned over and ran his fingers across the other man's chest. Smooth, hot skin was covered in just the right amount of fine wiry hairs. Small, hard nipples stood out against firm pecs.

Seth captured those two points between thumbs and forefingers and squeezed. Jordan groaned and raised his body in response.

Neither fantasy nor reality could wait any longer. Looking straight into Jordan's eyes, Seth commanded him to spread his legs. There was only a brief hesitation, the only sign of apprehension, and the command was obeyed. As a reward, Seth positioned himself between his lover's legs and slid his hands down Jordan's trembling stomach, pausing slightly to entwine his fingers with the curly hair at the base of his cock.

A single drop of fluid formed a perfect pearl at Jordan's slit, and Seth couldn't resist leaning over and engulfing the bulbous head as he swept it up with his tongue. It tasted like the finest wine, sweet and tart and leaving him hungry for more.

For one brief flash of reality he considered taking that path with his fantasy. But Jordan's image beckoned, arching and twisting on the bed, clearly looking to get fucked. Seth groaned, leaning his arm harder against the wall for support as his cock throbbed and his knees went weak.

Fantasy Seth was back in full force, grabbing hold of Jordan's legs behind the knees and lifting them forward to spread those firm cheeks. Almost instantly Jordan was the one holding his bent legs up, offering his perfect ass as he obeyed the command to spread his cheeks wide. Like any good fantasy, no condom was needed and the tiny puckered hole already glistened with lubrication.

Seth's groan echoed in the tiny bathroom as he circled the tip of his cock and pushed the thick crown through the small opening created by his fingers. Locked in his fantasy, he imagined himself pushing past the tight ring of Jordan's virgin ass. Oh yeah. His willing lover shuddered from the uncomfortable stretch even as his groan told of great pleasure.

Seth closed his fingers around his shaft and saw himself pushing his entire length slow and deep into his lover's ass, as tight, warm and welcoming as any woman's pussy.

Every detail was vivid, from the look on Jordan's face to the sounds his friend made as he reached orgasm. As always, it was too much for Seth to maintain and he came hard. But it wasn't into the tight velvety sheath he so desperately wanted to plunder.

God. He hated being so pathetic he was reduced to beating off in the bathroom at work. Right into the fucking toilet. Again.

As the last spasm died, he couldn't hold back a groan of frustration. Maybe someday this hope for a fantasy fuck with Jordan would flush along with the results of his lust for the man. Maybe it would help that Jordan was in love with a woman.

Yeah and maybe it was actually healthy to whack off in the bathroom at work.

It was time to move on no matter what happened between Jordan and Caroline Ellis. Hell, he might even be able to have a relationship with a man if Jordan wasn't there for comparison. Didn't he deserve to find his true love too? He thought so, yet he'd been halving his chances by mooning over a complete hetero for the last five years.

And if it did work out between Jordan and Caroline... No way was he sticking around to watch the house in the 'burbs and two point five kids unfold.

Fuck. He cleaned himself up, washed and dried his hands then crushed the paper towel in his fist before throwing it into the trash with more force than necessary.

He'd give his notice as soon as this deal was finished. It was bound to be painful, but the curious, slightly masochistic side of him would never rest until he'd met and sparred with one Caroline Ellis.

She had to be a hell of a woman.

Chapter Two

One week later, with less than eight hours to go, Caroline felt ready to negotiate the hell out of Jordan Fox, the lying prick.

Just as soon as she either threw up or drew blood.

When her tossing and turning dislodged the sheet corners for the third time, she knew she had no choice but to make the phone call she'd been avoiding all week. Good thing it was only ten at night in California. While it stunk to have her best friend live so far away, it did occasionally pay off with late-night advice.

The phone was answered on the third ring.

"Please tell me I didn't wake you up?" Caroline asked the tired voice on the other end.

"No. I'm just crawling into bed. You, on the other hand, should be deep into REMs by now."

"I've been trying. How was your day?"

"Pretty good. Lots of sick and injured people but no fatalities."

"Good." She was relieved to hear that. She knew better than anyone how hard Grace took it when a patient died in the ER.

"Uh-huh. So what's up, kiddo? It's not often I hear any hesitation in your voice."

Caroline gave a short laugh. "Yeah, well, I'm not used to feeling it. I have to say, I don't like it much."

"Hey! I was half joking but now you've scared me. Spit it out. It's me here."

"That's what's making it so hard." She took a deep breath and let it out along with the words that would rock her friend's world. "Jordan Fox is trying to buy out my client's company. I have a meeting with him at nine this morning."

"Oh shit. And you're just calling me now? Caroline, I'm going to wring your neck! You know I would have come out there."

"Yes, and that's exactly why I didn't call you. Besides, I wouldn't want him to think he was in for another threesome."

Caroline cringed the second the words were out of her mouth. One in the morning was definitely not her finest hour.

"Now, now," Grace laughed, taking it with the humor she was loved for. "I wasn't invited to that party and unless I tattoo 'lesbian' across my ass, he'd never know I'm game."

"You'd have to be game before he saw the tattoo, smart-ass. And your girlfriend is not only the one who answered the ad, she failed to mention being in a relationship

even though she *was* asked,” Caroline added then sighed. “Look, I’m sorry I’m dragging you back into this mess.”

“There is no mess. You were never responsible for Liza fucking around on me with you and Jordan. Besides, I got to meet you and you’re better than ten Lizas put together. Well, the not having sex part sucks but you know I love you anyway.”

A smile tugged at Caroline’s lips. “As usual, I’m not sure whether I should be laughing or calling you a bitch.”

“Woof. So are we done with the past? Because I was done with it fifteen years ago.”

“Me too.”

“Then what’s the problem? Fuck him.”

“Believe me, I intend to. By the time I’m done negotiating—”

“No,” Grace cut her off, “I mean *really* fuck him. As in, you haven’t had a decent orgasm since the last time he made it happen.”

“That’s not true!”

“With a man in the room and I don’t mean on TV, DVD or in the pages of a magazine.”

“Shit.”

“Uh-huh. Speaking of which, how is Benign Ben?”

An impatient sound carried through the phone line when Caroline didn’t immediately answer. “We broke up,” she finally admitted.

Another sound of impatience.

“Okay!” Caroline rolled her eyes. “Let’s just say I’m never dating another lawyer again. I finally slept with him and he sent me a Dear Jane email the next morning. With an attached release form,” she grudgingly admitted over Grace’s laughter. “After sex so dull I could generate more electricity by brushing my hair. Damn, I am pathetic!”

“No, but your love life is and that’s my whole point. Jordan Fox is the best fuck you’ve ever had. Why not do him again? You’ve tried everything else to expunge the guy.”

“He leaves scars.”

“Nope, no time for scars. He’s there for what, a week at the most? You work all day, screw all night and at the end he gets on a plane and you never have to see him again. Honey, don’t you think he owes you at least a week of no-strings-attached-unless-it’s-to-the-bedposts pleasure?”

Caroline laughed. “That he does. I’ll think about it, okay?”

“It’s a start. Listen you sound really beat and I know I’m ready for bed. Doctor’s orders are to get some sleep. Call me every day if you need more encouragement to have a good time or to cry on my shoulder if you decide not to indulge. Oh and if you do indulge, use protection.”

“Thanks, Doc.”

They hung up and Caroline crawled back under the covers. She was exhausted but now all she could focus on was the new option, fucking Jordan Fox. Throwing up or drawing blood was still a possibility but they paled by comparison.

Grace was right. While her professional life had flourished, she'd sustained herself with a mediocre sex life at best. She did deserve better.

If there was one thing she was sure of, it was that sex with Jordan had never been and never would be, mediocre. She could feel herself getting moist just thinking about that big cock buried inside her to the hilt. His intensity at that moment had overwhelmed her every single time, without fail.

A small shudder ran through her as her hand automatically slid under the sheets, her finger gliding over her clit. It was Jordan's fingers she felt, his features hard with lust, those green eyes focused on her pleasure to keep himself from coming as he slid that last inch deep. So deep she'd often wondered if she could take him.

She always had. And somehow, his body sometimes shuddering with the effort, he always managed to hold off through that moment until she adjusted.

Caroline groaned at the memory, her fantasy rapidly approaching full force. It was more intense than it had been in years, fueled by the prospect of it becoming reality. She didn't want to stop to reach for the vibrator in her nightstand, didn't need to this time.

God, she could practically feel him filling her, hear his groan of satisfaction echo in her head as her finger slicked over her clit. The friction increased as she pictured Jordan, his face a mask of pleasure. Remembering how his shoulders gleamed with sweat, muscles bulging with the strain of holding back as he'd driven harder and harder into her welcoming body.

Yes! Her clit throbbed beneath her finger, echoing a pulse deep inside her pussy. She actually cried out, every muscle straining upward as she reached her peak, coming with an intensity she hadn't felt for a long, long time.

It wasn't good enough. There was no answering throb of exploding cock buried deep inside her, no musky scents of satisfied man and great sex filling the air. No one to hold and kiss and laugh with through the night.

She was alone.

Whoa, where had that come from? She did fine by herself, thank you very much. There was no way in hell she was giving Jordan Fox access to her emotions. The man had left her a sniveling mess for a good year before she got smart and toughened up.

That didn't mean she wasn't open to the great sex. Grace was right. Jordan was going to be here temporarily and Caroline would be a fool if she didn't enjoy a few nights of satisfying passion with him. That was all.

No past, no future, no trust necessary. Just one week of great sex. She'd bet her hairbrush on it.

* * * * *

Ah God, finally!

Jordan groaned in relief as he lay back on the hotel bed, stroking his aching cock. Thank God the day was over.

Flying cross-country with a raging hard-on was incredibly uncomfortable but he hadn't even considered taking Annika up on her offer to renew his membership in the Mile High Club. Running into her on the same flight would normally have been quite satisfying but it wasn't the supermodel fueling his fantasies.

Caroline Ellis was within reach.

It barely registered that he cried out her name, imagining her lips and tongue bathing every inch of his cock before going lower to lap at his balls. He'd always shot off like a rocket when she did that, but it wasn't enough just to imagine it. He wet his left hand and brought it down to caress his balls, his right palm using pre-cum to simulate her mouth licking and sucking the head of his cock then trying to take as much as she could down her hot, wet throat.

He clenched his teeth against crying out again, his toes curling as he pumped into his hand. Within seconds his hot wet cum helped ease the friction.

Physical relief literally poured through him, leaving him weak enough to need a few minutes before standing up and making his way to the bathroom. He cleaned up and climbed under the covers, wondering if he was destined to leave Boston with the same catalog of Caroline fantasies he'd maintained for fifteen years.

God, he missed her. It wasn't just about sex, regardless of the fact that he hadn't even come close to finding what they'd had together. No matter how smart or beautiful the women he fucked, there was something lacking, something to keep the package from being complete.

Yeah, genius. They weren't Caroline.

They'd been so good together. No request off-limits, no area of mind or body they wouldn't explore...to a point. There was one place she'd willingly gone, assured – by him – that he'd follow.

With a sigh, he punched the pillow and tried to find a comfortable position in a strange bed. If he could only go back to that point, he would take it up the ass if that was what she wanted. The memory alone of how incredibly hot it had been to see her with another woman still had the power to make him hard. Even after fifteen long years and his recent five-fingered salute up the flagpole.

There wasn't anything he could do about the passing of time, but all it took was reliving the morning after, when he'd failed her, to take care of his arousal.

He hadn't known he wouldn't be able to go through with his side of the threesome, not that it mattered. There was no excuse for putting that look on her face, for being the one to make her glow of pride and satisfaction turn to shame. His shame, only he hadn't done a damn thing to own it.

That look had haunted him every day for fifteen freakin' years.

Shit. Jordan had laughed when Seth warned him that Caroline, as a lawyer, was good enough to sever his balls and feed them to him on a platter. He shouldn't be involving FoxNet but he couldn't think of any other way to get her in a room with him and keep her there to wear down her defenses.

No, he was doing the right thing. FoxNet could afford to be generous, especially when it involved protecting the owner's gonads.

* * * * *

All three. Damn. If she'd known she'd want to throw up, draw blood and fuck him, Caroline wouldn't have spent half the night worrying about which reaction would hit her the minute she faced Jordan Fox. Of course she hadn't expected that first moment to be at the end of the first day of negotiations.

She certainly hadn't expected to see him waiting on the front steps of her condo, wearing jeans and a T-shirt and sunglasses, leaning against her front door.

God, he looked good. Still long and lean, his face more angular now than it had been as a senior in college. Even his hair was more masculine, cut short and mostly dark with what she'd bet were natural blond highlights.

Her computer screen hadn't done him justice. She'd periodically Googled him whenever she lost the inner battle to know what he was up to. Occasionally there had been a few society pictures to go along with the news. More often than not, those pictures included a beautiful woman on his arm—a few she even recognized as famous models.

Funny, she'd wanted to both throw up and draw blood then too.

Okay and fuck him.

Somehow, today, she managed to keep it to drawing blood with words. "You're still a coward."

She didn't expect him to agree.

"Compared to you, I always will be." He pushed away from her door. "Believe it or not, I stayed away from the meeting today for you, not me. Damn, you look good, Caroline."

"So do you," she conceded. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"You're wearing the pearl."

Her hand automatically went to finger the necklace with the single teardrop pearl. He'd given it to her on their one-year anniversary then requested she wear it and nothing else too many times to count.

She'd worn it on purpose today, intending to torture him during the meeting. "That doesn't explain why you're here."

"Yeah, actually, it does. Seth called me at the break. I made him describe every detail about you, including what time you were wrapping up."

They stood in silence for a moment. She debated asking how he knew where she lived but decided she didn't really want to know the answer. The message he received from her wearing the necklace today was all that mattered. That she'd kept the damn thing was closed to all discussion, including self-analysis.

And speaking of things closed to discussion...

"If I let you inside, there will be no mention of Trendsetters," she said. "Sidney knows I have a past with you and he's okay with that or you'd already be halfway down the street."

"No problem."

"And don't bring up the past."

She'd been unlocking the door as she set down the ground rules. He followed her in, closing the door behind him. Without answering.

"Jordan..." she nearly growled in warning as she turned to face him then had to remind herself to breathe. He'd taken the sunglasses off. God help her, his eyes were exactly the same. The same dark green, the same intelligence, the same one-hundred-percent focus on what was in front of him. Her.

"I can't agree to that," he finally said. "At least not honestly."

That last word brought her back to reality. "That's never stopped you before."

The gleam in his eye gave him away. He was goading her into a conversation she didn't want to have. A conversation that wasn't necessary.

"See?" He raised an eyebrow. "You do have something to get off your chest. I'm here. Haven't you imagined what you'd say to me if given the chance?"

She crossed her arms over her chest, not giving a damn if her body language gave her away too. "No."

He looked surprised at her answer and his confidence faltered for all of two seconds before he regrouped. "Don't you want to know what I've imagined saying to you?"

The man would have made a formidable attorney. Well, she *was* a formidable attorney and a woman to boot. He wasn't playing fair, so why should she?

"Fine," she gritted at him in the universal way women had of letting men know it was anything *but* fine. She had to admit, she derived great satisfaction from his instant cringe. "Just be ready to find your ass right back out on the front porch."

He didn't even hesitate. "I wish I'd gone through with it. I blew the best thing that ever happened to me and there hasn't been a day gone by that I haven't regretted it. You deserve to know that."

Caroline felt as if she'd been punched in the gut. Until that moment, she hadn't realized how much she needed to hear those words come out of his mouth. Still... His words of regret were too pat, which wasn't surprising, considering how long he'd had to phrase them. Too long.

"If you regretted it so much, why are you telling me fifteen years after the fact?" she demanded.

He dropped his gaze for a moment in what appeared to be genuine shame. "I was too proud," he admitted before raising his eyes to meet hers again. "And too cowardly to admit to myself, let alone to you, that I couldn't get past what I'd done to you. I didn't have the maturity to stand in front of you and admit I was wrong or admit to myself how much I'd hurt you. All I can say is that I'm here now and, Caroline, I am truly sorry."

She was trained to spot a lie, to judge a person's character, and his mannerisms and tone of voice told her he meant what he said. Not that it mattered overall but it did make it easier to get her mission back on track.

"Okay," she shrugged. "Strip."

Seconds ticked by as he stared at her, not moving a muscle until she raised her eyebrows.

"Give me a minute." A self-deprecating smile creased his lips. "I'm weighing the odds that I'll find myself on your front step, minus my clothes."

"Maybe." Her lips twitched but she managed to hold back her smile. "Depends on your performance."

He sucked in an audible breath. "Jesus. Don't play games, Caroline. Yes, I still want you. Just say the word and I'll fuck you until you can't walk straight."

"Huh. I thought I did say the word, yet you're still wearing your clothes. Tell you what, I have some leftover chicken casserole in the fridge. Why don't you nuke that for dinner while I take a shower."

It wasn't a question and she didn't wait for an answer. She turned and headed into her bedroom, leaving the ball in his court.

She hoped to find both him and dinner ready when she returned. She was hungry for both.

Chapter Three

Thank God. Jordan heard the water turn off in the master bath, cutting off his chance to get in there—and in her—before she could change her mind. He had gone into her bedroom with that intent, only to find she'd locked the bathroom door. Smart woman.

He stacked his clothes by the front door instead. If his naked ass did hit the front porch, he wanted to make sure he didn't stay that way long enough for a neighbor to call the police. Seth would have a field day with that one, *if* he stopped laughing long enough to bail Jordan out.

The microwave beeped, signaling it was time to take the now-steaming dish of casserole out and divide it onto the two plates he'd found in a cupboard. He managed to do it without splattering an inch of his vulnerably exposed skin.

That wasn't easy to do with a hard-on. He truly didn't know what the next few hours would bring but he was incredibly turned-on at the possibilities. Caroline knew exactly what she was doing. Waiting, naked, knowing she was naked a few feet away was pure torture.

The headshot of her posted on her law firm's website hadn't done her justice. Time had matured her, made her softer in all the right places, but her face showed only a hint of lines to distinguish her from their college days. He ached at the thought of gazing into those big brown eyes, full of passion as he sank deep into her softness.

Assuming she let him, of course.

Her hairdryer kicked on and Jordan cursed with frustration then laughed at himself as he found two glasses and filled them with water. He could make demands too. There would be no alcohol tonight to dull the senses or to set blame on in the morning.

Would she be wearing a towel when she came out? A robe? The necklace? His cock throbbed in answer, letting him know it really didn't matter what the hell she wore. The necklace was the only thing that would stay on for longer than two seconds.

Oh man, he'd loved it when she left that necklace on for him. Loved the way it looked against her skin, dancing with her movements as they'd made love. Loved the way it marked her as his, though he hadn't realized that part of it until years later, long after she was gone.

Wait. Shit, what the hell was he doing? He looked down at his naked body, at the preparations he'd done at her bidding. He'd willingly cook and get naked for her anytime but playing her boy toy wasn't going to remind her of what they'd had together.

He left the food where it was and made his way back into the master bedroom, not even glancing around the utilitarian room this time. Her one-story condo was like his place, somewhere to lay your head at night but not a home. He was definitely going to ask her about that later.

Much later. The hairdryer shut off and his cock grew even harder with anticipation.

He was there, standing on the other side of the bathroom door when she opened it.

Caroline gasped, automatically stepping back and tightening the towel she'd wrapped around herself. She should have known he would listen to only part of her instructions but, holy cow, he'd chosen the right part! Jordan Fox was in her bedroom, naked and aroused.

He was leaner than he'd been in college, his chest and arms all hard muscle and sinew. There was more chest hair now too, just enough to pattern around his hard brown nipples, make an intriguing line down his flat belly to swirl his bellybutton, then lower where— Oh have mercy!

Not much change there, thank God. She couldn't seem to pull her eyes away from that stunning arousal, even when he made a low sound of warning. The next thing she knew, she was lifted straight up and backed into the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" She had to grasp his shoulders for balance as he sat her on the edge of the countertop. The towel had ridden above her waist and she sucked in her breath as her naked bottom hit the cool, smooth granite.

"Stating my case, counselor."

The towel was yanked off and thrown to the floor. Big, masculine hands spread her thighs and all movement stopped when she was fully exposed. It was his groan of pure male lust that kept her right where she was, open to his gaze.

God, when was the last time a man had looked at her like that? Like he would be happy to stand there looking at her forever, except he needed to touch her or he'd explode.

She knew exactly when the last time was. Fifteen years ago, mere seconds before she succumbed to Liza's furious tongue-lashing. The woman had been good at her craft, but it was the look on Jordan's face that had thrown Caroline over the edge.

Jordan made another sound of hunger, only he was looking at her mouth now. He was going to kiss her. Caroline froze, her heart pounding so hard she thought she might throw up. That was when she knew with absolute certainty that she couldn't allow it. If he kissed her, she'd never maintain her emotional distance.

She barely turned her head in time and his lips grazed her cheek.

When he moved to try again, she pulled back as far as she could and pushed down on his shoulders, telling him in no uncertain terms what she wanted. Where she *would* allow those lips.

They hung there like that for a few seconds, his gaze piercing, the only show of emotion a muscle tick in his jaw.

Then he dropped to his knees.

Oh hell yes! She locked her fingers in his thick hair as the heat of his mouth completely engulfed her, proving his lust, pleasure and frustration in the attack. She thrived on every aspect of it, even as she resented the fact that he'd still managed to engage her mind along with her body.

She didn't want to feel his emotions. Damn him, he *was* stating his case and he had the talent to make it a great argument.

She tried to raise her hips for better access but he chose that moment to spread her pussy wide open with his thumbs and lick her long and slow from bottom to top. She whimpered—actually whimpered!—when he did it again before zeroing in on her clit with rapid flicks of his tongue.

The tension mounted in her with an almost painful intensity. She writhed to avoid every flick being dead center, desperate to catch her breath but he held fast. Only when she stopped trying to evade and clasped his head more tightly did he change his rhythm to slow circles. Then he moved one of his thumbs and just as slowly pushed it into her aching pussy.

Dear God, she was going to come. With no vibrator, her own fingers busy clutching for dear life and a real live man between her thighs.

Heat burst with the first convulsion, spreading like molten lava until her body was on fire from head to toe. Jordan gave a satisfied grunt and Caroline forced her fingers to ease their hold on his silky strands of hair.

He didn't pull away, didn't remove his thumb. With a whisper of a kiss to her clit, he replaced his tongue with his finger. A second later that wicked tongue was burrowing alongside his thumb, deep inside her pussy.

By the third convulsion, she didn't care if she was yanking his hair out. Judging by the lusty sounds coming from between her thighs, he didn't care either.

It had been way, way too long since an orgasm had completely overtaken her with such force or any force at all. It felt so good, so freeing that she had no choice but to let it run and try to keep up.

She had no idea how long it was before the convulsions finally eased and she went boneless. She'd reached orgasm nirvana.

She made a move to pull back and his thumb popped free, but the reprieve was short-lived. With a masculine sound of protest that vibrated the tongue still inside her, he tightened his grip on her thighs and held her steady so he could swirl and withdraw her wetness before thrusting deep again to repeat the process.

Caroline didn't have the strength or desire to do anything but provide him more of what he sought as her body slowly shuddered its way back to earth. He finally ended

his feast the same way he began, with one long, slow lick from slit to clitoris. Then he stood, running his tongue over his lips.

The intent look in his eyes nearly made her come again.

God, he hurt. Jordan could still taste her sweet flavor on his lips and he wanted nothing more than to step closer and slam home. The only thing stopping him was the knowledge that he wouldn't last longer than two strokes...and seeing the pearl necklace on the counter. The fact that she'd taken it off and refused to let him kiss her had spelled things out loud and clear.

She'd worn it to let him know she'd allow him in her bed. Period. Just to make sure, he leaned forward to try to kiss her again.

"Don't." She stopped him and looked him right in the eye. "Try that again and you're leaving."

"Fuck." He hadn't expected that or the sharp spear of pain to his heart at the vulnerability she was trying to hide with words. "Caroline..."

Or her hand curling around his cock.

"I appreciate what you just did for me." She lowered her eyes to watch as she stroked him then pushed him a step backward so she could ease off the counter and onto her knees. "And I'd like to return the favor."

As if he was going to turn that down.

"Christ...please," he heard himself beg. He'd been hard too long and just the thought of her –

He cried out, his breath coming in short pants as the head of his cock was engulfed in wet heat. His hands slammed down on the counter for support as she slowly began to swallow him, inch by inch.

"Jesus." Her fingers slid up his thigh, cupping his balls just as the sensitive head reached the pillowed heat at the back of her throat.

He was barely aware of her other hand, wrapping around the base of his erection to prevent him from choking her with the last two inches if he lost control. For two seconds he wondered if it was automatic, or if she actually remembered she'd always needed to do that with him. Then she moved and his thoughts were toast.

Keeping her moist lips tight on his length, she pulled back to the tip then slowly claimed him again deep in the fiery silk of her mouth and throat.

That one slow stroke was all it took.

"I'm gonna come!" The warning rode the air as it squeezed from his lungs like a bellows. It was all he could manage before the tingling in his spine became a lightning bolt, shooting through his body to erupt straight down her throat. The intensity of it lifted him to the balls of his feet, draining him so completely that even when it was over he needed to keep his palms on the counter for support.

Jesus fucking Christ.

“Stop,” he gasped. She’d sat back on her haunches, one hand still massaging his balls as the other glided over the wetness from her mouth.

“Why should I?” She smiled at him and leaned forward to lick the drop of cum pearling his slit. “You didn’t.”

“You didn’t ask me to. God, please!”

She laughed, but she not only backed off, she made a comment about reheating dinner and left the room. Jordan couldn’t be sure because he stayed right where he was, hands on the counter, grateful he could at least breathe. It wasn’t until he curled his fingers to test his strength that he realized he had put one palm down on the pearl necklace.

An idea formed. What would happen if he didn’t give her everything right away? If he got her to the point where she wanted to fuck so badly that she completely lost control, could he take advantage of the moment and turn it into making love?

He closed his eyes, trying to weigh the pros and cons. The pros were easy and as arousing as hell, the cons quickly overridden. He was left with a hard-on and no time for a different plan.

The plan wasn’t great but it was the best he had. He stepped out of the bathroom and zeroed in on her in the kitchen. Hot damn, she was still naked. The microwave beeped and was ignored for the second time that night as he flung her over his shoulder and headed back to the bedroom.

He left her passed out on her bed a good two hours later, confident he’d replaced quite a few old memories with some new ones.

* * * * *

Aarrgh! How many obnoxiously beeping feet did the damn trash truck need to back up?

And when had it run her over?

Caroline opened her eyes to the sight of her own bedroom ceiling. There was no trash truck, just the irritating sound of her alarm clock set to beep instead of the usual screaming rock station. Her muscles hurt because long dormant ones had been brought to life last night. Repeatedly.

Groaning, she rolled over and shut off the offending noise, only to sit up in confusion when her hand hit more than the smooth button.

There, lying across the top off her alarm clock, was her pearl necklace. Caroline wanted to be annoyed but she had to give the man credit. Like Pavlov’s dog, Jordan had found the perfect way to make her wet and craving him in an instant.

Yet she was alone in the bed and, judging by the stillness and blessed lack of sound, alone in her apartment.

Even knowing it was his intention, she scooped up the necklace and lay back on the pillow to savor each and every orgasm he'd brought her to last night. It wouldn't be the first time she'd jump-started her day using memories of their sex life.

Hell, maybe a little hair of the dog theory worked for sore muscles too. She positioned the necklace as he had, securing the pearl between the tips of her index and middle finger, letting the clasped chain drape down the back of her hand.

Still, she hesitated.

Okay, so there had been an added dimension to watching him, to being mesmerized by the slow, deliberate movements of his hard, naked body. It was so arousing that she hadn't quite been prepared when he'd spread her knees with his body, spread her pussy lips with the fingers of his left hand and run the smooth, round pearl through her slickness to her clit.

She'd come at the first contact, only to hear him laugh when she'd tried to pull away. He'd followed with his mouth, his tongue sliding deep inside her, his broad shoulders pressing her thighs to the mattress. Then he'd once more aligned the pearl to her clit and this time he'd held her steady.

There were no more distinct details for her to conjure after that, only flashes of light, her own cries of pleasure and his murmured words of encouragement.

Jordan Fox had been an incredible lover fifteen years ago and he'd learned a thing or two since then. Good thing she had too.

She didn't know exactly how many orgasms she'd had before she'd succumbed to exhaustion but she did know that nothing else had happened.

That wasn't good. Yes, she was more than grateful for the multiple orgasms, but how was she supposed to get enough satisfaction to move on if they didn't actually fuck?

It was definitely something to ponder on the drive to work. She hated the hassles of driving in Boston but a car was a must for meetings with clients. Like it or not, FoxNet fell under that umbrella.

She was the second to arrive in the conference room.

"Good morning, Seth," she greeted the other attorney. He stood in a nice yet unnecessary gesture.

Wow. Yes, she'd realized yesterday how good-looking the man was. But now, after a night of sexual reawakening, Caroline was awestruck by Seth's dark, *GQ* looks. His black hair was thick and wavy but cut short. Every strand was in place, yet he'd managed to keep it looking natural and silky instead of plastered down with too much gel. His skin was dark enough, his heritage Mediterranean enough that he probably needed to shave twice a day. Yet his eyes were a striking deep blue, framed by thick black lashes that most women would never achieve. If he weren't so masculine, he could actually be called pretty.

Down, girl, she sternly told herself. He had a reputation as a piranha and a playboy, and the piranha hadn't taken long to nip the day before. She couldn't let down her guard no matter how appealing the package. Sidney Morton and all fifteen hundred and twenty-three Trendsetters employees were counting on her being able to resist Seth Foster's charm.

Still, she was greatly pleased with her newfound sensuality. Just yesterday she wouldn't have given a passing thought to putting Seth and his silver tongue to other uses. Today she had to remind herself he wasn't fair game until after the deal closed.

And speaking of a man with a liquid-silver tongue... "Will your boss be joining us today, or should I tell you what color underwear I have on so you can describe it to him by phone?"

To his credit, Seth didn't miss a beat. "He won't be joining us and I'm done playing red carpet host. Of course, if you still want to tell me..."

"Sorry, no. Huh. I walked right into that one, didn't I?"

"Yep."

His eyes twinkled with humor and Caroline was surprised at how comfortable she was with both the conversation and the man. She would have liked to keep up the banter for a bit longer, maybe even see what he knew about Jordan's personal motives, but Sidney chose that moment to walk in. It was down to business for all of them.

The morning was grueling but productive. At noontime Sidney excused himself from lunch for a brief family commitment and Caroline found herself seated at a restaurant across from Seth.

"So," Caroline set her menu aside as Seth mentally cringed, bracing for the inevitable third degree about Jordan. "Boxers or briefs?"

Dammit, he knew he'd like her! She was every bit as smart and formidable as rumor had it, and she didn't take herself seriously when she wasn't negotiating. No wonder Jordan wanted her back.

Plus, she was totally fuckable. If his best friend weren't pursuing her, he'd have taken a shot once their negotiations were done.

Oh Christ. This was just fucking great. Now he had a vision of the three of them—himself, Jordan and Caroline—tangled in the sheets. It was an enticing image that threatened to slowly tilt the water and silverware right into her lap. He adjusted himself and shot for a glib tone. "Who, me? Or Jordan?"

"You. Do guys know that about each other?"

"Sure. Close buddies do, if they belong to the same gym or hang out enough to end up in a bathroom at the same time."

"You guys are close friends." It wasn't a question. In fact, it sounded slightly accusatory.

Interesting. Was she jealous? If only she had something to be jealous about. He considered leaving her guessing just to toy with her but just as quickly realized she didn't mean it in a sexual way. Not where *he* was concerned, anyway.

"Yes," he answered, despite the bruise to his ego.

The waiter came by and took their order then delivered their iced teas and Caroline still didn't give away her thoughts on Jordan. He found himself both impressed and somehow...disappointed.

With a genuine smile, he leaned forward. "Boxer briefs for both of us. Are yours cotton or silk?"

"Silk. With a cotton liner. Bikini, not thong. Why isn't he coming to the negotiations?"

Bingo. She was playing by the first rule of negotiating—give a little, get a lot. "He's been busy attending to a personal matter."

That got her attention. "I see. Just how much do you know of this matter?"

For one brief moment Seth considered denying that he knew anything, but what would be the fun in that? "I don't have a complete history but oral arguments were presented and well received by both parties."

Her eyes widened and he wondered if he'd gone too far.

Then she smiled in a way that made his cock hard again. "But there is more to come?"

"Loads." Oh yeah, she was totally fuckable. Painfully so.

"Hot damn." She broke off a piece of bread from the basket on the table and he watched, not even trying to hide his interest as her tongue enveloped the morsel. She took her time, apparently liking his desire before explaining further. "You've gotta love the quickies. Lots of bang, lots of buck and you're done."

Seth took a sip of his drink to hide his surprise. Caroline Ellis was enjoying herself for the week. As far as she was concerned, done deal applied to Jordan too.

He was glad he'd stuck around. Things were already interesting and they were probably going to get pretty rough for Jordan. Seth wanted to be there for his friend, a shoulder to cry on if need be. As much as he'd like to kiss it better too, he knew that wasn't going to happen.

It would still be necessary to leave to find a shoulder to ease his own pain. Preferably a masculine shoulder to replace the one he was losing, though after today's lunch, soft and shapely wasn't out of the running.

Chapter Four

Jordan Fox was not a patient man, nor was he prone to idleness. By four o'clock he'd finished two days' worth of work, taken a five mile run and swum twenty laps in the hotel pool.

It was amazing what one could accomplish with no outside interruptions and the determination to focus on anything but the increasing ache in his balls.

None of it worked.

His erection was unyielding, no doubt in punishment for being denied a plunge into Caroline's sweet pussy last night. Reminding his southern brain that it had found relief in her warm, wet mouth only made it worse. So when he finally got Seth's call at five o'clock that negotiations were breaking for the day, he was understandably upset to also hear that Caroline didn't want him to come to her place until six fifteen.

What the hell was he supposed to do for another hour? And when had Caroline and Seth become such pals that she was comfortable giving a personal message for Seth to deliver?

Pacing didn't help. Neither did flipping on the television to see some guy with a Texas twang advise a sex addict to find another hobby. A week ago, Jordan would have agreed. Right now he was thinking the best therapy for the poor guy would be to grab a willing woman from the audience and bend her over Texas Twang's casting couch.

Man, he had it bad. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to ease –

Having to answer a knock on the door put that thought to rest.

"Hey," Seth greeted him. "I figured I could brief you now and sleep in an extra half-hour tomorrow. That work for you?"

"Sure." Jordan stepped back to let him in. "Everything okay?"

"Just tired. I have to admit, I could use you at the negotiation table."

"Soon," Jordan promised. His friend did look tired. "I got a jump on the McClaren and Whitehall deals today, so you should be able to take a couple of days off when we're done here."

"Great." Seth shrugged out of his suit coat and loosened his tie before sitting down on the small couch by the window. "Caroline Ellis is one tough negotiator. I had to give on a couple of key points. Not by much but it still rankled."

Jordan laughed. "I know the feeling."

"Yeah, that's another reason I wanted to catch you before you went over there." Seth hesitated and Jordan went on high alert. Sure enough, his friend sat forward and fidgeted then sat back again and blew out a deep breath. "Caroline talked about you

over lunch. She has absolutely no interest in you beyond sex and that interest only holds until the close of this deal.”

“Shit. She actually said that?”

“It was more what she didn’t say. No personal questions, nothing about intentions, just banter about sex. Honestly, where you’re concerned, I don’t think there’s anything else on her radar. I’m really sorry, buddy.”

The warning rang clear. Jordan was failing and time was running out. He could let it hurt or he could do something about it. Doing something about it started with them physically being together.

He stood to go, snatching the rental keys off the desk. “Far be it from me to let the lady down. You need the car tonight?”

“Nope. I have a feeling FoxNet is going to spring for room service and a movie.”

Jordan laughed. “You bet, buddy. And thanks.”

He left Seth in the suite, eager to get to Caroline’s condo. He had no plan beyond making love to her but, hell, maybe that would be enough.

The more he thought about it, the more it made sense not to wait any longer. He didn’t expect her to roll over and profess her love, but showing her how *he* felt was a start. And he’d be right there to judge her emotional reaction.

Thank God he had a good twenty minutes to think it through a bit. The closer he got, the more he realized it would be wise to start their evening slow and easy this time. It wouldn’t hurt to take her to dinner and work his way up to having her for dessert. Which meant, damn it, he should have jacked off earlier. But he could wait. He’d still end up inside her, just not within the first five minutes.

He could do that.

Promptly at six fifteen he knocked on her door, convinced he was ready for a night on the town.

She answered the door in a short silk robe.

Okay. *Oh Jesus* but okay. He could sit on her couch and not salivate over the light scent of peaches coming from her freshly showered body.

Only she closed the door and dropped the robe, revealing what she’d been doing with the extra time she’d requested. His gaze zeroed in on the neatly trimmed triangle between her legs. Delicate pink lips peaked out just below, already moist with her juices and too damn tempting to resist. Dessert was served.

By six eighteen, he was on his knees in her tiled foyer, his tongue buried in her delicious pussy.

By six twenty, she’d had two rolling orgasms and was rapidly approaching a third. He drenched his index finger with her juices then trailed the tip slowly between the cheeks of her ass until he was pressing at the sensitive hole.

“Jordan! Oh God... You know what that does to me!”

Damn straight he knew. He'd been the one to discover it. He latched on to her clit, sucking hard as he slowly pushed his finger in to the third knuckle. Her scream was loud even from behind closed lips and then he was supporting her writhing, bucking body, his finger still buried deep as he helped her sink to the floor.

Oh man, this was heaven. The taste and feel of her filled his mouth, her muscles spasming around his finger, but it was the sounds she made that brought him to the edge. Even with her arm over her mouth and her soft, silky thighs covering his ears, he could hear her sob with every spasm.

It was too much. With a groan of surrender, he barely managed to undo his jeans with one hand and release himself before he came.

It was the break in intensity she needed and Jordan let her come down. When he felt her muscles begin to relax, he slowly eased his finger out of her ass, letting them both savor her last shudder.

He collapsed on his side next to her, suddenly aware of the cold, hard tiles beneath them. What a class act. He'd been in her condo all of ten minutes and he'd just come on her floor.

Fuck. "Sorry," he mumbled into her hair.

"Sorry?" she huffed out, still gasping for breath.

"Yeah. I wanted to take it a bit slower tonight. Take you out to dinner before ravishing you, preferably not in your entryway."

"You don't hear me complaining. In fact, I should be apologizing to you for leaving you hanging. Give me a minute—"

She'd reached down and cupped him between the legs. All of him because he was soft. Not that he was going to stay that way if she kept touching him like that.

Meanwhile, his hope of not having to say anything had flown out the window. Any man smart enough to breathe knew it was better to admit he'd lost control than to let a woman think her pleasure hadn't turned him on.

He cleared his throat. "That's part of the apology. I, uh, kinda came."

"Is that why your pants are open?"

"Yeah. By the way, there's a helluva wet spot a few inches from your right leg. I missed the carpet."

"Good to know."

Was that a snort of laughter he'd heard? "Hey, I was primed! It damn near killed me to wait all day but I didn't take the matter into my own hand."

"Pity. I did. In the shower right before you got here."

Jordan groaned, feeling himself swell against her palm. Cripes, he'd just seen and tasted the results from her shower and he already wanted more. "Do it again. I want to watch this time."

"Nope." She let go of his cock and got to her feet, still somewhat shaky, he was happy to note. "Now that you mention it, I am hungry. I say we order in. How does Thai sound?"

He pushed himself up on his elbows and took a long, leisurely look from her toes on up, lingering at his favorite places until he was hard again. "Like it better get here fast."

* * * * *

It wasn't fair. There they sat on her couch and Jordan managed to look sexy with peanut sauce on his chin. Worse, it was endearing in a way that had nothing to do with sex. She'd been so focused on how their relationship had ended that she'd forgotten how much she'd enjoyed just being with him.

Jordan Fox was still sexy, yes, but he was also still warm and funny and plain fun to be with.

And dangerous. Dammit, she couldn't forget dangerous. She needed to end this week sexually satisfied and able to move on, not emotionally hung up on the same man for another fifteen years.

She had to focus on her goal, half of which had already been met. She was definitely capable of having an orgasm. Or two. Or twenty. Question was, could she now make that happen with another man?

Seth Foster immediately came to mind and he was just as quickly discarded. Too bad he was Jordan's best friend or she might have had the opportunity to find out once negotiations were done. The man was unbelievably hot.

Speaking of hot men... "Why aren't you coming to the negotiations?"

Jordan looked surprised that she'd ask and he took his time chewing and swallowing a bite of food before he answered. "I don't want you to face a moral dilemma. If I'm not involved in the negotiations and we don't discuss any particulars, there's no dilemma."

"That's not entirely true." She reached for the carton in his hand. "And quit hogging the Pad Thai." She ignored his growl of protest and continued but only after he let go of the food. "You could have waited until negotiations were over before you showed up on my doorstep."

"No way. I wouldn't have lasted an hour without trying to get you in the supply room. Not that you would have gone for it." He held his hand up in mock surrender when she narrowed her eyes. "Besides, a few rounds with you and my attorney comes out looking like something the cat dragged in. I want to save my energy for the nights."

"I can't believe you just told me that."

"I'll do anything for Pad Thai. Why the hell did we even order anything else? Give it back."

"I'm not done yet. You have to promise you'll be at the meetings from now on. That we have a past is public knowledge and you're giving the impression that you don't think I can handle having you there."

That got him. He stopped trying to finagle the container and sat back in surprise. "Seriously?"

"Corporate bias 101," she nodded. "You didn't get a handbook, being a guy and all."

"Hey!"

"Oh please. Look, I normally wouldn't care but we meet on the conference room floor, which means we're seen by my partners. You know the rumor mill is in full force by now. You're making me look weak."

He looked like he wanted to argue then changed his mind and nodded. "I'll be there tomorrow."

"Thanks." She glanced down then back up at him with her most heartfelt smile.

"Oh man. You just ate the last bite, didn't you?"

"Guilty."

"You owe me." He leaned over and removed the empty carton and fork from her hand then pulled her down on top of him. "I want a kiss."

"No!" Flattening her hands on his chest, she tried to push away from him. Even knowing he wasn't going to give up that easily hadn't prepared her for another round of denial. Not when she was fighting her own desire too.

He held tight. "It's a kiss, Caroline. What are you so afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anything." She pushed harder, curling her nails into his skin until he winced and let go. "I don't want that intimacy between us. I was clear on that from the start."

"This is about intimacy? I just had my tongue in your pussy and my finger up your ass. How is that not intimate?"

Only her training kept her voice from becoming emotionally charged. This wasn't a game for her and despite what he might think, it wasn't some petty punishment on her part either. It was survival. "That's physical. Kissing is an emotional intimacy we're not going to share again. Not this week, not ever. If you have a problem with that," she pointed toward the entryway, "there's the door."

She was prepared to let him go. She was. Really. She even got up and walked past him, stepped onto the very tiles where not an hour ago they had indeed shared intimacies she'd never allowed with another man.

She was absolutely going to lock that door behind him. Even if they hadn't actually fucked yet.

Damn it.

But he wasn't walking by her. She looked back at the couch to find him sitting up, elbows on knees, head dropped down in misery. When he turned to look at her, her breath caught in her throat. He actually looked hurt. As if she'd just stomped all over his heart.

No, not his heart. His ego. What the hell was wrong with her? She wasn't making that error again. He was here for one thing and she was letting him be here for one thing. The hour they'd just spent together – not fucking – had clearly been a mistake.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked quietly.

"I'd rather have you choose to stay."

"Shit."

The curse said he understood the terms, the stubborn thrust of his jaw that he didn't like them. Caroline waited for his answer, maintaining eye contact to let him know she wasn't going to back down. It took awhile but she finally heard the answer she wanted.

"I want to stay."

Chapter Five

Well, this fucking sucked.

They cleaned up from dinner in silence and Jordan was glad for the time to regroup. He'd never had his heart and pride shredded to bits and offered as a parting gift before. It hurt like hell and it had taken every bit of control he had not to grab her and kiss her anyway. The only thing stopping him was the knowledge that he would find his Neanderthal ass on her front porch in two seconds flat.

And the chilling awareness that had slammed into him as she'd delivered her ultimatum. That the pain of her withdrawal was a drop in the bucket compared to the agony he'd delivered her fifteen years ago. The last time she'd allowed herself to be emotionally involved with him.

So yeah, he could push back, but a quick analysis narrowed it down to two choices. He could be naked with her all night, or he could go back to his hotel suite and jack off to the fantasy of being naked with her all night. Option one offered the potential to change her mind about the two of them. Option two offered...more of the same old shit that had brought him here in the first place.

Gee, tough choice.

The woman had haunted his mind, body and soul for fifteen years. It was pathetic how long it had taken him to realize it was because he'd never stopped loving her. Any lingering doubts on that front had been put to rest the second he'd seen her, let alone had another taste of her.

Now all he had to do was convince her that she still loved him. If that had to be done between the sheets, who was he to argue?

The question was, what was the best way to get back to that happy place? Saying, "Hey, I know I never took a dick up my ass but you ate all the Pad Thai so you owe me," was undoubtedly the wrong way to go.

An apology for overstepping her boundaries along with an issued challenge, however...

"Caroline," he said softly.

She took her time at the fridge before she turned toward him. She wasn't even trying to hide her wariness or her distrust and he couldn't blame her. He'd screwed her over in the past and, God help him, he intended to break her rules now at the first opportunity.

He did his best to look innocent, telling himself she wasn't leaving him much choice. "I'm sorry. Tell you what, you call the shots this time. I'll do anything you say."

"Anything, huh?"

Oh man. The gleam in her eye nearly made him regret the offer. She wasn't going to be easy on him. Maybe he should have thought this through a bit more or tried to backpedal to the wining and dining thing. Maybe he should...

Shut the fuck up and do whatever she says, the brain between his legs demanded.

"Anything," he agreed, hoping like hell he was listening to the saner head.

"Okay, we'll start with the obvious. Strip."

They were still standing in her narrow kitchen. Jordan whipped his shirt off then undid his jeans with the care of an aroused man going commando. His feet were already bare and he slid the jeans down his legs, stepping out of them by flattening one palm on the countertop for support.

She never took her eyes off him. In the thirty seconds it took him to finish, his cock was quivering, pointing straight toward her like a freakin' divining rod.

"Very nice," she purred. "Fist yourself."

He groaned in protest but wrapped his hand around the base of his cock, feeling his fingers spread farther apart with each passing second. She licked her lips as a drop of pre-cum formed at the tip then she reached out and caught it with her fingertip before bringing it to her lips.

He watched, mesmerized, as her tongue peeked out for a taste before she moaned and eagerly sucked her finger into her mouth.

"Caroline... God! I don't want to embarrass myself again."

"You will if that's what I want," she admonished. "Keep your hand on your cock. Good. Now point it toward the bedroom. I'll be right behind you, enjoying the view."

Jordan complied, a little more hesitantly this time. He preferred being in charge and she knew it, damn it. Then again...

He felt her gaze on him, caressing his backside like a heated touch. Her excitement was palpable, which went a long way toward keeping him in check.

Oh yeah, he could do this.

When they reached her bedroom, he made himself stand facing her bed, throbbing cock in hand, eager for his reward. He didn't have to wait long but he was still so primed that simply running her fingernail down his spine made him shudder with pleasure.

"You know," she murmured, "I just realized I've never done half the things to your ass that you've done to mine. Why is that, do you suppose?"

"Never really been into that," Jordan answered as best he could, considering, holy shit, that fingertip was now skimming up and down the sensitive crack of his ass.

"You've taken my ass with that huge cock of yours."

"Yeah."

Caroline snickered at his barely formed reply, clearly enjoying herself. It was an added rush to his senses, knowing she was getting off on touching him.

Leaving him to wonder where that next touch would land.

Her silky robe caressed the back of his calves as it slid to the carpet. Now her soft, naked body pressed along his backside, her pubic hair and wet slit tickling the underside of his left butt cheek.

“Ah damn,” he groaned as those magic fingers wriggled between his thighs and found the sweet spot just behind his balls. He had to grip his cock hard to stop himself from stroking it. Forget the embarrassment of his earlier *faux pas*, at that moment he was damn glad he’d already come. “I need to be inside you. Now.”

“I thought I was giving the orders.”

“Right. Shit.”

Her husky laugh was incredibly sexy, bringing him so close he was almost grateful when she backed off and ordered him to close his eyes. He heard a drawer open, heard some sounds he couldn’t identify, then she was back and—*yes!*—cupping and massaging his balls again.

Only now her palm and fingers were slick with something creamy and thicker than her juices. His head fell back on a deep groan.

“You’ll get inside me,” she promised, her words sending a shiver up his spine, “but I’ve decided I’m going to get inside you first.”

That and the tightening of her hand on his hip was his only warning before the tip of one slick finger slid straight between his cheeks and pressed, penetrating the tight ring of his anus.

The pressure bordered on pain, making him grit his teeth on a harsh grunt. God, was that what she’d felt when he did it to her earlier? He’d never allowed anything more than a light stroke or two and nothing inside. Annual visits to the doctor were all he’d needed to figure he wouldn’t like it.

She withdrew and slowly pushed in again, deeper this time, making him cry out and rise onto the balls of his feet as he was stretched and filled. It was incredibly intense and *nothing* like the doctor’s office. “Christ, Caroline, have mercy!”

“Stop fighting it. Relax and push out. Isn’t that what you said to me the first time I took your finger? We won’t even get into what it took to squeeze in that thick monster cock of yours. All that matters is how much I ended up loving it.”

Shit. He tried to do as she said, clenching his jaw at the onslaught of sensations as her free hand wrapped around his cock just above his own fist. Only her hand was lubed and lightly stroking in contrast to the steady impalement of his ass.

It was exactly the diversion he needed. He forced himself to push out, remembering some of the research he’d done before taking Caroline’s ass. The discomfort eased and he actually found himself pushing back against the invading digit, groaning as each increment forward acted as a flint shooting sparks through his balls.

Then she grazed his prostate.

The breath swooshed from his lungs and he went right back up on the balls of his feet, pulling forward a bit to shorten her reach. There was no way in hell he could handle *that*. He was more than relieved when she slid her finger out, though he had to admit, the overall experience hadn't been unpleasant.

Far from it.

Jordan was going to tell her that, to let her know she'd just been the first to penetrate him sexually, but the prodding started again.

God! It was the same feeling with more pressure and he knew it was her thumb. He'd prepped her the same way, gradually increasing the size of what he'd worked into her tight hole until she was ready to take him.

The thought would have worried him but there wasn't another penis in the room and she wasn't likely to hit his prostate with her thumb.

And holy shit, that felt good!

His own fist was flying as he jacked his length, coming into contact with the bottom of her fist twice for every one of her strokes. He let the sensations consume him until his control hung by a thread.

Just when he thought he couldn't hold off anymore, her thumb slid free, only to be replaced by what had to be two fingers. One upward movement or turn of her wrist and she'd be touching his prostate again.

But she didn't make that move and somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew it was on purpose. Caroline knew exactly what she was doing and he could only hope she wanted him deep inside her when he came.

It was definitely what he wanted. "Caroline, stop. Please! I'm...I'm gonna... Stop!"

She pulled free.

"Lie on the bed," she demanded, her voice husky with her own need. A strip of condoms landed on the sheets.

Oh hell yes! He turned toward her, stopping short when he caught sight of what was in her hands. She hadn't just grabbed the lube from her nightstand drawer. She was, however, using the lube to carefully coat what had to be a six-inch pink dildo.

He started to sweat as he pictured what she did to herself with that toy.

Then his ass clenched in denial, his mind balking with knee-jerk panic as he realized *he* was the one she intended to invade with that glistening piece of plastic.

It was shorter and not nearly as wide as his cock, but it was definitely wider than a single finger or even the two fingers he'd just taken.

"No fucking way. Caroline, I've never —"

"What," she calmly added even more lube, "gone through with your promises?"

Jordan was nervous. Could there be anything sexier than a sexual alpha male trying to fight his natural urge to dominate? Caroline didn't think so. One look at Jordan and she was willing to take that argument to the Supreme Court.

Denial made his muscles bulge, tense to the point of an occasional quiver. His hands were fisted by his sides, his mouth a hard slash as he tried to stare her into a reprieve she knew he wanted to beg for but never would. Which was good because she wasn't granting one.

The fact that he didn't want to do it only made her want it more. Forget revenge, this was about having the hottest sex she'd ever had, plain and simple.

Of course he still held power too. There was nothing stopping him from grabbing his clothes and walking out the door. It wasn't likely, though, considering his balls were drawn up nice and tight, his cock still hard with anticipation. Even now another pearl of cum was forming at the tip, trying to tantalize her into action.

As if she needed any more stimulation.

She let her gaze caress back up his body and found him watching her, something about his look warning her not to push too far.

"You said anything," she reminded him. "Are you a man of your word now, or not?"

Okay, so that was low and she knew it. But dammit, anything meant *anything*. Besides, if he were to walk out the door, she'd rather it happen now.

She held her breath, waiting, her confidence wavering when his entire body stiffened further. It took a while but he finally took a deep breath and exhaled on a curse, visibly trying to calm himself.

"You'll ride me?" he clarified, glancing at the condoms then back at her.

"I'm honestly not sure what I'm going to do. That's half the fun."

"And half the trust?"

She shrugged, not willing to go down that path even to keep him there, but apparently it was enough.

Body trembling, he slowly climbed onto the bed as though heading to the gallows. Caroline would have laughed but he looked so incredible and she was already so wet she could feel it moistening her inner thighs.

When he settled on his stomach, right cheek resting on his folded arms, she couldn't help taking a minute to appreciate the erotic view before her. This man, so powerful both inside and out, was waiting to obey *her* next command.

Caroline climbed onto the bed, right on top of that hard, hot body, running her hands over bulging muscles as she settled her wet pussy in the small of his back. He jerked then groaned her name when she leaned forward until her nipples poked his shoulders but he stayed put.

“God, you’re gorgeous.” She nuzzled his neck near his left ear, inhaling his unique, musky scent of arousal. It was something she’d never forgotten yet hadn’t realized she’d missed until he came into her life again.

Other little nuances came back to her, things she’d found lacking in other men. The thought jolted her back to sanity. The differences had turned out to be only physical and none of those differences had been enough to make it work. Just because the man’s scent was arousing, his fingers and tongue talented, his cock hard and more than capable – *and, oh God, the list went on* – didn’t mean he was relationship material.

It meant he’d be good to have in her bed, which was exactly where Jordan Fox was stretched out, obediently following her rules and waiting for her next sexual command.

Leaving nibbling kisses along his jawline, she went as close as she dared to his lips then back up again to nip at his earlobe. “Thank you,” she murmured, both for being willing to let her do as she pleased and for not wrecking the moment by trying to kiss her again.

Her actions did seem to calm him a bit. It was time to see just how far he was willing to go.

“I remember when you took me in the ass for the first time,” she trailed her fingers down his side, enjoying the way it made his body dance beneath her. “I’m betting this is your first time. I think women have tried before and you haven’t let them. Am I wrong?”

“No.”

“But you’ll let me, if that’s what I want?”

“Yes.” His eyes were closed, his voice strangled on both single syllable answers. It was a complete turn-on, until he added, “I trust you.”

Damn. Trust had been implied but now that he’d gone and actually said the words as if it meant something more, she needed to reiterate her position.

“Just so we’re clear,” she stated, “I already told you I’m doing this for the sex. Yes, I want to fuck you. Badly. And I do trust you. I trust you to bring me to orgasm. I don’t want or need anything more, so don’t bother trying. I promise you’ll still get laid.”

“Fuck!” He quickly turned his face into the crook of his arm, hiding any further reaction from her view.

Damn. When would she learn? Orgasm first *then* the ultimatum.

Just when she was convinced she’d blown it, good or bad in the long run, he let her know otherwise. “I’m so hard I’m practically boring a hole in the mattress. Get on with it.”

Caroline closed her eyes in relief. “I’ll make it every bit as good for you as you made it for me. You’ll be ready. That’s my promise to you.”

The only response was a groan as she slid down his body, leaving open-mouthed kisses across his back, the firm trembling halves of his buttocks and the backs of his

thighs. By the time she reached his ankles, his skin was damp and sweat was beading at the hairline above his left brow.

He was so incredibly sexy she could barely breathe.

"Spread your legs," she ordered, squeezing more lubricant onto her index finger and getting into position as he slowly complied.

She pressed at the tight ring of his anus at the same moment her tongue swiped across his balls.

"Caroline! God!"

Encouraged by his hoarse cries of pleasure, not one inch between his legs, hard or soft, was spared from her ravaging tongue. It wasn't until two fingers were buried deep inside his anal passage, gently thrusting, that she turned her wrist and again touched the knot she'd purposely avoided. The one that would send him into orbit.

Again he instantly pulled away. "Not there," he gasped. "I'll come."

It was tempting to ignore him and see what would happen if she instead focused on the nut-sized protrusion. Only the promise of feeling his reaction to that while he was buried deep inside her pussy kept her from pushing the issue now.

Withdrawing her fingers, she squeezed even more lube right at his entrance. Then she used one finger to gently draw circles, spreading it around the tightly puckered opening until he was giving short, involuntary thrusts against the sheets. Each gasp he couldn't hold back made her clit pulse with pleasure.

They were both beyond ready.

Caroline grabbed a condom and moved to sit by his side. He instantly turned to face her and she thought his low growl of appreciation came from seeing the condom in her hand.

But his gaze was locked below her waist. He made another sound, half arousal, half frustration as he licked his lips. She followed his line of vision and looked down to find that she was so wet, her inner thighs glistened in the light. He licked his lips again, obviously hoping for a taste.

She couldn't afford to give him one. Not now. It also would have been easy to have him roll over, climb aboard and ride them both into orgasmic oblivion. Too easy. Two strokes would most likely do it, but then what?

There was a good chance he'd never leave himself open to something like this again and she hadn't even gotten to the best part yet.

His muttered curse when he saw the dildo let her know how much he'd been counting on her giving in. He was all hard muscle and tension for a few heartbeats then he gave a barely audible sound of resignation and turned his head so his right cheek once more rested on his folded arms. A few more deep breaths and some of the tension left his shoulders, though he was far from relaxed.

It wasn't going to work the way she'd wanted. She had promised him he'd be ready but there was no way he was going to relax enough. She needed to distract him with her mouth and the best way to do that would be for him to be on his back.

The more she thought about it, the more sense it made. He'd already be in position for her to ride him too.

"Roll over."

Jordan didn't move for a second, clearly wondering what the hell she had in store for him now but he did slowly comply.

As soon as he was on his back, she wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock and deep throated him as far as she could go.

Apparently it was deep enough for him. His guttural cry was probably heard all the way in the Back Bay. Before he could come, she used her free hand to bend his left leg up toward his body. As she hoped, he automatically followed with his right leg and then she was reaching for the dildo.

The second the head touched his anus and began penetrating he pulled back with a yelp.

"Can't," he panted. "Too big."

She reluctantly released his cock. "Won't," she corrected, "and like hell."

She maneuvered the dildo until it was side by side with his cock. Even though he wasn't as hard as he'd been a few moments earlier, he was still considerably larger than the dildo in both length and circumference.

"I took the real deal on the left," she reminded him, "which I know for a fact was even bigger at the time. So you're implying that my ass is...bigger?"

"No!" His eyes widened in horror at the minefield he'd unwittingly stepped into.

"Then lift your knees to your chest. It will help."

Caroline did take pity on him then as she moved the dildo back in place but only because he obeyed and closed his eyes to try again. He grimaced at the first touch but he didn't pull away.

She rewarded him by leaning forward and taking long, leisurely licks at the delicacy spread wide before her. Only the head of his cock was spared. It wasn't long before he had to hold his shaking legs up with his arms, his cock violently red and leaking sweet fluid from the tip.

She looked up at him as she finally went for the head, lapping it clean, she held his gaze. He truly was gorgeous, his body gleaming with sweat, muscles bulging. But it was the look on his face, the stunning mixture of overwhelming lust, a touch of fear and sheer determination in that green gaze that damn near brought her to orgasm.

This time, with a groan of surrender, he took in the fat head of the dildo. It had to hurt. His body was still way too tense for a smooth entry, but she knew he wasn't going to relax enough in any position for it to be easier. He just had to get past that initial penetration.

Now that the bulbous tip was finally buried, she completely engulfed the head of his cock in her hot mouth. His groan of pleasure turned to a swift intake of breath as she pushed the dildo farther but he just as quickly remembered to push out.

He grunted with the next push, his whole body trembling with the steady invasion up his rectum. She matched his efforts, letting his cock into her mouth at the same pace he took the dildo.

At last her lips met the fingers she'd wrapped around the base of his cock. It meant the full six inches of the dildo were seated up his ass.

His groan was neither pleasure nor pain but he was full and pulsing against her tongue. She had him lower his legs then gave him a few moments to adjust, savoring the length and flavor of him until all she heard were definite sounds of pleasure ripping from his throat.

One final suck and she pulled back to rip open the condom packet and cover him.

"I won't last, sweetheart," he warned as she settled herself above him.

Caroline paused at the old endearment, but one look at his face and she knew he was lost in the moment, completely focused on finally getting what he wanted. What they both desperately needed.

Damn if she was going to say anything and risk her own shot at that special place. She was long overdue for a good fucking.

The blunt probe of his cock at her wet slit was everything she remembered and more. She paused to savor the moment, wrapping her fist just below his cock head to prevent him from pressing deeper.

"Caroline..."

His growled warning went ignored. She rubbed his sensitive tip against her equally sensitive opening, loving the way he pulsed against her, how he gasped and clenched the bed covers to keep from grabbing her hips and forcing her down.

Just a few more seconds of this bliss...

It was her turn to cry out as his finger slicked through her wetness right over her clit. She let go of his cock to grab his wrist and he did retreat but only to plant both hands on her hips.

"Jordan, wait..."

"No," he groaned, pushing the head in. "Can't wait anymore."

Anything more was lost in his harsh cry as he pushed past that first inch then slid home.

He was... It was... She couldn't complete the thought, couldn't keep from lifting up to sink him even deeper than before.

"Yes!" He groaned again at her cry of pleasure. "Jesus, it's still so fucking good! Only with you."

Oh God! She hadn't needed to hear that at all, let alone have it matter.

“Keep your hands on my hips and close your eyes,” she instructed, reaching for the remote she’d kept hidden until now. One practiced flick of her wrist and the base control dial went to full throttle.

She knew from experience that she had two seconds to brace herself. It was going to be a wild ride.

“What the... *Oh fuck!*”

He howled, his entire body stiffening and arching, lifting her with him. Caroline would have laughed in triumph but her pussy was weeping at the sight, the sounds, the feel of him so thoroughly losing control.

God, she wasn’t far from losing it herself. All she could do was hang on as his bigger body took over, thrusting up into her with such vibrating force that she came all too quickly.

Nails digging into his shoulders, she rode the bucking bronc, feeding off the sights and sounds of his explosion, feeling her pussy contract and milk him for more.

The next thing she knew she was on her back with Jordan looming over her, pounding into her with a wild, pleading look in his eyes that matched his erratic rhythm. He’d come but he was still rock-hard and on the edge.

“*Turn...it...off...*” he gasped.

She began pulling the dildo out slowly instead, angling the vibrating head to hit just the right spot.

“*God dammit!*” he roared.

He exploded inside her again, crying out twice more before yanking the dildo out himself and collapsing on top of her. His heart was racing against her chest, his body on fire, bathed in sweat.

Caroline ran her fingers up and down Jordan’s slick back. She should have been happy, feeling nothing but completely sated. Not sated and bittersweet. Yes, she’d achieved her goal. She’d had great sex and she’d have no problem doing so again.

As long as it was with Jordan Fox.

Chapter Six

Jordan came awake with a jolt, fully aware of his surroundings. His eyes darted to the alarm clock. He'd been asleep for only a couple of hours, though he hated to have wasted even that much time.

He rolled onto his side, wincing as his body reminded him what they'd been up to most of the night. And where.

God, the things he'd let her do to him. And he'd liked it. He lay there grinning at the ceiling like an idiot, feeling virile, strong, proud.

Until he realized just how much of an asshole he really was.

Last night he'd been on the receiving end of his most rare, never-spoken-of fantasy. Hell, he'd *been* the receiving end. He still wasn't sure how well that sat with him and it hadn't even involved another man.

What he did know was that if Caroline woke up and treated their night as an embarrassment he'd be...devastated.

Fifteen years ago Caroline had been the one grinning from ear to ear. She'd fulfilled *his* fantasy of a two-female ménage and she'd given it one hundred percent. It was still the hottest thing he'd ever seen in his life.

But when he woke up the next morning and truly faced that it was his turn to be pleased by another male, he couldn't handle it. He'd panicked, trying to slip out the door before she woke up.

Only she *had* woken up, her smile full of heat as she made an innocent comment about their plans for that night. Her words had completely thrown him over the edge, but instead of telling her how he felt, he went on the defensive.

He didn't even have the balls to look at her as he'd told her there was no way in hell some guy was going to stick his cock anywhere near him.

It was only when he was done that he'd dared to look up. The complete and utter devastation etched on her features would haunt him much longer than the blow from her palm. He just hadn't known it at the time. No, asshole that he was, he'd been angry at her reaction, especially her demand to stay the hell away from her. He'd been angry enough to sustain him through the next five years of fucking his way across the city as he built his career.

None of it, not the women, not the work, had been enough to forget her. It had taken him the next ten years to figure out there wasn't anyone else like her and to admit he'd been wrong to let her go.

Good for you, asshole. The knowledge didn't raise his opinion of himself, especially now that he truly understood, firsthand, how much he'd hurt her. God. If he'd be

devastated now at thirty-seven, what had he done to her when she was twenty-one years old? How had she dealt with it entirely on her own?

Turning his head to look at her now, her normally schooled features relaxed in sleep, it wasn't hard to picture Caroline as the carefree spirit she'd once been. He'd often wondered which he really missed more, the best lover or the best friend he ever had. Too late, he finally figured out it was the combination of the two that made her irreplaceable.

They'd had it all, only he'd been too young and too stupid at the time to know it. Maybe he hadn't been alone in that but he was the one who'd dealt the mortal blow.

He was wiser now, and he'd give anything to take that back but it wasn't possible. They'd simply have to move forward. If the last few hours weren't enough to prove his commitment to making it work, well then, he was ready to keep trying.

Clasping the edge of the sheet, he slowly pulled it down to the foot of the bed. She didn't so much as stir. Subtle clean scents rose from her nude body, telling him she'd snuck away to shower before joining him in sleep.

Jordan leaned over to lap at one fat pink nipple, more than happy to get her hot and sweaty again.

She breathed his name on a sigh of pleasure and Jordan swore his heart expanded. That sigh was an honest, half-asleep reaction and it was his name that rode her lips.

Oh yeah. He wanted, needed, to hear it again. Multiple times. Releasing her nipple, he leaned farther over her and gave its twin the same treatment. She arched against him, so soft, so warm, so ready for him.

Shit! He needed a condom and there weren't any in sight. She must have taken them back into the bathroom. Or more likely they were in the nightstand drawer.

But when he tried to pull away, Caroline made a deft move that put her directly under him, pulling him down and raising her knees so she clasped him in a perfect fit. His breath caught, his blood thundering through his veins in a mad rush south.

Sweet heaven, he was between her thighs, those incredibly soft thighs that had automatically spread to allow him in. His cock probed like a heat-seeking missile, zeroing in on its target.

Don't thrust... Don't thrust...

Then she moaned his name again.

Oh God! Don't –

He thrust deep with one stroke, crying out at the sheer perfection of it. Of her. Ah man, she was so hot, so silky, so fucking... *Caroline.* She was the only woman he'd ever ridden bare with, the only woman he ever intended to *be* bare with.

At that moment it didn't matter if she was on the Pill or not. The idea of her rounded with his child made him groan with need, made him want to be deeper still when he shot his seed.

No way was he pulling out. He touched her cheek with his palm, willing her to open her eyes and show him that she felt the same need.

A need that only *he* could fulfill, dammit.

There wasn't much time. She was quivering beneath him, the walls of her pussy clasp and releasing in a rhythm that kept him right on the edge. He balanced on his forearms and cradled her face in his hands, daring to pull back and ease into her heat again, slower now but every inch as deep.

"Jordan! Oh Jordan..."

Yes!

He kept his thrusts slow and steady. Using the palm she was nuzzling to turn her head, he looked straight into her pleasure-dazed eyes and let everything he felt come shining through.

When she didn't pull away, he kissed her.

She welcomed him with no hesitation and with every bit of emotion he'd shown her. God, it was so good, so right making love with this woman.

He could feel her heart pounding in her chest, echoing every place their skin touched. She was right with him, experiencing the same pleasure, the same mind-blowing connection.

He knew the second she was going to come. He tried to slow it down, to make it last, but it was already too late. On the next thrust she gripped him deep, inside and out, and ground her hips against his. Then she pulsed in orgasm and he was a goner, following her with a fierce cry and the hot spray of his release.

Emotionally it was the most phenomenal sex he'd ever had, even with her. Yet the true moment of completion came when she murmured his name and snuggled against him before falling back to sleep.

Life was good.

* * * * *

Wow. Usually when she had *that* Jordan dream, she awoke and headed straight for the medicinal chocolate. And that was before coffee.

This morning Caroline was ready to take on the world. Grace was right, actually sleeping with Jordan *was* therapeutic. No wonder so many women slept with their exes to get them out of their system. The guys tried harder all night and they were gone by morning.

Hot damn!

Caroline was still smiling with satisfaction as she went into her morning stretch. Until she realized it probably wasn't just her own wetness pooling on her thighs.

"Shit!" She jumped out of bed and looked down. Sure enough, fresh trickles were forming with the gravity shift. No way was it all from her.

Oh. My. God. She needed to get into the shower. *Now.*

But even when all outward traces of Jordan Fox had been washed away, the panic remained. If this wasn't a dream, what about the way he'd made love to her last night? *Without a condom.*

She needed Grace, though, holy shit, Caroline was revoking the "I told you so" card. The only thing she wanted to come out of her friend's mouth now was advice and an apology and the apology could wait.

The phone rang three times followed by a fumble and a curse before a very sleepy voice came through. Caroline had been too panicked to remember the time difference, which would make it just after three in the morning in California.

Tough shit.

"Grace? I'm in trouble."

"Caroline? That you? Hang on a minute..." There was a bunch of rustling then Grace came on the line again, a little more alert this time. "Sorry, I just came off a double but I'm with you now. What's going on?"

"What do you know about the morning-after pill?"

"The morning... uh-oh. The condom broke?"

"Um, yeah. Something like that."

"Caroline Ellis! Are you telling me you didn't use one? Jesus. Leave no scars, remember? That includes stretch marks."

"You're not helping."

"Right." Grace took an audible breath and when she spoke again, she was in full doctor mode. "How long is your period, how often do you cycle and when are you due to begin?"

"Five days, every thirty days and," Caroline paused to calculate, "I'm due in eight days. Oh God, that's good, right? Phew!"

"It's better," Grace corrected. "The percentages are in your favor but if you want to be one hundred percent sure, you should get the morning-after pill."

"Done."

"Make him go with you. Better yet, let me have a few words with Mr. Responsible."

"He's not here."

Grace laughed. "C'mon, at least let me get a little bit of man bashing out of this."

"Seriously, he already left." Caroline walked out of the bedroom and did a quick scan as she spoke. There was a piece of paper propped against her coffee maker. "Wait, he left a note."

"If it doesn't say he went to go get that pill, it better be his last will and testament."

"Riiight. That's exactly what it says. Oh and he also apologizes for mankind as a whole for refusing to ask for directions. And for leaving the toilet seat up."

"That's a start," Grace didn't miss a beat. "What else does it say?"

Caroline rolled her eyes. “It says he’ll be at the meetings like he promised and how much—Oh! Oh damn.”

“What? How much what?”

It was official. Jordan *had* kissed her. He’d made love to her. And he hadn’t used a broken condom or forgotten to use one in the first place.

He’d broken every rule she set and he’d done it on purpose.

“Caroline,” Grace’s frantic voice finally registered in her ear, “how much what?”

“How much last night meant to him and how he can’t wait to see what our future holds. That asshole! He would have been better off leaving his will because he’s a dead man.”

“He wants a relationship *outside* the bedroom? Wow, he *is* a typical male asshole.”

“Grace!”

“Well, you have to admit the irony here.”

“Ugh, you’re obviously still half asleep and I have to get to the pharmacy. I’d call you later but you are so off my speed dial.”

Caroline didn’t think she could be any angrier at Jordan than when she hung up the phone. That was before getting to the pharmacy and finding out what Grace had purposely not told her. The side effects of the morning-after pill came with a fifty percent chance of actual vomiting, let alone severe nausea. She couldn’t compromise her client by taking it until after the negotiations were over, which was too late to be effective enough to bother.

By the time she reached her office, she was angrier than she’d ever been in her life.

* * * * *

Damn. Seth circled another carefully benign word in revisions from yesterday’s negotiations. There was some satisfaction knowing that Caroline Ellis was no doubt doing the same thing in her corner of the ring.

At least he got breakfast made for him and served just down the hall from his hotel room. Being on the concierge floor ruled. He speared a chunk of watermelon from his plate and enjoyed the cool, sweet flavor as he went on to the next paragraph. Two more circles joined the growing number on the page and he couldn’t help grinning. They were going to keep their respective assistants on their toes as well.

“I know why I’m grinning. What’s your story?”

Seth looked up in surprise as Jordan, also dressed in a suit, put down a plate of fruit and granola before slowly taking a seat. Very slowly.

Huh.

Anyone who traveled a lot quickly learned that if you ate like shit while traveling, you felt like shit while traveling. Hence the fruit and granola. It was more the suit and

the timing of said breakfast that held Seth's interest. Not to mention the slow movements, indicating it had been a hell of a night.

Oh man. Putting his own spin on *that* would inspire some amazing fantasies for the next few months if not years.

Quickly yanking his thoughts off that path, he concentrated on the facts. Put together, they could add up to only one thing.

"You tried to out negotiate her, didn't you?" Seth couldn't help laughing.

"Don't worry," Jordan deadpanned. "You'll like working for Trendsetters."

"Very funny. At least it will be, just as soon as you assure me you didn't discuss the deal."

"Shit, you are such an attorney. I didn't discuss the deal. Do you want that in writing?"

"Yeah, but considering you're the boss and all, I'll let it pass."

"Good choice." Jordan forked a chunk of pineapple only to set it back on his plate with the fruit still attached.

Wow. It couldn't be more evident that there was something on his friend's mind and Seth would bet it didn't have anything to do with the business side of things. There wasn't a lot of time before they were due at Trendsetters but he wasn't about to cut the man off to go brush his teeth again. That's what good friends and breath mints were for.

Not to mention he was as curious as hell, especially when Jordan took a furtive look around to ensure they weren't within earshot of others.

"Have you ever been on the receiving end of anal play?"

Oh yeah! If you're offering, I'm ready to receive you anytime, anywhere...

Holy Shit! Seth floundered, caught so completely off-guard by that nuclear bomb, he almost blurted the first thing that came to mind.

He'd stopped himself in the nick of time, but it was still on the tip of his tongue to admit he not only liked it, he loved it and not just with women. This was the opportunity he'd hoped for, dreamed about for years.

Or was it?

Jordan meant anal play with a woman. He didn't want to hear about the physical pleasures of being with another man. He wasn't interested in the emotional toll of trying to maintain a relationship as a bisexual man, when someone you love inevitably assumes they're incapable of fulfilling you.

Okay, so it was too soon for all of *that*, but Seth figured if ever there was a time to admit to his own sexual orientation, that moment was now. He opened his mouth then snapped it shut when the words just wouldn't come.

The timing wasn't right. Pigs hadn't sprouted wings.

“Look, I’m sorry,” Jordan sighed, his expression of regret and embarrassment making Seth want to kick his own ass even harder. “Just forget I said anything. No worries, okay? It’s not like I’m gay and coming on to you or anything.”

Seth flinched then closed his eyes for a second to hide his disappointment. That had been a close call. Jesus. What had he expected Jordan to do, fall to his knees and profess his love with a blowjob? He gave an inward sigh. At least he had his fantasy for tonight...

“I know what you meant.” Seth cleared his throat, hoping Jordan would think it was husky from embarrassment, not arousal. “You just surprised me, that’s all. Yeah, I’ve done it. With the right, uh, with someone who knows what they’re doing, it can be pretty damn incredible.”

“Yeah. Yeah, okay. Thanks.”

And just like that Jordan was back to his normal self, grilling Seth about the planned strategy for the day.

Seth, on the other hand, desperately needed those few minutes alone in the bathroom and it wasn’t to wrap his hand around a toothbrush.

Chapter Seven

It took all of ten seconds for Jordan to figure out that Caroline wanted to kill him.

Great. Yeah, he should have been there in the morning to welcome the change in their relationship. Hell, he'd wanted nothing more than to start the day by making love to her again, but she'd asked him to come to the meeting. That meant getting to his hotel first to change clothes.

Obviously he hadn't been clear enough in his note.

Wait a minute... *Ah crap!* There *was* a disposable cup from a popular coffee chain sitting in front of her. He should have taped the damn note to her bathroom mirror.

At least the proof was still there. Good thing they had their whole lives in front of them to laugh about these early snafus.

Unfortunately they were off to a slow start on the business side. For the most part, both Jordan and Sidney sat back and let Seth and Caroline spar with each other. Jordan knew Seth could hold his own and, damn, Caroline was amazing to watch in action. She was gunning for every inch she could get and she was making Seth earn every zero on his paycheck.

There were a few moments when Jordan wondered if he paid the man enough.

There were Jordan's own issues at hand too. Things such as, if he pulled the fire alarm, would everyone hustle out so he could bend Caroline over the highly polished conference table? And where the hell was the supply closet?

No, he'd prefer the conference table. If she left her heels on, she'd be just the right height to plow into from behind.

Oh yeah. He could come down over her and watch how far her breaths frosted the high-gloss surface, peaking higher with each hard thrust.

Or he could stay standing and spread her cheeks, wet his finger and play –

"No. We informed you in the preliminaries that we weren't willing to go that route."

What?

Jordan forced himself back to the present. It only took a second to realize what Seth was referring to and it wasn't any part of Caroline's sweet anatomy.

Sidney Morton still wanted out with the sale of his company. Problem was, Sidney Morton *was* Trendsetters. It would take a lot longer for a return on FoxNet's investment if the man didn't stay on for at least a year.

FoxNet was offering to embrace personnel, guarantee stock options for everyone and practically dance on the fucking ceiling to get that one year out of the guy, but Sidney wasn't budging. It didn't make sense, unless...

"Shit." Jordan zeroed in on Sidney. "You're healthy, right?"

"As a horse," Caroline answered for her client with no hesitation whatsoever. "He took the physical you required before we entered into negotiations. You should have a copy of the results."

"We do," Seth agreed, but there was question in his voice too.

"So what's going on here?" Jordan persisted. "What aren't you telling us?"

Sidney gave a sigh of resignation.

"Don't," Caroline immediately warned her client, raising those red flags to full height.

"It's time. If they're not going to buy Trendsetters without my staying on, knowing why I can't stay isn't going to make any difference. At least it will make sense."

"I can't stop you, Sidney. Just know that it's against my advice."

Curiosity piqued, Jordan almost laughed out loud when both he and Seth instinctively leaned forward. He could just picture them as two old geezers on a porch, still reminiscing about those "BJ Twins" as they waited for juicy gossip to come their way.

God, if that was his future without Caroline, just shoot him now.

"I value your input, Caroline, you know I do," Sidney said. "Hell, your abilities have led us through the legal mire more times than I can count. But I still believe in the good of human nature, even in the business world."

"That's why I'm here to advise you," Caroline said. Then she looked over at Jordan, right into his eyes, and added, "I don't."

What the hell?

Jordan sat back in his chair. She meant last night. And now Seth knew it too.

Christ. He already felt like an idiot after the breakfast fiasco. How had that one gone? *"Hey, buddy, I had an experience last night that's making me a little uncomfortable. See, I took a toy up my ass and I really liked it. Could you pass that pitcher of OJ?"*

Smooth. Real smooth. No wonder Seth had sat there looking as if he was about to choke on his response before coming up with something he thought Jordan wanted to hear.

He could fix that later. Right now he needed Sidney to get on with it already so he could get Caroline alone. If he could just tell her about the note, which she obviously hadn't seen, everything would be on the right path again.

Definitely. She'd been with him last night, every fucking step of the way.

"My youngest child Melissa has Down syndrome," Sidney dropped the bomb, scattering Jordan's thoughts into meaningless bits of fluff. "And in her case, there are physical issues that lessen her life expectancy."

"Whoa." Jordan's involuntary response was heartfelt, so he took great offense when Caroline shot him a look of censure. Note or no note, there was no reason to think that poorly of him.

Seth broke the silence that followed. "I'm sorry. How old is she?"

"She just turned eight. We're hoping we'll have a good number of years to come and I want to make sure I'm there to enjoy them. Then there's my wife and our other kids when...well," Sidney drew an audible breath, "when it's time. I've already eased back as much as possible. Case in point, there's a doctor's appointment one hour from now that I intend to be at. Melissa appears to have a simple cold but you never know what you're going to hear."

Sidney paused but no one spoke and he gave a deep sigh before he continued. "Have I made the mistake my attorney warned me about, gentlemen? Maybe I should have asked if either of you has children."

Not yet but give it nine months...

"No," Jordan answered around the sudden lump in his throat. "No mistake and neither of us have children. However," he shot his own look of censure right back at Caroline, "that doesn't mean we can't understand and appreciate the value of family." Jordan stood and held his hand out to Sidney. "Thank you for telling us the truth. I do still want Trendsetters and I'm sure we can put our heads together to come up with an answer that works for everyone. Why don't you head on out to that appointment and have your attorney meet us at our hotel at the end of the day. If Seth and I don't have something drafted by then, the three of us can take a shot at it together."

Seth didn't miss a beat as he rose and shook Sidney's hand. Caroline managed to be busy shuffling papers, which was fine by Jordan. As it was, he could barely hold his temper until he'd hustled Seth out the door after Sidney.

Believing he would hurt her again was completely understandable. Not trusting him to have even an ounce of compassion as a human being was both cruel and unreasonable.

And it hurt.

Jordan was angry.

Good. Caroline looked forward to the fight, considering she'd been royally pissed for hours. And that was *before* he kicked everyone else out and closed the door.

"Go ahead," she invited, gathering the rest of her papers with quick, efficient movements. "Bring it on."

"That was completely unnecessary," he instantly rounded on her. "I'm not an ogre, Caroline. Jesus, can't you trust me even the tiniest bit?"

“Okay,” she shrugged. “How about we start with your coming to the meetings to dispel any rumors? Oops. Hey, maybe if my partners hear us arguing, they won’t think we’re in here to do the nasty on the conference table.”

He jerked his head back as though she’d slapped him, the anger quickly replaced by regret. She’d meant to make a direct hit, but when his shoulders slumped in defeat, there was nothing satisfying in the moment.

“I’m sorry,” he said, taking a few seconds to meet her gaze again. “I don’t suppose that’s going to help your unbelievably low opinion of me. Maybe it is warranted. I did leave you a note this morning though. It’s right on your coffee maker.”

“I got it. Jordan, a note isn’t going to change what you did last night any more than walking out of here with our clothes on will stop the rumors.”

“What I did last night?” He uttered a choked sound of disbelief. “We made love last night.”

Was he serious? Her jaw dropped in astonishment and her anger spiked deep into the red zone when she realized he was one hundred percent serious. He was clueless because he was also a one-hundred-percent, Grade A, selfish prick and a half.

“*We did no such thing,*” she practically seethed the words. *I was asleep. You broke every rule I set then topped it off by possibly getting me pregnant. Oh and let’s not forget exposing me to God knows what kind of germs. So no, I don’t trust you. I’ll never trust you. You didn’t keep your word fifteen years ago and from what I’ve seen, you don’t keep it now.*”

The accusation should have inflamed him further, not made him look as if he was about to play show and tell with his breakfast.

What in the world? Bits and pieces from last night came back in a rush. She suddenly remembered him trying to pull away and how she’d fought to keep him from going. After all, condoms weren’t necessary in a dream.

They were, however, very necessary in the real world.

And if she fought to keep him from pulling away to grab a condom, he had no reason to believe she wasn’t an awake and willing participant.

He’d taken liberties because he thought it was what she wanted too. Not only that, he’d called it making love. He’d held her the way he used to, cherished her with his eyes, with each slow surge into her body.

Oh God. He *had* made love to her. Worse, from her response, he thought he’d made love *with* her. Was it because he harbored some belief that he still loved her?

“I figured you were on the Pill,” he started to explain then stopped and cleared his throat. It didn’t help. He still looked and sounded as if he was going to be sick. “But it didn’t matter to me if you weren’t. I thought you knew what you – what *we* – were doing and I was okay with that choice. And I’m clean, I swear it.”

Caroline swallowed hard, desperately needing him to stop talking and turn around. Better yet, to leave. The affection and vulnerability he was letting her see were far more menacing than his anger.

His hands were clenched by his sides in his struggle not to reach for her. She knew because she was working just as hard not to reach for him. If she let that happen, she'd likely spend the next few years with the best fuckbuddy ever while Mr. Right and her youth passed on by.

She owed herself better than that.

Some form of denial must have crossed her features because she heard him suck in a quick breath and he did reach for her.

"Don't!" Left with no choice, Caroline placed both palms flat on his chest and pushed him back.

He instantly complied but he wasn't done trying. "Don't do this. What we had is still there."

She nodded her agreement. "Yes, it is, both good and bad. I'm not sorry we had sex again, or at least I wasn't until this morning. But I can live with not having great sex. What I can't live with is a partner I don't trust."

"We can fix that. We just need time. Caroline, I lo—"

"Don't say it," she cut him off. "God, that's the last thing I want to hear." His heart beat wildly under her palms because, damn, she still had her hands on his chest. She tore them away from all that heat and muscle and let them drop to her sides. "Don't say another word."

His mouth snapped shut but it didn't matter. He might not have completed those three little words but she still heard them in her head. There was a time when she'd have given anything to hear him say that again, only she was older now, wiser to the fact that those words held no real meaning to him.

She finished gathering her things, grateful for his continued silence even though she could literally feel him watching her. He was still questioning if they had a future together.

Her response should have been a no-brainer. Yet right then the sense of loss was so overwhelming that she found she couldn't face him while saying the necessary words.

"I have a dinner meeting but I'll come to your hotel at eight tonight to meet with you and Seth. Let's get this deal hammered out so we can get on with our lives. Our separate lives."

"*Fuck.* Caroline, don't do this."

She had everything she needed to walk out the door. "I am sorry but I meant what I said. I don't trust you any more or any less than I did before. Last night simply added more insult to more injury. The bottom line is you can't change what happened fifteen years ago."

She caught a glimpse of him as she closed the door behind her and it was an image she wasn't likely to forget. He was a man in pain. Despite years of dreaming about this moment with self-righteous glee, there was no satisfaction in the reality.

What she couldn't afford to dwell on was why she was in pain too.

Chapter Eight

"Think Sidney will go for it?" Seth asked, finally taking his eyes off his laptop screen.

Jordan hesitated to answer, knowing the next question would be personal. As the boss, he had to give the guy credit for putting work first. As a friend, he knew Seth would be cool if Jordan said he didn't want to talk about that afternoon.

But Jordan was ready to talk about it and maybe get some advice, so he dropped an opening line. God knows he'd fucked it up enough on his own. "Yeah, as long as we get it through Caroline first."

"True. Any chance you two kissed and made up when I left? I'm not sure I have any more non-vital organs for her to shred."

Jordan gave a sympathetic laugh. "Don't worry, she already went in for the kill with me. She was quite clear about getting this whole thing over with as quickly as possible."

"Ouch."

"That's putting it mildly." Jordan propped his feet up on the coffee table and leaned his head back against the couch in the tiny sitting area of his "suite".

He used the term loosely. For an extra two or three bills, he got an extra two or three square feet of space. Meanwhile, the hotel heiress with no job got to buy her dog a diamond-studded collar that cost more than most people made in a year.

Knowing he was supporting that kind of crap didn't brighten Jordan's mood any. Then again, he had to be feeling pretty low to be thinking about that shit in the first place.

Anything was better than acknowledging he was down for the count with Caroline. "So what the hell am I supposed to do now?"

There was no answer. Not that Jordan had been expecting one but he hadn't expected total silence either. He lifted his head to find Seth watching him.

"You want my help?" Seth finally asked.

Funny thing was, Seth didn't sound happy to offer his help. More like resigned. Too bad. Considering he'd figured he'd have both the company *and* the girl by now, hell yes, he needed help. Nothing was signed and Caroline refused to be alone with him. "If you have any advice before she gets here, yeah. Spit it out."

"You'll have to tell me what happened fifteen years ago."

"No." Jordan dropped his head back down in defeat. "No offense but there has to be another way."

"Well, let's see... You've taken the blame."

"Check."

"You've apologized."

"Check."

"You've burned up the sheets together."

"Double check."

"You showed your trust last night by letting her fuck you in the ass."

Jordan's head shot right back up so fast he was surprised he didn't get whiplash.
"How—"

"I'm not stupid," Seth cut him off, calmly meeting his gaze with no sign of embarrassment. "You were moving like your balls were made of glass this morning and then you asked me if I've ever engaged in anal play. I said I have and I meant it. You'll be fine by morning, by the way."

"Jesus. This day just gets better and better," Jordan muttered.

"The point is, you can talk to me about that and anything else sexual and I won't judge you for it. Believe me, if it exists, I've done it."

"Okaayy." Jordan drew out the word, pretty damn sure Seth would sing a different tune if he knew gender was the issue. "Even if I believe you, it doesn't change the fact that I can't tell you what happened. I'm sorry but it's not only my story to tell."

"No problem." Seth was quick to reply but Jordan could swear he also heard the man sigh. "I have to hit the business center for a minute then we can head downstairs to wait for Caroline."

Jordan nodded. The mere mention of her name had him going over every avenue possible to win her back by the end of the night. Again. Every one of them still led to a dead-end.

She was right. He couldn't change the past.

* * * * *

Caroline strode back through the adjoining door from Seth's hotel room, snapping her cell phone shut. "Gentlemen, we have a deal. One year of consulting work on an as-needed basis to include no more than an average of twenty hours per week."

She looked relieved and Jordan damn well knew it wasn't from closing the deal. She was relieved to be done with him. And dammit, he hadn't come up with a single thing over the past two hours to change her mind.

Seth, God bless him, had at least figured out how to buy more time by calling room service for Champagne to be delivered. It arrived as they finished up the preliminary signatures with Sidney set to add his the next day.

"To Trendsetters." Seth flipped over the last page and poured them each some Champagne. Then he picked up his flute and held it up for a toast. "A solid yet completely unnecessary new member of the FoxNet family."

Jordan nearly spilled his drink.

"Excuse me?" Caroline stared at the other attorney in horror.

Jordan growled Seth's name but his former buddy ignored the warning.

"Sidney is getting what he needs because of you," Seth said to Caroline as he continued to calmly eviscerate Jordan. "Jordan doesn't want or need Trendsetters, he needs *you*. Any fool can see that you both still love each other. I don't know what the hell happened fifteen years ago but it was *fifteen fucking years ago!* Get over it, both of you, because I doubt you'll get another chance at this."

Caroline sucked in a deep breath then turned to glare at Jordan. "Did you put him up to this?"

"No! Jesus. Do you want me to kick his ass or fire him?"

"You fire him. I'll kick his ass."

"See?" Seth jumped in. "You're capable of teamwork."

Caroline put down her Champagne flute. "I'm out of here."

"Don't go." Jordan took a step toward her but let his hand drop to his side when she stepped back.

"I've asked you not to touch me," she warned, her eyes glittering with what took Jordan a moment to realize were unshed tears.

Oh God. Being the cause of those tears ripped him apart but it was also the first good sign since last night. It proved the sweetheart he'd fallen in love with was still in there, trying to melt that damn icy veneer she hid behind.

"I can't let you go, Caroline." Jordan somehow got the words out around the lump in his own throat. "I love you. I never stopped loving you and I think Seth is right. I think you still love me too."

Jordan's words echoed in the quiet room. Oh, he was good. Caroline was a heartbeat away from stepping closer, from letting him wrap those strong arms around her to hold her tight.

What bullshit.

She actually laughed out loud. "You almost had me there. Good thing I know your promises are just words to you. Where do you think I learned my first hard lesson in negotiation? You negotiated me into a deal then took advantage of me. I lost everything."

"I did too," he shot back. "I just didn't know it at the time. But it doesn't have to be that way anymore. I'm here now and we can make this work."

"You don't get it. It wasn't about losing you. It was about losing everything I held dear within myself. I went through hell, Jordan. I lost my pride, my ability to believe in myself and most of all my confidence in myself as a woman. I couldn't even look in the mirror. If it hadn't been for Grace, I honestly don't know what I would have been capable of doing."

"Jesus. Caroline, you have to believe I—"

"Had no idea? Yeah, I know. I remember your sentiment quite well. 'Oops, narrowly escaped having a another man's cock up my ass but hey, life goes on because I'll never have to face the person I left hyperventilating in my dust.'"

Jordan didn't have an instant response to that, which was a very wise move on his part. An apology wasn't going to cut it and they both knew it. Neither was an attempt to deny that it had been easy for him to walk away. Because no matter how hard it *had* been, it had still been easier than the emotional hell he'd left on her doorstep.

When he did speak, it wasn't a question she expected.

"Who's Grace?"

Caroline let her breath out, feeling calmer just hearing her friend's name. She was happy to answer, not for his sake but to give credit where credit was due. "Grace was the girlfriend of that lying bitch who answered our ad. Ours wasn't the only promise broken and I wasn't the only one devastated. Grace and I got through it together."

"I'm...I'm glad she was there for you. So she's a..." His voice trailed off instead of finishing the sentence.

"Lesbian? Yeah. And the answer to the next testosterone-laden question is no, so don't even bother going there."

"I have a question."

They both jerked toward Seth in surprise.

"Yeah, I'm still here," he confirmed, "a foot away. Definitely close enough to wonder which one of you was supposed to take a cock up the ass."

So be it, Caroline thought. She was tired of feeling ashamed, especially when she wasn't the one who did anything wrong. She looked Seth right in the eye as she motioned toward Jordan. "That would be him. I'm the one who slept with the lying bitch. Would you like to add your deepest, darkest secret to the mix?"

"Sure." Seth shrugged then belied that nonchalance with a brief hesitation. "I'm bisexual."

"What?" Jordan scoffed. "No way. I would have known."

"You would have *known*?" Seth laughed. "Obviously not."

It was Caroline's turn to be forgotten, able to watch the two men dance with the new elephant in the room. This was a twist she certainly hadn't been expecting and with it came her entry onto that dance card.

Holy shit.

The more she thought about it, the more she realized it was true. Seth had just unwittingly provided her with the ultimate test in trust. A way to prove Jordan's true intentions once and for all.

In other words, a way to make sure Jordan Fox would be gone by morning.

"I've been with you." Jordan shook his head as though to clear it. "I mean, with *women* with you," he revised, but he still couldn't seem to wrap his mind around the right words. "Christ, you know what I mean! The 'BJ Twins'..."

"Yeah." Seth's eyes heated with lust. "You were hot."

"Jesus! You're my best friend." Jordan slowly sank back down onto the couch and gave it one last shot. "You're completely into women."

"Yes," Seth agreed. "When I'm with them. And I'm totally into men when I'm with men. That's how it works."

"Okay." Jordan nodded then repeated the word under his breath. It was obvious he was a long way from processing Seth's confession.

Caroline had no such problem. "Have you ever been with a man *and* a woman?" she asked Seth.

"That's kind of a personal question." Seth's tone held humor but she wasn't fooled. He knew exactly where she was going and that was pure lust gleaming in his eyes.

She had no intention of disappointing him, though she hoped he understood the ultimate decision wasn't hers. "Not as personal as asking if you'd like to be."

"No!"

Jordan's denial bounced off the walls as Caroline's intention became crystal clear. He looked so shocked, so pained when he looked up at her that she didn't have the heart to continue.

It was then, when the words wouldn't come, that she had to admit the truth to herself. She needed him to agree to do it.

God help her, what she wanted with all her heart, was for Jordan Fox to stand up and prove she was wrong about him.

Jordan was the first to look away. It was odd how seeing him so defeated made her want to comfort him when she should have been gloating. Still, it had to be done or he would never give up this ridiculous and somewhat painful quest to undo their past.

"This is it, Jordan," she said with conviction. "Your one chance to make things right. Show me you've changed. Go through with it now. You've got twenty-four hours to decide."

She got up and walked out the door without saying another word, even to Seth. Any doubts about his role in this were put to rest by his silence.

A good lawyer knew when to shut up and let a deal play out to their benefit.

Seth's heart was pounding so hard he barely heard Caroline's parting words to Jordan.

Holy shit!

Had the last five minutes really happened? It was so unbelievable that he actually took a quick look around the room to make sure there wasn't some smiling asshole and a camera crew waiting to tell him it was all a joke.

There wasn't, nor was he dreaming or suddenly starring in a porn movie. It was his very own personal fantasy playing out in real time.

Holy fucking shit.

He let it play in his mind, enjoying the moment until he was so hard it literally hurt. Only then did he force himself to reel it in, knowing damn well it was still a pipedream.

Jordan wasn't going for it. Hell, chances were Caroline only said *she* would because she knew Jordan wouldn't. Not that Seth's cock cared one way or the other.

But the friendship, now that mattered to him very much.

Jordan hadn't moved. He was sitting on the couch, hands resting on his knees, staring into space. Given what had just been revealed and the way it had been revealed, there was a really good chance the friendship was already over.

"Do you want me to leave?" Seth asked after letting the silence reign until he couldn't take it another second.

To his surprise, Jordan shook his head. No words were spoken but it was enough. Seth headed for the minibar to pour them each a solid drink, figuring the Champagne moment had passed. Then he took the seat across from Jordan and waited.

The drink was a good idea. Jordan took a healthy slug of the straight vodka before finally asking, "Do you consider me a man of my word?"

That one was easy. "I wouldn't work for you if I didn't."

"And you know what I did fifteen years ago?"

Seth shrugged. "From what was said, I figure you and Caroline had a couple of ménages set up. She went through with it and you didn't."

Jordan gave a short bark of laughter. "Sounds so simple, doesn't it? But it wasn't then and it isn't now. It's the only time I didn't keep my word and it still eats at me. So how can I expect her to forgive me when I can't even forgive myself?"

He gulped the rest of his drink and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Seth leaned forward and nudged his own barely touched drink toward Jordan, watching as it too was consumed.

"She doesn't think I'll do it," Jordan said as he set that empty glass down a few seconds later. "That's the only reason she said she'd give me a chance."

"Yeah, most likely," Seth agreed.

"Most definitely. But she gave her word and she'll keep it."

Seth thought for a minute about what he knew of Caroline Ellis. He didn't want to rub salt in an open wound but he wasn't going to lie either. "Yes, she will."

Jordan nodded then went back into deep thought again. When the next question came, Seth was in no way prepared for it.

"So have you ever initiated a man?"

Chapter Nine

Jordan watched the shock, the confusion, the utter disbelief cross Seth's face.

Oh fuck. Jordan could just picture his defense in a sexual harassment lawsuit. *No, really, Your Honor, it happened like this...*

He knew his face was red but he forced himself to look at Seth, his best friend and *his employee*, in the eye. "I'm such an asshole. Of course you don't want to do me just because you're bi. Jesus, I didn't think this day could get more embarrassing."

Seth laughed. He actually laughed and then he sat back and gestured at the huge bulge in his jeans. "Hell yes, I want to *do* you. I just didn't think you'd ever consider it."

Jordan grunted and felt his face go from red to scorch. Christ, it wasn't every day a guy heard that his pick-up buddy wanted to be his fuck buddy. Of course it wasn't every day a guy offered that option either.

"If I do this..." Jordan threw the words out then left them hanging in the air between them.

Seth volleyed them back but not in the way Jordan expected. "If you do this, you could end up feeling even worse. You're not gay, you're not even bi," he added with a hint of pained resignation.

It was enough to let Jordan know he had the upper hand. "Yeah, well, neither is Caroline. She went through with it and she didn't even have the benefit of knowing the woman."

"Aka, 'the lying bitch'," Seth supplied. "I got that part. Look, I can't believe I'm playing devil's advocate here but the reality is that you could end up feeling violated. *Like Caroline.* God knows, I don't need that on my shoulders."

"Caroline was violated by her trust in me, not by the sex itself."

"There's also no guarantee it will get you what you want," Seth continued as though Jordan hadn't spoken. "You could do this and still not end up with her."

"That would suck beyond belief. But you know what would suck more? Losing Caroline *and* the opportunity to drop this fucking anvil I've been carrying around for fifteen years. Which brings me back to the original question you never answered."

"Jesus." Seth's hands clenched into fists on his thighs but he answered honestly. "No, but I definitely remember being initiated."

That had Seth eyeballing the empty glasses on the table, no doubt wishing he'd drained one of them. Tough shit. It was best if one of them was sober and Jordan had already claimed the right to a decent buzz. "Was it good?"

"Oh yeah."

Jordan dared to take a closer look at his friend, at the growing tilt to his lips. "Shit. You're not nervous, you're trying not to laugh. You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

The show of humor was oddly comforting.

"Oh yeah," Seth admitted, no longer bothering to hold back a full grin. "That and I'm relieved to have my secret out in the open. So do you want to tell me what kept you from going through with it before?"

"I just couldn't." Damn, the past was hard to talk about after suppressing it for so many years but he understood Seth's need to know. "Watching Caroline with another woman was the hottest, most erotic thing I'd ever seen in my life, but when I thought about doing the same thing with another man... I felt nothing but revulsion. I literally couldn't do it."

"And now?"

Jordan forced himself to keep his gaze direct and steady. "I don't know what I feel right now but it's not revulsion."

"Okay." Seth nodded his acceptance and Jordan blinked, wondering if it was a trick of light that made it seem like the other man's shoulders had relaxed. "That's a start. So where do you want to go from here?"

"That's just it." Jordan ran his hand through his hair in frustration. "I'm honestly not sure if it would be best to talk it out so there are no surprises, or just do it now so I know I won't wimp out."

"N-now? Jesus."

"Okay, talking first." Jordan laughed as Seth's bravado was blown clear out of the water. It was good to know the guy who *was* into men could be flustered so easily.

Seth laughed too and the climate in the room became a hundred degrees more comfortable.

"You've been the no-surprises type for as long as I've known you." Seth offered an encouraging smile. "I'm willing to answer any questions you have, no matter how personal."

Jordan sat back and wiped his damp palms on his jeans, glad they'd both changed into casual clothes when they'd gotten back to the hotel. It would have been that much more daunting to be doing this dressed in their business personae.

It wasn't exactly going to be comfortable as friends either, not that he had much choice but to test the waters with Seth alone. The worst-case scenario would be giving his word to Caroline then not being able to go through with it.

Again.

"Okay." Jordan fisted his hands and jumped in, ass first. "The vibrator I took initially hurt like hell. Will the real thing be worse?"

Seth winced in sympathy. "There's always a pinch but it shouldn't be much more than that. Chances are you just weren't relaxed enough."

"Condoms?"

“Always. That’s not negotiable.”

“Agreed.” *And the twenty-thousand-dollar question is...* “What if I can’t get hard or stay hard?”

Seth leaned forward in his chair, the intense desire in his gaze making Jordan catch his breath. “That wouldn’t happen. I’d take great pleasure in making sure you were completely aroused. All you’d have to do is forget you’re with another man and just let me – and Caroline – take care of you.”

Oh God. Jordan knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he could and would maintain an erection. He knew it because he was sitting there now as hard as a fucking rock.

From his best friend’s words. His *male* best friend. Who wasn’t talking about fucking a woman.

He was talking about fucking Jordan.

It took great effort not to shift in his seat. He’d looked for those signs in a woman and he had no doubt Seth would figure it out in an instant. Then what?

Then Seth would make a move on him and Jordan would have the answer he needed. Caroline wasn’t in the room. If he could let Seth touch him now, he’d know he could go through with it when Caroline *was* in the room.

If he couldn’t, well, at least it wouldn’t be in front of her.

So far so good but he needed a few more facts to be sure. “You’d take charge, then? It wouldn’t matter to you if I couldn’t bring myself to...you know, reciprocate?”

Seth shrugged. “That’s always nice but not necessary. I prefer to top.”

Oh God. Images of Caroline taking control last night flashed through his mind and Jordan couldn’t help shifting in his seat. Seth’s eyebrows rose a notch, no doubt wondering if the discomfort was emotional, physical or both.

Jordan wasn’t quite ready to give him the answer yet so he leaned forward, covering the evidence. “Tell me about your first time with a man.”

“Sure.” Seth was definitely watching him closely but kept his tone light and open. *Available.* “It was in college. I went out to dinner with a buddy. You know, pizza, beer, polish off a couple more back at the dorm. I didn’t know it was a date until he kissed me. Funny thing was, I’d been thinking about kissing him and I couldn’t explain it. I’d known him for a couple of years but that vibe wasn’t there until that night.”

“And you didn’t know he swung that way?” Jordan interrupted. He suddenly felt much better about knowing Seth for so many years and not knowing the man was bisexual.

Seth shook his head. “Not a clue. Then again, until that moment, I thought every guy had secret fantasies about his friends and it just wasn’t talked about. So there he was, kissing me, and I wasn’t freaked-out about it. Quite the opposite. There wasn’t any fear, not even of getting caught. My roommate was away on co-op.”

Seth became a bit unfocused, as though lost in the memory. Jordan cleared his throat, not completely surprised to find himself breathing hard and fully aroused. "What happened next?"

Seth looked directly at him. "He laid me back, unzipped my jeans and gave me a blowjob that rocked my world. There was no turning back after that."

The image played in Jordan's mind. A young Seth, arching in shocked pleasure as masculine groans filled the air. The other man remained nameless, faceless, a simple means for providing that pleasure.

But it was an image of sex between two men and Jordan was undeniably aroused.

"Have I shocked you?" Seth couldn't quite keep the disappointment from his voice.

"Yeah," Jordan admitted. He couldn't help bracing for the unknown, but damn if it didn't remind him of the same nervous excitement he'd felt with his first woman.

He was ready for this. Was Seth?

Jordan slowly got up and went to stand in front of his friend, letting his erection speak for itself before he stated the obvious. "But only because I'm hard."

Jordan wasn't sure what to expect beyond wondering if Seth was going to follow his own story and suck him off right where they were. Wondering, right. Okay, so hoping was more like it.

But Seth stood up, buried his fingers in Jordan's hair and gave a strangled groan of frustration instead of taking charge.

Jordan didn't know what to make of that until he remembered what Caroline had said about a kiss being too personal. Despite what Seth said about being a "top", he was forcing himself to wait for permission.

Jordan also knew how much that denial of intimacy had stung and he had no intention of doing that to Seth.

"Don't stop." Jordan licked his lips in invitation.

He was rewarded with a fervent groan right before Seth took his mouth. It was instantly deep, instantly carnal and, holy shit, it made his cock throb in response.

"Jesus," Seth breathed, releasing his mouth to tear off their shirts. Then they were kissing again, an occasional scrape of stubble adding fuel to the fire. It was different, yes, but it was good. Incredibly good.

Jordan wasn't even aware of being maneuvered backward until his calves hit the couch and he was forced to sit. As soon as his ass hit the cushion, his legs were roughly spread to allow Seth to drop to his knees and crawl between them. He'd expected Seth to be gentle as he'd be with a woman, but this was all about power and need, desire and control.

"Did I mention it tends to be more rough between men?" Seth growled, catching Jordan's earlobe in his teeth with a strong hold.

"I'm not into pain but rough can be good." Jordan gasped at the urges coursing through him.

He'd held back over the years, knowing the women he'd been with preferred gentle worshipping. All the women except Caroline. She had taken his gentle worship, appreciated it then demanded more. Demanded *him*.

This was closer to that feeling, yet it was completely different—in ways other than the physically obvious. In a flash of insight, Jordan understood what it meant.

Other women were fucking. Seth was deep caring. Caroline was love.

With that, he also understood why he *could* do this. He fisted Seth's hair and pulled to guide him down his chest. *Oh yeah*, rough could definitely be a good thing.

There were more playful nips at his collarbone, his nipples, a fierce tug at the line of hair below his navel, but they both knew what Jordan wanted. What they both wanted.

Then Seth was eye level with the snap of Jordan's jeans. "You ready to have your world rocked?"

Jordan lifted his head from the back of the couch and looked down at the top of Seth's dark head. Did he really have to remind Seth that this was far from his first blowjob?

Then his friend looked up and Jordan saw the doubt still lurking that this moment wouldn't be resented later. Mixed in was such intense heat and longing that Jordan didn't have the heart to tease even the slightest bit.

"Seth," he groaned, letting the man hear how much he wanted this. With *him*. "Please."

Seth's eyes closed and he trembled then eager hands tore at Jordan's jeans, shoving them and his briefs down to his thighs. He heard Seth murmur in appreciation as Jordan once again let his head fall back against the couch.

Then Seth rocked his world.

With no preliminary licks, no workup at all, Seth engulfed Jordan's entire shaft in one swallow then proceeded to milk the length lodged deep in his throat. Jordan's hips shot off the couch, thrusting him even deeper down that hot, squeezing cavern. He was a big man and no woman had ever swallowed his entire length.

Seth only moaned his pleasure.

God. Jordan had never felt anything like it before and he knew he wouldn't last. He squeezed his eyes shut but it didn't slow his hurtle toward ecstasy. Then Seth shifted and suddenly he wasn't just working his shaft, he was sucking on it at the same time.

"*Ah fuck!*" He was going to come. Jordan heard his own cry echo in his ears, felt Seth's answering growl vibrate along his length. *Shit!* Did guys warn each other? But there was no time for anything but the fleeting thought, no choice but to give the same courtesy he'd always given a woman. "I'm gonna come! Now! Seth... *Christ!*"

Seth didn't budge, making his preference known. Jordan's fingers dug into the cushion beneath him, his breath whooshing from his lungs on a harsh groan. Just when he thought he couldn't take it another second, his aching balls were pulled forward and, with his cock still seated to the hilt, swiped with a warm, wet tongue.

It was good. Too good. He was locked too tight to let go, his ass lifted farther off the couch, held in agonizing limbo by his own muscles.

He managed to hold his next groan, praying he could form the one word that could help. *"Please..."*

One lone slick fingertip trailed down the sensitive skin between his balls and ass. Jordan bucked at the added stimulation then again when Seth's groan once more vibrated every inch of him down through his balls. That fingertip slowly made its way back, only this time Seth's fingernail scraped along the path.

Jordan heard himself cry out as he gathered and came in body-lurching spurts once, twice, three times. Seth stayed with him, still groaning his own pleasure as he greedily swallowed every drop offered.

Christ, what had he done?

Seth had never been in the situation of having just given a straight man a blowjob. Somehow, he couldn't imagine posting this dilemma, no matter how cool the advice website.

Dear Ask Ash,

What is the proper etiquette after blowing a straight guy? Yes, I swallowed but did I mention he's both my best friend and my boss?

Dear Stupid Fuck,

Step one would be removing the guy's cock from your mouth.

He withdrew, albeit reluctantly, only to rest his head on the other man's thigh. If Jordan were to go ballistic, at least there wouldn't be much leverage for that first blow.

Seth was so fucking hard he ached from head to toe but he was happy right where he was, enveloped in the earthy scents of satisfaction. Satisfaction *he'd* brought to Jordan Fox.

Reality would come soon enough. Any second now he would lose his lover, lose his best friend and most likely lose the ability to get a job with any company even remotely connected to FoxNet.

And he'd do it again in a heartbeat.

He'd rocked Jordan's world. What he didn't expect was for Jordan to want to rock his too. Because, holy shit, Jordan's first movement *wasn't* to wrap a fist in Seth's hair to haul him back and slug him.

Jordan was gently stroking Seth's hair.

"That was..." Jordan tried and failed to clear his throat, "incredible. Thank you."

Thank you? That was the dead last thing Seth expected to hear. Until Jordan spoke again.

"You didn't come. That's gotta hurt."

"Yeah," Seth admitted. God. He was completely humbled, but there was no way he could handle talking about it without exploding. "It's okay. Believe me, it was beyond incredible for me too."

Jordan gave a snort of disbelief and this time the hand in Seth's hair did tighten into a fist.

"Hey!"

"Then get your ass up here, Foster. What kind of a selfish prick do you think I am? I've never left a woman hanging and I'm not about to leave you hard enough to hammer nails. Not after what you just did for me."

"Ow! Fuck!" Seth had no choice but to haul himself up on the couch next to Jordan. It was that or risk needing a comb-over.

"Undo your jeans."

"I'll be fine," Seth argued. No way was he risking tomorrow by going overboard today. "You aren't into men. I get it. You don't have to participate any more than your comfort zone and that goes for tomorrow too. *If that happens.*"

"You know," Jordan snickered, "for a guy who claims to be a top, you fucking suck at it."

Seth's jaw dropped in disbelief. "You are such an asshole," he sputtered.

"*I'm an asshole?*" Jordan's brows shot up. "This isn't exactly the easiest thing I've ever done yet here I am, having to ask a second time for you to whip it out. How am I supposed to know what I'm comfortable with if you won't shut up and cooperate?"

Shit. The man was right. Seth was an asshole.

"Believe me, *I know I'm not into guys,*" Jordan continued, his tone calmer now, "but I am finding myself into *you*. I don't know where that's headed but, Jesus...just stop arguing and let me try, okay?"

Seth nodded, tearing his eyes away from that hot green gaze to fumble with the snap and zipper of his jeans. *Damn.* He was not only fumbling, he was shaking. Whatever was about to happen, Seth could only hope he didn't embarrass himself like a schoolboy.

"Thought so," Jordan murmured. "I'm bigger."

So much for not acting like a schoolboy. The last thing Seth wanted to do was argue over who had the biggest bat in the dugout, but he was able to recognize the comment for what it really meant.

Jordan's comfort zone included the need for their normal give-each-other-shit banter. He needed Seth to simply be Seth—the guy Jordan knew and liked.

"You sure about that?" Seth shot back. "Maybe you're just not exciting me enough."

“Yeah, right.” He laughed as cum pearly the tip of Seth’s cock.

“Okay, so you’re a *little* bigger,” Seth admitted. “That’s hardly an insult, considering you may have dented my collarbone when you rammed my throat.”

Bingo. Jordan was startled for all of half a second before it was chased away by a genuine grin.

“You going to admit my pecs are bigger too?”

Seth couldn’t answer right away. Jordan had reached out to touch his arm then his chest. There was a brief hesitation, an audible swallow and those fingertips skittered across Seth’s stomach just above his cock.

He wasn’t going to beg... He wasn’t going to beg...

“Yes. Fuck! You’ve got a donkey dick and you’re built like Mr. Universe. Lower, dammit!”

“No. So there *was* this woman I almost left hanging once. It was back in my early days sampling the meat market. She was a gorgeous blonde and fucking insatiable. Swear to God the two of us together couldn’t have satisfied this one, even now.”

Seth grunted, letting his head fall to the back of the couch. He hoped like hell there was a point to this. Or not, if it meant Jordan kept touching him. Anywhere.

“We’d been at it for hours and there was no way I was getting hard again. My fingers and tongue were numb but she still looked like you do right now. Like one giant orgasm waiting to happen.

“I was tired but she was so hot.” Seth’s hands clenched into fists as Jordan leaned over and whispered the rest as a hot rasp near his ear. “And so fucking beautiful, I just didn’t have the heart to leave her like that.”

“Jordan... *God!*” Seth groaned, arching toward the fingers that were so close to his cock he could feel their wake. They just as quickly slid away again, making him grit his teeth to hold back a protest.

The story continued.

“So I began describing what we’d done, what she looked like through my eyes. She started fingering her own clit and that’s when I figured out she couldn’t get off without that self-stimulation and holy shit—”

Seth’s groan of frustration vibrated his throat. Damn the man for being so straight he couldn’t directly ask another man to run a hand up his own flagpole.

Fucking-A, hetero guys were such stereotypes.

At least he finally understood what Jordan needed from him. This time his groan was pure pleasure as he began to stroke himself.

Oh yeah.

This was what they both needed. Jordan seemed to relax a bit and get into the moment even more. His voice got huskier as the story went on, as the words turned to

describing the two of them instead of some unknown woman whose name had been long forgotten.

“No one has ever been able to swallow me whole like you just did but there’s more to it than that. I’m not afraid anymore, Seth. I,” he paused, as though measuring each word, “I want to know what it feels like to have you inside me. But right now I want you to come for me. I want to watch you shoot long and hard while we both imagine what that will feel like tomorrow, buried deep inside my—”

That did it. Seth cried out as he came, bolstered by Jordan’s sound of awe at the power and distance achieved.

“Damn!” Jordan said, apparently still impressed a few minutes later as he came back from the bathroom with a damp washcloth. “I think I have my first case of penis envy.”

“That’s high praise,” Seth grunted, trying to make his muscles work right to clean up. He managed to get the job done but he still needed a few minutes to gather enough energy to make it to his own room. “Give me a minute and I’ll be out of here.”

Jordan looked like he might protest but there was also a flash of relief he couldn’t quite hide.

“This is about you and Caroline,” Seth acknowledged. “I haven’t forgotten that but, Jesus, that was intense. I need to step back too.”

Jordan’s nod of agreement gave Seth the strength to grab his clothes and walk through that connecting door. When he was alone, he sat on the edge of his bed and gave himself a moment to mourn the loss he couldn’t avoid.

In every one of his fantasies he and Jordan ended up together. Not one of them had Jordan saying “Gee, thanks” as the man he loved walked off into the sunset with someone else.

No doubt about it, tomorrow was going to hurt. But first it was going feel really, really good.

It was amazing what one single day could do to change a man’s life. This morning Seth had walked away from the opportunity to tell Jordan the truth. Yet tonight he would hit his pillow with Jordan’s flavor still on his tongue.

And the knowledge that by this time tomorrow night, he’d be buried deep inside Jordan Fox’s first-class virgin ass.

Chapter Ten

She was going to miss Jordan. Not only the multiple orgasms but *him*. Caroline punched her pillow in frustration. *That bastard.*

What if...

No! She had already spent the first hour in bed drifting in and out of the forbidden fantasy, the one where she and Jordan had never broken up. It was like a movie she saw once of a woman with a parallel life. In Caroline's parallel she'd shared fifteen years of hopes and dreams with Jordan, of going to bed with him every night and waking up with him every morning.

She wiped fresh tears from her eyes and tried yet again to put their recent fling into proper perspective. On the one hand, this was exactly what she wanted to avoid. On the other, she'd had great sex and hadn't completely broken her heart. The only permanent damage this time was likely never being able to eat Pad Thai again.

Right. That's why she'd been fighting back tears since she crawled into bed at midnight. That and wondering what Jordan was doing.

It was two o'clock in the morning and she'd heard zip. Nada. The most likely scenario had him checking out of the hotel and hightailing it to the airport before she even left the parking garage.

Caroline rolled over and stared at the phone, calling herself every kind of fool for not picking it up to find out for sure. As though finding out he'd stayed meant he wanted to go through with a threesome.

Yes, that would make much more sense than there being no flights back to Seattle until morning. About as much sense as his dropping to one knee to propose marriage right in the middle of some newly purchased swampland in Florida.

Marriage. God. Tears started welling again so she forced herself to imagine an alligator gliding through that swampland to bite Jordan right on the...

Wait, that could affect a different fantasy that she planned to hold on to. The one where she was the creamy center of a Jordan-Seth stud sandwich. Oh yeah, now *that* was a delectable vision.

Would Seth be as big as Jordan? He'd know what to do with all the extra body parts between them, no doubt about that. Everything about the man screamed sexual confidence and she felt a powerful chemistry with him. It wasn't the all-consuming fire she felt with Jordan but it was higher than average.

High enough that she should have slept with Seth, not Jordan, damn it! Jordan was most likely halfway back to Seattle by now. However, it wouldn't surprise her if Seth

had stayed behind to make sure all signatures were accounted for – and all ties with her were severed.

In that case, there was no reason she and Seth couldn't enjoy themselves while gaining whatever comfort they could grab in Jordan Fox's wake.

Okay, great. She had a new fantasy.

But almost as soon as she started to get lost in it, Seth's image faded. Oh God, it was Jordan inside her, his face tight with pleasure, his cock thrusting deep.

Well damn, she was screwed all right. By another fifteen-year stretch of unfulfilled fantasies.

A harder punch to the pillow was still ineffective, so she rolled to her back and nearly jumped out of her skin when the phone rang.

Jordan's cell number glowed on the caller ID. There could only be one reason for the call but at least he *was* calling.

She briefly considered letting her machine get it but decided he could damn well beg off directly to her. With a deep sigh, she reached for the phone.

"You're not getting off that easy," she stated, cutting off her machine mid-greeting.

Jordan laughed. "Tempting as that sounds, I'm not calling for phone sex."

"No kidding. Let me guess. You have to leave. What is it, an emergency back home? The hotel being quarantined? An extraordinarily painful hangnail?"

"Nope. If anything, this call is about my trust in you faltering."

Caroline laughed in disbelief. "So it's *my* fault you're not going through with it this time? Wait a minute..." She sat up and pushed two pillows against the headboard before reclining on them. "Okay, I'm ready. In fact I can't wait to hear this one."

"I never said I was canceling. I'm calling to make sure you're going through with it."

"Right. I already did, remember? Fifteen years ago. That *was* you in the room, wasn't it?"

"Oh yeah," Jordan was quick to agree, his tone letting her know he still found the memory arousing. "Except this time I'll have my head between your thighs as Seth takes me."

"That remains to be seen. Oh wait, I get it. As Seth takes you where? To the airport?"

"Damn," he marveled. "You're right, I did wimp out there. Okay," he let out an audible breath, "I'll confess I'm nervous, but who wouldn't be? I've seen what he's got hanging between his legs and it's going to hurt. But I am going to be there tomor – jeez, tonight, and I am going to let Seth fuck me in the ass. I'm ready, willing and able, Caroline. The question is, are you?"

Oh God. So much for not having phone sex. Her panties were soaked. Only Jordan wasn't talking about sex and she wasn't going to insult them both by playing dumb.

"I'm hoping for happily ever after here," he pushed when she didn't answer. "In order for that to happen, you have to still have feelings for me."

"I..." Try as she might, the rest of the words remained stuck in her throat. All he wanted to know was that she cared, but she couldn't put herself out on that emotional limb. Not without seeing him there first, sore ass swaying in the breeze.

"Okay," he sighed into the silence, his disappointment cutting through her like a blade. "I'm going to take that as a 'maybe I still care but I don't want to get hurt again'. See? That's trust. So is this. I love you, Caroline. I'll see you at eight tomorrow night. I'll be the guy with my heart on a platter and my ass in the air."

He hung up and Caroline sat listening to the dial tone until it started screaming in her ear. She got rid of that sound with the push of a button, but the roar of her conscience wasn't so easy to silence.

It was the second time he'd said he loved her.

Why couldn't she tell him she cared? With the kind of clarity that only comes in the middle of the night, the answer was there, screaming from that deep corner of her heart.

Because you more than care. You still love him.

No. Now way in hell could she be that stupid. That gullible. Words were easy. Jordan Fox needed to stand behind them with action.

But her conscience wouldn't be silenced. As hard as she fought it, the reality remained crystal clear.

They weren't the same people anymore. Making Jordan go through with something he promised fifteen years ago wasn't going to make her feel any better about their past. It would only bring those same resentments right into their future.

If she made him go through with it, there was a good chance there wouldn't be a future. On the other hand, if she didn't make him go through with it, would she ever really trust him?

There would be no phone call to Grace on this one. It was a choice Caroline had to make and live with, along with Jordan...and Seth.

She finally fell asleep as dawn broke, still not sure of her decision.

* * * * *

Seth wiped the last remnants of shaving cream from his face and neck. It had taken twice as long as usual to perform the familiar routine but he somehow managed not to nick himself. It was no small feat, considering he literally trembled with anticipation.

It was a good thing he'd slept well the night before. Once he'd come to terms with what he wanted and what he could have, he'd found it easy to focus on the latter. Especially after what he and Jordan had already done. Last night had been lights-out the second his head hit the pillow, thoroughly satisfied and grinning like an idiot.

Little did he know that he'd created a monster. The torture had started this morning when he'd woken up, still smiling, sporting morning wood that could drill a hole in a wall let alone...

Well hell, his first thought had been that he didn't want to hurt the guy. One stroke up his cock ensured it would only take about a minute to relieve some pressure. He'd been on stroke two and thinking about locking the connecting door when Jordan had walked through it, wearing nothing but tight black boxers.

"What the fuck?" Seth demanded. "Ever hear of knocking?"

Jordan had crossed his arms over his bare chest and leaned against the doorjamb. "Just making sure you're not going to, uh, loosen up. I suffer, you suffer, Caroline benefits."

So much for wondering about Jordan's state of mind. Or his ability to actually say "masturbate" in formal or guttural terms. Not that Seth could blame the guy when his own automatic reaction to getting caught was to pull the sheet up.

Still, old habits die hard and Jordan had been doing remarkably well for a guy with only a few hours of enlightenment. Seth had taken a leisurely trip down Jordan's body and sure enough, those tight-knit boxers were molding a mouth-watering erection.

Oh yeah. Remarkably well. Seth had actually groaned out loud and he still wasn't sure he hadn't drooled too.

Jordan had laughed. "Sorry, pal. I meant what I said. We're working this off in other ways. I've reserved the racquetball court then we'll do the gym, do laps in the pool, whatever it takes. Nobody gets any relief until after Caroline arrives tonight."

"Fucking sadist," Seth grumbled. "You could have at least let me have coffee before springing this on me."

Jordan was laughing as he'd gone back into his own room to get dressed. The son of a bitch left both doors open though.

By five o'clock that afternoon Seth was so incredibly aroused he nearly came when Jordan had touched his arm in the sauna. Not that the touch had been innocent. Every damn time they'd been alone, Jordan had touched him in some way, like a lover's caress.

Seth couldn't count how many times he'd seen those moves made on a woman Jordan intended to bed, or how many times Seth had imagined those moves being made on him. The reality was every bit as devastating as he'd thought.

The brushes to his calf over breakfast. The caress of fingers on his thighs in the weight room. Dear God, the side of Jordan's index finger running down his biceps in the sauna...

Seth had finally broken with that one. He'd had his eyes closed, taking in the moist heat, the masculine scents and power of a gym that mingled with their own earthy sweat. It had made him remember the way Jordan tasted, the feel of the man's cock filling his mouth, throbbing against his tongue and throat.

"I sure as hell hope you're thinking about tonight," Jordan's statement accompanied that devastating touch to Seth's tense muscles.

"Shit!" Seth had lurched forward, wincing as his belly crashed into his unyielding erection. "That's enough. Unless you want me to lose control when I fuck your sorry ass, you'd better back off. I don't want to hurt you or Caroline."

"Whoa." Jordan had sat forward as well. "Who the hell said anything about *you* getting to touch her?"

Ookaay... "Easy there, buddy. You just had to say no. Or did you expect me not to get turned-on by her too? She's smart, she's beautiful and I hope to God she'll be naked. What part of *bi* do you not understand?"

"What part of *mine* do *you* not understand?" Jordan growled.

"Not a molecule," Seth had assured him, amused by the show of ownership. "Her ass is yours. *Your* ass is mine."

That had shut Jordan up for a few seconds. Then he'd gone right back to sadist mode, keeping Seth on the verge of explosion.

Somehow he'd gotten through the day. Now, with an understanding between them and only one hour to go until Seth tapped that fine ass, he tossed the used facecloth on the bathroom counter and checked for any missed stubble.

No stubble, still grinning, still sporting serious wood. Still fifty-nine minutes to go. God, the minute hand was moving like a snail through a puddle of glue. He desperately needed a diversion.

He got one, but it was the dead last thing he wanted to hear. Seth froze, hoping he was mistaken. The knock on Jordan's outer door came again.

Jordan was in the shower. Seth forced himself to open his own door out to the hall, knowing damn well it wasn't room service.

* * * * *

Caroline felt her stomach churn. Jordan wasn't answering his door. My God, had she agonized all night only to have him run away after all?

"He's in the shower."

Seth was in the doorway of the next room over, apparently having just stepped out of his own shower. And a shave, she mentally added, forcing her gaze from the towel riding low on his hips to the smooth cheeks of his handsome face. His dark hair was still damp but already styled.

Knowing what he was prepping for made her knees weak because, wow, he looked even better without clothes than she'd imagined. And she had a great imagination. His chest was broad and smooth, his arms and legs sculpted with muscle. This man took care of himself and it showed.

Focus, damn it, she mentally slapped herself. Lusting after Seth wasn't going to help her say what she had to say. To do the right thing.

He stepped back as she approached his door but not quite enough to prevent her from brushing against him as she entered his room. Seth Foster felt and smelled absolutely delicious.

Oh man. The door closed behind her and she knew she had to get the words out quickly or her resolve was toast. She turned to face him. "I'm here early to let Jordan off the hook."

Seth stared at her, not moving a muscle. The uncomfortable silence stretched until she couldn't take it anymore. "Seth, I—"

"Don't you dare. *Shit!* Don't you dare do this now," he repeated.

"I'm sorry. I didn't think I'd feel this way."

"What way?" he challenged, crossing his arms in classic defense. Oh Lord, those muscles bunched very nicely indeed.

"In love," Caroline admitted. "I still love him. I can't let us make the same mistake we made fifteen years ago."

"Did it ever occur to you that I love him too? Christ, don't do this to me! You're the one who involved me."

Oh God. No, it hadn't occurred to her that she was hurting yet another innocent party in all this. It was Grace on her doorstep all over again.

Only this time Caroline was the bitch causing the pain.

"I am sorry," she repeated, "but you have to understand that it shouldn't be my choice."

"It's not your choice. It's mine."

Caroline heard Seth's gasp mix with hers as she spun toward Jordan. Unbelievable. Of course there was a freaking connecting doorway and of course he would be standing in it, wearing damp skin and another wonderfully skimpy hotel towel across his hips.

He held up one hand, unfortunately not the one holding the towel in place, to stop her or Seth from speaking.

"I heard everything. Yes, everything," Jordan reiterated when her and Seth's eyes grew wide. "And now it's my turn to speak."

Caroline felt her world narrow, able to see Jordan and literally feel Seth in a connection she'd felt with only one other man. Jordan, when he was inside her. Now she felt as one with Seth, not moving, barely breathing, watching Jordan come farther into the room until he stood in front of the window overlooking the city.

She and Seth were reflected in the window amid the bright lights from below and she was hard-pressed to say which of their expressions held more apprehension. They'd both just made a hell of a confession.

But Jordan controlled the moment and his green eyes burned with determination.

“Caroline, you’re right,” Jordan said to her first. “This is a risk. But I know running away again isn’t the answer. I need to go through with this for me and I’m going to do it whether you decide to stick around or not. The latter part is entirely your choice.”

“Please.”

The barely audible plea came from Seth and it was directed at her. It took a second but then she understood. Jordan would go through with it without her but he wouldn’t be into it. The sex would be good but it was the difference between having sex with Jordan on her entryway floor and what they’d shared the other night. Caroline could finally admit they’d made love.

Seth wanted to make love, if not with Jordan then to him. For that to happen, Seth needed Caroline to be there.

Living out every woman’s panty-soaking fantasy.

She took another look at the two incredibly hot bodies barely covered by thin terrycloth. Jordan was longer, leaner, yet no less muscular than Seth. Where Jordan was lighter, even blonde in some parts, Seth was as dark as night everywhere. Well, she imagined it was everywhere. She wanted to find out if it was everywhere.

“Oh yeah. I am so fucking staying.”

It wasn’t until both men laughed that she realized she’d said that out loud.

“Now that we have that settled,” Jordan said to her. “Did you mean what you said about being in love with me?”

Oops. Of course he wasn’t going to let that go. She looked over her shoulder at Seth, who’d also professed his love for Jordan, only to find him looking at her with encouragement.

Seth Foster was one hell of a friend.

She turned back toward Jordan again, but with her heart blocking her throat, all she could manage was a nod. It was enough.

Jordan was in front of her in three strides, lifting her chin with his finger. “You picked the damndest time to let me know.”

He was going to kiss her. Caroline knew it, she was wide awake and she wanted it with every fiber of her being.

Jordan must have seen that complete acceptance in her eyes. “I love you too,” he murmured, right before he lowered his mouth to hers.

She’d been right to deny him before. This kiss was everything she no longer had to be afraid of and as intimate as anything they’d done since he showed up on her doorstep. This was Jordan—the excitement, the rightness, the familiarity of the man she loved. She could have kissed him all night as he showed her how much he loved her and how much he appreciated what she was willing to do. Or, in this case, what she’d been willing to let him forego.

She didn’t know how many times Seth cleared his throat before they became aware of him.

“Uh, do you want me to come back in an hour?” he asked.

Jordan slowly pulled farther away from Caroline’s mouth but his focus didn’t waver. “So will you still respect me in the morning?” he asked her.

“I guess that all depends on your performance tonight,” she shot back.

Jordan looked down at his tented towel then over at Seth with a grin. “Stay. I do believe I’m ready.”

Seth looked too then licked his lips and trembled. Caroline thought it was from lust until he spoke.

“What I said before... Jesus...”

“It’s okay,” Jordan assured him. With one glance at Caroline he drew a deep breath and moved to back Seth against the mirrored closet door. “Don’t you get it? Knowing how you feel and what I do feel for you is why I *can* do this.”

Then he was kissing Seth, grinding their towel-clad groins together and Caroline nearly passed out from lust.

She was beginning to wonder if she should be the one to leave for an hour when Jordan released Seth and turned back to her.

Two very large, very hard cocks made their terrycloth covers quiver with anticipation, forcing the men to hold the knots in place at their hip. Two large, muscular chests rose and fell in rapid succession. Oh Lord, Jordan was so hard every indrawn breath made the curve of his balls peek below the hemline.

Neither man said a word as two sets of smoldering eyes watched her with expectation, making her remember that she was seriously overdressed for the occasion.

Ankle socks would be seriously overdressed for this occasion.

First things first. “So,” Caroline cleared her throat, “same ground rules?”

“Yeah,” Jordan agreed. “You okay with that?”

Caroline nodded, secure in the knowledge that he was doing this to repair his own damage.

“Somebody might want to spell those ground rules out for me,” Seth pointed out. “Beyond being warned not to touch you,” he added.

Well, crap. Seth was looking at her.

“Blabbermouth,” she said to Jordan. “Fine. There was one other rule he probably didn’t mention.” Caroline looked directly at Seth but not before she saw Jordan make an aborted step backward. She had no doubt he was telling the truth about wanting all of this to happen but he was still nervous. Hence his tight grip on the towel. Seth’s grip could be for the same reason or for her modesty.

Either reason was endearing. And incredibly hot. And she couldn’t wait to see Jordan’s reaction when she let Seth in on the rest of it.

“You can’t touch me,” she confirmed Jordan’s edict, “but when it comes to Jordan, you’re in charge.”

Chapter Eleven

Sweet Jesus. From the look on her face and Jordan's silence, Seth knew Caroline was talking about more than general guidance.

"You're kidding," he laughed in disbelief. "Like if I tell him to drop the towel and bend over, he has to do it?"

Jordan stiffened, the fist holding on to that towel tightening and Seth could have kicked himself. Damn, it wasn't like him to speak without thinking. He would have tried to put Jordan at ease but Caroline was already there, pressing a comforting palm to Jordan's chest.

"Yes." Caroline turned her attention back to Seth with a look of censure that should have made him laugh.

Only she'd said yes. *Holy shit!*

"That would qualify, *if that was Jordan's pleasure,*" she continued. "The people we lined up fifteen years ago knew we were looking for someone experienced. The idea was for Jordan and me to watch each other *be* pleased, not do the pleasuring. It was strictly hands-off between Jordan and the other woman and minimal involvement between Jordan and me. Under those guidelines, positioning, toys and Jordan's interactions with me were all her call."

"Yeah, see, this is what I meant by needing to fill me in. So basically I can't touch you and chances are slim to none that Jordan's going to do something like blow me."

"Slim was never in town," Jordan said, his voice a low growl. "We talked about that last night."

Caroline's brows shot to her hairline and Seth swore he heard a faint snicker from Jordan. Sure enough, the gleam in his eyes told Seth that Jordan was indeed messing with him.

Jordan had his reasons for not telling Caroline about their trial run but Seth had the biggest reason of all. If she found out about last night, there was a chance she would say Jordan had already gone through with having sex with another man. It was a chance Seth wasn't willing to take.

But was Jordan suddenly looking for an out?

Like hell! Jordan wouldn't be messing with him if he really wanted this called off. Seth looked at the hard, muscular body that stood within his reach. Then he *did* reach, encouraged by the sound of Jordan's indrawn breath at being pulled back against Seth's chest, the slightly taller man's ass nestled nice and tight against Seth's erection.

"I have no problem with the ground rules," Seth said as he maneuvered them sideways so Caroline could see every angle in the mirror. Just to ensure her attention

was completely diverted from wondering what happened last night, he ran his index finger down Jordan's side, making that firm ass dance against him. When his finger touched the towel, he hooked it under the edging and gave a slight tug.

Jordan's immediate reaction was to clutch the ends of the towel so tightly it threatened to cut off circulation to Seth's fingertip.

It was amazing just how much that show of nerves turned Seth on.

"Let me know if and when we enter the anything goes phase," he said in Jordan's ear, giving the other man's towel a firmer tug. It still didn't budge. "Because I sure as hell would love a taste of Caroline. Drop the towel, Jordan. Now."

There were three sharply indrawn breaths, two male, one female as the two towels whumped on the carpet. Jordan started to pull forward at the feel of Seth's naked body along his backside but leaned back against Seth again within a few seconds.

"That's it," Seth soothed him. He could see Jordan's cock in the mirror, still hard and quivering, an enticing pearl forming at the tip. God! He actually had to tear his gaze away so he could finish speaking. "I'll respect your ground rules but know that I care deeply for both of you. This doesn't have to be about fulfilling an old obligation. It could be the hottest night of our lives because we do care."

"The rules stand," Jordan rasped. "For now."

Seth watched Caroline in the mirror, matching her smile at the added concession. Oh yeah, she was onboard whenever Jordan said the word.

"You have too many clothes on," Seth informed her, eager to slide into his role—among other things. "You're going to strip, very slowly." Seth moved in front of Jordan and slid to his knees then pressed a kiss to the slick tip of that mouthwatering cock. "For each item you remove, Jordan gets an inch swallowed. Be creative."

Here we go... Jordan forced himself to look at Caroline, not sure what her reaction to the actual act would be. Yeah, she'd seen Seth kiss him but not on the—

"Jesus!" Jordan's eyes nearly crossed. Seth wasn't just pressing his lips, he was Frenching the slit then spreading slick pre-cum all around with the smooth insides of his lips.

From the look on Caroline's face, she had absolutely no problem with what she was seeing.

Jordan would have smiled at her but the entire head of his cock was swept inside that magical mouth, tongue still working away.

Caroline's empty shoe hit the ground.

Another shoe, another inch. Seth was apparently watching Caroline in the mirror and, true to his word, he consumed an inch for every item.

By the time she was down to her bra and panties, Jordan's back was pressed against the cold, unforgiving mirror, his hands fisted in his tormentor's hair. He could feel

Seth's palm and fingers like steel bands against his thighs, preventing a forward surge that could end the agonizingly slow game.

God. Shoe, shoe, sock, sock, belt, slacks, shirt. Two more items to go. His cock was already lodged firmly against the back of Seth's throat, being caressed with silky heat, yet the other man was somehow still breathing.

Shit. The bra and panties weren't budging. Apparently Caroline's idea of creativity was along the same line as Seth's – to make Jordan suffer.

Did they want him to beg? "Take them off," Jordan groaned.

"Well, that's not very creative, is it? Besides, I don't want him to choke."

"There's only one way... to... find out," Jordan gasped. "*Son of a bitch!*"

Seth made him pay for that lie of omission by rubbing Jordan's balls with the tips of his thumbs. They both knew damn well Seth could take every inch.

Jordan swore again then closed his eyes and groaned when he was still denied that last thrust down that hot, wet throat. This was payback for his bringing up last night too, a reminder to never mentally fuck with a lawyer. Bastards won every time.

Another half-inch glided in before cruelly halting.

Jordan managed to open his eyes at Caroline's exclamation of awe. Her bra was undone but the cups still covered her breasts.

"Wow," she said again, bra forgotten, completely focused on what Seth was doing so effortlessly. "Can you take it all and let him shoot down your throat too? I'd love to see that. I'd love to learn how."

Seth let his agreement be known with a groan of pleasure that made a trickle of sweat run down Jordan's temple. The sweet vibration was followed by a convulsive swallow, a tightening of the hot, velvet vise that torpedoed Jordan right over the edge.

"Ah fuck! Gonna come!" Jordan shouted.

It would have been hard to miss his desperation and Caroline was no fool. Her bra and underwear hit the deck in five seconds flat and he was allowed that devastating forward surge, pulsing down Seth's throat two seconds later.

Seth did indeed prove he could take every inch and swallow every drop. Again.

"I want to kiss her," Jordan gasped in the aftermath. It wasn't until the words were out of his mouth that he realized it wasn't the kindest request. Especially not while the guy who'd done all the work was still licking him clean.

The look on Caroline's face halted any effort to take it back. She was in awe, aroused and glowing with love. For Jordan.

Seth did hesitate but he stood up and took a step back. "By all means. But I get to kiss you too," he said to Jordan.

Oh God. After he'd just... Wait, Jordan had kissed Caroline a hundred times after she'd given him head. Why was that any different from kissing Seth after the same thing? He didn't have an answer for himself. It just was.

Caroline didn't give him time to dwell on it further. His back was once more pressed hard against the cool mirrored door, a direct contrast to her blazing skin.

Ah God, she felt incredible. All soft skin, gently scented hair and the arousing taste that was uniquely Caroline. What completely blew him away though, even more than the expertise of Seth's blowjob, was the comfort and peace that came with holding her in his arms.

He couldn't get enough of her mouth, her tongue gently caressing before retreating then accepting as he followed. Yet through it all, Jordan never lost his awareness of Seth watching them from a foot away, waiting for his turn.

Seth, being driven insane by what he was seeing and what he could—and couldn't—touch.

Jordan was hard again and Caroline wasted no time in straddling his cock. He knew Seth could see him peeking out below Caroline's cheeks, could imagine the glistening coat she left as she began to glide along the hard length between her legs.

Then Jordan couldn't think of anything but sliding deep inside Caroline's hot pussy. He tried but couldn't stop the tremble he knew Seth would be looking for.

It was Caroline who moaned at the loss when the demand to stop came but she did step back.

"Man, that is fucking beautiful," Seth murmured, looking from Jordan's shiny cock to the wetness coating Caroline's thighs. "Anything goes as long as it's for Jordan's pleasure, right? I'm ready to put that to the test."

The need blazing in Seth's eyes stroked Jordan like a tongue. "Easy there. Remember who signs your Christmas bonus," Jordan warned.

Seth laughed. "I expect it to double. Get on the bed, on your stomach."

Jordan's gut lurched at the command even as his cock jumped with anticipation. "You forgetting your kiss?"

"Oral fine print, my friend. I didn't say where."

If she lived to be one hundred years old, Caroline would never forget the look of sheer pleasure on Jordan's face as he came in another man's mouth. Or Seth's bliss as he swallowed every drop.

She was definitely going to have to learn how to give head like that. It would be so much more fun than the piano lessons she'd always promised herself.

Now she got to watch Jordan slowly make his way to the king-sized bed, hesitation in every step along with an erection so hard it literally bounced. The mix was a powerful aphrodisiac to her and to her new partner, who practically vibrated with arousal as he too watched the show. They both knew the hesitation wasn't from doing something Jordan didn't want to do but wanting something he wasn't *supposed* to want to do. And wanting it bad.

"Shall we?" The words grated from Seth's throat as he gestured for her to precede him across the room. She moved to the edge of the big bed that held the man she loved. His skin was damp, muscles bulging and trembling, yet he waited obediently for the next touch or command.

He was doing as he'd promised, even though she knew he believed that first thrust was going to hurt. A lot. Seth was huge. Maybe not as big as Jordan but certainly larger than the average man.

Caroline knew better, having taken Jordan. Oh man, to have them both inside her at once would be so amazing. Not only were they two incredibly sexy men with cocks to match, they would both make sure she felt cherished from start to finish. She could only hope Jordan would quit being so territorial before their three-way tryst ended.

If not, well, the erotic display in front of her wasn't so bad either. Seth was beside the bed now, staring down at Jordan as if he'd just won the biggest jackpot in lottery history. He finally reached down and trailed a finger right down the center of Jordan's back, stopping at the indentation at the bottom of his spine.

Jordan's trembling increased but by the involuntary thrust of his hips against the sheets, she knew it wasn't due to nerves. "Take...take it easy," Jordan said. "I'm a little sore and the prep you told me to do in the shower didn't help."

Well, wasn't *that* interesting? Once again Caroline wondered what these two had been up to without her, though it was more likely Jordan was still sore from his night with her and their vibrating friend.

"Then relax," Seth murmured. "The last thing I want is to cause you any pain. We have plenty of time to get you ready to take me. The key word of the night is pleasure. Your pleasure, remember?"

"Yeah," Jordan let out a breath. "Okay," he reiterated. "I really needed to hear that."

"You could make this easier on yourself and let Caroline—"

"That won't be necessary," Jordan interrupted.

Seth looked up at her and shrugged. He'd tried and she appreciated it but she couldn't say so. Jordan had turned his head and was watching her just as she'd watched him that night so long ago.

Out the corner of her eye she could see Seth's finger trailing down the split of Jordan's cheeks.

"I'm going to take that kiss now," Seth said. He guided Jordan's legs apart and climbed onto the bed, inside the vee. "You ready?"

"Oh yeah."

"You think so, huh?" Seth put a hand on each cheek and bent low to deliver the kiss to the patch of skin under the balls, right where Jordan was extra sensitive.

Jordan groaned, his breaths becoming harsh right before he began to slowly writhe on the bed. Caroline couldn't see the kind of kiss Seth was giving but there was no

doubt it involved lots of tongue. Then she could only watch in shock as Seth pulled apart the globes of Jordan's ass and ran his tongue right up the split.

"Whoa!" Jordan arched up on his hands only to collapse back on the bed when Seth trailed his tongue back down the same path, a lot more slowly this time. "Ahh, Christ!"

Caroline couldn't believe her eyes. Part of her wanted to move to see exactly what Seth was doing, but she was glued to her spot near Jordan's head, watching his face as pleasure blew away any initial shock. His eyes were open but glazed, his fists clenching the sheets, his hips jerking with every groan that tore from his throat.

Caroline had never seen anything so erotically beautiful in her life.

Seth knew that unless he stopped it from happening, Jordan was going to come in about five seconds. *Four, three...* That would be incredibly hot but, damn, Seth wanted to be inside him this time. *Two, one...*

Pulling himself up on his knees, he reached for the base of the other man's cock. Jordan reared up with a groan and Seth quickly hauled him up on his knees so Jordan's back was to his chest, keeping his own knees inside Jordan's for more access and control. Then he reached down with his right hand and used his fingers to press firmly just under Jordan's balls. The brush of those velvety orbs nestling in his palm, so high and tight with arousal, nearly made Seth's eyes cross with the need to taste them again. Soon. He pressed harder with his fingers, knowing they were both too far gone for that taste now.

Jordan clamped both hands around Seth's fingers in a brief struggle for control but Seth held on to the base of the other man's cock, clamping tight and pressing down for backup. With no hands left to prevent his own orgasm, he could only pray he wouldn't come as the heat and remaining moisture between Jordan's legs rode Seth's cock.

Within seconds Jordan went wild, cursing a blue streak as his body jerked and shook against Seth in dry orgasm. If the feel of that wasn't hot enough, one glance at Caroline would have done the trick. God, Seth could see everything he felt reflected in her gaze—the heat, the lust, the power of the moment as he drove Jordan up and over the edge of control.

Ironically, the link with her helped keep him from going over the edge too. Seth wanted Caroline there, he got off on her being there, and damn straight he intended to change Jordan's mind about her participation.

They had a long way to go before this night was over.

Chapter Twelve

"Fuck!" Jordan heard the word roar from his throat, felt the heat of Seth's palm cupping his balls and he knew it was over. He was coming but, oh God, he wasn't... He *couldn't*... "Fuck!"

The cycle went on for what felt like hours, Jordan straining and cursing, Seth clamping his hand in just the right spot to cut off any actual release. It wasn't until Jordan gave a yell at about two octaves too high that he was allowed to collapse on the bed.

Only to land on his still raging hard-on.

"Son of a bitch!" Jordan rolled over and glared at Seth, though it didn't look like his tormentor had found any relief either. Seth looked just as shattered as Jordan felt.

Jordan wasn't angry, he was seriously on edge. Holy shit that had been intense. It still felt like electrical currents ran up his spine, up his shaft, hell, up each and every strand of hair on his body.

His brain was buzzing too, thoughts forming and scattering too fast to grab hold of all but one. He was completely vulnerable. This was Caroline's big opportunity to leave him in the same dust he'd choked her with fifteen years ago.

No. As quickly as the thought solidified, it was discarded. Caroline wouldn't do that to him. He turned to look at her and she was not only still there, her look made it clear she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Seth, that was incredible," she said, without taking her eyes off Jordan. "Can I steal another kiss to thank him?"

"You read my mind," Seth agreed. "I'd like another one too. Mouths only for you two and I have to trust you to be good. I'll be right back. I left the damn lube and condoms in my bathroom when you showed up early."

Oh man! Jordan couldn't help the shudder that ran through him. God knew where the man intended to stick his tongue this time.

It would have been fun to ponder but Caroline came to the edge of the bed, still holding his gaze. He lost track of Seth but it didn't matter. Everything Jordan needed stood inches away, leaning over him to offer comfort.

"I love you," Caroline whispered before bringing her lips to his in a kiss so soft and so gentle it could have been their first. It was everything she'd needed from him the morning after her threesome. Every bit of support he'd failed to deliver. He nearly cried realizing what a lucky son of a bitch he was to be forgiven.

She pulled back and stepped away again when Seth returned to the room. No reminders to Jordan that he didn't have to go through with it for her sake, no trying to

insinuate herself and break the rules to make it easier on him. She had said it was his call and she meant it.

This was his Caroline. The woman who had stolen his heart with her eager innocence, only to show him what true inner strength really meant. Life with her wasn't going to be an easy ride, thank God, because the trip would be exhilarating.

Starting now. With Seth, who was watching them.

"Unless you used the entire bottle of mouthwash in that bathroom, you'd better not even think about putting those lips on mine," Jordan warned him.

Seth laughed, tossing the empty travel bottle on the bed along with the lube and a strip of condoms. "Yeah, I figured as much. Stay right where you are," he added when Jordan made a move to roll over.

Jordan stayed on his back, a bit confused. That was how guys did it, wasn't it? Doggy-style?

But Seth was the only one on his hands and knees, crawling on the bed toward him. Damn, he never thought he'd look at another man sexually, but he had to acknowledge that Seth was well put together. While Jordan had no trouble admitting that, it was the way Seth looked at him, like a single-minded predator, that he found so arousing. And a little concerned for his own welfare.

"Relax." Seth climbed right on top of him until their bodies were aligned but not touching. "I just want my kiss."

His lips touched Jordan's at the same moment that hard, hot body settled completely over him, tongues, arms, legs and cocks entwined.

Jordan groaned against Seth's mouth, loving the heat, the contrast of hair-roughened skin and smooth hard muscle that was so different from the soft, satin feel of a woman. Seth's mouth even tasted masculine, slightly minty, slightly spicy and very intent. The latter was the Seth that Jordan knew, the man he was comfortable with in every situation. Even this one.

Only... Yes, there it was again. Seth was pulling back even as their bodies sought to get closer. It was more mental than physical but it was definitely there.

"Seth." Jordan pulled away from the kiss and tried to look into his friend's eyes.

But Seth averted his gaze and squeezed his eyes shut. "Don't. I'm trying here."

"Trying what? I don't want this to be impersonal. Damn it, what the fuck are you doing?" Jordan reached up and grasped Seth's face in his hands. "Look at me. Be here. *With me.*"

"Not what this is about," Seth panted, keeping his eyes shut. "Please stop talking."

Jordan was taken aback until he realized what Seth meant. More importantly, how Seth had come to that conclusion. By not letting Caroline be a part of this moment, Jordan had made it clear this was about fulfilling an obligation to her. Seth's role was relegated to facilitator, nothing more.

Except Jordan wanted more. Much more. From Seth, from Caroline and from himself.

“Shit. I’m such an idiot. Seth, stop. *Stop!*”

That got the other man’s attention and probably Caroline’s too. But Jordan knew where his focus had to be at the moment. Seth’s eyes had flown open at Jordan’s outburst and the pain and disappointment in their depths said it all. Seth actually thought this was it, that Jordan was calling the whole thing off. It would have been laughable if it were even remotely funny to be the cause of that kind of pain – again.

“I’m not calling it off,” Jordan assured him, still holding his face and looking into his eyes. “Trust me. I want you and I still need you to be in charge.” He turned to look at Caroline, to include her as he should have from the beginning. “What I’m saying is that I want both of you.”

Caroline gasped, her face lighting up with pleasure. Seth groaned and jerked hard, spurting on Jordan’s stomach and chest.

Seth slowly pulled away from Jordan and looked down at the mess he’d just made then back up at Jordan’s astonished features. “My bad.”

That drew a bark of laughter from Jordan, along with a warning. “One pearl necklace joke and you’re a dead man.”

Seth laughed as he climbed off the bed and went to the bathroom for a washcloth, but he could feel the flush creeping up his neck and it had nothing to do with his recent orgasm. He was supposed to be the experienced one. Hell, he was supposed to be the one in charge.

It had taken a herculean effort not to come with Jordan, though in hindsight, that certainly would have been better than coming *on* Jordan. Damn. But the hot rush had been so fast, so furious, there’d been no time to fight it. One minute he was in charge, somehow managing to keep his emotions at bay so he could play the third wheel. The next he was out of control, completely blown away to be welcomed so fully, so unconditionally into Jordan and Caroline’s love for each other.

And whoops, there it was.

Yeah, it would have been nice if Jordan or Caroline had been touching him at the time but it wasn’t going to matter much in the long run. His erection hadn’t waned a bit, rising above the low counter to point straight at the faucet as he wrung out the washcloth with warm water. He also felt more in control, which wasn’t a bad thing.

Too bad Caroline hadn’t offered to clean it up with her tongue. He’d found that women tended to be a bit more skittish in that department, which made for a great challenge. Making them hot enough to lose those inhibitions was unbelievably rewarding.

The night was still young on that count. He went back in the room to hand the washcloth to Jordan, who had sat up on the edge of the bed.

Jordan took the washcloth and slapped it to his bare chest then grabbed Seth's hand and hauled him down for a kiss. It was an aggressive move that thrilled Seth to his toes.

Caroline was suddenly behind him, her fingers tracing the muscles along his shoulders and back. Her touch felt amazing, so light yet he could feel her rapture right through her fingertips. "Jordan came on my entryway floor while he was eating my pussy. It's nice to know you're as hot for us as we are for each other. And for you. I'm so wet right now it's dripping down my thigh."

Oh man. Seth's eyebrows shot to his hairline and he pulled back from Jordan. "You came on her entryway floor? Damn, she must taste amazing."

"Buddy, you don't know the half of it," Jordan said with complete reverence.

With a slight turn of his head Seth was inches from the sweet pussy in question and he knew he had to have a taste for himself. Black curls framed her glistening slit, swollen with desire. He groaned at the thought of plunging his tongue into those soft folds, of coaxing that sensitive little nub out of hiding to bring her to a screaming orgasm.

"May I?" Seth asked them both at the same time, not taking his eyes off that dark triangle.

"Please." The soft entreaty came from Caroline, and Seth finally pulled his gaze up to see her looking at Jordan.

"You know I can't deny you anything when you beg, my love," Jordan said.

Before anyone could change their mind, Seth was on his knees, his tongue shot deep inside what was indeed one helluva sweet pussy.

Caroline's first orgasm hit fast and hard, which apparently wasn't enough for Seth. He wouldn't relent, even when her knees buckled. If anything, he burrowed deeper, sucked harder. His technique was nothing short of amazing. God, he was good at this!

When she threatened to hit the ground, she felt Jordan behind her, his arms holding her up against his strong, hard, very naked body. His hands stole around to cup her breasts, and it made what Seth was doing to her feel ten times better. Just having Jordan in the room made her want to explode.

She understood the difference between the two men, just as she understood that she didn't have to choose or compare. She got to have her cock and be eaten too. Two servings apparently.

On the plate was the extremely talented tongue now dancing the cha-cha on her clit. She heard herself cry out as another orgasm ripped through her, heard both men groan in answer but, dear God, they didn't stop.

"Is he good, Caroline?" Jordan had both her nipples pinched between his fingers, working them hard while his hot breath and hotter words whispered in her ear. "Is he as good at licking your pussy as he is at giving me head?"

"Yes." Caroline moaned again as Seth eased off her clit to lap up the juices he'd drawn with her last orgasm. She couldn't deny it, not when Seth finished those long, bold strokes with the flat of his tongue then buried it deep, twisting and flicking to catch every last drop. Not when she knew neither man would be satisfied until she provided them with more.

"I'm jealous," Jordan said, right before he caught her earlobe between his teeth and gave a gentle bite. Not enough to hurt but definitely enough to let her know he was there. As if she could forget all that heat, strength and palpable lust at her back.

"No need," she managed to gasp out. Speaking wasn't easy because Seth had spread her pussy lips to take giant laps, each one ending with a quick flick to her clit. She cried out after the third run, trying to twist against his and Jordan's hold to get that tongue to focus on her clit again. Neither man allowed her enough movement.

"You don't understand," Jordan rasped. "It's *you* I'm jealous of. I know what he can do with that tongue of his and I want to feel it too. I want to shove my cock between your thighs and let him lick me too but I can't. There's no way I'd be able to stop myself from sinking into that hot pussy of yours."

Caroline's breath caught in her throat as the image slammed into her brain. To feel Jordan behind her as he was now, his heat and strength enveloping her as she watched Seth tease them both with that talented tongue...

"Do it," she begged.

It was as far as she got before Seth sucked her clit into his mouth and flicked the tip of his tongue with the speed and grace of a hummingbird. All thought was completely obliterated and all she could do was feel.

Great waves of pleasure washed over her, crashing her first against the tormenting tongue in front of her then back against the solid wall of heat holding her up from behind. She turned her head and pressed her mouth to Jordan's neck just in time to muffle her scream when the final wave hit, grateful when he released her nipples to hold on tight as she lost all ability to stand on her own.

Seth let go too, albeit with more reluctance. Both men were breathing hard and Caroline could feel Jordan's pulse against her lips, pounding every bit as fast and hard as her own.

They helped her to the edge of the bed where Seth promptly spread her legs, intending to reap the reward of his labor. God! One touch to her clit and there was a good chance she'd pass out, only she didn't have the strength to issue a warning, let alone close her legs. It was all she could do to keep her eyes open, but she was determined not to miss any interaction between the two men.

Jordan stopped Seth with a hand to the chest and words that almost made her pass out anyway. "Let me. I'd like to have her taste on my lips as you take me."

Seth shook his head. "I want you on your back. I want to see you while I take you."

"Okay," Jordan nodded, as though confirming something he already knew. "She can do a sort of straddle thing so I can reach for her when I need to."

Yeah right. Guys were such bad planners. “Not gonna happen,” she chimed in from the bed. “You should have thought of that before you turned my thigh muscles to jelly.”

“Damn.” Jordan took an audible breath and let it go, as though trying to release his need for that crutch too. “I guess I’ll taste her on your lips, then,” he said to Seth.

“And I’ll taste her on yours. Go ahead, it will help distract you while I make sure you’re ready.”

Caroline’s breath caught in her throat. Jordan’s eyes had drifted south and widened. Oh man. She somehow managed to control her shaking limbs and raise herself up on her elbows to follow his line of sight. Right to Seth’s extremely aroused—and extremely large—erection.

She had to admit, she’d be nervous too. Yes, Jordan’s erection was there too, slightly bigger in all its glory and she had taken him with only a moment or two of discomfort. But she had been on her belly, pillows thrust under her hips and she hadn’t seen what was coming at her in that moment. Knowing his length and girth, feeling it prodding at her virginal back entrance had been intimidating enough.

She also hadn’t known his intention when they’d begun to make love. The request to take her there had come with the prodding, when she was already far too aroused to deny permission.

She must have made some sound now because both men turned to look at her with pure need—Seth for Jordan and Jordan for her. It was Jordan she’d promised to be there for and he needed her.

She spread her legs farther. “Come here,” she invited Jordan.

“Damn,” Seth breathed. “You’ve got two seconds to act on that before I do.”

Jordan’s snarled curse was ruder than it needed to be. He ignored Seth’s snicker and hit the carpet, surprising Caroline by slowly draping her thighs over his shoulders.

Then nothing mattered but Jordan. He nipped at her inner thighs, nuzzled her drenched portal, taking soft stabs with his tongue without going too deep. Oh God, he knew exactly how and where to torment her without letting her come.

His movements slowed then intensified and Caroline forced her eyes to focus. She had somehow remained on her elbows and she had a perfect view of Seth’s approach, of his large hands guiding Jordan’s hips up until his ass was in the air.

Seth looked at her then, letting everything he was feeling show in his gaze. He wanted Jordan. He wanted her. And he was determined to make sure every second counted.

Chapter Thirteen

Oh Christ, it was happening now!

Large hands guided Jordan's hips up so his ass was in the air. Huge palms covered each cheek and strong thumbs met at his crease, firmly prying the globes apart. Jordan automatically tried to resist, even knowing there was a two hundred percent chance he was going to love whatever was about to happen. Even knowing he wasn't in the position for it to be time for *that*. He couldn't help it. As much as he wanted Seth, being with a man just didn't feel natural to him. Yet.

Seth's sound of arousal nearly made Jordan's heart stop. Either Seth understood that hesitance and found it exciting, or he really liked what he was seeing. Either way was damn appealing and so was the proximity of Caroline's pussy. He kept his eyes closed and inhaled the intoxicating scent of her arousal, letting his muscles give in and relax to spread farther for the other man's gaze.

And one very slick, gel-covered finger. Then two. Then—*God!*—the pressure and burn that came with three. Jordan's chest heaved with every forced breath, his groans making Caroline moan her pleasure as they buffeted her clit. He felt beyond full, stretched, invaded. It wasn't completely comfortable and Jordan wasn't sorry when those fingers pulled out to have only one return, spreading even more cool gel in and around his opening.

One more extremely slow, deep glide in and out and that too was removed.

"I can't wait anymore," Seth said, his next command coming fast and harsh. "Caroline, sit up near the headboard. Jordan, get on your back with your head in her lap."

Jordan was ready. He was more than ready despite the discomfort, he was aching for it. Penetrate or be penetrated, it didn't matter. It was time.

Limbs already shaking with arousal, he gave Caroline one last lick and sucked hard on her clit. The sound that came out of her made him want to do it again and linger but the second she was released she scrambled quickly into position.

Jordan was slower to comply, which was every bit as much about giving Seth a show as it was about nerves. Maybe that was a mistake, given the wild gleam in the other man's eyes when he lowered himself over Jordan but Jordan didn't care. Seth had figured out a position that would utilize all three of them and satisfy Jordan's need to fix a fifteen-year transgression. Leave it to his best buddy to think of everything.

"Jesus. Raise your knees," Seth said.

He did as instructed, eyes widening as he was maneuvered so the backs of his knees rested over Seth's arms, leaving himself open wide and completely vulnerable. It

was what Jordan had done to Caroline on numerous occasions when he felt the need to fill her so deeply she'd feel him for days.

Caroline knew it too. He heard her gasp, swore he could feel the heat radiating from her pussy ratchet up a few degrees. Oh man, that and his great view of the perfect globes of her breasts, topped by nipples so hard his mouth watered with the urge to suck on them, was exactly the distraction he needed.

Until Seth spoke. "Take a deep breath and hold it."

Jordan tried *but oh fuck!* The thick, blunt head of Seth's cock was there, sliding between his spread cheeks, demanding entrance. The pressure increased, bordering on pain. Taking three fingers had been a joke.

"Shit!" Jordan couldn't help releasing his breath as he tensed and the pressure instantly morphed to pure pain. "Seth, I don't— Whoa!"

"Another deep breath in," Seth insisted. His voice was steady and sure but his intensity made it obvious he fought for that control. "This time don't release it until I tell you to."

He said something to Caroline that Jordan couldn't make out and then she was running her fingers across Jordan's chest to rub and pinch his nipples.

Seth braced himself on one arm and grasped Jordan's cock with his other hand. There was so much lube everywhere that the sound of it was an added aphrodisiac as his cock was squeezed and stroked with just the right pressure everywhere. Except where the fucking tree trunk was trying to enter his body.

"Hold that breath," Seth warned.

It wasn't going to happen. It just wasn't physically possible. But Jordan arched his back, sucking more air into already full lungs. No way could he hold it a second longer, especially when Seth's fist squeezed hard just under his cock head, his thumb suddenly pressing right over the weeping hole.

"Now!" Seth demanded. "Push out and breathe!"

"Son of a bitch!" Jordan roared. It was more than a pinch. It was lasting longer than a few seconds. And still only the head was in. "Fuckin' A, that hurts!"

"It'll ease if you stop fighting it." Seth released Jordan's cock on a deep groan. "God, you are so fucking tight."

Jordan tried to focus on Seth, watched the other man's eyes squeeze shut and a trickle of sweat run down his temple. Seth was holding himself up with both hands now, his entire body trembling with the effort not to thrust.

Jordan knew what was going to happen despite that effort to go slowly. He recognized it as what he felt every time he got inside Caroline. Seth was about to lose control and his next command proved the man knew it too.

"Caroline," Seth lifted his head to look at her sitting above Jordan, his words pushed through panting breaths. "Help him. Now. God, please..."

Jordan groaned in protest as her warmth left and his head lowered to the bed. He'd needed her there, needed to have her touching him inside and out.

Help him. Seth's words registered right before Caroline's delicious mouth slanted over Jordan's lips, her hand wrapped around his cock, stroking and squeezing nearly as hard as Seth had done. Jordan sucked in her tongue, her taste, her scent, even as he arched against her hand and tried to open for the thick rod invading him.

The pain was easing but, damn, he was pretty sure Seth wasn't all the way in yet. He couldn't do it. After all this, Jordan wasn't going to be able to take him.

He was about to tell them to stop when Caroline settled at his side, still squeezing and stroking his cock with her left hand while she twined the fingers of her right hand with his.

"I remember the first time I let you fuck me there," she said, her breath warm in his ear. "Right about this time, I was wondering if I could take it. You were behind me so I couldn't see your face but as I was going to say stop, I heard you groan. Then you were telling me how incredible it felt, so tight you were going out of your mind trying to stay in control. Knowing that was a huge turn-on."

God, Jordan remembered too. It was the one time he couldn't have stopped if she'd asked it of him. She hadn't asked.

"Jordan, open your eyes and look at Seth," she demanded now.

Jordan opened his eyes and slowly let Seth come into focus. What he saw on the other man's face took his breath—and the focus on pain—away.

He felt Seth's cock begin to slide in farther, nice and easy.

Seth muttered something unintelligible and closed his eyes, but it didn't detract from the pure ecstasy marking his features. Right before he pushed. Hard.

Caroline's mouth was instantly on Jordan's again, swallowing the gasp that was pushed from his chest.

Nothing muffled Seth's deep groan as he finally sank balls-deep. "Oh my God. *Jordan.*"

The retreat was almost instant and Jordan couldn't help cringing, knowing another thrust was coming. But that thrust was just the pinch described and then...then without the pain, it wasn't a thrust at all but a long, slick glide over his prostate.

He must have made some sound of pleasure against her lips because Caroline pulled back, her eyes heavy with arousal. She stayed with him, her left hand still stroking his length as Seth began a building rhythm of firm, deep strokes. With Caroline there, with her obvious acceptance, Jordan dared to once again look past her at his male lover.

Seth was watching him. Instead of repulsing Jordan, it shot sparks through his balls, drawing them up tight against his body. It made him want to give what he knew Seth desired but thought he couldn't have. A piece of what Jordan and Caroline already shared.

Reaching out, he managed to grasp the other man's shoulders to pull him closer. Seth's surprised resistance lasted all of two seconds before he whispered Jordan's name again then all went completely still.

"Thank you," Jordan whispered back. Then he angled his head and took Seth's mouth.

The room exploded with sounds and sensations. Faster. Harder. Deeper. Seth's groans now blending with his own. Caroline's insistent, steady rhythm on Jordan's cock. Her occasional gasp like what she was seeing was so intense she had to remember to breathe.

Seth tore his mouth from Jordan's, crying out now with the culmination of each thrust so fierce it pounded the bed against the wall. Jordan's ass was on fire, flames of pleasure that spread to every outer limb of his body, causing him to clench on Seth and literally crave that next deep thrust that would stoke the flame even higher.

It was Seth's curse, his rumbling groan of denial as he fought for control that hurled Jordan beyond the point of no return. He didn't want it to end either but one more thrust and he was a goner. Seth knew it too, or he was afraid he was just as close because he didn't retreat with the next thrust.

Only Caroline didn't stop. The triumphant sound she made said it all. She was flying on the knowledge that both men were teetering on the edge and she held the power to make it happen. Literally.

"God, don't do that!" Seth gasped.

But Jordan clenched again as Caroline stroked faster. He felt Seth's thick cock swell even more, throbbing as it ground so deep in his ass Jordan swore it was rubbing his spine.

It was too much. Jordan let go, spurting warmth on Seth's stomach, adding slickness that allowed Caroline to keep up the friction as Seth cried out and sandwiched her hand between the two men. As he buried his face in Jordan's neck, pulsing his own release in undeniable bond.

The quiet of the room was punctured only by heavy breathing—two men now rasping from exertion, one female still brimming with sexual tension.

Seth offered no protest as Jordan forced him to rise on still-shaky arms, though he didn't pull out. Jordan didn't care. With as few moves as possible, he had Caroline positioned to move right where he wanted her. Not an easy feat, considering he was still on his back with a half-hard cock up his ass.

"Yes," Jordan countered when she balked at swinging her leg over his head. "Now."

He had to help her do it but then there she was, straddling his face, drenched pussy mere inches from his mouth. With a groan, he drove his tongue deep while holding her steady with his hands on her hips. He'd purposely avoided her clit but it didn't matter. Within seconds she was fisting the sheets on either side of his head, shaking in orgasm.

There wasn't much time to glory in it. Jordan felt his legs being lowered and spread, felt the cock still inside him beginning to stir. The sight of Caroline squirming in orgasm on Jordan's face must have been incredible. Jordan felt his own cock jump, knowing he could make it even better for both of his lovers.

Caroline gave a deep sigh of relief. Instead of letting her go, Jordan moved his hands to the small of her back and pulled forward. She was hunched over his face, her backside spread for Seth's pleasure. Jordan kept one hand where it was and brought his other to spread her pussy lips and expose her clit while ensuring his breathing space. Then he gently nipped her clit between his teeth and rapidly flicked it with the tip of his tongue.

She screamed into the sheets, trying to rear up only to be held in place by his palm. She was dancing on him, broken apart by giant waves of orgasm. He heard Seth groan, felt him grow to full length until he once more filled his ass past the stretching point. He hadn't thrust and Jordan was about to pull away from the sweet morsel in his mouth and warn him not to when Seth suddenly pulled out. Jordan groaned at the sensation, sighed at the loss then groaned again when he heard the unmistakable sound of a new condom packet being ripped open.

This time there was only that promised pinch. This time, his mouth was full of Caroline's delicious pussy as his ass was once more parted and filled with long, hard cock. *God!* Still conscious of Seth's view, he began to suck Caroline's sweet clit, ramming two fingers deep into her sopping pussy which he knew was mere inches from Seth's face.

He wasn't disappointed by either lover's reaction.

"*Jordan!*" Caroline arched higher with another orgasm, though Jordan wasn't sure she was even aware of what Seth was doing, let alone the increased view she'd just provided.

Seth, on the other hand, cursed and groaned. His thrusts into Jordan's ass increased yet he still didn't touch Caroline. There could have been a hundred reasons why but Jordan knew Seth still felt as though he needed to be invited into the new scenario before touching her.

Unnecessary as it was at this point, he also knew that if the situation were reversed, he'd feel the exact same way about touching Seth's woman.

Pulling his fingers out of her sopping pussy, Jordan used them to paint her juices up Seth's thigh, the only place he could reach around Caroline's prone, quivering body. Then he hooked his index fingers just under the luscious globes of her ass and gently pulled them apart in offer.

Seth's cry of gratitude told him the message was received.

Caroline was nearly sobbing into the sheets as another spasm shook her body. Jordan had to know she was toast but he was refusing to let her go. Every time she

tightened her thigh muscles to move, his hand was there, making sure she stayed right where she was.

She understood why when she felt him jerk and cry out then push against her in rhythm. Seth's rhythm. The other man had entered him again.

Wait, Seth was still behind her? It was all happening so fast! An image of the view she was giving him flashed in her mind but it was pushed aside when Jordan's tongue swiped her clit and he pulled his fingers from her. She heard Seth's voice, his tone urgent, and she wanted to move so she wouldn't miss what was going on. But Jordan once again held her in place, this time by the backs of her thighs.

He slowly pulled her thighs apart and she knew there was a reason she didn't want that but Oh-My-God the man had sucked her clit into his amazingly talented mouth, matching his draws to Seth's rhythm.

That's when she felt a second hot wet tongue swirling around the entrance to her pussy. Seth. Seth was licking her, burying his lips and tongue in her as he thrust into Jordan. As Jordan held her wide open for that second marauding tongue.

Oh God, she couldn't take it!

Every thought disappeared as quickly as it came, chased off by flashes of light these two highly skilled men were generating with each swipe of their tongues. Thirty seconds ago she would have sworn she didn't have it in her to come again. She would have been wrong. So wrong.

Her thighs were trembling so hard Jordan finally had to let go of them to wrap his arms around her lower back and hold on tight. Her back arched in response, giving Seth better access. He showed his gratitude with a groan and a deep plunge of his tongue.

The breath rushed from her lungs when that tongue stayed deep and he began to flick the tip of it against the walls of her pussy. Oh sweet Lord. She could have come then and there if she hadn't completely forgotten how to breathe.

Jordan had latched on to her clit.

Dual tongues flicked and probed, sometimes in unison, sometimes at completely different times and speed. Caroline came and came until her body was strung so tight that she couldn't come any more but they didn't stop. Those tongues danced on her, in her, with no relief in sight as the backup built toward the mother of all orgasms. She cried out, even pounded at Jordan's shoulders with her fists, but if anything that made him hold on tighter and increase the pace of his tongue. They weren't going to let her go until they were good and ready.

Chapter Fourteen

Seth was in pure heaven. Not only did he have a man beneath him and a woman spread out in front of him, they were both people he cared about. Deeply.

He'd made love with Jordan Fox. Not just fucked him but really and truly made love with him. Not only that, he was being given the opportunity to be part of Jordan's love for Caroline in a way he'd never imagined. Jordan trusted him to give her pleasure.

He wanted to stay like this forever, tasting Caroline, fucking Jordan. Then again, he certainly wouldn't refuse fucking Caroline and tasting Jordan. He doubted he'd be allowed that but, hot damn, he'd cherish it if he were. Maybe he could watch them make love, or make love to Jordan while Jordan made love to Caroline. Yeah, the scenarios were endless and he wanted to do them all.

But right now was pretty damn good too. Caroline was literally sobbing, begging for release. Seth was so tuned in he knew the second Jordan changed tempo on her clit, intent on hurling her toward orgasm.

Instead of letting that happen, Seth pulled back. It was time to remind them who was supposed to be running the show and he had his own idea of how he wanted this session to end. Not that he wanted it to end. Christ, being inside Jordan felt like thrusting into a liquid glove. He'd never get enough.

He couldn't resist another swipe of his tongue along Caroline either. She screamed, bucking so hard she was almost unseated despite being held in place by both men. Jordan spread his legs and arched, taking Seth even deeper and nearly making Seth come in the process.

But Seth somehow held on, knowing that Jordan wanted this time to be more for Caroline. He knew Jordan was still dancing his tongue on her clit despite the pounding he was taking from Seth. A pounding that felt so fucking incredible, Seth had to wonder if he'd be the first to break after all.

And if he was, he knew exactly what he wanted the setup to be. Reaching over, he palmed one of the condoms he'd tossed on the bed earlier. Careful as he was applying it to Jordan, the other man cried out at having his cock handled when he was so close to the edge of reason.

Both Jordan and Caroline froze when Seth guided Jordan's cock to her pussy. Seth used the opportunity to pull her hips back, causing her to sink Jordan in one stroke—the same deep stroke Seth gave to Jordan.

"Oh fuck!" Jordan yelled. His hands fisted on the sheets, his body arching as he groaned over and over, clearly not capable of doing anything more than experiencing the moment.

Caroline too was finding her ecstasy as Seth's puppet. Choked gasps and moans were coming from her as Seth used his hands on her hips to guide her up and down on Jordan's cock, using that hold for the balance he needed to thrust deep into Jordan.

Their rhythm became a perfect concert. Every time he pushed her up, he used that momentum to pull away from Jordan. Each push down on her hips had him sliding back into Jordan's hot body. The three of them were joined as one with neither cock ever fully leaving its claspng haven.

It was Caroline who broke first, though the men were mere seconds behind. Seth felt her body give a hard lurch, heard her hoarse cry fill the air and he took it as his cue to push her hips down hard and hold her steady. She convulsed so long and hard Seth wasn't sure if her orgasm was one or many, and about halfway through she took Jordan with her.

Jordan cried out her name then surprised Seth by adding his name too.

"Seth! Jesus..." The rest was lost in a groan of surrender from them both as Jordan's ass contracted around Seth's throbbing cock, milking him toward orgasm.

Seth's eyes nearly crossed. With a harsh cry, Seth slammed deep and rode out the volcanic rush of pleasure.

Caroline felt Jordan tense beneath her as the bed shifted then the breath swooshed from his chest and he lowered his legs.

Seth had pulled out.

Caroline was staying right where she was, though she did stretch out and tangle her legs with Jordan's as Seth left the bed. A second later the bathroom door closed and she knew it was purposely done to give them a few minutes of privacy. She almost felt bad for Seth, who had to be wondering if he was welcome to stay the night with his lovers. He hadn't taken any clothes in with him, which would have indicated his desire to leave.

"If we let him walk out of here," Jordan said, apparently on the same wavelength, "it won't be long before he disappears from our lives."

"I know." Caroline paused to gather her thoughts as she played with the hairs on his chest. If she failed to phrase her words just right, it could be the last time she ever laid hands on him. "That would be a shame because Seth is a very special man."

Jordan pulled back and caught her eye, raising a brow. "How special?"

"I want him to stay. I hope you agree that what happened here tonight went beyond sex." Heart firmly lodged in her throat, she went for broke. "I think he's special enough to ask him to move in with us."

"Us?"

"Us," Caroline confirmed in her best "no argument" tone, usually reserved for the courtroom. "Here in Boston or out in Seattle, I don't care where we end up as long as we're together."

She felt more than heard Jordan's laughter. "You going to put a ring on my finger too?" he asked.

"Eventually. If you're lucky."

"I'd say I'm already the luckiest man on earth," Jordan said. He did nothing to try to hide the moisture glistening his eyes as he moved to kiss her and she felt her own eyes begin to fill right before their lips met in a sweet yet extraordinarily powerful kiss.

She could have stayed like that forever but she drew back at the sound of the bathroom door opening. Seth was approaching them, still gloriously naked and Jordan hadn't given an answer to her original question.

How would he feel about having another man living with them? Not as a roommate but as their lover. Letting Seth touch her, touch Jordan and returning the favor.

She didn't have to wait long. Jordan tipped her chin up with his finger, looked her straight in the eye, and said, "Here comes the second luckiest man on earth."

Those words followed by his smile of encouragement were all the answer she needed. Well, almost all. Seth's wishes were still unknown.

"So," Seth reached the foot of the bed just as Caroline and Jordan managed to separate and haul their tired bodies to sit against the headboard. "Am I supposed to make myself scarce now?" He held up his hand before either one of them could answer. "Wait, do me a favor and don't answer with a question like, 'Do *you* want to go now?' or anything along those lines. I had the balls to come right out with it first, so don't go lobbing one of them back in my court. I want to hear what *you* want next."

Caroline held back a groan. The direct strike before stricken approach. She could only blame sheer exhaustion for not seeing that one coming. But if he thought he was getting the upper hand here... "We don't want you to leave at all. We want you to move in with us."

She was quite pleased with herself when Seth's jaw dropped. It would have been completely satisfying if it weren't for Jordan's snort of disgust.

"Oh shit," Jordan let his head fall back and thud the wood. "That's right, there will be two sharks in the house."

Seth's jaw snapped shut. This was old ground, comfortable ground, and Seth was on it in a heartbeat. "Yeah, trying to survive with a killer whale, asshole."

Jordan went falsetto and pretended to be affronted as he twisted to check his own butt. "Are you saying my butt's big?"

"Nope. I can assure you your fine ass is nice and tight. I was calling you an asshole."

"Just checking."

"Boys! And I do mean *boys*, I'm trying to have a serious discussion here."

"Yeah." Jordan reached over and tweaked her right nipple. "A serious discussion."

Caroline slapped at his hand then couldn't help laughing when he made an exaggerated sound of arousal. His cock actually did twitch and grow a couple of inches but Jordan grimaced and looked at his lap as it shrank right back down again.

"I obviously need a break." He swung his gaze back to Caroline.

He was a little slower to release her nipple but he did, thank God. No way could she take another round of anything, no matter how benign. Then again, when it came to Jordan's touch, nothing was benign.

"I think Seth needs a break too," Jordan continued, turning to look at the other man now nodding as he stood at the foot of the bed. "The cards are all on the table. Let's let him sleep on it."

"Here?" Seth asked.

"Here," Caroline and Jordan answered in unison.

"Please," Caroline added. "No matter what you decide, we'll have tonight."

The sight of Seth's handsome face lighting up with joy as he realized what they were saying was payment enough for having to wait for an answer to their offer. He clearly understood that they wanted him there for the afterglow, curled up with them in sleep, waking with them come morning.

His joy also said that he wanted that too.

* * * * *

Big hands were stroking Seth's inner thighs. He spread his legs on a groan but the intimate massage didn't venture any higher.

"Relax," a masculine voice rumbled. "It's our turn to take care of you."

Our turn? Seth's eyes flew open to encounter the ceiling right as smaller, more feminine fingers curled around his morning wood, pulling it away from his belly. Jordan came into view, looming over him on the left. That meant it wasn't Jordan's warm, wet tongue now spreading moisture over the head of his cock as the other man reached out to stroke his cheek.

"Christ." The word was torn from Seth as he was slammed with emotions. He knew what Jordan was silently telling him. He still couldn't quite bring himself to touch Seth as Caroline was doing but he was one hundred percent there.

Seth tried to watch Jordan but, my God! It had been so long since he'd spent the entire night with anyone, since anything but his own fist had taken care of his sensitive morning erection. And he was way more sensitive than usual after last night.

Seth jerked and cried out when smooth, soft hands trailed lower to caress his balls. As Caroline's mouth engulfed his cock head and she began to suck. Hard.

"Easy," Jordan soothed near his ear then laughed and nipped his lobe. "Oh wait, you like it rough, don't you. Yeah, you told me that, but you know how I can really tell?"

Seth could only groan, lost in the pleasure of the sweet mouth now riding his length, the fingertips tickling his balls, the lone fingernail occasionally scraping his overly sensitized skin. Everything physical was heightened by the masculine rasp of words at his ear.

“Because my ass is sore from the pounding you gave me. Bastard,” Jordan murmured with affection right before pinching both of Seth’s nipples and giving a sharp twist.

“Ahh fuck!”

That was all Seth got out before Jordan’s mouth came down over his to swallow Seth’s hoarse cries and then—Oh God!—pleasure so intense he felt his eyes roll back in his head. They both stayed with him, clearly savoring each spasm until his body calmed to an occasional shudder. Instead of pulling away, Jordan kissed him gently, trying to soothe him for real now even as his own voice shook with emotion.

Caroline kissed her way up Seth’s right side, running her fingers and her silky hair over every inch of him along the way. He still had Jordan against him on the left and just when Seth thought the moment couldn’t get better, Caroline leaned across his chest to kiss Jordan.

In those first three seconds when time stood still, he knew Jordan was fighting the natural urge to pull away at the taste of Seth on her lips. Seth knew Caroline had done it to show that Jordan could handle their becoming a triad, and sure enough, it didn’t take Jordan long to groan and kiss her back.

The action and reaction did show Seth what he needed to know. With one arm around Jordan and the other around Caroline, Seth knew life really was complete.

For Jordan and Caroline.

One look into Seth’s eyes and Jordan knew their new lover wouldn’t be accepting their offer.

“Shit,” Jordan murmured, unable to hold back his heartfelt regret. Caroline sat up but Jordan, still looming over the other man, gently pushed the damp hair back from Seth’s forehead. “Just don’t disappear on us, okay?”

“What? Seth, no!” Caroline cried. In two seconds she had climbed right back over him, as though having both of them closer would change Seth’s mind.

It wouldn’t. Jordan knew that and he was a bit surprised by how much it hurt. Seth was so much more than his best friend, so much more than he’d ever thought a man could be to him. He wanted to ask why Seth was choosing to leave but he couldn’t stand the thought of sounding desperate when he knew it wouldn’t change the outcome.

“Why?” Caroline asked, and Jordan wanted to kiss her for voicing the million-dollar question without hesitation. Damn, his woman was something special.

Seth took a deep breath and blew it out slowly before explaining. "I don't want you to think this has been an easy decision but I'm one hundred percent sure it's the right one for me."

He moved to sit up and they let him, automatically gravitating toward each other as they sat up on the bed too.

Seth motioned to the way they were sitting side by side, facing him, holding hands. "Look at you two. You're a team. You're going to be living with each other and if I join you it will be the two of you plus me. Without the two of you together, there would be no me with one of you. Are you following me here? I want to be in a relationship where I'm not the plus one. I want to be with someone, be it a man or a woman, where I'm their number one and they're mine. Like what you two have."

Jordan felt as though he'd taken a slug to the gut. He was the one who was hurting Seth, not the other way around. Because he knew that Seth felt that way about him, that Seth loved him like Jordan loved Caroline. He wished he could feel the same way back but he didn't. *That* was why he hadn't been able to ask Seth why he wasn't sticking around. He'd already known the answer. When Caroline had tried to leave, Jordan had risked both heart and pride to prevent it from happening. With Seth it hurt like hell but it didn't feel as if a part of him was being eviscerated.

Seth was right. The man deserved better than what Jordan and Caroline could give him.

Caroline was nodding too, though there were tears in her eyes.

"I want you both to do me one more favor." Seth swung his feet over the edge of the bed and stood up so he was facing them. "You're being given a second chance with each other. Don't fuck it up again."

Jordan felt Caroline's fingers tighten around his, warning him to keep it serious. Instead of feeling insulted that she would think he'd brush it off with a joke, he was glad she was so in tune with his best friend that she knew Seth was in pain.

"That's not a favor." Jordan squeezed Caroline's fingers back, keeping his gaze steady and sure on his best friend. *Their* best friend. "It's a promise."

Epilogue

Caroline put the finishing touch on her preparation for the evening just as the shower turned off. Jordan came out of the bathroom a few minutes later, clean-shaven and wearing only a small towel around his waist.

There was already an unmistakable tent under the heavy cotton.

"Ooh, is that for me?" She reached out to cop a feel but he playfully batted her hand away.

"Now, now," he teased. "Tonight, you have to share. Damn," he looked her over, head to spike-heeled toe, taking in her new matching black lace bra and panties with the tiny seed pearls sewn into the swirling design. "You look amazing. Turn around."

She turned then smiled at his soft groan. The panties were a thong but that wasn't all. The line that disappeared into the crack of her ass was strung with larger pearls. It wasn't the type of underthings one wore with clothes but it wasn't as though she intended to wear clothes tonight. Or all weekend, for that matter.

"Now, now," she teased right back. "This isn't just for you tonight either."

"Yeah, well he'd better fucking get here soon," Jordan growled.

He being Seth Foster.

It had taken a few months for the dust to settle after they closed the deal on Trendsetters. Sidney Morton had agreed to the terms. Caroline had signed on with FoxNet and moved in with Jordan in Seattle. She'd taken a few of her current clients with her, so the only change had been location. She and Jordan had a lot of time to make up for and a future to build. She wasn't pregnant, thank God. Neither one was ready for that.

Seth had moved on. Actually, he'd stayed in Boston and signed on with a firm based on Caroline's recommendation. Jordan and Caroline had made a final trip to Boston to clear out her life there and they had met up with Seth for dinner. One thing had led to another and before they knew it, they all agreed there wasn't any reason they couldn't meet up once a month or so for a long, memorable weekend. Just until Seth met someone, or Jordan and Caroline were ready to take the next step in their commitment to each other.

Neither side was in a particular hurry.

Tonight it was Seth's turn to come visit them. The doorbell rang and Caroline saw Jordan take a deep breath, watched the tent grow under his towel. Then she turned and walked toward the front door, loving both the feel of the pearl globes between her cheeks and Jordan's eyes burning her with lust every step of the way.

Loving the fact that Seth was finally there.

About the Authors

Dalton Diaz thinks if a story doesn't have romance, it isn't worth it. If there's hot sex, it's extra worth it.

Let's face it, fantasy is usually a lot more fun than reality. Not always, but usually. As a writer, one can be anything, do anything, say anything that comes to mind. There are a thousand and one ways to make things happen, each one more exciting than the last.

This is the best job in the world.

Samantha Cayto is a Boston area native who practices as a business lawyer by day while writing erotic romance at night—the steamier, the better. She likes to push the envelope when it comes to writing about passion and is delighted other women agree that guy-on-guy sex is the hottest ever.

She lives a typical suburban life with her husband, three kids and four dogs. Her children don't understand why they can't read what she writes, but her husband is always willing to lend her a hand—and anything else—when she needs to choreograph a scene.

She is a member of the Romance Writers of America and the New England Chapter, and credits RWA, NEW and the wonderful friends she's made there with helping her become a published author.

The authors welcome comments from readers. You can find their websites and e-mail addresses on their author bio pages at www.ellorasave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can e-mail us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Dalton Diaz

Love Cuffs *with Ashlyn Chase*



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com