

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

RED
GARNIER

SPIN SOME
MORE

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Spin Some More

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DEVILISH GAMES:

SPIN SOME MORE

Red Garnier

Dedication

*I'd like to dedicate this book to the following wonderful people:
To my editor, Kelli Kwiatkowski, for her expertise, dedication and unrelenting faith in me
To my husband, who is simply the most adorable man in the world
And to all my readers, your time and support mean the world to me
From the bottom of my heart, thank you!*

Trademark Acknowledgment

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

BMW: Bayerische Motoren Werke Aktiengesellschaft

Care Bears: Those Characters from Cleveland, Inc.

Jell-O: Kraft Foods Holdings, Inc.

PGA Tour: The Professional Golfers' Association of America

Chapter One

The spin devil didn't work.

Which was odd, since it was the same toy that had thrown Jason Sheppy and his friends into a sexual frenzy only last year, at their mini-reunion at his beachfront home. Since then, the plush devil had been making the rounds. David had just shipped it to Jason from New York, not having further use for it himself. But now that it was back in Florida, the little bastard wasn't working.

Jason had tried it for the past two weeks and all he'd gotten was a few minutes of lousy sex with a really fat chick. He'd twirled it, whirled it and spun it some more, and no matter whether the tail or the pitchfork pointed at him, he still wasn't getting any hot sex. The conclusion, then, was simple. The little shit didn't work and Jason had no further reason to stride around town looking for a hot date with the little thing sticking from his shirt pocket in case he got lucky—since it was now pretty clear that he *wouldn't*.

He'd been damned glad to see it sink deep into the ocean last night.

The problem was his neighbor, the young and beautiful Penelope Judd, a.k.a. little Miss Disaster, as he liked to think of her, thought she was being very cute and considerate coming to knock on his backdoor the next morning, clutching the vicious little thing in her hands.

Jason didn't know who he was most annoyed at seeing—the spin devil or *her*. Miss Disaster was a load of trouble and every time he had the misfortune of seeing her, she all but dragged him into her personal crap bag of problems. It seemed she always needed someone to do some kind of weird, dirty job for her, and this unfortunate person—without exception—ended up being him.

Only last month, she'd completely lost her house keys only God knows where – and it had probably been on purpose, no doubt, just to give Jason something to yell about. A half-hour later, he'd found himself hanging precariously from the ledge of an open second-story window of her house, climbing through it and running down to unlock the front door so the little princess could calmly stride inside. Then last week, she'd crashed her month-old BMW smack center into a palm tree on the side of the road, claiming it had all just “sort of happened.” Who did the little troublemaker call? Jason. Hell yeah, why not?

The fact that Miss Disaster had been a permanent resident in his brain for what seemed like forever didn't help his disposition much. Yes, she was damn good-looking, but Penelope was trouble. She was screwing up his brain and messing up his golf.

She was like a child in a woman's body, and he the lucky, lucky sitter.

Two days ago he'd decided to stay away from her from now on because he'd had just about enough. He wanted *nothing* more to do with her. And he'd been doing fine, too, until right now.

He stared her down for a full minute, yet she seemed unperturbed by his deep blue gaze. It was unfortunate that she happened to look extremely, inordinately beautiful this morning, because that meant Jason would have to work double to ignore his body's reaction to her. Her face was all but glowing and the freckles on her nose looked remarkably more like glittering gold than sunspots. Her eyes were framed by thick, spiky lashes and shone a beautiful amber color in the sunlight. Her hair, a soft brown with natural reddish streaks, was held back by a sleek white headband which only served to emphasize the delicate features of her face. Features so angelic that it was hard to believe a real live monster could live under there.

She wore a billowy, long white sundress, the bottom of her skirt flapping softly with the wind and the material around her hips clinging in a way Jason found infinitely disturbing. Flickering gold sandals encased her tiny feet and her little pink toes. Although Jason had never harbored fantasies about licking toes, he found a particularly

pleasant one coming to mind. Thank God he quickly caught himself before he did something mental like bite her toe.

In case she didn't get the hint that he was not particularly thrilled to see her, he kept his face masked, his expression solemn. "Penelope," he said flatly, hoping he sounded bored as hell.

Unperturbed by his less-than-warm greeting, she calmly walked past him. "I think you misplaced your toy, Jason," she said airily as she strolled inside, pausing in the middle of the contemporary living room of his beachfront Florida home—a beachfront home which was, because God hated him—right next to hers.

Jason didn't remember ever playing spin devil with her, so how the hell she knew it was his toy, he had no idea.

"Keep it," he said flatly, not wanting to argue with her because he knew it would take up his whole morning, as arguing with her usually did.

"Why would I want to keep it?" She wrinkled her nose, grossed out by the idea. "I'm not a devil worshipper." A wide smile spread her lips, her teeth dazzling white and perfectly straight. "That's why I knew this just *had* to be yours, Jason."

Ignoring her bait, he raked his hands through his hair in exasperation. "Fine, leave it there," he conceded.

Lifting the item in question up to her eye level, she frowned as she scrutinized it. "What's it for anyway?"

"You don't want to know."

Her eyes settled on his for a long, tense moment. Jason had always found that her strange, golden-colored eyes really packed a punch. Every time she locked gazes with him, he felt as if someone had slammed his gut.

"If I didn't want to know I wouldn't have asked you, now would I?"

"It's supposed to be for sex," he said simply. "Not something I want to discuss with you right now."

Her mouth formed a big wide O as her eyes widened. He didn't want to think how damnably sexy she looked, standing in the middle of his living room with her mouth perfectly open and perfectly capable of receiving...something long and hard.

"But...I don't understand... Where are you supposed to put it?" she suddenly asked, acting all innocent and confused. Now *this* was exactly why Jason felt he needed to protect her. She was too naïve, for Christ's sake.

"You twirl it, Penelope. Like a bottle. Ever play spin the bottle?"

"All right then, if you insist. Should I just twirl it right over my palm or...?"

"Do whatever you want with it, I don't really care. Just do it somewhere else."

He knew her so damned well he already knew she'd do the opposite, so he figured he might as well get comfortable. Leaning back on his heels, he crossed his arms and calmly watched as she headed to a nearby table and set it down on top of the gleaming, polished wood.

"Let's see now...hmm...there we go, twirl away little fellow," she said with a wide grin as she spun it. Jason arched a brow when the little thing stopped, the tail pointing straight at him.

"Now what?" Penelope asked, blinking up at him. "Is this where you take your clothes off, or I?"

So witty. So *not* funny. That woman was in sore need of someone tying her to a bed and giving her something to be funny about. She practically lived to taunt and bug him and make him hot and miserable. "This is where you leave," he said coldly.

Finally something got to her, making her little body stiffen. It had been either his tone or the words or both. Whatever. He didn't care to know what, as long as she left him alone.

"Oh, silly me, I keep forgetting how crowded a golfing schedule can be." She snatched the spin devil up to her chest before heading for the door. Pausing when she

reached it, she pointed the devil straight at him. "You're being a jerk, Jason." She smiled benignly. "I just thought you'd like to know."

Before she could leave, he snatched her chin with his thumb and forefinger and tilted her face up to his. "And *you're* being a pest." He made an effort not to smile. "I just thought you ought to know."

"Your vocabulary has been very limited lately," she countered, a mischievous spark dancing in her eyes. "That's all you ever call me."

Whenever she smiled at him like that it was as if every organ in his body malfunctioned, and it didn't feel good. Somehow he still managed to shrug, feigning indifference. "I just thought pest sounded a little tamer than *canker*."

She didn't take offense and laughed instead, the sound soft and delicious and totally unfair to him. The way she made him feel—it wasn't pleasant at all. Since she'd become his nightmare of a neighbor over a year ago, the word "peace" had all but gone extinct from his dictionary. Reckless and troublesome as she was, Penelope made his life a real roller-coaster ride. Problem was, Jason wasn't particularly fond of roller-coasters, unless they included an orgasm afterward, which in her case they didn't. All Penelope included in her topsy-turvy adventures was a lousy headache. Or two.

"So," she said merrily. "Any plans after tee time?"

"I'm booked," he instantly said, his eyes falling to her plush, pink lips—lips responsible for plenty of sleepless nights. Nightmares, really. "Big-time booked. Why?"

She shrugged casually. "Oh, I just thought we could play with the devil."

"Don't think so."

She arched her brows. "Why not?" she taunted saucily. "It could be fun. We could—"

"No."

"Jason..."

He grabbed her shoulders and squeezed them hard. "I'm not playing that game."

“But I know for sure you played with Martha the other day!” she protested. “And she said—”

“I don’t care what Martha said.”

She pursed her lips tightly, her hand coiling around the plush devil’s throat as she pressed it to her chest. “Why?” She was squeezing the devil so hard Jason feared the toy’s eyes might just pop out any second now. “Why won’t you play with me?”

He sighed wearily. Dealing with her was unbelievably draining. “Can’t you stop looking for trouble for once in your life?”

“I don’t look for trouble, *you* do,” she said willfully. “I don’t ask you to follow me around. You do that all by yourself.”

“I’m saving your ass!” he protested.

“My ass doesn’t *need* your precious saving!”

And Jason had already decided that even if it did, he’d save it no more!

When she drew in a deep, miffed breath in a failed attempt to tranquilize herself, her nipples brushed against his chest and he could almost swear she did that on purpose, just to rile him. Jason had never noticed when her breasts had grown, but one day there they were—shouting for attention—and trying not to gape at them had always been exhausting. Her father, being a close family friend, had charged Jason with the noble task of looking out for his youngest daughter, since they’d been friends as kids, and Jason had found he’d taken the task far more seriously than he should have.

Penelope Judd was hardly predictable.

She was quite a little rebel and had been so her whole life. Trouble was as much a part of her as every living inch of her body, and she seemed to love it. The fact that she was reckless, though, didn’t mean she was careless. Oh no, Miss Disaster cared about a lot of things. She cared about trash and shopping and making Jason’s life miserable.

She was a very caring person when it came to all that. Very thorough and...dedicated.

Shopping. There's a word Miss Disaster understood. To her, it was an art form, a much needed "therapy", which she happened to need often. A couple months ago, right out of the blue, she'd gone shopping for ten hours straight, only to decide to send all her purchases to charity out of damned remorse for spending so much. Jason had wisely suggested she just send the freaking *money* to charity. Did she listen? Oh no, because if it wasn't weird or complicated, it wasn't something Miss Disaster would understand.

Trash. There's another word. Penelope obsessed incessantly about trash and whether some of their nearby neighbors recycled or not. Several weeks ago, she'd volunteered for a local charity that had her picking up litter around the whole freaking town throughout the weekends. Jason wouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for the fact that she'd taken the liberty of signing *him* up as well. So Jason had been picking up trash, watching with a pang of envy as men drove by in their convertibles with hot chicks by their sides, enjoying the good life while *he* got to hang around with the trash girl who was, as one of the local Cubans would put it, a little *loca*.

Penelope's worst obsession though—he was damned sure of it—was him.

Making his life a living hell. She'd been born for it. Making him pick up trash, getting into trouble and creating the need for him to practically baby-sit her every hour of every day. He could hardly stand to be near her anymore. His balls were getting the blues!

Last time she'd invited him for a swim at her place she'd decided to take off her top so she wouldn't get tan lines, and he'd wanted to throttle her with it. Prancing around her pool in a semi-nude state right in front of his startled eyes didn't seem to bother her much, and it drove him insane. The woman was crazy!

Even her very own website design business wasn't enough to divert Penelope's overactive imagination. She still had way too much time on her hands. Jason didn't appreciate having to spend half his days worrying about what trouble she'd get herself into when all he *should* be worried about was beating Tiger Woods at the PGA tour.

Instead, he kept fretting over *her*. Her love life. Her whereabouts. The reckless streak she'd given free rein to lately.

She was making him want her – desperately.

And he shouldn't. Not her.

Penelope Judd was just like Eve – but far more innocent and for that reason, all the more dangerous – dangling the dreaded apple in front of him every freaking single day, tempting him to just go ahead and fuck her.

Which of course he wouldn't.

Jason liked his sex naughty, and Penelope Judd had no idea the million things he liked to do to women. She was too young. Too innocent. For God's sake, she'd been playing with Care Bears less than a decade ago, and now she was ready to be tied down and fucked? He didn't think so. Jason was not taking advantage of the twenty-three-year-old handful he'd grown up with – he'd seen her in diapers, for crying out loud. And despite her being quite a bit of trouble, Penelope was a sensitive, sweet girl and not at all like the groupies with whom he indulged in one-night stands. She was not the kind of woman to take sex lightly. And Jason was only twenty-nine, so he wasn't all that ready for commitment. Not that he'd ever commit to troublesome baggage like her unless he was really, really demented, which he wasn't – at least not yet.

But he was getting there. Thanks to her.

Jason needed to get away from her pronto because he was at the threshold of losing all restraint and doing something really stupid. Getting sexually involved with Penelope was...out of the question.

Not even two years in his new home and he was already considering moving – preferably to another country, or a deserted island, or Saturn even, far, far away from her.

“Don't tell me you're scared of playing a silly little game with me, Jason,” Penelope said, her tone light as a summer breeze.

It was hard to maintain the image of a cool, detached male with that last comment. "Look, I'm saving you a whole lot of trouble. The way I see it you should thank me," he said sullenly, roughly scraping his hands up and down her arms.

"The only thing I've got to thank you for is treating me like a child!"

Sighing in defeat, he dropped his hands to his sides. The heat from her body gripped him like a vise, doing unspeakable things to his insides. He could feel parts of his anatomy throbbing, the discomfort in his body gradually intensifying. "I'm looking out for you because it's clear to me that you don't," he tried to explain for the umpteenth time, and for a silly second he was even tempted to agree to play just so he could get rid of her. His palms were starting to sweat and his body was heating up so fast he now also had hyperthermia to worry about.

But she didn't budge an inch, instead tilting her chin up stubbornly. "I think I'm old enough to take care of myself. I'm not five, you know."

"Well I've seen toddlers with more sense than you."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, as if recalling something important. "You know? A lot of men might disagree with that. They think I'm very mature for my age."

Though he knew that was impossible, he nodded just to appease her. "I'm sure they would."

"A lot of men also think I'm really hot," she said matter-of-factly, as if she'd actually conducted interviews.

Jason threw his head back and laughed for a whole minute at that, only sobering up when he suspected, by her narrow-eyed look, that she might actually hit him.

She rose on her tiptoes and glared at him. Jason was a whole head taller than she was and at least double her weight, so that extra inch made absolutely no difference but she obviously thought it did. She actually seemed to think she was intimidating him. "It's not funny, Jason."

He didn't look the slightest bit contrite. "Sorry, but... 'hot'? Not really you." He'd go more for "jinxed" or "calamitous" even. He wasn't going to agree she was hot. Not out loud.

She wrinkled her nose at him, her brow furrowing into a scowl—and suddenly she looked ready for a wrestling match. He thought her teeth would crack when she gritted out, "You don't *know* me."

He chuckled softly. "Honey, I know you better than you know yourself."

"You wish you did!"

He shrugged indifferently and said, "Fine. Invite one of your admirers to play then. The ones who think you're so flammable."

She squared her little shoulders. "I think I will," she spat haughtily, all furious now.

She *did* possess that fiery temper redheads were noted for, and it was a joy to watch. Just Jason's way of getting back at her for driving him completely, madly, absolutely insane.

"Now, you're not angry at me are you?" he asked, his voice laced with sarcasm. And now he actually didn't want her to leave. He wanted to fight!

Jason was known to be a patient man, but Penelope had lately been testing him to the breaking point, and fighting with her seemed to be the only non-physical thing he could do with her to get a little release.

"You missed your chance," she spat, her breasts rising and falling at each breath. "Now I won't play with you even if you beg me to!" She threw the door open and all but flew down the wooden planks that led toward the beach.

As if I'd beg her for anything, he thought furiously.

She'd barely hit the sand when he found himself unexpectedly worrying, then cursing under his breath and following her. The truth was, he didn't like pissing her off and he didn't do it on purpose. If only she didn't drive him so frigging nuts! The spin

devil in Miss Disaster's hands would be a complete catastrophe – and Jason had to stop her. He had to save her ass, just one last time and that was *it*.

"Penelope," he called after her.

Ignoring him, she lifted the skirt of her dress and trotted across the sand toward her home.

"Penelope," he said again, getting annoyed now.

When he finally reached her, he grabbed her elbow and whirled her around to face him. She yanked her arm free, all fire and haughtiness. Her cheeks were flushed and her breasts rose and fell heavily at each of her breaths.

"I'm just watching out for you," he explained, wishing he could grab her shoulders and shake some sense into her. He'd tried that already, and it didn't work.

Her chest heaved, her eyes glowing golden as she looked up at him. "I don't need a watch dog, Jason."

"I'm not a watch dog – I'm your friend," he countered, framing her face with his hands. "Look, that spin devil is serious business."

"And I'm totally up for it!"

"It's wicked."

"Just my kind."

He smiled gently, his eyes filled with concern. "You couldn't be wicked if you tried," he softly said. "Even when you're mean, you're nothing but sweet. Sweet and innocent and...wholesome."

That seemed to hurt her, for her whole body stiffened, her face tinting bright red with fury, easily matching the color of her new little pet. "I hate you!"

"Now, now, Penelope, you're just –"

"And thanks for the toy," she cut in, waving the spin devil in the air. "I'm sure it'll work wonders on a *real* man!" And with that she walked away, leaving Jason staring dumbly after her.

* * * * *

“Yes you are, you’re a cute little baby, aren’t you?” Penelope cooed to the bundle in her arms as she strode into her spacious two-story beachfront. The adorable plush devil looked right at home in her arms and she could almost swear he winked at her. He liked her coddling, oh yes he did, the little sweetie.

As she headed for the kitchen to separate the cans and plastics she’d recently picked up on the beach—scattered throughout the sand by some insensitive, thoughtless litterbug!—her smile faded as her thoughts returned to Jason.

For the life of her, Penelope had tried and tried to understand Jason, but it was proving to be too damned difficult. The man was impossible! Penelope couldn’t comprehend why he didn’t want her—it wasn’t like him to be so picky.

She’d tried *everything* to lure him. Sunbathing topless, wearing no underwear with her clothes, swaying her hips so hard her spine nearly cracked from the effort. When none of those worked, she’d tried sticking out her butt while bending down to pick up something—something she’d obviously had to drop herself, just to have an excuse to bend over—yet Jason would always find a far more interesting sight than her fanny. Like the ceiling.

When *those* flirtations didn’t work, she decided to take a more upfront approach, unashamedly saying things that would leave no doubt whatsoever as to what she wanted. Last week, after they’d laughed for a whole hour during a card game, she’d looked into his eyes and said, “I think I’m hot” —and he’d just swallowed, blinked and then left, the chicken! His attitude was completely baffling, and extraordinarily deflating to a girl’s ego. She’d sent him *so* many hints the man had to be an idiot not to get the message, and yet he still refused to make a move on her.

For some reason she couldn’t even fathom, Jason still wanted to see her as the vulnerable, skinny little girl he’d grown up with in Miami. How long he planned to treat her like a silly girl, Penelope had no idea, but she was sick and tired of waiting for him to come to his senses. She was *not* sweet and innocent and wholesome, damn it!

She was adventurous and impulsive and lately she'd been dying to have sex with him. Maybe it was time to do something drastic, like tie him up and just go ahead and ravage him.

She could've bought any house anywhere in the whole world, and yet she'd bought this one, just so she could be with him and more importantly, to seduce his sorry, playing-hard-to-get ass. A whole lot of good that had done her. She'd made zero progress since moving last year, and during that time, she'd seen her previously active sex life totally dwindle right before her very eyes.

The fact that she wanted Jason so badly had made it pretty hard for her to get laid, especially since every man she met seemed to lack something. Yet the few times she'd been willing to overlook their flaws, the men had either stood her up at the last minute or suddenly backed out—which was most unpleasant. Especially when Jason was getting a lot of attention. Since the day she'd moved here, he'd been getting laid nonstop. Just after moving, she'd snatched up her binoculars during the middle of dinner only to watch slack-jawed as he and his friends fucked right there on the beach. And really? The man was a stallion. It was as if he lazed around all day just to save up his energy for nighttime. He had a sexual appetite bordering on the twisted. And his choices! Why he seemed to want anyone else but her—even Martha, who was older than Penelope's mother and way fatter—was downright mind-boggling.

After his golf tournaments, Jason never hesitated to reach out and grab some groupie's butt or autograph the top of some girl's tit. He totally loved that, and yet when Penelope used her wiles and acted sexy, he completely ignored her and made her feel childish and *so* not sexy.

Well.

Penelope had just about had it. Maybe Jason would like to think of her as this perfect little doll, but damn him, she was flesh and blood too. She had needs, desires, and she'd been so neglected lately she was damn near hospitalization from sheer and

utter horniness. She felt so man-starved she'd probably need two dozen men to satiate the hungers in her body.

Penelope was not innocent. Though it had obviously escaped Jason, she'd stopped being a girl the day he'd kissed her cheek while on the swings at the park near her home, when she'd been only twelve. It had been an innocent, brotherly kiss, tender even, but from that day forward she'd been struck with her first and only serious case of puppy love. He'd been eighteen then and already dating—with a vengeance, it sometimes seemed—and Penelope had followed him around like a shadow, vowing one day when she was old enough, *she'd* be the woman in his arms. He'd sometimes let her tag along when he took a girl to the movies or for a burger, and whenever one of his girlfriends had anything negative to say about him bringing Penelope along, he'd dump her. Jason hated complications, so if trouble loomed on the horizon, he'd just quit and move on.

As the years passed and his activities with his girlfriends took a turn for the kinky, Penelope had decided to experiment with boys her own age as she approached eighteen—without her parents' knowledge, of course. Her folks were extremely conservative and had raised Penelope to be a good girl. They were far too old, too, and she didn't want them having heart attacks on her account.

On the night of her eighteenth birthday, Penelope finally went all the way. And rather quickly, sex became surprisingly...addictive. Yet Jason *still* seemed to think that while he was out eating pussy, she was at home playing dress-up or serving tea for her dollies. He was just like her parents, forever thinking she was ten years old.

The fact that she'd become a woman while he was screwing half the country seemed to have completely escaped him. And Penelope wasn't just any woman. She was a woman who'd secretly watched Jason with dozens of others for years, and was more than willing—dying, actually!—to use those same interesting props and gadgets during sex. When would Jason finally realize that she liked to experiment too?

There were a million, zillion things she wanted to do sex-wise...all of them with Jason, and *whomever* he'd want to invite. Yet he looked about as ready to make a move as he had eleven years ago. She knew she *had* to do something to appropriately encourage him. And quickly too—because she couldn't tolerate living with her sexually starved person any longer. It was as if lately she had some sort of infection that made it impossible to get someone in the sack. She was desperate—and no fit company these days.

Perhaps there were women who preferred security and comfort in their lives. Penelope craved excitement, adrenaline and sex. Lots of it. Just like Jason liked it. Tie-me-up sex, bowl-of-Jell-O sex, let-all-our-neighbors-watch sex, smack-my-butt sex, break-the-law sex...just about *any* kind of sex. Yet waiting for Jason to give it to her had proved pretty futile. Well...

Enough of that!

Setting the devil on top of her bed and hoping it would be a good, willing accomplice, she spun it and watched it twirl slowly over her comforter, just a single lazy turn until it halted. The fork pointed straight out her window—toward Jason's place. She stared wistfully at the ignorant little fellow, still damp from when she'd found him on the shore this morning. "I don't think Jason's willing, little friend." Then she grinned down at it. "But don't worry, I'm sure there are plenty of men who'd want to play with us," she said encouragingly.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled out a brown leather book from the nightstand, reached for the phone and dialed.

She went through every number of every single man she knew, ones she'd never quite managed to sleep with and others who'd already shown her a good time.

It was starting to seem extremely odd that none of them seemed interested.

Until Bob Farley said over the phone, "I'd be there in an instant, Penny, but that friend of yours seemed really pissed the last time I was by your place, and he's a little too much for me to handle, you know?"

"Who is?" she asked dumbly.

"Your neighbor. The golfer. Asked me not to come around again—and he didn't ask me nicely."

For a few seconds, she was rendered speechless. "Do you mean Jason?"

"The blond guy who's been playing like shit for the past year?"

"Yes." Penelope felt lightheaded, and had to place a steadying hand on her forehead.

"Then that's him all right."

"But why would he do that?" she asked in a tiny voice, bubbles of fury simmering in her stomach.

"I don't know, sweetheart, I didn't hang around long enough to ask, you understand. But why don't you ask him?"

"I'll *kill him*, is what I'll do! Is that why Tom stood me up too?"

"Tom? Oh no," Bob said, laughing on the other end. "Tom got it much worse. That Jason is one hell of a jealous bastard, sugar. Look, you know how hot I think you are and everything..."

She didn't hear the rest. She dropped the receiver to her lap and stared down at it in horror. Faintly, she could still hear Bob's voice rambling on, but her mind was racing and her heart was pounding a mile a minute.

She would kill him, the bastard. Jason was scaring away her men! And how on Earth did he manage to see Bob Farley that night? Bob never even rang the doorbell—he'd stood her up! Was he actually...?

Oh, but of course he was. Jason was *spying* on her!

How *dare* he, the creep?

True, she'd spied on him too, but she'd never interfered with his dates, even if most times she would've been doing him a great favor.

After muttering a quick farewell and hanging up, she furiously flipped through the phone book. If Jason was spying on her, then she really ought to give him something to look at. *Of course* he'd been thinking she was innocent—he was damned well making sure of it, wasn't he? *Well, we'll see about that*, Penelope thought smugly.

Pausing at a page, she grunted in pleasure at her find and dialed the number of the one place Jason would never suspect she'd look for a partner.

"Hi, is this the Better Have male escort service? I need an escort for tonight."

Chapter Two

That afternoon, while staring blankly down at his sand wedge and playing the worst eighteen holes of his life, Jason received a package.

“Mr. Sheppy?” a young man asked, and Jason nodded. He wore no uniform, and Jason could only deduce the guy had been hired by some shy, star-struck fan.

After hesitantly taking it, he watched the boy leave before tearing the box open, pulling out a pair of white, lacy female underwear and a pair of binoculars with a yellow note.

Innocent? Watch me!

He stared down in puzzlement at the binoculars then at Miss Disaster’s underwear, telling himself he would *not* smell them in front of his caddy. Then he thrust both into the outer pocket of his golf bag, zipped it shut and continued down the fairway and on to the next hole. Plugging in the tee, he found himself staring blindly down at the golf ball and wondering what in the hell the little monster was scheming now.

He had absolutely no idea and it made him scowl down at the turf, take a lousy swing and miss. Mumbling a curse, he ignored his caddy’s telling cough and resumed his position again. What he *did* know for sure was that Miss Disaster wouldn’t be playing spin devil tonight. Pretty much the entire male population of Florida had been warned, so the little miss would shockingly discover she had no one to play with. So unfortunate for her.

Jason knew Bob Farley wouldn’t dare say yes unless he wanted to find his teeth in the next block. Hudson was too vain to want to get his nose cracked. Tom, Oliver and Trent, they’d never risk getting Jason’s five-iron up their asses. And if some bastard with a sudden case of amnesia dared say yes, at least the spin devil hadn’t been very effective recently.

It damned well better not start now.

After showering at the club and changing into a clean pair of khaki shorts and a white polo, Jason headed straight home. As soon as he got to his beachfront, he glanced down at his watch, noting it was 8:55 p.m., and took the staircase two steps at a time up to his bedroom. Dropping the binoculars on his bed—because he didn't need those—he crossed his room toward the full-size telescope by the window.

He'd bought it just to watch her. Yes, that was sick, and it had been damned expensive too, but heck, Jason needed to look after her. Make sure there was no one there who shouldn't be. Make sure she was okay. That was the sole purpose of the telescope—to protect her.

And maybe watch her sometimes at night while she slept, make sure no robbers or burglars were prowling about. No nighttime lovers.

Whenever he watched her at night, she looked like an angel sleeping over a cloud...lying on her side, little hands tucked under her cheek. He'd tortured himself often, imagining those eyes fluttering open before she pulled back the sheets and welcomed him into her bed. He'd have to say no...right? Because she was too vulnerable, and Jason wasn't sure if he could be tender and sweet with someone he'd wanted for so long—he liked BDSM, he liked kinky and he liked variety. Penelope was precious and fragile. And his friend. He'd only end up hurting her. He wouldn't be able to live with himself if he ever hurt her. Hell, if anyone hurt her. The thought of another man touching her had always driven him out of his mind. He'd told himself repeatedly that when a worthy candidate came along, he was going to have to leave them be—but damn it, no one deserved her at all!

Penelope was pretty selective about her shoes, yet when it came to men, she dated the most hotheaded assholes *ever*. If it weren't for Jason, who'd been pretty damned efficient in keeping the men away, she'd have a heartache for every month of the year. That wasn't something he was willing to allow. No one was going to use her for sex—or anything else, for that matter. Not Jason, and certainly not some other asshole.

Keeping his bedroom lights off, Jason positioned the telescope, aiming it toward the front door first and leaning close to take a look, checking for any parked cars nearby. Satisfied there weren't any, he shifted it toward her window. Darkness hung over the beach like a shroud, the blackened sky clear and speckled with stars.

The same instant his eye focused on her window, the curtains to her bedroom slid open. Her room was bathed in warm light and she was there, centered in the window, her loose auburn hair tumbling past her shoulders.

His cock stiffened and he swore under his breath when he noted the sexy, nearly nonexistent number she was wearing. Black. Very sheer and very short, not even reaching thigh.

Jason certainly hadn't seen *that* little number before. It had been made for her, tailored to perfection. God, she had the body of a centerfold. Sleek and curvy. He could see her full, round breasts under the sheer fabric. And if he looked lower...

What the hell did she want to do, give him a goddamned heart attack? She was wearing no panties! Her pussy was about the most tempting thing he'd seen in his life—a perfect short line of trimmed auburn hair that disappeared temptingly between her legs.

He'd wondered about it so many times, his knees felt weak now that he realized he couldn't have begun to imagine anything as perfect. Was he supposed to forget that image next time he saw her, damn it? Panting for air, he pulled away and glared at the telescope, certain the thing had just scorched his eyeball. Penelope was punishing him, damn her perverted little ass. Now what else did she have in store, besides this little striptease? Innocents weren't supposed to do that! What in the hell was wrong with her? Didn't she recall she was Penelope Judd—not a femme fatale, not some groupie, not a sex-bomb?

Holding his breath until his lungs stung, he bent to take another look. She was dragging a chair and placing it before the window. Then she sat back and remained very still, her eyes fixed straight on him, as if she had a superhuman eye and could

miraculously see all the way into his room. His muscles tightened with need—one in particular more than the others.

Gracefully, as if she'd done this a million times, she lifted the sheer little thingy up past her stomach and parted her legs. Jason felt dizzy. Her pussy was swollen and pink and so damned wet that it glistened. He licked his lips as he watched her rub the tip of one finger over her clit, delicately moving it in slow, dizzying circles. He hissed out a breath when she briskly thrust the full length of her finger inside her.

Hunger tightened her face, her eyes slamming shut, her forehead creasing with a desire so fierce that it looked almost painful. Jason couldn't take it—he'd been suffering with this need for months. Years even. It was so damned hard not to want her, especially when she was in every dream, in the back of his mind every time he fucked someone. Groaning a choked, pained sound, he grappled with his shorts and underwear, dropping them to his ankles so he could fist his cock.

He curled his fingers around himself and slowly began to stroke, his watchful eye on her. She was screwing two fingers inside her pussy now, her legs spread so wide she'd draped the back of a knee over each armrest. Jason squeezed the base of his cock then stroked upward, tightening his hold when he reached the head, all the while caressing his scrotum with his other hand, fiddling with his balls. She suddenly pulled the nightie over her head then grabbed something from nearby. A pink, silicone dildo. Where the hell did she get that?

She held it with steady hands, as if it were no stranger to her, and the truth of the matter was, the woman looked anything but sweet now. She looked burning, sizzling hot, and this time he found nothing laughable in it. Damn her, she made him want her so bad. Why was she torturing him like this? This past year had been hell! He'd been going haywire trying not to notice her "charms", particularly since a good part of the time they were so obviously on display for him.

But there was no harm in looking now, was there? He was more than a hundred yards away, his lights were off and the night was conveniently black, with no moon to

disclose him or his intentions. No one ever need know, and if she asked, he could always pretend he hadn't seen anything...

So he watched, fevered with arousal, as she rubbed the tip of the cock between the heavy globes of her breasts before moving it lower. Oh God, he might even die watching—and a sweet death it would be.

Yeah, go on, slide it into that pussy, baby...

Her mouth parted and she let out a moan he imagined he could hear as she thrust that fake dick into her pussy. Jason shuddered, delirious as he noted the pleasure that flashed on her face as she fucked herself with that huge dildo. He fervently wished it was him. He wished he owned that fucking cock and was buried deep inside her, deep inside that wet, slippery, tight-as-ass cunt of hers.

She withdrew the dildo and brought it to her mouth, tasting her juices on the tip of it with her tongue then dipping it fully past her lips and into the hot, wet cave of her mouth.

Suck it, baby, suck it hard, Jason urged mentally as he watched her, his strokes quickening on his cock, his other hand harshly squeezing his nuts, tearing a low, anguished sound from his chest. Jason actually liked squeezing his balls, liked to feel pain when he was aroused—stark, naked pain that only enhanced his pleasure.

He'd never burned this way, as if any minute now his skin would turn to ashes. He'd never felt so hot, so damned horny, as he felt now, watching her masturbate, watching her shove that huge fake cock into her mouth while he jerked off. He was about to come, just watching her suck that cock while she stroked her clit with her other hand.

Stick it inside...stick it into that sweet, tight cunt, baby...

She guided the dildo through the parted seams of her sex, using both hands to push the shaft inside and judging by the look on her face, another moan seemed to tear out of her, making Jason groan deep in his throat and pinch his own scrotum while he tightened his hold around himself.

He was going to come. He was going to explode like he'd never before—

But then something happened. She paused and turned her head to stare at something past her shoulder.

And then Jason saw him.

His hands stilled on his privates, a frown settling on his face.

Some man, a stranger, crossing the room toward her. Someone big, muscular and young. Jason gritted his teeth as he watched him stride with a lazy swagger toward the window and slowly pull the curtains closed.

Son of a bitch!

* * * * *

"Excuse me?"

"I asked if you'd like to sit down," Penelope repeated as she slipped the sheer black nightie over her head again.

"Sure."

The male escort from the highly recommended Better Have escort service slowly sat on the end of the bed. He was very handsome, with dark brown hair and warm brown eyes. His skin was smooth and tanned, and although Penelope thought he might be a little too muscular for her tastes, he was big and strong and two grand said he had to be *very* well endowed. He was wearing tight jeans and an even tighter red T-shirt and he looked just about ready for sex— which Penelope really appreciated.

"So, Murry, right?" she asked calmly.

"Right."

"So, tell me about yourself. Do you have any brothers, sisters?" she prodded, her smile sincere as she grabbed the chair she'd placed before the window and turned it around to face the bed behind her. Sitting down, she crossed her legs with a swift, elegant move.

"Umm, yeah, I got three sisters."

"How nice."

"Yeah."

Silence ensued, making Murry notably uncomfortable. He rushed to fill it. "I think that's why I'm so in tune with what women need, with what they want. I'm very in touch with my feminine side," he proudly said.

"Of course you are," she soothed.

"I can always go both ways. Know what I mean?" He eyed her when she remained silent. "Um. You wanna start with this?" he suddenly asked, looking puzzled.

"I was wondering if we could play a little game." She smiled and glanced at the red toy devil on her nightstand. "See that little devil there? We spin it, like a bottle, and whoever gets the pitchfork gets to dare the other. I'm sure we can come up with all kinds of dares, aren't you?"

There was a loud, obvious sound of a door slamming shut on the first floor.

"Oops," Penelope said, her eyes widening in surprise. "I think I know who *that* is." And she could hardly believe her good fortune!

"Huh?" Murry asked, clearly confused.

She shooed her hands, hurrying him. "Now, if you will kindly remove your clothes and maybe do a little dance for me in your underwear, I'm sure it will help a lot."

"Um..."

"Quickly!" she urged.

He was out of his clothes within seconds, and then began a slow, shake-your-booty dance in red thong underwear that appropriately displayed his tight buttocks and lovingly hugged his big package like a second skin. Penelope pasted a besotted smile on her face as she watched him until finally the door to her room burst open and there he was.

Jason Sheppy.

Penelope's heart did a double-flip, the blood suddenly rushing through her veins in an avalanche. He looked so gorgeous and so...*positively jealous*. She'd never expected such excellent results from this impulsive plan of hers. She'd dearly hoped he might feel inclined to attend the game after all, but with Jason's stubbornness, his reaction had been quite unpredictable. He was always so lazy and carefree. She knew how much he hated to have to work hard to achieve anything, and it was always up to Penelope or his golfing coach to pressure him to give his best. Well. Tada.

Penelope was getting his best tonight.

Actually, he seemed a little agitated. He was panting like a bull, hands clenched into fists at his sides, thick cords straining in his neck. His eyes were narrowed and glimmering menacingly at poor old Murry, who was still doing his little routine for her, shaking his butt with his hands placed behind his head, twirling all over the room as if any minute now she'd slip a dollar into his shorts.

"Get the hell out of here!"

Even Jason's voice, usually casual and level, was now craggy and harsh. As if she completely missed the threat underlying his tone, Penelope smiled reassuringly at Murry, who turned to her with a quizzical expression on his face.

"Oh, never mind him," she explained gently, waving a hand in dismissal. "Drop your underwear, please."

Murry hooked his thumbs to the sides of his underwear and pulled it down while Jason's whole body shook gravely with obvious consuming rage that tinted every inch of his skin a deep red color. He looked ready to murder someone—or maybe ready to fuck her, at long, long last.

"I said *leave*, goddamn it, before I do something violent!"

"Jason!" Penelope chided, outraged. "You're going to have to wait your turn. I'm paying a good two-thousand dollars for this lover boy here, and I'll be damned if he leaves without giving me a much-needed orgasm."

Jason glowered at Murry, who was now completely naked, his soft cock dangling before him like a large, lazy elephant trunk, and Penelope felt *very* pleased with the evident envy on Jason's face when he noticed. Then his anger seemed to intensify to magnificent proportions. His features suddenly twisted, nearly deformed with rage.

She found it terribly amusing.

That is, until his eyes landed on her—and the look in them was unquestionably deadly. Fear whipped inside her. He was not furious at the escort, she suddenly realized.

“What do you think you're doing?”

His hoarse voice vibrated with a muted but unmistakable sound of rage. Penelope gripped the chair armrests and kept her smile in place even if it might cost her dearly. Her insides were in turmoil. Her heart felt crowded with so much desire but now also with just a bit of fear. She had never seen him like this. Jason always seemed so cool. “I thought you'd like to watch him *play* with me,” she said casually. “Since you're so good at spying and everything, and I'm no better than a toddler as far as you're concerned.”

He walked toward her with slow, sure footsteps, his eyes almost murdering her on the spot. “You little *bitch*.”

She sighed dramatically, fighting to appear calm. “Now that was uncalled for, Jason. I thought you said I was wholesome.”

“And are you really?” When Jason reached the chair, he grabbed her arms and pulled her up, his lips only a breath from hers. “You're testing my nerves, Penelope. I've a mind to fuck your brains out and give you what you deserve.”

Her heart raced with excitement. Finally. Finally! He was going to fuck her brains out. “No one's stopping you,” she whispered.

“Did you honestly think I was going to stand there and watch while some bastard fucked you?”

“Well you've never shown much interest in doing it yourself, so I just figured—”

"Damn you! I was protecting you! From men like him – and men like me!"

His biceps bulged and rippled as he threw her down on the bed. She bounced once before instinctively backing away, only to notice he was stripping off his clothes. "Damn it all to hell now. If you want to be used, fine, then *I'm* the one who'll be using you!" He was shaking with rage as he undressed while she watched in fascination, her eyes greedily absorbing every newly revealed inch of bronzed, bare skin.

"You're wrong, Jason," she finally said. "You see...*I'm* the one who's going to be using you."

"Is that right?" He slowly approached her, his angry eyes piercing to her insides like blue lasers. "*Never* start a game you don't know how to play, Penelope."

He was fully naked now, and she had only a few precious seconds to marvel at how utterly beautiful his body was, all those sleek, tanned muscles. Not thick like Murry's, but sinewy and hard. There was a faint tan line around his hips and for a moment she wished she could ask him to turn around so she could stare at what had to be a glorious, rock-hard butt. Instead, her eyes bulged at the front view. His cock was huge, throbbing, straining up toward the ceiling with pride. "Your little game is over. Now we're playing *my* way."

She could tell he was going to ravage her. Yes, he was – and he couldn't do it fast enough to suit her.

"Take off that thing."

Penelope didn't need to be asked twice. She briskly pulled off her sexy sheer baby-doll, watching his reaction as she flung it aside. Her nakedness didn't seem to appease his anger much but his eyes suddenly glowed with heat. Murry took a seat on the chair Penelope had previously occupied, his cock now fully erect as he sank back to watch.

"Open your legs."

Penelope held her breath. Jason's blue eyes – dark and deadly and right on target – fixed hungrily on the apex of her legs as she slowly parted them.

“Touch it. Touch your pussy.”

Penelope’s insides quivered as she slowly brushed her hand down her belly, grazing past the trimmed hairs until she held herself, hot and wet and ready in her palm.

“Spread your lips apart so I can see right into you.”

Spreading two fingers to each side of her labia, she pulled her lips wide. Growling in hunger, his cock quivering in his excitement, Jason bent forward, inching his face toward her pussy. She gasped when he licked her, like a dog, just one quick, fast lick inside the folds of her sex, making her moan for more. He pulled back slightly and stared, dark-eyed, right into her cunt as she held her entrance wide apart with her fingers.

Ten long heartbeats later, he finally dipped his head, his tongue gently lapping at her pussy. Biting her lower lip with a muffled cry, she shoved her hips up to his mouth, urging him to thrust his tongue deeper and lick and eat it all. His tongue followed the silent command, swiftly dipping inside.

That thick, hot tongue was thorough, a master of seduction as it rubbed the swollen muscles of her cunt, making her juices flow like warmed honey. She shivered under the slow, sensual strokes and stared unseeingly up at the ceiling, never having imagined his tongue could feel so wonderful.

“Where’s that plastic cock?” Jason asked, his voice harsh with need.

“On the table, beside the chair,” she said breathlessly, seizing the brief moment to try to steady her breath. He quickly grabbed it and handed it to her, his face tight with arousal.

“Put it inside you.”

She took it in her hands, hesitating for a moment.

“Put it inside you and masturbate. I want to see you.”

There was determination in his voice, but she shook her head. “No, I want *you*, Jason. It’s you I—”

“Hush.” He pressed a finger to his own lips, his jaw held so tight his teeth could’ve cracked. “Just do it.”

She closed her eyes, raising her hips as she thrust the dildo inside her, hissing out a sharp breath when it filled her.

Her eyes opened to find Jason standing before the bed, enveloping the length of his cock in his hands, his whole attention focused on her as he began to squeeze himself. Murry was busy behind him, pulling hard at his cock, breaths short and fast.

Penelope met Jason’s gaze while she slowly continued to play with herself, pressing that dildo in deeper, slipping it out then back in again. It stretched the walls of her cunt so wide she thought it would break her in half, but still she wanted more, couldn’t push it deep enough.

Glancing down at Jason’s dick, her eyes misted with desire as she saw how slowly he stroked himself, rocking his hips while he did so, now cupping his testicles with his other hand. Using the binoculars, she’d once seen him masturbate over his bed while watching a porn movie. She had been so aroused just by watching him. But now, hearing the low, ragged sounds of his breathing, smelling the musky male scent of his arousal and sensing the warmth of his body so near, watching simply could not compare.

Jerking her hips upward, she pushed the dildo farther inside her, now oblivious to everything except the sweltering heat and the acute pain between her legs. She was moaning loudly, and she heard other sounds in the room too. Low, guttural sounds coming from Jason and deep, hungry groans coming from Murry. All three of them made agonized, delirious sounds of pleasure to create a hot, dark symphony that seemed to echo in the room.

Jason pulled at his cock, jerking it arduously, sweat beading his brow as he watched her lift her hips to receive the dildo up to her core, fully, completely. Her breasts

bounced at the force of her thrusts, jerked and jiggled as she moved. When that tension, that promising pain became unbearable, she cried out and shuddered at the same moment his semen shot in the air and his body shook in tremors.

The escort screamed behind them, coming loud and hard in a shattering earthquake that could've shaken the floor beneath them.

A deathly silence descended over the room the next minute, stark and dreary compared to the wanton music that had preceded it. When Penelope finally recovered, she lazily sat up on the bed, meeting Murry's warm brown gaze and crooking her finger at him with a wicked glint in her eye. "Come here, big boy."

Jason frowned, his biceps clenching with tension as Murry stepped forward. Penelope eyed Murry's member as if she were a scientist studying something of critical consequence. Smiling in satisfaction, she cupped his dick in her hand and immediately, as if by magic, it thickened and hardened under her palm. Thrilled, she glanced up and smiled at him. "Nice. *Very* nice. Do you actually take something to perform adequately, or how do you get hard so soon after...?"

"Some guys take a few pills but I'm a natural," Murry admitted softly, his cheeks staining bright pink.

"Keep your hands to yourself, Penelope," Jason growled, his eyebrows furrowing into a scowl, his hands fisting at his sides.

She giggled and dropped her hand. "Fine. No hands." Falling back on the bed, she had eyes only for Murry. She'd intended to give Jason a show and now he would get it. "How about fucking me with no hands? Think you can manage? Just your cock, nothing else can touch me."

Jason watched, seemingly stupefied while the muscled escort gently shouldered him aside and knelt on the bed as Penelope parted her legs wide so he could slide his hips between her thighs. She gasped when he entered her, glorying at the feel of his hardened cock inside her. Their bodies were joined only in that single place, his cock slowly sinking into the pink, slippery slit between her legs.

Every one of her senses felt attuned to that pulsing male organ entering and withdrawing from her heat. It felt so sensual, to touch only in that place, his gentle penetration heightening the sensitivity of her pebbled flesh and the feel of each little quiver in her cunt as it squeezed and drew his cock farther inside her. Murry made a low, gruff sound and Penelope closed her eyes and arched her back, ripples of pleasure washing over her as he began a slow, leisurely fuck.

* * * * *

Jason was going to fucking *kill* her—but first he was going to watch. Oh dear Lord. Dear, dear Lord. She was going to be the end of him.

His eyes dropped to her tits. They called to him, round and full and female, the nipples drawn and puckered for his kiss already. Moving to the side of the bed, he bent forward, drawing one nipple into his mouth, laving it with his tongue. When it was wet and quivering, he suckled it. Her whole body trembled under his lips and he suckled harder, using his teeth to nip the hard little crest, wanting to devour her. Milk her.

Huffing, puffing sounds reverberated in the room as Murry fucked her—no hands, just cock—and Jason was so fevered and frantic and wanting that he'd never thought such ardent need possible.

When Murry began to ram inside Penelope's small, sleek body even faster, making her whimper and cry like a mare, Jason knew he couldn't stand it anymore. He needed to be inside her, in that place he'd always craved, a place he knew in his heart was *his*.

He leaned close to whisper to her. "Suck him," he ordered, hungrily dipping his tongue in her ear.

Penelope opened her eyes to stare hazily up at Murry. "Come here and let me suck you, big boy," she said in an intimate whisper.

When Murry moved, Jason immediately took his place, grabbing Penelope's hips and sinking his fingers into her warm, moistened flesh as he slammed inside her,

making a loud, deranged sound when his penis was finally – *finally*, after years – fully sheathed inside her.

Murry slowly lay down on the bed beside her, settling his hips a few inches away from her face. As if starved, Penelope opened her mouth and searched for the thick, bulbous head of his cock, purring in pleasure when she found it and tugging it into her mouth with her lips. Frenzied, she looked desperate to eat it, taking as much of it as possible while Jason fucked his way into her pussy.

Jason watched her take the other man, watched as her mouth parted wide and her tongue rubbed against the length of Murry's thick organ, flicking the folds of the head, swiping along the tip. Licking every inch of his cock that she could, her hand gently cupped his nuts, her thumb slowly brushing along the sparse hairs over the sac, making him groan deliriously.

Jason was mad with need, his grip holding her fast as he screwed her at will, pounding his cock deep inside her, pulling it out wet and slick and gleaming with her cream, then ramming it back in. No one made him this hot, this horny, except this innocent little slut, doing all these naughty things to him. Torturing him, tormenting him – and proving that she was even wilder than he was!

Her cunt squeezed him, slick and tight, like nothing he'd slipped his cock into before. If she weren't sucking on Murry he'd want to pull out his cock and make her suck it, make her taste her own pussy on him, make her eat his drops of cum and lick every inch of his dick.

"Do you like it?" he asked thickly, his voice heavy with arousal. "You like sucking cock?"

She tilted her head back to whisper a low and sultry, "Yes," before taking the cock greedily into her mouth again, drinking from it as if it were her life's sustenance, as if she couldn't live without it or bear a minute away from it.

Jason groaned and cupped her breasts as he moved his hips back, gently withdrawing, only to slam back inside her again. Murry's body tensed as he neared his

climax and he pulled out of her mouth. Penelope curled one hand around him and began to stroke him fast.

Jason went crazy, his lungs exerting as they fought for air while he pounded into her cunt as if the devil himself were forcing him to.

Penelope shuddered just as she opened her mouth, slid out her tongue and caught some of Murry's cum as he exploded, spilling his cream. She drank most of it, purring in delight, while the rest fell on her chin and lips, where she licked it ravenously, making Jason the hottest, horniest bastard in the whole hot-damned world. He came inside her with a harsh cry of passion, shuddering completely before he fell beside her on the bed, limp and nearly, *very* nearly, dead.

Chapter Three

For a few moments they said nothing and just lay there, the three of them, entangled on the bed. Chest heaving, Jason stared up at the ceiling and reached out to stroke Penelope's naked, sweaty body lying motionless beside his. "Wow. That was just...wow!" Jason said dazedly, still feeling winded.

"Uh-huh," came Murry's reply.

Jason lifted his head and glowered at him across the peaks of Penelope's nipples. "Don't you think it's about time you left already?"

Murry propped himself up on an elbow and stared down at Penelope. "Should I?"

Biting back a smile, she shook her head solemnly as she sat up on the bed. "No, please don't, because I have one itty-bitty request from you. From *both* of you, actually."

Jason inwardly groaned. Oh no. Penelope's requests were usually flat-out horrifying, like that time she'd asked him to rescue an already dead animal from the street and drive for miles just to get to a vet to see if a resuscitation was possible—which of course Jason knew was not. His car had stunk for weeks.

"That is," Penelope added teasingly, switching her gaze from one man to the other. "If you can both get it up."

"Of course," Murry quickly assured.

Jason's scowl intensified. Was this a challenge? Would it mean he wasn't man enough if he didn't get it up for the third fucking time in one single night? He relaxed only slightly when he realized maybe poor Murry wouldn't be so eager to get it up if he knew what sort of discomfoting "requests" Penelope usually thought up.

"Jason?" she prodded.

He sighed. "All right, what?" he heard himself say.

“Could you guys stand together and...rub cocks for a few minutes?”

Jason jackknifed to a sitting position. “*What?*”

Penelope smiled at him charmingly, clasping her hands before her chest as if in prayer. “Oh puleeeze?”

“Of course by all means *no!*” Jason immediately said, bounding up from the bed with record speed.

Penelope giggled, eyes twinkling. “I just want you to rub your cocks together and let me watch just a little. I’d really like that.”

Jason looked at her from across the room as if she’d grown lizards on her head. He shook his head in disbelief. “Baby, you’re really scaring me.”

“I told you I could be wicked. Well, there you have it. It’s my own very secret, very *private* fantasy.”

Smiling, she pushed herself off the bed and walked toward him, swaying her hips slowly, like a sultry goddess of sex. “Would you be willing to grant me this little wish, Jason? I’d be happy to make any of *yours* come true.”

She knew just how to ask him, damn her, but this time it was not going to happen. “Yeah, baby, but...”

“Come on, man,” Murry said, rising from the bed. “We’ll just rub cocks, have some rowdy fun.”

Jason stared pointedly at Murry’s already-hard, magical, ever-stiff cock. “I hardly think that would be fun,” he said seriously.

“It’s just rubbing cocks, handsome, it’s not anything drastic,” Penelope encouraged.

“The hell it’s not!”

She crossed her arms and shrugged. “Fine, then don’t.”

“Maybe if we spin the toy like you said...” Murry intervened behind her, grabbing the spin devil from the nightstand and waving it in the air.

Penelope whirled to face him, smiling. “Murry, you are absolutely brilliant.”

If that comment wasn't infuriating, Jason didn't know what was. He glowered as Murry set the thing on the stand and sent it spinning. "I'm not rubbing cocks no matter what that damned toy —"

"Fork!" Penelope squealed, the tips pointing right at Jason.

Murry looked confused. "Does fork means I get to rub cocks with him?"

"No!" Jason snapped at the same time Penelope said, "Yes!"

Jason pursed his lips as she turned to face him. She was flushed, smiling and looking all lovey-dovey. In fact, she was looking up at him in the same damned way she always did when she wanted to get her way. It was the puppy-dog-behind-the-window-of-the-pet-shop look. Damn her.

Damn her *twice* because he actually felt himself responding to her ridiculous request.

His cock hardened at her pleading look, hardened at the pleasure the mere thought of pleasing *her* gave him. Hardened at the mere thought of doing something really...very...disgustingly...*kinky*.

"Goddammit," he grumbled, and before he thought better of it, he walked toward Murry, thinking he'd make damned sure his friends never, *ever* found out about this. Jason was no man-lover. He'd get ribbed for all eternity for sure. Glancing down to check his tool, he stared at Murry's, then at his again, trying to discern if he was at least the bigger of the two.

It was a close call. Actually maybe Jason lost by a hairbreadth...or a tiny bit more. Aw shit, the man's cock was really big. But he was a freaking pro! He *lived* to fuck.

While Jason *loved* to fuck, he was hardly a gigolo. And his cock was real—no enhancing anything. Unlike whatever Murry obviously did to his. He didn't buy that "natural" thing for a second.

Cheating bastard.

* * * * *

Barely able to believe this wasn't a dream, Penelope took a step back and felt a crashing wave of desire flood between her legs as she watched both men slowly move forward. They were the same height, and although Murry's cock was about half an inch longer, Jason's was thicker, smoother. More beautiful than anything to her.

Their foreheads almost made contact when they both stared down and watched in fascination as their tall, throbbing cocks crowded the space that separated them. When they actually touched, the men's bodies stiffened...maybe in shock, maybe in arousal.

Yes, definitely in arousal, for both their breaths quickened harshly...

Then they began to rub. First just the tips of their cocks, head against head, the bulbous mushrooms slowly stroking against each other. Then, ever so slowly, the whole thick length of them, rubbing up and down, skin to skin.

There was a low, soft brushing sound in the room as their flesh rubbed. Blood pulsed inside their members and even as they touched, both their dicks seemed to throb and tremble in need. Less hesitant now, the men moved closer and scraped their dicks more forcefully, as if their cocks were pained and itching for a scratch. Brazenly, they guided their cocks up and down, now oblivious to Penelope's presence as they gazed down at themselves, at the way their cocks scraped and brushed and rubbed.

Suddenly, as if in accord, their bodies strained closer, their dicks pressing tightly, their balls almost touching. They were so close, their privates smashed together and appearing almost as one, that it was hard to see where one male began and the other ended.

Penelope's insides felt like molten lava. An acute, sizzling pain clenched inside the walls of her cunt like a fist of fire. She felt fevered, euphoric, to watch the man she'd always dreamed of do this for her, do this because she was a wicked little girl, repressed her whole life, and had let her inner harlot out to play.

She slowly slid a finger inside her and bit back a moan, not wanting to distract the two males, not wanting to miss a precious moment of this wild, wicked fantasy. Her sex was hot, almost scorching the flesh of her finger as she planted it as deeply as she could.

She watched as Murry grabbed Jason's shoulders and pulled him closer until their chests pressed together. Rocking his hips against Jason's, their cocks full and hard and throbbing, Murry growled.

Muscles rippling, Jason put his hands on Murry's hips and began to rock his own, his buttocks flexing at his moves. The tips of their cocks glistened with cum and Penelope knew they were finding pleasure in her request. They were both breathing harsh and fast, like two gnarly beasts mating, and they looked more than ready to get down to business and fuck.

Soundlessly walking forward, she placed a gentle hand on each man's ass, simultaneously squeezing their flesh before shifting her hands, dipping a finger between each of their buttocks until she was stroking their hot, puckered anuses. Her hardened nipples lightly brushed against the side of their chests. Their hot, rapid breaths fanned her face. Each breath they took became louder, deeper as they hastened to rub more fiercely now, their chests pressing tightly, more cum glistening from the tips of their cocks. She stroked both their anuses, suddenly inserting the tip of a finger inside each.

Sweat glistened on his brow as Jason turned his head and kissed her, sticking his tongue into her mouth. Groaning in pleasure, Murry joined the kiss, sliding his tongue inside her parted lips until all three tongues blended together along with the mingled taste of their saliva, their ragged breaths and their needy, animal noises. When she pulled away, she watched, mesmerized, as the men continued the kiss for a few endless seconds, their tongues tasting and feasting together. Jason growled deeply, as if he liked the kiss and the taste of Murry's mouth.

Murry ground his cock against Jason's, chafing himself against him as if desperate to come, come over Jason and spill himself on another man's cock.

Penelope's legs shook as she moved back to sit on the edge of the bed, spreading her legs wide open and touching the quivering nub of her clit as she watched. No

civilized men were in this room tonight. They were just animals now, wanting to fuck something, someone, whoever, whatever it was.

“I could fuck you,” Murry whispered against Jason’s lips, sounding more than a little aroused. “Fuck you good and hard.”

Jason stared back at him panting, a look of uncertainty crossing his face before he turned to meet Penelope’s gaze. Their eyes locked. Holding her breath, she nodded pleadingly, thinking there would be nothing more exciting to her than watching a man taking Jason while he fucked her. Nothing as hot and wicked and naughty and erotic.

Jason’s blue eyes darkened as Penelope hurriedly grabbed what looked like a bottle of lube from her nightstand, then crawled onto the bed on all fours, giving him an ample view of her backside. “You can take me in the same way,” she urged, smacking her own ass with a loud slap in order to tempt him. “Wouldn’t you like that? Wouldn’t you like to know how I feel when you stick it inside my ass?”

“Would this please you?” Jason asked softly, a thousand feelings glowing in his eyes.

“Yes, Jason...it really would,” she said in a whisper that trembled with desire.

* * * * *

Several memorable times, Jason had had a woman’s finger up in his ass, and he’d gloried at the feel of it. Now he felt his asshole clench, the thought of Murry’s cock in there making every part of his body suddenly contract, maybe in thrill, maybe in dread.

Murry bit back a smile when Jason nodded ever so slightly. Gathering saliva, Murry spit on his own cock while Jason watched, his eyes heavy and dark as Murry slowly spread the saliva all over his cock with his hand.

Jason walked determinedly toward the bed, heading toward his prize, toward the delectable Penelope on all fours, her little pink ass puckered and ready for him. His eyes feasted on her body as he rested one knee on the edge of the bed, positioning his cock right between the soft swell of her buttocks.

Murry followed him, cupping Jason's waist with two big, calloused hands as Jason took the lube from Penelope's hand and slowly spread it over himself. He handed the bottle to Murry, who added the slick substance to his already shining, saliva-lubed cock.

His cock pulsing, the plum-shaped head engorged and damp, Jason slowly, very slowly, guided his dick into Penelope's ass. She yelped in pain, shuddered with pleasure, and Jason gripped her waist, withdrew and moved inside her again, harder this time.

With the gentleness of experience, Murry held Jason in place and lightly probed his ass with the tip of his cock, using it to slowly part and widen his entrance. Dragging air into his lungs, Murry moved forward another inch, the effort to hold back making his thick muscles tremble.

Jason gritted his teeth as he felt his ass open, widen, stretch. Then in one slow stroke, Murry pushed his dick, big and thick and large, all the way inside him. Jason cried out a harsh, pained sound, and still he felt the pleasure in that pain. Sweating profusely now, Jason began a slow, carnal rhythm as he sank deep into Penelope's burning tunnel, watching in fascination as his cock entered the back of her body. The same way Murry's cock entered his.

Every time Jason withdrew, Murry entered him with a single furious thrust, and every time Jason entered Penelope, Murry withdrew from him. It was killing him, so much pleasure and so unexpected...

Penelope was burning hot, seemingly desperate for release. She yelped and begged and touched herself, cupping her pussy and wildly stroking the nub of her clit.

Murry pressed his chest against Jason's back and licked his ear while he brushed his hands caressingly over his hips.

Groaning, Jason cocked his head sideways and kissed him, thrusting his tongue past his lips and tasting Murry's hot male mouth in desperation. His body shivered at

the power in Murry's hands, the warm, seductive strokes of his tongue and the sure, pounding thrusts of his cock.

Murry lowered his hand so he could touch the base of Jason's cock each time it slid out of Penelope's ass.

"I like your cock," Murry murmured against Jason's ear. "Do you like mine?"

"Yes," Jason bit out through clenched teeth, ramming more fiercely into Penelope now. She was wild and pliant beneath him, her body a tight, warm heaven compared to the searing, overwhelming invasion of Murry.

As if he knew just where to touch him, Murry moved his hand from Jason's cock and guided it down to his balls, squeezing them gently at the same time he thrust up deep, so deep into Jason's ass that Jason hissed in pain, thinking he would explode. Murry kissed his ear, his hot tongue dipping and licking. Jason's cock throbbed with pressure even as Penelope's tightness clamped around him, the nearby contractions of her pussy rippling his cock, milking him at the same time his ass locked around Murry's thick, swollen cock.

"Tight little asshole," Murry whispered in a low, gravelly voice against his ear. "Like a virgin boy."

Jason groaned, faintly aware of Penelope looking past her shoulder to watch him, to watch Murry fuck him, hard and fast. Could she tell how much he liked it? Could she decipher the look on his face, tightened with hot, straining pleasure? His eyes met hers and he could see the lust there, the pleasure she felt in watching Jason's body spread and pillaged and forced open just as hers was.

She was stroking her pussy as she watched, stroking herself to orgasm and crying out his name. Jason. Her body jerked under his, dragging him with her to a shuddering climax at the same time Murry cried out. They came together, all three of them, in a wild explosion of fire, as if the earth had cracked open and the flames of hell had burst out, scorching them.

For a few long, interminable minutes they were silent, and only after Murry withdrew and began dressing did Jason actually resume breathing.

A wide smile spread Murry's lips as he paused to eye Jason's profile. "Usually I'd charge double for that," he told him. "But in your case, it's on the house."

Jason gritted his teeth, his eyes deadly on the amused escort. "Gee, thanks, you're so *sweet*."

Penelope laughed as she watched the two men. "Murry, thank you so much, it's been so wonderful to meet you. You're a real bargain for two thousand!"

Murry kissed the back of her hand with flair, as if he were a knight of the realm, not some man who was paid to fuck people. Jason felt somewhat annoyed as he watched him leave—but he figured he could be forgiven for being just a tiny bit pissed. He'd just been fucked by a man, for Christ's sake, and all courtesy of... Scowling, he scanned the room for the culprit. Found it lying on its back on the nightstand, almost smirking at him.

The damned spin devil.

Hesitantly, Penelope approached him. Jason narrowed his eyes at her. "I should kill you for this," he said gruffly before shaking his head. "But I can't. I won't." He eyed the spin devil again. "Maybe it's not even your doing at all." It was that damned spin devil, turning him into a *loco*.

Penelope wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her cheek to his chest. "Oh Jason...tell me, was it fun, was it good?"

He couldn't lie, not to her. "Yeah, it was good."

"But how good? Really *really* good? Did it feel as good as it looked?"

Oh, what the hell, just come out and say it, he thought, silently willing himself to admit it. "Yeah."

She sighed dreamily. "Maybe next time I can use that big fat dildo to play with *you*," she offered with a bat of her eyelashes.

If he hadn't already come three times in one night, Jason was sure he'd have gotten hard *again* at that wicked proposal. Groaning, he bent down and kissed her with all the tumultuous feelings he'd always harbored for her...and all the worry. "What in the world am I going to do with you?"

"Have lots and lots of sex, in every possible way imaginable."

He cocked an eyebrow. "What if I want more?"

"Then take more. Take everything, Jason."

He considered it for a moment. "You scare the shit out of me," he breathed against her face, kissing her once again, greedily, hungrily. "I don't want to hurt you. Disappoint you. What if I can't give you what you want?"

She stroked his arms, beaming up at him. "You won't disappoint me, and I won't ask for anything but what you can handle giving."

A look of concern crossed his face. "I'm not sure I can handle *you*. You're a real handful—you always have been," he said worriedly, brushing a damp string of hair away from her face. She moaned a little, luxuriating in the feel of his hand on her face, his warm, big body pressed to her softer one, his chest crushing her nipples.

"If you keep me really occupied I'm sure I won't have time to get into any trouble," she promised.

"So should I just tie you to the bed and pleasure you every second of every day and every night? Will that keep you adequately busy?"

"Hmm, definitely."

He bent and took one nipple into his mouth, lightly suckling it before dragging his lips up her throat, her jaw, pausing on her earlobe as a thought struck him. "What do we do with your toy?"

She stared at him, clearly surprised by his question. "Play with it, of course. Spin it more and more and then some more. That's the best toy ever! Best *sex* ever," she added with enthusiasm.

Jason jerked backward, horrified. "If I can even *live* through it, you mean."

She laughed, ruffled Jason's tousled blond hair and blew a cutesy kiss at the object on the nightstand. "He'll make sure you do, won't you, you little cutie? Besides, he'll make all my naughtiest dreams come true – and *yours* too."

"He already did, I'm afraid. The term 'careful what you wish for' certainly applies." At her stricken expression, he laughed, a low rumbling sound, and then cupped her face. "You're more than I bargained for, baby."

All the love in the world shone in her eyes as she smiled up at him. "Then maybe we should bargain with it again, see what you get this time."

He encircled her with his arms, pressing her against him with a smile. "Maybe we should kick its little red ass out of here."

She smacked him playfully on the shoulder. "Don't be so mean to it, Jason. Now – whoever gets the pitchfork toward them gets to take orders. Deal?"

He groaned, knowing with his luck, *he'd* be the one taking orders.

"Deal, Jason?" she prodded, puppy-eyed and beautiful.

Aw, hell and damnation. "Yeah, deal," he agreed.

Giggling, she linked her fingers through his and dragged him across the room toward the spin devil.

"What the hell are you doing, Penelope?" he asked, exhausted and knowing he might not like the answer.

"What does it look like? I'm going to spin some more!"

The End

About the Author

Red Garnier is a multi-published erotic romance author. She's also a happy wife and proud mother of two little handfuls. Writing has been her passion since she read her first romance novel at the age of fourteen. Red loves a good laugh, a good cry, but most of all, she loves a good romance. She's thrilled to be able to share her very own stories with others, and hopes you will enjoy reading them as much as she does writing them.

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

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