



Three for *Me?*

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SANDHAIN publishing, inc.

Three men, a tomboy...and one erotic game that could change everything.

Simon, Eric, Rafael, Lee...and Charli. It's never mattered that Charli is the only girl in the crowd. She's always been a tomboy, anyway. Just one of the guys.

Between work and Couch Potato Thursdays, life is pretty full. Sure, no man alive can get through the friend gauntlet, but thanks to her boys and her toys, she's got plenty of fantasy material. It's a win-win situation. Until Lee has a destination wedding in Cozumel—and Charli's "best man" duties take a kinky turn.

Through what looks to be foul play by Lee's new brides, Charli finds herself on a decidedly decadent shore excursion, playing "The Race Erotic". With each sexy challenge, it becomes clearer that down deep, she desires not one, not two, but all three of her remaining single buddies.

They're the only family she's ever known. She can't imagine living without them. Will she have to choose? Or will the final score be three to one?

Warning: Naughty costumes, kinky toys, a boy, a girl...two more boys, all doing unspeakably dirty things to each other.

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Samhain Publishing, Ltd.
577 Mulberry Street, Suite 1520
Macon GA 31201

Three for Me?
Copyright © 2009 by R. G. Alexander
ISBN: 978-1-60504-624-2
Edited by Bethany Morgan
Cover by Anne Cain

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First Samhain Publishing, Ltd. electronic publication: July 2009
www.samhainpublishing.com

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Dedication

To Cookie—Love is the reason. To The Amazing Race Cozumel and our wonderful guides. You were inspiring. To my smutketeers and divas, especially Eden Bradley, Crystal Jordan and Lilli Feisty for being such a wonderfully bad influence. And Beth, for wondering aloud if the Race Erotic might be more fun with an extra team member. It definitely was.

Chapter One

“And do you, Lee Ronald Barrow, Connie Lynn MacIntosh *and* Lori Annette Shelton, take each other to be husband and wives? Will you honor and keep one another, forsaking all others, for as long as the three of you shall live?”

“I do.”

“I do.”

“Me three.”

Charli snorted at Lori Ann’s response, and the small, quiet gathering began to chuckle. Including the notary public who was performing the intimate beach wedding. Lee quelled her with a look over his silver-framed glasses and she lowered her head apologetically while the ceremony continued.

This was a little surreal. It was weird enough that Lee was marrying *both* his long-time girlfriends. Well, technically only Connie, though they’d both signed a pre-nup that included Lori Ann. But to make matters worse, he’d asked Charli to be the best man. Her. Not Eric or Rafael, not even Simon. No. Out of all his childhood friends, Lee chose his only female buddy for the job.

She glanced at her fellow groomsmen through her lashes. Even in Hawaiian-print shorts, sleeveless tuxedo jackets and bow ties, the height of fashion for the Key West wedding elite, they were a stunning group of men.

Her men.

They’d been best friends for as long as she could remember—since the sixth grade. Protecting one another from school bullies and distant parents, celebrating successes and commiserating over heartbreaks. Always together.

Lee had been the last one to join their motley crew...and the first one to leave it. She sighed. Oh they would still hang out, and it wasn’t as if Connie and Lori Ann weren’t wonderful, but it wouldn’t be the same.

This was the beginning of the end. Pretty soon the others would catch the settling-down bug. They were all sexy, successful men in their prime. They wouldn’t be single long. And then Charli would be alone. No more camping trips, no more Thursday night couch-potato parties. Not for her.

Was she a horrible person to think that? To selfishly worry about herself instead of wishing them well? Probably. But damn it, she hated change.

“Wake up, Chuck.” Simon nudged her, and she looked up, blushing at the expectant stares aimed her way.

“Oh!” She slipped her fingers into the too small shorts she’d stupidly allowed the boys to purchase for her, pulling out the three engraved rings. “Sorry.”

Connie giggled, and Lee just rolled his eyes, smiling as he took the rings from Charli’s clammy hands. She saw the awkward, gangly youth from her childhood in that smile, and her eye’s misted as he spoke his vows. Simple, honest and with just enough humor to be perfectly Lee.

“Let the love that these three have found with one another be nurtured and supported by all who stand witness here today. Love is a rare gift. It comes in many packages and forms, each one unique...each one a blessing.”

First Connie, then Lori Ann, were given a thorough and passionate kiss by their new husband. Charli’s eyebrows touched her hairline when the two women wrapped their arms around each other and, without any hesitation, pressed their lips together softly, tenderly.

Rafael, always the one with the fewest inhibitions, let out a loud wolf whistle. “I think I speak for every man here when I say, amen to *that*.”

Charli leaned around Simon to whack Raf in the stomach. “Way to ruin a moment, Mr. Romance.”

“Hey, I’m romantic. Ask anyone.”

“Don’t you mean ask *everyone*?” Charli heard Eric’s low mutter, and her brow crinkled with worry.

He’d had such a hard time when Rafael admitted his bisexuality to the group. Eric and Raf had been inseparable before then. Now, even though it was five years since his drunken announcement, things still weren’t the same between them. And that pot had been stirred by Connie and Lori Ann’s obvious affection for one another.

Did she mention she hated change?

“Thank you all for coming. Now let’s get to the boat before they leave without us. Next stop, Cozumel!” Connie did a little dance in the sand, both the brides turning to throw their bouquets at the small crowd of family and friends.

Lori Ann’s was caught by Lee’s Aunt Kelly, the only member of his family to RSVP. She’d told them that black sheep had to stick together, but Charli was grateful that Lee had her to lean on. They all leaned on her. Including Charli, who’d lived under her roof from the time she was fifteen until she graduated from high school. Everyone needed an Aunt Kelly.

She was grinning at the fifty-three-year-old beauty, who was holding up her prize and whooping as though she’d won the lottery, when she saw a missile of orchids and lavender flying her way.

Charli’s hands came up with the instincts of a seasoned catcher, saving her face from certain flowery doom. She looked down at the dainty design. Hell.

“Nice catch.”

“That’s why she’s the best man.”

“Guess you’re next, Chuck.”

Charli glared at them all in turn, saving her meanest look for Simon, who just raised his eyebrow and smirked. He drove her crazy, for too many reasons to count. Not the least of which was his persistence in taking her already-masculine name, and butching it up.

Connie squealed and Charli glanced up to see Lee heft her and Lori Ann over each shoulder, carrying them easily up the sandy incline to the Conch Train, the tourist tram that would take them back to the cruise ship.

“Wait, you guys, I promised Lee I’d get a picture of the four of you in those great outfits. Scrunch in together.”

Three pairs of strong male hands pulled her close at Kelly’s command, right in the middle. She closed her eyes at their heat. God, they smelled good. All of them. She was sick from breakfast. That must be what it was. Why she had this sudden desire to rub up against them. Heck, maybe weddings screwed with her hormones. Reminded her that she was a girl.

“Wait, Aunt Kelly. We need one more. Take it off guys.” Rafael wagged his eyebrows at Charli, unbuttoning his tuxedo jacket and shirt with all the flair of a table dancer.

“Oh. I’m so hot. You’re turning me on.” Her monotone delivery set all of them guffawing, and she smiled. This was how it should be. All light and fun and none of them having any idea what she was really thinking. Sad, but being friends with a group of horny hunks made you keep some things to yourself.

They all turned toward her with their arms spread and Charli nearly fell over laughing. “Oh my God. When did you get those?”

Simon, Eric and Raf grinned at her delight. They were all sporting red T-shirts covered in gold and orange flames. The black lettering was bold and unmistakable. Her eyes blurred again, this time with tears of mirth.

Charli’s Devils.

Lee’s aunt snapped the picture. “Priceless.”

Yes, Charli thought. They were.

“I’m so glad I brought an extra one along. I knew you’d look this sexy in a bikini.”

“I can’t believe they’re real. I’d kill for a pair like that.”

Charli was going to kill Lee. Shouldn’t he be in his honeymoon suite, doing insanely kinky things with his new brides? Instead, he and the other guys had disappeared, leaving her alone with Lori Ann and Connie. They’d talked her into a little sun bathing by the pool. And apparently, her faded blue one-piece wasn’t allowed to the party.

She adjusted the narrow triangles that she was sure barely covered her nipples. Connie had a nice figure, but the bikini top was too small. The bane of Charli's existence had always been her breasts. No matter how compact or sporty the rest of her body was from a lifetime of playing with the boys, her breasts never shrank a single cup size. "Porn breasts" Lee had called them once. Before Simon and Eric had socked him in the jaw.

"Oh relax, Charli. Just lay back, enjoy our complimentary wedding margaritas and tell us all about Lee when he was a randy teen." Connie's laughter was infectious, and soon enough, whether it was from the alcohol or the company, Charli found herself relaxing. And sharing stories.

"You—you mean he actually thought his...that *it* was...?"

"I swear. And he was too afraid the doctor would tell his mother, so Simon and I had to drive him to the next town while Eric and Raf covered for him with that ridiculous fish story."

Lori Ann spurted out her margarita, and the three girls wailed in renewed humor as they towed her off. "You'd think that thing was made of gold the way men go on about it."

Connie's smile was sly. "Well, Lee's is certainly worth its weight in gold. The things he can do...mmmmmm."

"Lalalala. TMI, people. Friend and business partner over here. I don't need to know anything about what he can do with any of his bits and pieces."

Lori Ann tilted her head at Charli. "Come on, girl. What are you, made of stone? You've been surrounded by four of the *finest* men on the planet. When Lee first introduced me to your group I almost climaxed before dessert. And you not only work with Simon, but you spend most of your free time connected to all three at their hips. Tell me you haven't fantasized about one or more of them in all the time you've known them, and I'll tell you I have some ex-girlfriends you might be interested in."

Charli choked on her drink. It was hard to get used to female gossip. She'd never been good at it. The curse of being a tomboy. Give her a fishing rod or a mountain to climb, but please God, save her from the conversations in the ladies' room. "Of course I know they're gorgeous. I'm the one all their wannabe girlfriends chum up to in order to get me to put in a good word. But we've been friends forever. And some things are more important than my sex life, or lack thereof."

Connie frowned. "See, that's what *I* don't get. You're every man's wet dream. You love football, you have the body of a pole dancer, no offense, and you co-own a chain of fantastically popular sporting-goods stores. How are you still single?"

Charli snorted. "Ever had older brothers?" Both girls shook their heads. "Well I have four—four very overprotective, irritating, but good-intentioned brothers. To be fair, Lee's never really jumped on that bandwagon. But there hasn't been a man yet who can get through the tests."

"Tests?" both girls spoke in unison. Lori Ann filled Charli's glass with more frozen margarita.

She nodded. "They have a system. Eric goes for the brains. He grills them, tests them, tries to trip them up. If they get through a conversation with him, Raf takes over. He's so over the top, you never know if he's going to humiliate them or hit on them, or both. If the man is determined enough to survive that encounter, the heavy hitter is called in."

Connie placed the back of her hand on her forehead, pretending to swoon. "Simon. That is one tall, dark and handsome hunk of man."

Charli rolled her eyes, though she secretly agreed. "Yeah, he's a legend in his own mind. Mister Universe scares the pants out of any suitors left standing and, poof, no sex life for Charli."

Lori Ann shook her head as if to clear it from its margarita fog. "So wait a second. You're saying that your quote, unquote friends scare all your dates away? That would seriously piss me off. Why do you let them anywhere near a prospective boyfriend? Sounds like your safest bet would be to avoid introducing them altogether."

"I could never do that." Charli's tone was adamant. "I mean, it drives me crazy, but on the other hand, why would I want someone who can't handle the guys? They're my best friends. Simon, Eric, Raf, they are my family. Lee too. Hands down, I'd choose them every time."

Connie held up her hand. "I may be drunk and giddy with newly married bliss, but I have a theory." She weaved a bit in her lounge before pointing at Charli. "You love them."

"Of course I love them."

"No, no. You *love* them."

Charli sat up straighter. "Don't be ridiculous. We're practically related."

Lori Ann shook her head. "Not even a little related. I'm a nurse, I know these things. And love them or not, you definitely want them. All three of them."

This was ridiculous. "Three? If we're being delusional why not add Lee to my fantasy list?"

"You don't want Lee. Trust me, we'd have been able to tell. No, with him you're right. You love him like a brother, and he feels the same about you. But it's more than obvious that the rest of you have...tension."

Charli was squirming in her chair. Men were so much simpler. They didn't pick up subtle hints, or notice things you didn't want them to notice. Not usually. And if they did they were too much of a guy to bother you by mentioning it. "Tension?"

Connie fanned herself. "Oh yeah. If you could only see the looks you get when your back is turned. Lava hot, girlfriend."

"Who looks at me?"

"They all do, Charli. Simon, Eric, Rafael. As far as they're concerned there are no other women when you're around. Much to the chagrin of the female population of Denver."

“See? Now I know you’re lying. They’ve brought dates to our get-togethers. I’ve seen them pick up girls in bars. Hell, we have each other’s house keys. And let me tell you, from the amount of women *and* men I’ve seen passing through the revolving doors they call bedrooms, none of them are suffering.”

Lori Ann popped a strawberry into her mouth, chewing and swallowing before she spoke. “Have you seen any of that recently? Cause we’ve been with Lee for about two years now, and the only woman we’ve seen them with, apart from us, is you. Rafael, for all his bluster, hasn’t brought anyone around either. Think about it.”

She thought about it. They were right. The guys hadn’t brought many dates around recently. And Lord knew they hadn’t let a man within ten feet of her. Maybe they were just burnt out on dating. Maybe they’d gotten into a rut. Who knew? Whatever the case, the girls were wrong. It had nothing to do with *her*.

But were they right about her own feelings? She thought of the brooding Simon, his protectiveness, his fiery blue eyes. Shy Eric, the English professor with the looks of a blond Adonis, and a wit and intellect that always amazed her. And Rafael. Raf. His olive skin and dark eyes made her drool, but it was his sense of humor and irreverence that she loved. He always made her laugh.

Oh brother. She was in trouble.

“Look, I know you mean well, and you may be right. Any woman who’s known them for more than five minutes develops a crush on at *least* one of them. So I’m human. But that doesn’t mean anything is going to happen.” She shrugged. “I’m not like you, I’m not really good at...sharing. No doubt a flaw on my end, but there you go.”

Connie came to sit beside her, throwing a friendly arm over her shoulders. “Love comes in many packages. I wrote that myself. However you find it, if it makes you as happy as we are, then it’s the right one for you.”

Charli closed her eyes on a groan. “If I could find a package that wrapped them all up into one guy I’d be happy. Together they’d make the perfect man.”

“Now there’s a fantasy.” The three women toasted the thought, giggling.

“Care to share the joke?”

Now it was Charli’s turn to spill her drink. Icy strawberry margarita soaked her fingers and covered her thighs. “Damn it.”

“Oops. We’ll go get some napkins.” Connie and Lori Ann jumped up faster than was wise considering how much they’d been drinking, and disappeared in a wobbly mass of giggling female.

“Wow. You’re a mess, Chuck.”

“Thank you, Simon. I don’t know what I’d do without you to point these things out to me. Are you going to help or just mock from afar?”

Simon chuckled, pulling off his T-shirt and using it to wipe her thighs. God, he was gorgeous. “Help, of course. You think the girls are happy? Lee is feeling no pain. Everybody and their brother has bought

him a round to celebrate. If people really liked him they would buy him a few rounds of coffee, otherwise his wedding night will be a hazy memory of porcelain-god worshipping and pain.”

Charli nodded, licking the cool sticky liquid off her fingers. “It’s true.”

“What’s true?”

Charli looked down, noticing that Simon was still rubbing her legs with his cotton shirt. Rubbing in a slow, circular caress that was kind of turning her on. Kind of? She snorted. Who was she fooling? “That you shouldn’t drink on your wedding night.”

“Uh-huh. Need any help with that?”

“With what?” Charli caught his gaze. He was looking at her fingers still dripping with margarita. Before she had a chance to refuse, Simon reached out to grip her wrist, pulling it toward his mouth.

Oh. My. God. Charli didn’t move, barely breathed as he slipped her fingers one by one into his mouth. And sucked. She pressed her thighs together, unwilling heat filling her belly, her sex. A small whimper escaped her throat, and Simon’s eyes darkened.

A loud screech, followed by several splashes from the nearby pool caused Charli to jerk her hand back. “Thanks, Simon.” Her laugh sounded forced, but there wasn’t anything she could do about it. She took his T-shirt and finished wiping herself off before handing it back to him. “I think I’ve had a little too much to drink myself. Connie and Lori Ann are a bad influence.”

Simon stood, his expression affable as ever, unless she looked in his eyes. They were telling a different story. “Well, that’s why this floating party boat was such a good idea. No need to worry about having too much fun, Chuck. This time you won’t have to be the designated driver. Even though, you know me, I’d rather be camping.”

“I hear ya.” Thank heavens they were back on familiar ground. “Hey, make sure you tell the boys not to have *too* much fun tonight. I need all of you at your best tomorrow.”

“That’s right. The shore excursion in Cozumel.”

Charli nodded, rubbing her hands together. The Race Fantastique. Apart from the wedding, it was what had convinced her to hand the business over to the supervisors and come on this cruise. It was just like the television show, a scavenger hunt on speed. It would take brains and charm and stamina. And she had the perfect men for the job. “We’re going to win that race. We’re an unbeatable team.”

“Yes. We are. I’ll fill them in.”

Simon turned to walk away, his shirt balled up in his fists, and Charli groaned. What the hell was *that*? Other than one of the sexiest things that had ever happened to her. And how sad and pathetic was that truth? Very. Maybe when she got home from this vacation, she would rethink running a man through the friend gauntlet. She needed something, and it damn sure wasn’t a friendly peck on the cheek. Or finger sucking. Though that *was* nice.

Charli needed a man. One man. If she said that to herself enough times, she might start to believe it.

Chapter Two

The itinerary was changed.

*We'll meet our guides at the shore end of the pier
near the Three Amigos bar at four thirty. Fitting, eh?
—Eric and those other two losers*

Four thirty? They were docking at two in the afternoon. Why had the schedule changed?

She wasn't given time to think about it. Connie and Aunt Kelly showed up to whisk her away for a full day of spa treatments. She'd never even had a manicure before, sure it would be akin to torture but, it actually felt good.

After a facial, a body wrap, a deep-tissue massage and a mani-pedi, Charli felt like Jell-O. Happy, girly Jell-O. By the time she got back to her room and hopped in the shower, it was three fifty-five. She threw on shorts and a tank top, slipping her long brown hair into a ponytail as she ran down the pier toward the brightly colored shopping huts that made up Porta Maya, in Cozumel.

She walked inside the bar, looking for a familiar face. They weren't here? Was she too late? She was about to ask someone the time when she felt a tap on her shoulder. "Ms. Rindel? Charli Rindel?"

"Yes?"

Charli turned around and looked up. And up some more. A beautiful dirty blond—he had to be barely legal—was smiling down at her. "Oh good. I'm Florenz, and I'll be your guide and chief clue giver this evening. The cab with your teammates and the two other couples playing today just left. Shelly, my partner in crime, is keeping an eye on them while I waited for you and one other couple. And here they are now."

Oh he had an accent. German by the sound of it. Gorgeous German jailbait. Speaking of hunks, why hadn't they waited for her? That didn't sound like them. "They told me four thirty."

"It's okay, ma'am. We won't be but a moment behind them." He led her into the waiting cab. "I promised Simon and the others that I would keep you safe."

He turned to introduce himself to an adorable-looking couple. Honeymooners. And young too. When had it happened? When did people start calling her ma'am? She was only thirty-four. When had she suddenly become...older?

The couple joined her in the cab, and she introduced herself. The wife blushed and looked down shyly, but the man held out his hand to shake hers. "I'm Tim, and this is my wife, Dawn."

Tim looked over his shoulder to the front of the cab, where Florenz was speaking in low tones to the cab driver. “So, Florenz. How did you get involved in this, um, game? It’s a little wild, isn’t it?”

Florenz flashed a bright smile in their direction. “I came to Cozumel on vacation, just like you. I signed up for the race and met Shelly. The rest is, as you say, history.”

Charli saw the momentary heat glimmering in his eyes. So he and his fellow tour guide were an item. How sweet. Tim turned back to her. “You seem very nice, Charli. But you should know that you and your boyfriend are going to lose. My Dawn and I have been practicing.”

Charli crossed her arms across her chest, her smile growing at his smug expression. “Don’t count on it, buddy. Me and my guys are pretty competitive.”

Her words drew Dawn’s large doe-eyed gaze up in surprise. “Your...guys? As in more than one?”

She nodded, and Tim pulled Dawn closer. “Well that’s very, um, modern of you, Ms. Charli. But I’m still confident. So confident I think we should make a wager. Two hundred says my Dawn and I come out the winners. Or at least, beat your time.”

Uh-oh. The poor guy didn’t know who he was dealing with. If she told the boys about the bet, and she would, they would move heaven and Earth to win it. That’s just how they were. “Make it two fifty, and you’re on.” They shook hands just as the cab came to a stop.

“We’re here, ladies and gentleman. Let me get you to join the rest of the group so Shelly can tell you the rules and get you the papers you need to sign.”

They poured out of the cab in the heart of the small coastal city, and Charli made a beeline to Simon and Rafael. “Where’s Eric? Never mind, I have to tell you right away. I made a bet with that newly married couple that we’d beat them. Two hundred and fifty smackers, guys. You know what that means.”

“Charli...Charli there’s something we have to tell you too.” Rafael looked disturbed. He ran his hands through his shaggy cocoa-colored hair and looked at Simon. “You do it.”

Simon sneered at Raf, gripping Charli by the shoulders. “Babe...Chuck... This race is—”

“Charli! Welcome to Hell. They told you yet?” Eric downed a bottle of Dos Equis in less than a minute. He was a teetotaler. And he hated beer. What was going on?

“Told me what? You okay, Eric?”

Rafael shook his head. “No he’s not. That’s his third beer in the last ten minutes.”

“Is everybody here? Wonderful. Welcome to The Race Erotic. Similar but in no way connected to Race Fantastique, and challenging on an *entirely* different level.” The short little redhead winked before continuing. “Florenz and I met on this race, so you don’t have to be a couple at the starting line. But if you’re not, I’ll warn you that you are *definitely* going to know each other a lot better by the finish.”

Florenz went to stand beside the guide. If Charli wasn’t frozen in shock, she would have marveled over the strange coupling of the perky, petite cheerleader and the laid-back, suave giant. Shelly raised her voice to be heard over the bustling crowd passing by. “Each couple...um...group will receive three clues,

and three challenges once they solve their riddles. Since one of your teams has more than two members, two of their members will have to participate in one of the challenges and two will be left out of another, just to be fair. Okay are we all ready? Have you brought your brains *and* your libidos? Then let's begin Race Erotic!"

"Holy shit, let's get out of here. We're on the wrong excursion. How did this happen?" Charli grabbed Eric and Rafael by their Charli's Devils T-shirts, jerking her head to Simon to get him to follow.

Simon didn't move, but she noticed the hesitation in his gaze. "It was Lori Ann, Connie and Aunt Kelly. They left a note for us with our guide. They paid for the whole thing, Chuck, and promised to reimburse us for the other race. The one that started a few hours ago."

"I'll kill them."

"You will after you read their ridiculous note." Eric chuckled grimly. "I told you it was a gag, guys. We should have waited for her at the bar."

Charli held out her hand, and Simon handed her the note.

*This may be your only chance. She wants all of you. If you want her, play the damn game. Have fun—
C, L and K*

She crumpled the note in her hand, feeling betrayed. How could they have told the guys what she had shared with them in confidence? Her face heated. What would they think of her? Knowing them it could go either way. Ribbing and teasing for the rest of her natural life, or the same awkward distance Eric and Rafael had had since Raf outed himself.

"She's not laughing it off. Why aren't you laughing it off, Charli?" Rafael tilted his head, his gaze alert.

"I-I'm, uh, that is..."

Eric appeared startled. "She's stuttering."

"Yes, she is. She only does that when she's trying to lie. You suck at lying, Chuck. We ever told you that?" Simon had come closer, the three of them surrounding her on all sides. Oh God.

"W-we should go."

"Quitting already? Before the game even starts? Well, my love, looks like we win the bet." Tim's voice grated on her already-frayed nerves.

"Bet? Did I hear someone mention a bet?" In moments the three couples had surrounded them, her new nemesis, Tim, filling everyone in on their little side bet. Everyone wanted to join in the fun.

A Goth-looking girl with a Russian accent introduced herself as Natalie. She smirked as she held a slender, pale man, obviously her junior, in a powerful grip. "I have played this game many times. I will win, hands down."

An elderly couple from England, both of them looking more like grandparents than kinky swingers, jumped in. “Oh, I think not, dears. Bill and I have had years of practice. We can take you. We’re in.”

“Betsy.”

“Come on, luv.”

“Okay. We’re in.”

The bet had just grown to serious proportions. Shit. Simon leaned closer to whisper in her ear. “If we quit now we’ll have to pay all these people for a game we didn’t even compete in. A game we could win.”

Her mouth went dry, and she swallowed. “B-but we don’t want to... I mean you don’t *want* to do this. Do you?”

“Oh, I want to, babe. And I think I can safely say that Eric and Raf want to as well. We can win this bet for you, Chuck. We’re unbeatable as a team, no matter what the game. You said so yourself. Come on. Play with us.”

This couldn’t be happening. She looked at Rafael in question. The bastard was grinning from ear to ear. He nodded, agreeing with Simon. Eric tapped her on the shoulder, and she looked his way. “Here. Don’t think about it. Just do it.” He handed her a beer. He had another one? She grabbed it and gulped it down, the cool tang of it doing little to soothe her nerves. She lowered the bottle and looked each one of them in the eye. She had a bad feeling that, one way or another, there would be no going back if she accepted their obvious challenge.

But oh, how she wanted to accept. Could she have her cake and eat it too? Have her fantasy, all three of them, and not ruin a lifelong friendship?

Simon sensed her guard lowering and came in for the kill. “One game, Chuck. That’s all. One night to walk on the wild side. No regrets.”

She glanced around at the other couples, her gaze connecting with a smiling Florenz. “All right, boys and girls. It’s a bet.”

They’d signed the forms and learned the rules of the game. They had to wear badges with a Mayan symbol, to ensure they wouldn’t be arrested by the police, and in case one of the locals had to help them with a clue.

She wasn’t going to get to see the museum or the San Gervasio ruins. It didn’t seem like that kind of a game. She had no idea what it would entail, but after receiving their first clue, she began to get an idea. It wasn’t exactly a Jeopardy clue.

Follow the signs to the dot on your map.

If you play the game right, she’ll end up in your lap.

Rafael chuckled, but the other men glared him into remorseful silence. Simon led the way as they followed the small map they were given. They turned into a tiny alley, past a few men with carts of tourist trinkets who took one look at their badges and snickered knowingly.

"I could kill them if you like." Eric's tone was conversational, but the look he was giving the men was deadly. He wasn't acting like himself at all. Simon was the aggressive one. But Charli didn't blame him one bit. She wasn't feeling particularly normal herself.

"No. Save it for the girls when we get back on the cruise ship. Eric, you don't have to do this if you don't want to. I won't think any less of you."

His laugh was grim. "You think this is about what I *don't* want? It isn't, Charli. Trust me. No, we're all in. To the end. I just hope to hell we know what we're doing."

"We're here."

Charli looked up at the sign. It looked like an ordinary bar. Karaoke, beer, nothing sexual about that. "Is one of us going to sing?"

"We'll lose for sure."

Rafael laughed at Eric, patting him on the back. "Speak for yourself. I have a fantastic singing voice."

Simon slid his hand around her waist, guiding her inside with the other boys close behind. It was filled with tourists and locals, all drinking and laughing. In the background she could hear someone doing a horrific rendition of Eric Clapton's "Layla".

"You are with the other racers, *si*?" A small, lovely woman in an alarmingly short skirt leaned into Rafael.

"Yes. Do you know what we're supposed to do here?"

"Sadly, I do. If you had said no I would have stolen you away. You are *muy guapo*."

Eric rolled his eyes, and Simon stepped forward. "It is truly unfortunate. Maybe next time. Can you help us?"

The woman looked Charli up and down and shrugged. "I'll do my best. *She* must follow me to Shelly, the rest of you go up the main stairs and see Florenz. Another handsome thing I can't play with. Ah well. Come on, *chica*."

She tugged on Charli's arm and she followed, looking over her shoulder as the guys bounded up the stairs. What was going on? One shot of tequila from Shelly and a clothing change later, and Charli had figured it out. "Oh *hell* no."

"What's wrong, dear? You look fantastic."

Charli's jaw dropped. Sweet little Betsy from England was wearing a black rubber corset and fishnet stockings. She looked surprisingly comfortable in the outfit. Especially with that whip in her hand.

Shy Dawn was another surprise. Her blonde ringlets tossed and sexy, she was outfitted in a pink and white lace teddy, her bottom completely bare and powdered. "You really do, you know. I would love to have those breasts. But Tim says more than a mouthful is..." Dawn blushed. "No offense."

Charli struggled to put her at ease, trying to forget her own discomfort. "Having to lug these babies around is a pain, literally. And you look amazing."

"I wanted that outfit." Natalie glared at her, looking intimidating in a leopard print body stocking.

"I'm sorry?"

Shelly came and got between them. "Nat, you know you don't get to choose your outfits. Besides, you've already been the naughty schoolgirl several times now. Give someone else a chance."

Naughty schoolgirl. Charli covered her face with her hands, peeking at herself in the mirror through her spread fingers. She'd had her hair put in pigtails. She hadn't worn pigtails since she was nine.

The little Mary Janes and thigh-high white stockings were bad enough. The plaid skirt was so short she could see her clingy white underwear that had been in a store-bought package beside the ensemble. But it was the shirt, most of all that was giving her fits.

Button-down and white, it stopped right beneath her breasts, leaving her midriff bare. Already so thin they could see the shadow of her areoles. Shelly and the other woman had patted her with a damp cloth, making it entirely see through. She'd never be able to face the boys again.

"Don't be nervous. It's just two songs. And it's pretty dark in there. The game rents the upstairs club for as long as we're here, so no one but the other racers will see you dance. And I'm pretty sure they'll be too busy to look."

Charli was feeling a little warm. Maybe it was from the tequila, but she wasn't necessarily afraid of this challenge. She was the lifelong friend of four very manly men. She'd been to a strip club before. And she did love to dance. If only she didn't have to wear this humiliating outfit.

She remembered what Connie had said about her having the body of a pole dancer. Had she known this would be one of the challenges? She was going to have a good long chat with Lee's new wife when they got back.

Shelly led them all to a curtained doorway. "Up those stairs you'll find a main stage that will lead you to your individual walkways. Dance one entire song on that walkway for your men. When the next song starts, give him the lap dance of his dreams, and just be open to the pleasure. It's a wonderful experience. The men know what they have to do to get the next clue, so go on and show them what you've got!"

Shelly stopped Charli as the others went on ahead. "Your guys have already been told, but I wanted to let you know that you can only pick one to lap dance with, and the other men can watch, but they aren't allowed to touch you until the song ends. Okay? Great!"

She rushed off, clipboard in hand while Charli took a deep breath. Was she really going to do this? The music started, and she walked out onto the main stage. Of course she was. She never backed down from a bet.

Charli strode to the rhythm of the beat, watching her counterparts do the same with a smile. Dawn, despite her shyness, seemed determined to do this for Tim. And from the expression on his face, Charli could tell he appreciated it. She walked to the end of her walkway and placed her hands on her hips. “If any of you laugh at me, I’ll give you a wedgie. Or steal your lunch money.”

“Charli?”

“Dear God. And thank you. Amen.”

“Fuck, Chuck. You look—”

She lifted her chin threateningly, but Simon’s gaze was focused entirely on her breasts. He sighed. “Amazing.”

“Yeah?” She caught Shelly making a dancing motion and started to sway to the music. Eric, Raf and Simon were staring at her, looking dazed and totally enthralled. Heat pooled between her thighs. Being the focus of this kind of attention felt...well it felt great. Empowering. Something she could definitely get used to.

There was a pole, and Charli had always wanted to try one. All those mountain-climbing muscles were put to good use as she leapt up onto the steel cylinder, using her thighs to cling, her arms spread out in a backward arch that gave her the perfect, upside-down view of her audience.

“Sweet Jesus.”

“Did you know she could do that?”

Simon didn’t respond, barely took his blue eyes off her long enough to blink.

Charli’s smile was wicked. She lifted herself up, sliding down the pole until she was on her knees on her walkway, crawling closer to the edge of the stage. “How are the others doing? Are we winning?”

“Who knows? Who cares?” Eric’s cheeks were flushed, and Rafael looked over at him, before turning his attention back to Charli.

“I forgot. You’re fulfilling Professor Eric’s favorite fantasy, sugar. He’s gonna have a hard time keeping his hands off you.”

Charli stopped her forward motion, sitting up to rub her hands slowly over her damp shirt. Her nipples were hard. Sensitive. The three heartfelt groans made her chuckle. “What fantasy?”

“Nothing.” Eric glared at Rafael, but Raf just smiled.

“No use lying about it, friend. Eric used to tell us that his favorite fantasy was of you as one of his students. One of his bad students. Who needed to be punished.”

Charli blinked. The gush of arousal dampened her white schoolgirl panties, and she slid her hand between her legs unconsciously.

“She likes that idea, Eric.” Simon’s voice was rough, and she shivered as though he’d touched her skin. “She *really* likes it. Don’t you, Chuck?”

She stuck out her tongue, but inside she was quaking. Images of her bent over Eric’s desk, being spanked, being fucked, filled her mind. She closed her eyes, arching her neck as her hand disappeared beneath her skirt.

The music ended and Rafael made a sound of frustration. All three men shifted in their seats.

“Time for the next round, ladies. You know what to do. You too, guys.” Shelly’s upbeat voice jerked Charli out of her fantasy, making her blush. The new music was slower, sultrier. Reminded her of sex. As if anything *didn’t* right now.

“You have to pick one, babe. Have to pick one of us to dance for.”

It wasn’t as difficult a choice as she thought. She’d been planning to pick him anyway, if only because she’d thought he was the least likely to tease her. But now. Now she wanted to choose him for an entirely different reason.

“I choose Eric.”

Chapter Three

Charli slid off the elevated catwalk and walked over to Eric, close enough to feel their knees touch. “Is this okay with you?”

“Are you kidding? Yes, Charli. God yes. It’s okay with me.”

Eric spread his legs, allowing her room to maneuver closer. This was crazy. Never in her life had she imagined she’d be doing this. Giving *anyone* a costumed lap dance, let alone one of her oldest friends. But honestly, she was too turned on to care. “You wanted to see me...Professor?”

His groans were echoed by Simon and Rafael. Rafael rubbed his hands together in evil delight. “Man, I love this game. Dance for him, Charli. Drive him nuts. He deserves it.”

She let her hips sway to the sultry tempo, her legs rubbing Eric’s soft linen pants. He slid his hot hands up her stockings, until he was gripping the bare skin of her thighs above the fabric. “You have no idea how long I’ve wanted to touch you like this.”

She raised her arms above her head, her body weaving instinctively to the music. “What else do you want to do, Professor?”

Simon leaned forward. “Tell her. Tell her what a naughty girl she’s been. She got caught cheating, and she’ll have to stay after school.”

Charli gasped at the spell he was casting with his words. She leaned forward, until her wet, cloth covered breasts filled Eric’s line of sight. “I’ll do anything to get an A.”

“Fuck.” Eric’s hands slid higher, his fingers tracing the edges of her panties. He opened his mouth, scraping his teeth quickly over the nipple taunting him, and Charli stumbled. Eric tightened his grip so she wouldn’t fall, their gazes clashing.

“I won’t be able to resist doing that again. You better sit on my lap, Charli.”

She turned to find herself facing Simon and Rafael. Both of them looked so needy. Hungry. She placed her hands on Eric’s knees, and he guided her onto his lap. “Oh my.”

“Is he hard for you, Charli? Can you feel his cock against your ass, feel the pulse of it against your skin?”

She bit her lip at Rafael’s questions. “Yes. I can feel it.”

Eric’s hands came up to cup her aching breasts, and he made a harsh sound against her neck. “Charli, baby, I knew they’d feel like this.”

Simon wasn't one to be left out. "You're a naughty girl, Chuck. But you can make him give you an A. Grind your ass against him... Yes, like that. Show him how good you can be. Show him how much you want it."

She pressed against Eric, feeling his hard cock against her as she pushed her breasts into his hands. Her body was on fire.

"Touch her, Professor. Show her what an A will cost her." Eric slid one hand off her breast, giving her nipple a final squeeze before gliding down her belly and lifting her skirt.

"Fuck."

"Not yet, Chuck. But soon. Very soon, if I have anything to say about it." Charli looked directly into Simon's eyes as Eric's fingers slipped inside her soaked panties, through the tight curls until he reached the core of her sex.

"She's so wet. She's soaking my fingers. Jesus, Charli, I have to..." Eric pushed his middle finger deep, adding another when she cried out, her hips pumping against his hand.

"Lift your skirt, Charli. Don't leave us out, baby." Rafael's hands were curled into his leather chair, his knuckles whitening as she did as he asked. Eric's hand left her other breast to pull her panties to the side, leaving her completely bare to their gazes.

Charli leaned back fully against Eric, unable to hold herself up, all of her being focused on his fingers thrusting in and out of her sex.

"You have such a beautiful pussy, Chuck. Such a hot, wet pussy. We're all so hungry for it, babe. So hungry for a taste. So hungry to fuck it."

"Oh shit." She wanted Simon to shut up. She wanted him to keep talking. She was close. So close to coming that she started to panic. A small voice in her mind told her this was it. The moment when everything changed between them. She shook her head.

"Don't fight it, Charli. Please let me feel it. Let me feel you come around my fingers. You're so tight, Charli. I've never felt anything so tight." She struggled in his lap. She had to get away. Couldn't let go.

Rafael growled. "This is *my* fantasy. Did you know that, Charli? Watching you. Watching Eric. Both of you flushed with desire. Both of you dying to come. Only my dream ends when I get to fuck you. When I get to slide my cock deep inside your pussy, and then deep inside Eric's sweet ass."

"Damn it, Raf." Eric's cock jerked and throbbed against her despite his reaction, and she couldn't hold back anymore. She came with a shout, heedless of the other racers, mindless to anything but the pleasure and the visual Rafael's words brought to mind. He and Eric. Together.

Eric murmured praise in her ear, petting her damp sex with a gentle hand. She felt him lower her skirt quickly, opening her eyes to find the men standing protectively in front of her, Florenz beside them.

"I'm truly sorry to interrupt. But since you succeeded in giving her an orgasm, I have your next clue."

Right. The game. Apparently they were told they had to make her come while she danced for them. She'd forgotten for a moment. Let herself get carried away.

Charli lifted herself off of Eric's lap, stepping back with her arms crossed over her breasts when the other two reached for her. "So. Next clue? What's it say? We better hurry, it looks like Tim and Dawn are already on their way."

"You okay, Chuck?"

She waved his worry away without making eye contact. "The clue?"

Rafael handed her the clue, his attention fixed on Eric, who was licking his fingers with a thoroughness that made her whimper and turn away.

"It says, 'Another map, another clue. To trust each other, it takes two.' Looks like this time someone else might have to dress up and dance like a fool. Speaking of that, I'm going to hurry up and change."

"Charli?" Eric turned her toward him, lifting her chin with his still-damp fingers. She shivered. "Thank you."

He kissed her forehead and she looked down, noticing the tented linen, the damp spot on the cloth covering the tip of his erection. He was thanking her? He'd given her one of the greatest orgasms of her life, and he was still painfully aroused. She should be thanking him. "Sure. We're a team, right?"

He smiled. "Always." He lifted one eyebrow and raised his voice to include the others. "As long as Rafael keeps his man fantasies to himself."

Rafael chuckled, but there was little humor in it. "Charli seemed to like the idea."

She sprinted up to the stage and behind the curtain to the changing room. She couldn't have that conversation right now. Couldn't admit how turned on the idea of Raf and Eric fucking made her.

Had someone spiked her tequila? Because of them she'd had precious few encounters with the opposite sex. All of them groping and clumsy. All of them leaving her wanting.

Charli never told Simon, but the vibrator he'd jokingly bought her for her thirtieth birthday had been worn out in less than a month. It had also started her secret obsession with mechanical boyfriends. They didn't have to pass muster with the guys. They came in nondescript boxes, and required only a plug or a few double-A batteries to be happy.

She'd told herself that it was enough to satisfy her. But she couldn't lie anymore. Not after today. Eric's hands on her skin, Simon and Rafael looking on...it blew her away. It was so incredibly erotic, so arousing. She'd thought Lee was insane for having two girlfriends, now wives, at once, but she could finally understand the attraction.

Don't think about it. All three of them together. Simon inside her, owning her while she watched Rafael make Eric scream with pleasure. Rafael taking her from behind and Eric fucking her pussy while she sucked Simon's cock in her mouth.

Great job, Charli. Way to not think about it.

She pulled the rubberbands out of her hair, not bothering to put it up again as she sprinted down the stairs to the street where they were waiting for her. She had to get it together. This was just a game to them, an exciting experience they were determined to win for a bet. Eventually, after they'd won, they'd laugh about this night, make a few lewd comments and move on.

She crossed her fingers.

She'd seen Simon and Rafael whispering together right before they'd arrived at their next destination. What were they up to now? Shelly bounced up to them with a brilliant smile. "Your team is making excellent time. Okay. Now we'll need Charli, and an extra volunteer to make this particular challenge work."

"Rock it, boys." Charli shared a good-humored smile with Shelly as they watched the three men play rock, paper, scissors. Eric lost. Three times.

The other two subtly bumped fists, and she knew. They'd rigged it. They'd wanted to make sure Eric would lose. It was a good game for that. Even Charli knew Eric believed he had a system for that ridiculous game. But system equaled predictability when you'd known each other as long as they had.

"You two will need to wear this. Only for a minute. Simon and Rafael here will lead you to where you need to go. You just have to trust them." Charli saw the blindfolds in her hand and sighed.

Eric took a step back. "No fuckin' way."

She crossed her arms. "So it's okay for me to totally demean myself and be put in outrageous situations, but not you?"

He put his hands up. "Charli, I just—"

She stared at him in silence until he nodded. "You're absolutely right. I'm being a jerk." He took the blindfold and snorted. "I'm just a little out of my element."

She wrapped her arms around his neck, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "Join the club. I just want to know when it will be Simon and Raf's turn to suffer."

Eric's long lashes lowered over those sea green eyes. "They'll have a turn. Don't you worry about that."

They allowed Shelly to tie the blindfolds around their heads. Charli found her other senses on high alert. She could hear the conversations in Spanish in a nearby shop. Smell the aroma of something delicious cooking on an open grill, and her stomach growled.

Betsy and Bill, the English couple, had just arrived. Betsy was giggling like a teenager at something Florenz was telling her. Shelly touched her hand. "I'm going to hand you over to Simon now, okay, Charli?"

"Wait. I wanted to ask... You did this before? With Florenz?"

She could almost hear the smile in Shelly's voice. "Yes. I did. I went a little wild when I came here for summer break. I was willing to try anything. I lucked out, though, because it brought me to him."

Charli smiled. "I'm a late bloomer. This is my first time going wild."

Shelly laughed. "If I may say so, you seem to be making up for lost time."

She felt the moment Simon came up to stand beside her. Shelly placed her hand in his, and Charli shivered. She loved all of them, but she knew she was closest to Simon. He's the one who had stayed up all night with her, even after the others had passed out on their sleeping bags, when her grandmother had died. The one who'd come up with the idea for Lee's aunt to take Charli in so she wouldn't be sent off to live with some stranger, or be stuck in the foster-care system for the rest of her adolescence. They'd even decided to go into business together, making Lee an equal partner in their sporting-goods chain. They sold outdoor adventures, and they were damn good at it. Without Simon, she didn't know where she'd be.

He was also the one she'd fantasized about most often. Maybe it was because, as close as they were, he was still a mystery. He had an air of secrecy about him, like there was a part of him he kept separate from everyone. And, she had to admit, he had a rock-hard body. The man was a stone-cold fox.

"You're so quiet, Chuck. What are you thinking?"

"I'll never tell."

He leaned closer as the doors swung open to yet another crowded club. "Wanna bet?"

"Don't start, Simon. I think I'm through with gambling for a while. Just tell me where to go so I don't trip."

"Trust me, babe. I won't let you fall."

She was starting to think it was a little too late for that promise.

They were walking down a narrow hallway. She could hear Eric grumbling at Rafael ahead of her and smiled. Simon's breath caressed her ear. "Raf was right, wasn't he, Chuck? It was the idea of them together that finally sent you over the edge."

She bit her lip. "Is that weird?"

He slowed down. "No. There's nothing weird about people wanting one another. Sex is the most natural thing on the planet. Some people just need to have the ability to control the situation taken out of their hands, so they can finally be honest about what it is they want. So they can see what's right in front of them."

Was he talking about Eric, or her? "Have *you* ever lost control?"

"I came close tonight. Watching you come. Watching Eric fuck you with his fingers. I wanted to knock young Florenz to the ground for interrupting us. But if he hadn't, I might not have been able to stop myself from taking you myself."

Charli licked her lips. Her body had started to heat again. God, she loved it when he talked like that. Simon turned her, guiding her through a doorway. He murmured a low “thank you,” to someone, and then the door closed and locked behind them.

“Simon?”

“I’m here, Chuck. So are Eric and Raf.”

She tilted her head, listening. She could hear Rafael’s breath speed up, hear the clang of metal, and the click of something latching into place.

“Son of a bitch.” Eric sounded grumpy, but resigned. And something else. Turned on?

Simon took her hand again, guiding her farther into the room. “Remember what the clue said? This part of the game is all about trust. If we want to win this bet, you have to trust me. Step up.”

She did, placing her feet on two pedal-like platforms. She leaned back against what felt a little like an exercise machine. Leather against her back, cool metal against her thighs.

“Lift your arms.”

His voice sounded strange. Almost guttural. She lifted her arms and he took her wrists, placing them in...what was that? Leather-lined restraint bracelets? “My trust is fraying, fellas. Can someone take off my blindfold?”

“In a minute. I want to drink this in.” Simon’s tone was rich with satisfaction. It was making Charli nervous.

“She does look sexy like that, doesn’t she? Let’s get a third opinion.” Rafael had that mischievous sound that meant she was in trouble. Her thighs shifted, restless. She *wanted* to be in trouble. The second Simon had strapped her into this...whatever it was...her heart had started pounding like mad and her nipples had poked against her shirt.

She was finding out some shocking things about herself tonight.

“Is this the game? Torturing me by showing me what I can’t touch?”

Rafael laughed at Eric. “She chose you for the last challenge. You got to touch her, here.” She felt her tank top lifting up to her neck. Fingers lightly danced across her bare breasts, and her breath came out in a gasp. “You drenched your fingers in her heat.” Knuckles pressed, for one frustrating moment, over the fabric of her shorts between her legs.

“Raf is right. We watched you both enjoying yourselves together, but the rules kept us from joining in. It’s our turn now.”

“Take. Off. My. Blindfold.”

Charli was shaking with excitement, but Simon laughed. “In case you hadn’t noticed, you’re not really in any position to be ordering us around, Chuck. Your nipples are hard, babe. Are you enjoying being out of control? Let’s find out.”

The scent of Simon surrounded her. All dark and sexy male. His fingers slid just beneath the waistband of her shorts, and she felt the give as he released the top button, lowering the zipper.

She held her breath as he slowly spread the fabric of her shorts, revealing her small, pink thong. “Pink, huh? So the tomboy has some hidden surprises. I like it. It reminds me of cotton candy. Makes me hungry.”

Simon started to lower her shorts, and she moaned. “Please, Simon. Please let me see.”

The hands against her skin trembled. “You said the magic word, babe.” The blindfold was removed, and Charli blinked. Eric came into focus first. They must have taken his T-shirt off before he’d been strapped in. And his pants. His pants were already around his knees.

Charli found her gaze riveted to his hardening cock. It was thick and dark with arousal. She licked her lips again, wondering how he would taste. Eric yanked on his restraints. “Revenge is a bitch, Raf.”

Rafael stood beside Charli, his hand caressing her arm as he too, seemed enthralled by Eric’s growing erection. “That is a chance I’m willing to take, buddy. More than willing. Now lay back and enjoy the show, because as soon as we get the chance to give Charli a screaming orgasm, I’m coming for you. Or should I say, *you’re coming for me?*”

She watched Eric’s body quake at those words and felt an answering tremor in her own. Simon’s gaze snared hers, and he smiled. He tugged her shorts and underwear down her thighs until she, like Eric, had her pants around her knees.

“So the challenge is to make me come?”

Simon bent his head and caressed her lips with his own. Sweetly. Gently. Like the calm before the storm. He whispered. “The *challenge* is for you to trust me, and Eric to trust Raf with your pleasure. *My* plan is to make you come as many times as I can before they knock on the door and drag me away from you.”

“Oh.” Her breath was shaky, and Simon stood still as he waited for her response.

“Good plan.”

Chapter Four

Charli looked around the room. It was empty apart from the two iron crosses she and Eric were attached to, and a table full of toys and lube. She took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing heart.

“Oh, sugar, do that again.” Rafael cupped her breasts, lifting and pressing them together with all the fascination of a child with a new toy. “You have no idea how long they’ve tempted me. Tempted us. All those trips to the river, that ugly blue bathing suit that you thought hid everything. We’d be lying if any one of us denied what we did in our sleeping bags every night, thinking of your luscious breasts. You were a demon sent to torture us, Charli.”

“I-I’m sorry?”

“No, babe. Don’t you dare apologize. You’re worth it. Always have been.”

Rafael agreed with Simon. “Always.” Then both men lowered their heads to her breasts, each wrapping their lips around a nipple and sucking hard.

“Ah.” Charli looked over their heads, her gaze connecting with Eric’s. He was straining against his bonds, his thick cock hard as the steel he was tied to as he watched the others feeding off her nipples with ravenous delight.

Two sets of rough, masculine fingers traveled down her belly, slipping between her legs to massage her sex. Charli moaned but she never took her eyes from Eric. His expression was full of anger and frustration at being tied up, kept away from her. And need. Endless, infinite need.

“*This* is how it felt, Charli. To want you. To love you and care about you and be your friend, all the while wanting to take you with every breath in my body. Knowing I never could.” He pulled on his restraints again, his eyes drawn to Rafael’s mouth as it left Charli’s breast, heading south.

Rafael looked up, his breath hot against her clit. “Tell him you felt it too, Charli. Tell him you thought about us, touched yourself in the night until you came calling out our names.” He tugged her clit with his teeth, licking her soaking sex with soft, sensual strokes of his tongue.

“I did. God, I did. So many times. But we couldn’t... I couldn’t. Shit, Raf. *Yes*.”

Rafael smiled against her sex, nipping playfully at Simon’s fingers until he lifted his head from her nipple and growled, returning immediately to suckling her breast and thrusting his fingers inside her pussy.

Raf met her gaze, his smile fading to one of dazed bemusement. “It’s better than any wet dream, sugar. Your taste. Your feel. We can’t get enough. Tell me what you want, whatever it is, it’s yours.”

A tremor went through her body at the sincerity in his voice. She looked up at Eric, trying to concentrate despite Simon's thoroughly distracting foreplay. "I want to watch you make Eric come."

Simon hummed out a laugh against her breast as Eric began to swear the room blue. She had no idea he knew how to cuss like that. Was she mistaken? Had she gotten all his signals crossed? Did he *not* want Rafael?

"I see worry instead of desire in your eyes, Charli. We can't have that." Rafael stood and walked over to the red-faced Eric, circling a finger around one of his nipples. "Eric may not like that he wants me. But he wants me. And he has for a long time."

"Bullshit."

Simon slid to his knees to rub a stubby cheek against the skin of her belly, watching along with her as Rafael touched their agitated friend. "Shall I tell them about that night, then? About how close we both came to giving in to the need? How it was you, not me, who initiated that kiss, and pulled my hand to your—"

"I was drunk, you bastard."

Rafael gripped Eric's jaw, forcing him to face him. "That's why I left. Why *I* stopped it, despite your protests. Looking back, I think I made a mistake. I should have fucked your brains out that night. Should have taken you in every dirty, beautiful way there was. Maybe if I had my best friend wouldn't have spent the last five years running away from me."

"We wanted Charli." Eric sounded almost plaintive, desperate. Simon slowed his caresses, and Rafael fell to his knees.

"Yes, we wanted Charli. We still do. And you and I, *old friend*? We also wanted this."

Charli felt her sex fill with cream, her thighs quivering as she watch Rafael place gentle, open-mouth kisses on Eric's thighs, on his hips, teasing but never quite tasting his cock.

Rafael's hands slid around to grip Eric's ass cheeks. "Did you ever experiment, lover? Ever slip a finger in that sweet ass, accidentally in the shower, wondering what it would have been like?"

Eric's hips thrust involuntarily, making Charli wonder if Raf had pressed one of his fingers against his anus. Eric caught her staring, biting his lip so hard it bled. "Charli, I..."

She smiled her encouragement. Loving him, feeling the agony he was in at resisting something he obviously wanted desperately. "I don't think I've ever seen anything this sexy."

His head flew back as if he'd been slapped, and Simon slid his fingers inside of her once more, praising her with his touch.

"Have you, Eric? Ever fucked yourself with your fingers, with a plug, desperate for my cock to hit that one, special spot that would send you to the fucking moon?" Rafael wouldn't let up. "Or are you and Charli still virginal there?"

Charli must have made a face, given herself away. "Charli, you're not...you haven't..."

Simon stood at Eric's disbelieving words. Even Rafael turned in her direction. If a record had scratched it couldn't have been a more awkward moment. "What?"

Simon's expression grew grim. "Who, Chuck? Who fucked your ass? We've barely let a body with a penis near you for years. Was it that weekend with Aunt Kelly in Colorado Springs?"

"What? You're saying you've been purposely scaring all my dates away and *you're* the one who's angry?"

None of them said a word, all looking at her with hurt in their eyes. As if she'd been unfaithful. "Jesus, no one, okay? I haven't gotten laid in ages, thanks to you. You did your jobs too well. If it weren't for my vibrator and butt plug, I would die from frustration."

Rafael leaned his dark head against Eric's thigh, his eyes closed. "Butt plug? Fuck me, sugar, *you* have a butt plug? I think I just came a little. What kind, baby?"

"What does it matter what ki—" Simon raised a single eyebrow, his expression causing her to swallow her words. "It...um...it vibrates."

Eric was looking at her as though he'd never seen her before, his eyes dilated, his body covered in a sheen of sweat. The demon temptress inside, the one she hadn't known existed until tonight, wanted to come out and play. "I love it, Eric. When Rafael told us he liked men too, I wondered. Wondered what it would be like to have someone inside me there. So I bought the plug. It hurt at first, but it felt good at the same time. When I finally got it all the way in, deep, and turned it on... I came. I'd never come so hard until, well, until I danced for you."

"Oh, sugar." Rafael lapped at Eric's cock, just once, as if unable to help himself. And Eric snapped.

"Do you want me to admit it? Want me to beg? I hated you for leaving that night, hated myself for wanting you to stay. And yes I touched myself, wondering how it would be between us. Now I think I might explode if you don't touch me. Suck my fucking cock, Raf. Swallow it down your fucking throat. Show Charli and I if you're as good at it as we think you are."

That was all Rafael needed to hear. Charli gasped at the sight of Eric's thick cock disappearing into Rafael's mouth, those full, sexy lips stretching to accept his width, moaning at the taste.

"*Fuck.*" Eric's face was tight with arousal. "Raf, shit, do it. Shove it in my ass. I want it." He spread his legs farther apart and Charli saw Raf's arm working, knowing he was fucking him with his fingers while he sucked his cock. She groaned aloud until Simon's face filled her vision, blocking her view.

"Good girl. But now, I find, I want your undivided attention. I'm going to eat your sweet pussy, babe. And you're going to come for me. You're going to come calling my name. And then, no matter how this race ends or whose looking on, I *will* be fucking you. Over and over again, until we can't move another inch. And after we sleep, I'll take you again."

Simon kissed her, his tongue thrusting deep inside her open mouth, as if he couldn't get enough of her taste. She bit his lip and he purred, lifting his lips from hers to look at her, blue eyes so dark they looked almost black.

He kissed her neck, her collarbone. She shook as he kissed the underside of each breast, then licked a ticklish circle around her belly button. She saw Rafael jog to the table, unwrapping a small, black butt plug and cover it with lube. Eric was in for it now.

And then all she knew was Simon. He picked up her feet one by one, pulling her shorts and underwear completely off and lifted her legs to drape over his shoulders. He spread the lips of her sex with his fingers, breathing her in for one, achingly tender moment, before burying his face between her thighs.

There was no gentle licking, no hesitation. Simon took. Ate at her clit, nibbled on her pussy lips, his tongue thrusting deep inside, fucking her with his mouth. "Simon! Simon, that feels so... *Oh!*"

"Fuck me, Raf. Fuck me with it. *Yes.* Shit, what are you...? Holy—I'm gonna come, Raf."

Eric's howls of pleasure matched her own, increasing in urgency and pitch as their two lovers sought to satisfy their needs. Simon slid one blunt finger through her juices, pressing it against her ass teasingly as he fucked her with his tongue.

She breathed out, relaxing her muscles to take him inside and he groaned against her clit, pushing through the tight ring of her ass with a growl.

"Charli!" She opened her eyes, Eric's fevered gaze seeking her own. "Come with me, baby. I can't hold back. Come for us, Charli. *Fuck.* I have to..."

Charli cried Simon's name as she climaxed, watching Eric writhe as Rafael swallowed his come, refusing to pull back, his hand twisting the butt plug deeper into Eric's ass.

Simon pulled his finger out, both hands gripping her thighs tight as he swallowed every drop of her arousal, sucking and licking until she was shaking like a leaf against him.

He wasn't stopping. Wasn't stopping and she could feel her desire rising again, her body tingling with renewed heat.

"Simon? Buddy we need to let them go now. They aren't going to leave us in here much longer."

Rafael had stood, kissing the now-silent Eric tenderly on the lips, slipping out the plug and slipping an extra bottle of lube in his pocket before beginning to unstrap him.

She saw through eyes blurred with desire when they both came to stand on either side of the kneeling Simon. He growled, his grip on her thighs almost bruising as he brought her back to fever pitch with his tongue.

"Again. *More.*"

Eric was concerned, but Rafael looked into her eyes and smiled. "He really needs you to come again, sugar. Let's give him what he needs." He lifted one heavy breast in his hand, offering it to Eric. Her

beautiful blond professor took it gratefully, sucking the tip hard against the roof of his mouth. Rafael took the other.

It was too much. To have all of them touching her, kissing her this way. It was too much. She came again. Harder than before. Simon greedily drank her down, his sounds of pleasure vibrating against her clit.

A knock sounded on the door. "FYI, our time is almost up here. We have drinks and snacks at the small cantina across the street before the final challenge. Come and join us."

Shelly's perky guide voice finally brought Simon to his feet. His high cheekbones were dark with color, his jaw flexing with restraint. Rafael and Eric untied her, but Simon didn't move out of the way. He took her newly freed hand and placed it against his jean-covered erection. Charli's eyes went wide. He was long and thick and so hard she wanted to beg him to take her. Here. Now.

He closed his eyes, savoring the feel of her touch for a heartbeat. Then he let her go, turning to unlock the thick metal door and walk down the hallway.

"Let's get you dressed, sugar. Eric, go make sure Simon doesn't toss little Shelly into the ocean."

"Is he okay?" Charli allowed Rafael to dress her as though she were a child. He pulled down her tank top, then gathered her shorts and underwear from the floor.

"Oh sure. It's just like a junkie who's lived with a waiting fix under his roof for twenty years. After all that time, someone's given him a teensy taste, just one, but tells him he can't have the whole thing."

Charli's confusion must have shown on her face. "We haven't been allowed to come, sugar. At least, Simon and I haven't. And none of us have been allowed to fuck you the way we've wanted to. Our part of these challenges. It's just making him, hell all of us, a little bonkers."

"Oh."

He chuckled and wrapped his arms around her. "It's all going to work out fine, Charli. Don't overthink it. Let's go get something to eat. I'm famished."

"Bill's a wee bit shy, poor dear. We've decided to skip the last challenge and head back to the boat. So I can tackle the man in private." Betsy giggled over the rim of her beer bottle, making the other girls chuckle. "Don't worry though, we've given our portion of the kitty to Shelly. Whoever wins, they can have it. It was all worth it as far as I'm concerned."

The damn bet. Charli wasn't sure how she felt about it. It had given her the evening of her dreams. Fantasy after fantasy, most buried so deep she hadn't even admitted them to herself. But she couldn't help thinking about tomorrow. How would they be able to go on as they had been, after all they'd done together here?

"I don't know about points, but as far as speed is concerned, I definitely made up my time from the first challenge with this last one. We were the first to arrive here, after all."

Charli made a face at Natalie. And she'd thought *she* was competitive. Poor Dawn looked totally cowed by the dominatrix from hell. "I don't know, Tim and Dawn have aced everything so far. My team, on the other hand..."

Dawn smiled gratefully. "Well, I only have to worry about one man, Charli. I don't know how I'd handle...um... No offense."

"None taken."

Charli glanced over her shoulder, slipping a salsa-laden chip in her mouth as she studied her "team". Rafael and Eric were talking intensely, Raf's dramatic hand gestures telling her he was on the offensive. Simon stood beside them at the bar, nursing a beer in silence. He looked different. Distant. Had it already begun then? The change she'd been dreading?

"Ma'am?" It was Florenz. "May I talk to you for a moment, in private?" She nodded, excusing herself to join the handsome guide in a far corner, away from listening ears. "Your friends, the ones who paid for your excursion? They instructed me to give you this note now."

Another note? Great. What now? "Thank you, Florenz. And please, for the sake of my sanity, call me Charli." He stood over her, hiding her from view of the others while she read it.

My dearest,

If you've made it to this point without running back to the boat and "cracking some skulls", bravo! I'm proud of you. The boys have always been mad about you, and so protective, I knew you'd be fine. The last challenge is a doozy, but if you're as brave as I know you are, you'll take it. Yes, yes, I know what you're thinking. I've run this race before...isn't it divine? Don't be mad at Connie, I talked her into it. And I wasn't alone, but that's the only clue you get from me.

I've always wanted you to be happy. It may be a little unconventional, but you know what I always say, the more the merrier.

Love and Kisses,

Aunt Kelly

"I think Shelly might be looking for you." Simon stood beside Florenz, a threatening smile on his face.

The young guide backed away, hands in the air. "I'm sure she is. Good luck on the rest of the race, you two."

"That was rude, Simon. And entirely unnecessary." Charli handed Simon the note. "What do you think she means, she wasn't alone?"

Simon shrugged, shoving the note in his pocket. "Who knows? Lee maybe? It's not really his style though. Besides, he's been way too distracted with his wedding to plan something like this."

He took a swig of beer, looking over her shoulder. “Does it matter how we got here? I’d think you’d be more concerned about what happens next.” He laughed. “Don’t look so surprised, Chuck. It’s not as if we’re total strangers. No one knows you better than I do.”

“I know. What a mess.”

He turned to face her. “Is it? Eric and Rafael are talking again, and we’ve all been having a hell of a time. You certainly seemed to be enjoying yourself.”

She blushed. “I am, it’s just—”

“Just nothing. Enjoy it, Charli. Let us make you feel good. And, if along the way, we win a thousand bucks to play the tables on the ship, all the better right?”

“Yeah. All the better. I think I need another drink.” She walked over to the bar, away from Rafael and Eric, away from the other players. She didn’t want them to see her face, or they’d be on her in a heartbeat. She felt like she’d been sucker punched in the stomach.

She’d just discovered something. Simon didn’t know her that well after all.

Chapter Five

It was nighttime now. Somewhere nearby there was a party going on. Charli could hear the music and cheers. She'd have to come to Cozumel again someday, maybe actually see the city, as opposed to the strip clubs and kinky back rooms. She chuckled to herself.

"We've arrived at the last challenge! Hopefully the food and drink revived you, because you're going to need a little more energy to get through it." Shelly beamed and looked at Florenz, who continued for her.

"No clue, we will just tell you straight out. You've opened your minds, allowed yourselves to trust your partners, and this last part is about giving in. Regardless of time or place. Regardless of worries and rules. Totally giving in to pleasure."

He smiled at the excited murmurs of the group. "If you look behind you, the warehouse you see belongs to the creator of The Race Erotic. On the other side of the building is where you'll begin. For legality reasons, we can't have this challenge just anywhere. And for your own protection Shelly and I will remain here. Go and, well, let yourselves go."

Charli and Eric shared confused looks. "What does that mean?"

"It means we're going to have sex." Natalie rolled her eyes, dragging her miserable-looking boy toy toward the far end of the building.

"Well, I don't want to have sex with *her*." Rafael made a face and Shelly laughed, walking over to whisper in his ear. "Oh. *Oh*. Now you're talkin'." He took Eric and Charli by the hand, dragging them and laughing. "Hurry up, guys and gals, it's the main event. Come on, Simon. I know you'll like this."

"What the hell is going on, Raf?" Simon tromped slowly after them, hands in his pockets, looking morose.

There was a small walkway between the warehouse and the ocean. Charli could see their cruise ship lit up in the distance. Along the warehouse there were four spaced-out spotlights, the rest of the wall in shadow. "What now?"

"Totally giving in, sugar. Means exactly what it sounds like. As close to making love in the middle of the road as we're probably ever going to get without getting arrested."

Charli stepped back from Rafael, looking around. Dawn was all over Tim, the shy girl she'd met replaced by a wildcat, nearly ripping the buttons off from her beaming husband's shirt.

Natalie had her young slave on his knees, kissing her ankles. "Ugh. I am so not feeling it."

Simon gripped her shoulders and pressed her against the wall. "Feel this." His kiss turned her brains to mush. Hot and hard, full of fire, when he pressed his growing erection against her she moaned, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"You should just be naked all the time. Then we wouldn't have to keep dressing and undressing you." She heard Rafael's smiling voice as he and Eric stripped her clothes off. She didn't care. Didn't care who was watching, didn't care what happened next, as long as Simon kept kissing her.

"Share the wealth, man." Eric pushed Simon out of the way, his mouth covering hers. Softer, gentler. Eric. She melted into his arms. She helped Rafael undress him, heard the rustling around her as Simon took his shirt off and unbuttoned his jeans.

Simon pulled her away from Eric, guiding her to Rafael. She kissed him blindly, her body so sensitized after all she'd experienced today, she was already on fire with need. Rafael bit and sucked at her lips, growling playfully when she sucked his tongue into her mouth.

They were turned around with Simon against the wall, behind Charli and Rafael. Charli felt Simon's steel-hard cock press against her hip, and she whimpered against Rafael's mouth.

"Shh, sugar. It's going to be amazing. What do you need, man?"

She heard the sound of foil tearing and her eyes closed. Oh my God. It was really happening. "I need the extra lube you pocketed, and I need Chuck to be a good girl, bend over and suck both your cocks."

He caressed her back in soothing motions, and her eyes flew open. Both? Eric and Rafael sent matching grins her way, coming to stand side by side in front of her. Rafael tossed him a small bottle. "Knew this would come in handy."

Simon's hand firmed between her shoulder blades. "Come on, babe. I need you."

Her heart stuttered at the tender, open expressions on her friends' faces. Her men. She allowed Simon to press her forward, until her mouth was level with Eric's thick girth and Rafael's dusky length. They had gorgeous cocks. She licked her lips, mouthing the tip of first Rafael's, then Eric's penis.

"Fuck."

"Yeah, sugar. Suck us both."

Their hands were in her long brown hair, gentle, without pressure. Loving. Charli sucked Rafael's dark shaft deep into her mouth, gagging a little at the length, before relaxing her throat to take more. "She sucks so good, Eric. She may be better than I am. *Sugar*. Just like that, Charli."

"Show me, Charli. Let me feel your mouth on me." Charli turned her head and took Eric's silken width into her mouth, opening as wide as she could to take him all. Delicious. "Ahh. Baby, fuck. How did you learn to do that? Shit, Raf, that thing she's doing with her tongue is *killing* me."

Eric moaned, and Charli heard them kissing above her. God, that was sexy. She slid her hand between her legs, pressing her clit to get some relief from her own arousal.

Simon leaned over her back to whisper in her ear. "Don't, Chuck. Or I'll tie your hands behind your back. We're going to be the only thing you need to come."

Rafael pressed his cock beside Eric's and she gripped both shafts in her hand, taking the heads of their cocks into her mouth and sucking them. Together. "Holy shit, Charli!"

Something cool and liquid slid down the crack of her ass. Lube. It was quickly followed by Simon's thumb. "Did you use the plug before you came on the cruise, babe? Nod."

She nodded.

"Good. Cause I don't think I can be as patient as I'd need to be if you weren't used to something filling your ass." He spread her cheeks with his hands, the head of his condom-covered cock pressing insistently against her.

She moaned low as the two cocks slid against each other inside her mouth. Simon made a hoarse sound, as if in pain. "I've been dreaming of this for so fucking long. My hands full of your ass, my cock filling you up, Charli. *My* cock. *Ours*. You belong to us, Chuck. Nobody else. Never forget it."

She lifted her mouth taking a deep breath as Simon's rigid shaft pushed through the tight ring of muscles. It felt better than her toys. Better... Amazing... *More*. "Yes."

"You like that? I knew you would, babe. Knew you'd love it. Want more?" Simon's gravelly voice went through her like heat lightning.

"Yes, Simon. *Please*. I want more."

"Jesus, Charli, you are so fucking sexy." Eric's voice was far off in the distance. All she could do was feel. Simon pushed deeper, and her body struggled to accept him.

"Big. God you're so big."

"Hot and tight. Ahh, Charli, love, that's right, take all of me."

She felt hands holding her shoulders, rubbing her breasts, felt Simon's hands gripping her waist, his hips pressing against her ass. Pain, pleasure, she felt everything, and it felt so damn incredible she thought she might die.

"Eric, take her."

She was being lifted, Simon still deep inside her, shifting with the movement. She cried out. More foil wrappers, and then her arms and legs were being wrapped around Eric, and he was kissing her. "Breathe, baby. Love you, Charli." He pushed inside her sex with his thick cock. She was wet, but the fit was still tight.

"Shit, Simon. I don't know if she can take us both."

"She can take us. Can't you, Chuck? You were made to take us. Breathe baby. Let us take care of you. Let us love you."

Charli leaned her head back on Simon's shoulder, loving the sound of his voice. Eric was making shallow thrusts into her pussy with his thick cock, stretching her, filling her full. So full. "Shit."

“Are you okay? Charli, tell me you’re okay or I’ll stop.”

“No! Don’t stop, Eric. Nobody stop. Fuck me. God, it feels *good*.”

Simon bit her earlobe and thrust his hips. “That’s my girl.”

Eric and Simon started a rhythmic drag and thrust inside her. Tears slid down her cheeks. Relief? Happiness? She wasn’t sure what she was feeling, she just knew she didn’t want it to end.

A flash of white made her focus. Rafael smiled over Eric’s shoulder and bit it gently. “Don’t go leaving me out.” Eric stilled and Charli instinctively clenched her muscles around him, holding him tight.

“Charli, fuck. Raf, I just... Oh hell, be gentle.”

Rafael turned Eric’s chin toward him. His beautiful face filled with love and joy. “Always.” Eric tensed and jerked against Charli, shouting as he buried his face in her neck.

Rafael gripped Eric’s shoulder and thrust slowly, pushing Eric’s hips against Charli, Charli against Simon. “Oh God, you’re fucking all of us.” It slipped out of her mouth, but it was true.

“Now you know my evil, *ah yes*, plan.”

Their sounds of pleasure filled the night air. Charli had her legs wrapped around Eric *and* Raf, her head turned to accept Simon’s kiss. It was heaven. She’d never been so full, so taken.

“Oh. *Fuck*.”

“That’s right, Eric. Love. Fucking. You.” Rafael pumped his hips harder against Eric, faster. “It’s been too long. And you feel...so good. Tough to be gentle.”

Charli pulled her mouth from Simon’s to catch Eric’s expression, his smile more a feral bearing of teeth. “I release you from your promise, Raf. Don’t be gentle. Fuck me hard.”

“*Yes*.”

Simon growled against her neck when their movement pushed him harder inside her, deeper. “I have to move, babe. I have to come.”

“Anything, Simon. I’m close. I can’t—it feels...”

“Charli! Shit, baby I can’t wait.” Simon slipped his hand around her body, where it was joined with Eric’s, and rubbed her clit.

“Christ, Simon.” Eric bit his lip, his hips pumping deep inside Charli’s sex. Suddenly there were too many sensations, too much pleasure, and Charli felt her body catch fire and burn like a newborn star.

“She’s coming. You’re squeezing my cock like a fucking fist, baby.”

“I can’t wait anymore.”

“Charli, babe.”

It was amazing. She could feel them all coming against her, in her. Together. Her body was alive in a way she’d never experienced before. Climbing, white water rapids, nothing came close to this exhilaration. Every nerve ending was tingling, her blood pumping through her veins. *Alive*. And hopelessly in love.

But with who?

“Wow. There is no way I can compete with that. You two have my vote for winning.”

“*Tim.*”

“Well, they do.”

Charli tried to hide her body, blushing furiously as the magical bubble burst around her and she realized where they were. Outside. In public. A public that had apparently stopped having sex themselves to watch *them*.

“You’re a jackass. Anyone ever tell you that?” Rafael went to stand in front of her, Simon and Eric spreading out to surround her on all sides so she could get dressed.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know she was shy. I mean, the four of you were—”

“If you don’t shut your mouth, I may have to shut it for you.” Simon’s growl was menacing. Charli pulled her shorts on with trembling hands, grabbing her tank top and patting Simon’s back at the same time.

“Calm down. We weren’t hiding or anything. It’s fine. It’s over anyway.” Simon tensed beneath her hand, as if sensing her train of thought. She was a wreck. She just needed a moment to breathe. To be alone.

“I’m going to go, freshen up, okay? I’ll be back.” She ducked under Eric’s arm, eluding Simon and racing around the corner.

“Charli!”

She refused to look back, diving headfirst into a waiting Florenz. Shelly was right beside him, and they both looked a little mussed, as if they’d been participating in the last challenge themselves. “You okay, Charli? We heard what happened, couldn’t help but hear. I’m sorry if one of the other racers embarrassed you.”

“It isn’t that. I think my experiment with the wild side just got a little too...wild. Could you get me a cab? Alone?”

Her guides shared a look over her head, and Florenz disappeared around the corner. “Of course. Florenz will go see to the others, and I’ll get you back to the ship.” Charli let herself be guided by the now-subdued young cheerleader, wondering where she was running. Aunt Kelly? Connie?

The people she’d always gone to for advice were the very ones she couldn’t face right now. If she’d been with other men, maybe. Maybe then she’d tell them that what she experienced tonight had shattered her. Changed her. Made her want something she’d realized she could never have. And that plain and simple truth had transformed her world forever.

How could she live and work, day in and day out, wanting and never having? Watching them move on, maybe Raf and Eric getting together, maybe Simon finding another curvy blonde, his usual favorite. And Charli. Alone and in love with her best friends. Friends. Plural. She laughed a little hysterically, and Shelly squeezed her hand.

“The cab is here.”

“Thanks.”

“Charli? Are you sure you’re all right?”

Charli slipped into the cab and tried to smile, but it came out like a sob. “No. I don’t think I am.”

It took less time than she imagined it would to get on board and talk to the purser. She was on her way to the airport in less than an hour. Charli told herself it was luck that had her in the air and on her way to Denver before anyone came looking for her. She was happy they hadn’t come.

The stewardess handed her a complimentary tequila midway through the flight. Maybe she wanted to ensure that the other passengers stopped complaining about the woman who wept the entire flight home.

Chapter Six

“Damn it, Charli, if you don’t open up this door, and I mean *now*, I’m going to break the thing down.”

He wasn’t going to stop. She knew Simon too well. He’d shred her door to pieces, and she’d have to explain it to the super. She stomped over to it and flung it open. “Don’t you dare!”

Charli took a breath. He looked awful. He hadn’t shaved, his eyes were sunken and heavy. She’d never seen him like this. “Simon?”

He pushed past her and into the living room. “We all took a flight home the next day, did you know that? Kelly, Eric, Rafael, even the newlyweds.”

“Aunt Kelly phoned. I wish they hadn’t done that. I didn’t mean to ruin the honeymoon.”

Simon chuckled, but it was a thoroughly unattractive sound. “You’re a damn fool if you thought we wouldn’t. I called too. I must have left a hundred messages. You never called me back.”

Charli hugged herself. “I needed time.”

He nodded, his back still turned. “That’s what Eric said. And we all agreed to give it to you.” He walked over to her couch and hung his head in his hands.

She wanted to go to him. To wrap her arms around him and tell him everything would be all right, the way he always had for her. But she held back. It wasn’t her place anymore.

He lifted his head to pierce her with his beautiful blue eyes. “Two weeks, Charli? Two weeks with no word, not even a stupid email. And now you have a lawyer call Lee and tell him you want to sell out of the business? *Our* business, Chuck? The one we dreamed up together?”

He stood, shaking his head. “You’re wrong. Eric’s wrong. You don’t need time. What you need is a spanking.”

She stepped back. He wouldn’t. She studied his expression and retreated a bit more. Oh yes he would. “Look, Simon, I just think this would be the best for everyone if we—”

“No. Don’t you say another word. Not until you hear *me* out.” He started pacing. *Pacing*. Simon didn’t pace. “I was trying to wake you up. Show you how good we could be together. I thought if we were somewhere foreign, different, you’d let down your guard enough to... Hell, I don’t know. I was desperate. We all were.”

Wait a minute. “Simon, what are you talking about? It was Connie and Aunt Kelly who set up the race, right? You were just as surprised as I was.”

“No. Eric and Rafael were just as surprised as you were. I was the one who suggested the idea to the others. I thought I had all the bases covered, even finding that Tim guy in the ship’s bar and convincing him to make that bet. You never could resist a bet.”

He ran a shaky hand through his hair and the ice wall she’d spent two weeks building around her heart melted a little. She’d never seen Simon vulnerable before. She stepped closer. “Why?” She had to hear him say it.

“The same reason for every damn thing I’ve done since the sixth grade, Chuck. The same reason I get up each morning looking forward to going to work. The reason my heart beats. For you, Charli. Because I love you.”

She took another step. “What about Eric and Raf? Why did you involve them?”

He caught her movement and stilled, waiting. “They love you, too, you know that. Eric’s been lost since the ninth grade dance, and Rafael was done for when you broke your arm trying to protect him from Jamie Ann Burns.”

She chuckled and he allowed himself a small smile. “And you love them. I know you, Chuck. If they went away and got married you’d be miserable. We belong to you. I belong to you. And that’s all I’ll ever want as long as I live.”

Her eyes misted. She finally understood. “You tried to give me everything I wanted. So much so that you were willing to share me...with them?”

He turned toward her and took her hand. “Hell, girl. We’ve shared you all our lives. That’s what we do. Why ruin a good thing?” He pulled her closer. “Especially when you can make it even better?”

“Is Charli okay?”

“Your message said it was urgent. What’s happened?”

Charli smothered a giggle as she hid in the hallway. She and Simon had everything planned. Of course, she had a few surprises in store for him as well.

Simon’s voice made her tingle. “I’m glad you got here so quickly. It is pretty important.”

God, she loved him. He’d brought her back to his house, and they’d spent the day together. She’d showered him, watched him shave. They’d fed each other in his enormous kitchen and after they were through, he’d made love to her over and over again. She was surprised either one of them could walk.

She still had a hard time believing it was real. Charli had been so afraid of losing him as her friend that she hadn’t been able to see that he was ready for so much more. That they all were.

“What the hell, guy? Where is she? Did she talk to you?”

“Hello, boys.”

Eric and Rafael turned toward her, their jaws dropping when they saw what she was wearing. She had to call Aunt Kelly to find out where one would go to buy a naughty schoolgirl costume. She thought it was appropriate. She twirled her pigtails.

“Welcome home.”

They blinked in mute amazement, and Simon laughed out loud. “I think they’re speechless, Chuck. Why don’t we put them out of their misery? Make them an offer they can’t refuse.”

She swayed over to them, trying to gauge their reaction. “I see you have another student with you, Professor. Has he been bad too?”

Eric swallowed audibly, but Rafael was starting to smile. “I *have* been pretty bad, now that you mention it.” He pointed sternly at Charli. “Nowhere near as bad as you though, leaving before class was even over. I think you should definitely be punished.”

Charli grinned before waggling her eyebrows at Eric. “It *is* your duty as my teacher.” She walked over to Simon’s big mahogany desk, sliding her hands over the smooth wood, showing her small, white panties to the men behind her.

She heard their heartfelt groans and giggled, peering at them over her shoulder. Rafael elbowed Eric and they all came closer, their hungry gazes focused on her ass.

“Pull down those panties, young lady, and stay bent over that desk.” Charli shivered, doing as Eric said.

“That ass will look much better in pink.” That was all the warning she got before Eric’s hand came down hard on her left cheek. A little *too* hard.

“Ow! Hey!”

He grabbed her shoulders and twirled her around. “You deserved it, Charli. We’ve been worried sick about you and now you want to play more games? When you left that night I thought that after what we’d... I thought you wouldn’t want to see me anymore.”

Oh, she was such a selfish bitch. She hadn’t thought about Eric. He’d opened himself up to Raf, and to them. He’d stepped out of his element right along with her, only he hadn’t run away. And she had. She flung her arms around him. “I’m sorry. I really am. I was just scared.”

Rafael rubbed her bottom gently. “Are you done being scared?”

She smiled at him, her eyes filling with tears. “Absolutely. I’m not going anywhere.”

Eric held her tight, breathing out a relieved sigh against her cheek. “Don’t do that again.” He kissed her, and she pressed herself against him with a relieved moan. She loved Eric’s tender kisses. They made her feel cherished. Special.

“She’s in it for the long haul. And so am I. What do you say, men? You in?”

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying, Simon?” Eric had grown still beside her, and Charli, too, held her breath. What would they say?

"I am. Charli and I would like it if you two moved in here. With us."

"Us?" Rafael studied the two of them, his dark eyes sparkling. "For how long?"

Charli piped up. "For good. I mean, not imprisoned or anything like that. Of course we could always get one of those iron things...but that's beside the point."

Simon chuckled. "What Chuck is trying to say is—"

"I love you."

"Me?" Eric was starting to smile.

"No. *Yes*. All of you. I love all three of you, and I want us to be together. If you do." Charli's heart was racing. She knew everything about them. But there was a part of her that still wasn't sure how they'd answer.

When the silence lingered in the large study, Charli felt her heart drop to her stomach. "You don't have to. I mean, it won't change how I feel about any of you, and I wouldn't blame you at all if you thought that it would be too wei—"

Rafael covered her mouth with his fingers. "Give us a minute to catch our breath, sugar. You can't just offer a man everything he's ever wanted without letting him have a second to adjust."

Charli bounced, but kept her mouth closed. She'd give them as many seconds as they needed. But now that she knew what she wanted, she found she was impatient to get to it.

Eric looked at Rafael, then Simon, turning Charli to face the desk once more, his hand firmly on her lower back. She took his cue and bent over with a breathless sigh of excitement.

"What do you think you're laughing at? Bend over beside Charli."

Charli turned in time to see Rafael's eyes grow wide. "You're serious?"

Eric looked sternly down his nose, every inch the professor. "Deadly."

"Better do as he says, Raf. You wouldn't want detention." Charli wiggled her bottom in Rafael's direction teasingly, getting a small tap from Eric. Gentler this time, approving.

Rafael's gaze snared hers as he joined her on the desk. He looked happy. And undeniably excited. Though it was clear he didn't want Eric to know. "Be nice, Professor. Or you'll be sorry later tonight."

She watched as Eric's hands came around to the front of Rafael's jeans, unbuttoning them with sure, swift, movements. "You think so, do you?" He pulled the jeans down, revealing Rafael's already-impressive erection. Eric caressed him quickly before stepping back to view his handy work. "We'll find out."

Charli pressed her breasts harder against the table, her body shifting restlessly. Simon's earlier lovemaking had only made her more sensitive, more aroused. In her mind, images of the last challenge replayed over and over. All of them together. She wanted that again.

Eric squeezed the cheeks of her ass, slipping his hands between her thighs to spread her legs. “I should have dropped you from my class at the beginning of the semester, Miss Rindel. I knew you were going to cause me trouble. Both of you.”

Charli knew the instant he chuckled that he’d noticed the lube and her brand new butt plug, a gift from Simon, laying beside her head on the desk. “At least you have all your school supplies.”

Rafael snorted, and Eric’s palm came down on his ass with a loud *smack*. “Shit! Sorry.”

“Sorry what?” The opening of the cap on the small bottle of lubricant sounded loud in the large den. Eric poured some on his fingers, and Charli watched as Rafael flushed.

“Sorry...Professor.”

“Good. Climb up on the desk, Charli. Stay on your knees, that’s right.” She did as she was told, her body trembling. She watched over her shoulder in fascination. Eric in control was an arousing sight to behold.

He positioned her with her legs on either side of Rafael’s head. Then he picked up the plug and soaked it with the lube. “Raf, keep your hands where I can see them. Do not touch her with any part of you. Not until I say. Understood?”

“Jeez. Yes, Professor.”

She could feel his breath on her clit when he talked. Temptingly close. A part of her wanted to scoot back, just enough to feel that magical tongue against her sex, against her ass. She was so wet her thighs were damp with it, and she knew Rafael could see. Knew he couldn’t tear his gaze away.

“I should punish you, but you’ve been so obedient.” Eric swirled the tip of the butt plug against her anus, wetting it with the thick liquid coating the toy. “I would be willing to reconsider, to give you that A you’re dying for. But first you’ll have to do something for me.”

“Anything, Professor.”

Rafael pounded his forehead tellingly against the desk, curling his fists as he tried to stay still. Eric was using his other hand to undo his own pants, his erection hindering his progress. “Can I help you with that?”

“Don’t get sassy, Miss Rindel.” He added pressure to the plug, and she shivered. “No, what I want you to do is show me how you take this. I want to fuck you with this thick plug, while Raf’s tight ass gets fucked with my cock.”

Yes. “Yes, Professor.”

Rafael’s dark eyes were fever bright. “Certain about that, Teach? ’Cause when I had you on your knees in the shower this morning, filling you full of *my* cock, you said you weren’t sure you could be the one doing the fucking.” His voice lowered, taunting. “Or that it would feel as good as what I did to you.”

Charli thought she might come before anyone had touched her. The exchange between the two of them set her on fire. She needed more. She took a breath, pushing back onto the plug.

Her broken moan got everyone's attention. Simon, who until now had been unusually silent, came around to the other side of the desk, stroking her hair. "Impatient, baby?"

"Sweet heaven that is a beautiful sight." Eric pushed the plug in a little farther, the sensation so powerful she cried out. "No more games, Charli. Only pleasure."

Simon kissed her nose, turning her chin back toward Eric and Rafael. He knew she was dying to see it again. Dying to watch them take each other over. Eric bit his lip as he pressed his thick cock into Rafael's ass.

"Eric I... Oh, babe, you're filling me up." Rafael's hand reached out to caress Charli's calf, as if he couldn't help himself, while Eric stretched him inch by devastating inch. "Fuck yeah. Fuck, Eric..."

Eric smiled tensely. "That's what I'm doing, Raf. Fucking you." He twisted the plug ever so slightly, pushing it the rest of the way in. Charli moaned. "I'm fucking the both of you."

Charli lifted one hand from the table, slipping it between her thighs. She needed to come. Simon tsked in her ear before speaking over her shoulder. "Rafael, I believe our woman is in need."

Rafael, his cheeks gone dark with arousal, caught her gaze before nodding at Simon with a smile. "My pleasure." He lifted his upper body and pressed his open mouth on her soaking sex.

"Oh, yes." Her eyes closed, her head turning blindly back toward Simon as Rafael thrust his tongue deep inside her pussy. And still it wasn't enough. "Simon, please."

"Whatever you want, Chuck, baby. Whatever you need." And he knew. She felt his smooth cock glide across her cheek, its tip already damp with arousal. Her mouth opened, and her tongue lashed out to taste him greedily.

"Love, yes. *God*, that's good." She breathed out, filling her mouth with his cock. There it was. That sensation of being taken. Filled inside and out. There wasn't a nerve or cell in her body that wasn't electrified. Overwhelmed.

Rafael shouted his pleasure against her sex, echoing Eric's agonized moan. She felt the explosion start at the base of her spine, the power of it making her toes curl. She cried out against Simon's shaft.

"Babe, I'm coming. I can't hold back..." He gripped her head, his hips jerking as he came in her mouth. Charli swallowed, loving the taste of it. Of him. *Simon*.

She lowered herself to the desk, her entire body shaking with the aftereffects of her orgasm. If she'd known what she'd been missing all these years, she would have chained them all to her bed years ago.

Her best friends. Her lovers. Her lids lifted in time to see Eric gift Rafael with a slow, tender kiss, and smiled.

"Not falling asleep on us are you, Chuck?" Simon caressed her face, his smile gentle. Loving.

"We can't have that. I was really looking forward to that spanking. Quick trigger over here couldn't wait." Rafael winked at her, raising a challenging eyebrow in Eric's direction. "You're not a very firm disciplinarian."

Charli smiled “You’re just asking for it, aren’t you, Raf?”

He held out his hands. “Asking? Begging. I’ll do anything to watch sweet ass over here give you a spanking that you’ll never forget.”

She rubbed her left cheek and made a face. “I’m not likely to forget the last one.”

Raf’s smile turned wicked. “I mean the kind that will make you come.”

Charli tossed her pigtails, sitting up with a happy chuckle. “You can’t make someone come by spanking them.” The men shared a knowing glance. “Can you?”

Simon picked her up in his arms, cradling her easily. “Looks like you still have a lot to learn, Chuck. It’s a good thing we’ll all be here to teach you.”

He started walking toward the hallway that led to the bedroom. Eric and Rafael followed close behind. “I think we’ll need a bigger bed.”

Charli laughed, and Simon gave her a wink that told her everything was going to be all right. She had her family back. And she had love. A little unconventional, but as Aunt Kelly always said, the more the merrier.

About the Author

Stolen away by a free-spirited Gypsy as a child (though she still swears she's my mother), I spent my childhood roaming the countryside, meeting fascinating characters and having amazing adventures. As the perpetual "new kid", my friends more often than not were found between the pages of a book...and in my own imagination. I read everything I could get my hands on. At the age of 11, I read my first romance and I've been hooked ever since.

I've been a nurse, a lead vocalist in several bands, a published lyricist and even a returning university student majoring in Anthropology and Mythology. Throughout all of my varied careers, I would sigh as I read one fantasy-filled story after another saying, "Someday I want to write one of those," until one day my husband said, "So do it." And I did. Now I can't imagine doing anything else.

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Not in Kansas

Surrender Dorothy

What Happens When a Wicked Wizard Woos a Wary Witch?

Surrender Dorothy

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Sequel to *Not in Kansas*

Dorothy knows her new neighbor is too wicked to be trusted. As a natural witch, she recognizes the Wizard for what he truly is. As a woman, she recognizes him as a threat to her sanity.

Z has tried everything. Pursued her in dreams, bribed her cat, enticed her with peep shows meant to whet her appetite and drive her crazy. And still she resists. What's a Wizard to do? He came to Earth to have an adventure, not lose his heart to the one witch whose guard he can't get past.

When he finally gets his hands on her, the power between them is undeniable. But Dorothy's family secret could make him sorry she surrendered.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Surrender Dorothy:

He stood away from the wall, his fingers reaching up to undo the top button of his white linen shirt. Dorothy took a step back. "What are you doing?"

He took another step. "Earning your trust." Another button undone. "I never had any interest in Emily. She was merely a way for me to get close to you. I never touched her."

Dorothy bumped against a piece of furniture, altering her retreat without looking where she was going. "You're interested in everyone. You forget I had a bird's eye view of just how interested. Why should I believe you?"

He slipped the shirt off, and it dropped to the ground. Dorothy swallowed. He was beautiful. The ruby amulet lay against his lean, smooth chest, stomach muscles rippling with his slow, deliberate movements as he continued to stalk her. "I was never intimate with any of them, not after seeing you, and you know it. I wanted you to know me. To know my appetites. To want me not in spite of them,"—he smiled—"but because of them. And don't lie and say you didn't enjoy every minute of it."

She had. Dorothy heard the rushing of water and she looked behind her. He'd backed her into a room with a small waterfall. Steam rose from the heated pool at its base. This was a bathroom a woman could die happy in. But first she had to know.

"And Kansas?"

"He was fated to be the king's consort. The magic of our world called him, but yes, I sent the storm. Yes, I was attracted to him. And yes, I slept with him. That is what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

The waterfall blurred before her eyes. "Yes."

"Look at me, Dorothy. Please."

He was naked. Gloriously, unashamedly naked, aroused and looking at her as if she were the only thing he wanted in the universe. If only she could believe that.

He held out his arms. "I stand here before you, Zenamulous of the Crow Warriors, the king's wizard, from a line of wizards dating back to the time of Transformation. I have never used my magic to increase my wealth or power, though occasionally I have used it to increase another's pleasure. I have never repressed my passions, but I've never forced them on anyone either."

His chin lifted proudly, but Dorothy could see a hint of vulnerability darken his gaze. "And from the moment I saw you, I knew you were mine."

The ball was in her court. She could see it in the way he held himself so still. He wouldn't use words or powers to woo her, wouldn't take her in his arms or sweep her off her feet. She would have to make the next move. She would have to choose to trust him...or not.

In spite of her pique, in spite of her insecurities and his past, the choice wasn't hard at all. Hadn't she ridden a storm to find him? A few steps were nothing after that. She stopped directly in front of him, making sure he had a clear view. One twist of her fingers and the blanket fell silently to the floor.

His fiery stare scorched her skin. There could be no doubt he liked what he saw. His nostrils flared when she laid one tentative hand on his bare shoulder, skimming it down his arm to wrap around his wrist. He raised his eyebrow and she smiled, lifting his hand and covering it as it cupped her breast.

Dorothy closed her eyes, reveling in the feel of his hand on her. "Oh none of that." Her lids lifted, startled at Z's low command. "I want you to see everything. To look in your eyes as I make you come again and again and again."

Just that quickly she was trembling, arousal coating her sex and heating her thighs. He inhaled. "Makers, you smell amazing. I don't think I can wait to taste you." He knelt in front of her and she gasped, grabbing his shoulders as he pressed an open-mouthed kiss against her clit. He spread the lips of her pussy wide and flattened his tongue against her, as if he were absorbing her into his blood stream.

Z growled against her sex, the vibration weakening her knees until she was leaning heavily against him, her body bowing over his, hair grazing his back. He grabbed her waist, pulling her down to the floor and lifting her legs over his shoulders.

Dorothy lifted her head to watch him staring at her from between her thighs. She felt a moment's insecurity. Her body was totally visible, completely open to him. He sensed her hesitation. "You have the most sensual body I've ever seen. Soft curves of silk and cream. I could drown in you. You are a goddess, sweet Dorothy. Let me worship you."

Her head fell back against the cool floor as he disappeared between her legs. She gasped when his tongue thrust deep inside her sex, his palms spreading her ass cheeks wide, opening her completely to him.

When his thumb, damp with her juices, pressed against her ass, she trembled. Hadn't she fantasized, as she'd watched him entering that young, beautiful man, watching the look of pain and ecstasy on his

angelic face as the wizard rode him that first night? Hadn't she touched herself and dreamt of him inside her in that way? So forbidden. So wanton. Oh God.

He pushed through the tight muscles, biting her inner thigh at her groan. "No one has ever touched you here." It wasn't a question. "I will. I want you on your knees, begging for my cock in your ass. Shit, I could come just thinking about how you'll feel around me. You're so tight, baby, but you can take me." He twisted his thumb inside her, and she screamed at the fullness.

"Not yet, but soon. Now I want to feel you come against my tongue, taste your sweet cream." His actions matched his words, his tongue sliding deep inside her pussy, fucking her as he pushed his thumb in and out of her ass.

One amazing night. A waste of time? Or a new beginning?

Fortune's Promise

© 2009 Karen Erickson

A Fortune story.

After winning the lottery a year ago with her two best friends, Maddie Carpenter's life should have changed for the better. Right? Wrong. She's still stuck in her boring old life while her friends are living theirs to the fullest.

Watching one of them get married brings all her self doubt into sharp focus. She resolves to do something exciting, something thrilling. Starting right now, with the singer performing at the reception.

Tanner is still bitter over his divorce, bitter toward women in general. But something about sweet and sexy Maddie turns Tanner inside out—and he can't resist her.

One amazing night of sex turns into many nights of more amazing sex. Soon their relationship is moving way out of the casual zone. But both carry excess baggage of suspicion and distrust that could cost them everything...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Fortune's Promise:

The tiny hairs on the back of his neck stood on end, and he sat up straight, aware someone was watching him. He turned around to see a woman standing in the wide entryway of the bar, backlit from the bright lights coming from the hallway of the hotel, her curvaceous figure silhouetted perfectly for his perusal. He cocked his head, appreciating her voluptuous form, wishing he could make out her face. He waited, anticipation filling his gut and he damn near prayed she would walk inside the bar.

She finally did, taking tentative steps, the skirt of her pale gold dress swirling around her feet as she entered the dark room. He recognized her immediately.

The hot little piece who had caught his eye when he performed at the reception. The one who had stood in the corner and watched him with wide eyes the entire time he sang. The bridesmaid. There'd only been two and Brittney had told him all three of them had won the lottery along with her.

She could work.

Her gaze scanned the room slowly, chewing nervously on her lower lip as she came closer to the bar. Just the sight of those even white teeth nibbling on the lush fullness of her pink lower lip had his mind conjuring all kinds of images. All of them dirty, all of them sure to shock the shit out of this chick. She had a regal way about her, reminding him vaguely of an ice princess. The tilt of her chin, the almost haughty expression on her face, the way she walked with perfect posture and graceful movements.

Tanner wondered what she would do if he propositioned her, whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her brains out.

Hell, he was in a mood. Not only did he want to get laid, but he also wanted to do it in every dirty nasty way imaginable. Little Miss Prim and Proper would put a lockdown on her panties if she had any clue as to what he was thinking about.

Maybe she wouldn't work.

She finally ended up at the bar, a few seats away from him and she sat, pulling up at her skirts as she did. It didn't help, he noticed. The bodice of her strapless dress slipped, revealing the delicate pale lace of her bra for the briefest second before she yanked it back up. She glanced around, her gaze meeting his and her eyes widened in shock. She had caught him watching every moment.

He smiled at her and she looked away, her cheeks flushing a deep pink. The bartender ignored her when she tried to gain her attention with a wave of her hand and her shoulders slumped. Resting her hand on the countertop, she looked utterly defeated.

Tanner cleared his throat when the bartender approached and she smiled at him, the look on her face flirtatious. "You ignored her."

"Who?" Her eyes widened and she glanced up and down the bar. "Oh, you mean her? I'll get to her in a minute. I thought *you* might need something."

He certainly didn't need her. "I want you to go over there and take her order. And tell her it's on me."

The bartender nodded, the light dimming in her eyes. Maybe she realized he wasn't interested. *Damn right.* "Of course, Mr. Robinson."

She walked over to the bridesmaid, pointing a finger at Tanner halfway through her spiel. When the bartender turned away to prepare her drink, the bridesmaid glanced in his direction, a tentative smile on her lips. He smiled back, and she looked away, her cheeks pink again.

Tanner grabbed his drink and slid off the stool, walking slowly towards her. She didn't notice, too busy gathering her drink from the now-jealous bartender who glared at him as he approached.

She sipped from her drink, her lips wrapped around the skinny red straw, and he knew without a doubt that she was the one who could help him ease his troubles tonight.

Now if only she would be willing.

He sat on the stool next to her and she literally jumped, turned her startled dark brown gaze upon him, her lips still attached to the straw. She gulped loudly and set the glass down with a thump, a nervous smile on her face.

"Thank you." She waved at the glass. "For my drink. You didn't have to do that."

"You're welcome." He tilted his head towards her, wondered what made this woman so damn nervous. Most of the women he encountered fawned over him but didn't necessarily act nervous. No, they were more the type who knew what they wanted and went right for it.

A free night in the sack with the famous singer, that's what they always wanted.

He grimaced. Fuck, when did his life get so pointless? So empty?

She must have noticed his grimace because she frowned, even looked ready to hop off her stool. "I'm sorry, I'll leave you alone."

Without thinking, he rested his hand on her forearm to prevent her from leaving. The tips of his fingers sizzled at the contact, sending a jolt of awareness throughout his entire body. She appeared affected as well, gooseflesh blossoming on her skin beneath his touch.

"Don't go," he murmured. "Stay with me, just for a few minutes."

She settled herself on the stool and he removed his hand reluctantly.

"Did you enjoy it?"

Her darkest fantasies are about to come true...

Reinventing Jane Porter

© 2009 *Dominique Adair*

Jane Porter Series, Book 3

Jane's weekend of mind-blowing sex is drawing to a close. Only one event remains—a masquerade ball. Her masters, Antonio and Santos, will be her escorts, but the party isn't the only item on their agenda. They plan to show her what it really means to live the life of a prized submissive.

After tasting the heady decadence of true sexual freedom, Jane wonders if she can ever go back to her everyday life—or if Beauty will, finally and permanently, be freed from her shell.

Then there's the issue of a former lover lurking in the wings...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Reinventing Jane Porter:

"My heart wasn't broken."

His brow rose.

Busted.

"You're not a very good liar." The corner of his mouth hitched.

"Pfffft." Jane rolled her eyes. "You and Lily must've been talking behind my back."

"It didn't take more than an hour in your company to know you don't fit the profile of a woman who attends an affair such as this, *Belleza*." He shook his head. "Contrary to the signal you're putting out, you're not looking to scratch an itch."

Now it was her turn to be surprised. While she'd spent the entire day with Santos and Antonio, their conversations had been limited thanks to their sexual gymnastics.

"You're very astute, but I'm not looking for a permanent relationship." She reached for another pin.

"Maybe not right now, but that is your ultimate desire."

"Which makes me no different than most of the people here this weekend."

"Trust me," his voice dropped. "You are like none other."

"So you've been thinking about me." She began to smile. "That makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside."

"I can't speak for Santos, but you've been the only thing on my mind since you walked into the ballroom."

"Right..."

Capturing her chin, he forced her to look at him. The look in his eye told her he was serious. Her palms began to sweat.

"I was in the gallery overlooking the ballroom when you walked in on Jean Jacques' arm. Your beautiful hair drew my attention." He twined an errant curl around one finger. "But it was your smile that held me captive."

Quivering, she held her breath as he caressed the curve of her cheek. Her nipples hardened when he stroked her lower lip with his thumb. Her breathing deepened.

"You were looking at Jean Jacques as if he'd set the sun in the sky. You were unguarded, open." His fingers traced an imaginary line along her jaw leaving only goose bumps behind.

"There was nothing false or rehearsed about you. It was a private moment between two friends, not meant to be witnessed by the man soon to become your lover."

Through her cotton chemise he touched her right nipple. Back and forth he stroked until the tip was visible beneath the thin material.

"Seeing your body and the way you moved made me ache. Confident, sexy." His hand landed on her thigh. "You have the envious figure of a mature woman. Full breasts, hips and those long beautiful legs. All I wanted was to feel your legs locked around me." His smiled. "Or over my shoulders as I licked your sweet *coño*."

A fine sheen of sweat dampened her skin. Listening to him left Jane's body on fire. Her pussy throbbed and against her hip his cock throbbed. Much more of this and she'd come without her *coño* even coming out to play. Gently, he began stroking her thigh with his thumb.

"But you probably knew that."

His faint smile held just a touch of shyness, leaving Jane with the urge to give him a big hug...before throwing him to the ground and fucking him into unconsciousness.

"No, I didn't."

"I've attended a few scenes—"

"Only a few?"

"—and I've learned most people are here for two reasons." His gaze moved over her face as if he was committing it to memory. "For some it's what they do. Like butterflies they move from one event to the next, and their list of lovers is extensive. Their goal is to come as much as possible and avoid emotional entanglement while doing so. Sex is their hobby, a diversion from their daily lives."

His other hand landed on her lower back. The warmth of his palm seared her skin. She felt surrounded by him, wrapped in a thick blanket of male appreciation. More than ever she felt the pull of his personality, his desire for her, and Jane wanted nothing more than to answer his call.

"On rare occasions I've met women similar to you. Beautiful, mature and confident, you know yourself and your place in the world." He shrugged. "Most women think being sexy means showing their *pechos* and the men come running..."

"Some do." Jane gestured toward her breasts. "We don't call them the orbs of power for nothing."



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