



# CONFLICT OF EMOTION

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Conflict of Emotion

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

# **CONFLICT OF EMOTION**

**Sage Burnett**

## Chapter One

A cold beer in one hand and the TV remote control in the other, Jared looked over at his friend, Devon Granger, sprawled out on Jared's brown leather couch. "Hey, are you ever going to come up for air so we can watch the game?"

Devon peered over his laptop, a wicked grin lighting up his face. "I just hit pay dirt. Or maybe I should say 'we'."

Some people lived by the Bible, but Devon lived by the computer and all things high-tech. His best friend was wired in, plugged in and connected to the wireless world to the max. "Yeah, what's that? Swamp land for sale in Florida?"

"Not a land deal. A woman that wants two good men."

Jared took a pull of the beer. "Does she need help moving? 'Cause, I gotta say, our incomes have increased enough over the years that we don't need odd jobs."

"This isn't about work, buddy. It's all about sex. She's looking for a ménage a trois." Devon wagged his blonde eyebrows.

Jared frowned. "I thought you were reading stocks, and instead you were checking out dating sites? It really doesn't matter anyway. I'm not interested."

"Hear me out. She posted a personal ad. She's forty-one and is looking for two younger men. That's us." Devon glanced back at the computer screen. "Let's see if she posted a picture."

Thoughts trailing back to his freshman year in college, Jared remembered the time Devon, Amanda Hansen, and himself had engaged in a threesome one night. At nineteen, it had all been about raging hormones, testosterone, and exploring uncharted territory.

And Devon had ended up with Amanda for a year.

"Hmm...sexy, in a straight kind of way. Straight can definitely be sexy." Devon studied the computer screen for a couple more seconds. "Take a look at her."

"I've already said I'm not playing." He definitely needed a good roll between the sheets, but he wanted the woman to himself. No sharing. He'd done it once, and he'd ended up the on the losing end of the stick.

With one hand, Devon held the laptop out to him. "For chrissakes, just take a look."

What would it hurt? Hopefully, it would shut up Devon so they could watch the game that would start in less than five minutes. He leaned over the arm of the recliner and took the computer. An unexpected spark of sexual attraction zipped through him when he studied the woman.

Most of the women and men that posted on these sex sites were in various stages of undress. Not this woman. She wore a navy blue suit with a plain white blouse underneath the jacket. Her coffee coloured hair was tied back in a low ponytail.

It was all in her eyes. They were a cross between blue and violet and huge. Definite show stoppers. A slow burn rippled through his blood, which irritated the hell out of him. "She looks pretty damn straight-laced to be advertising for a threesome."

"How dense are you?" Devon snatched the computer back from him. "She wants to let go, have a fling. She specifically advertised for two younger men. Guys who can go the distance. Besides, she's in her sexual prime."

The woman's picture firmly lodged inside his head, Jared shook his head. "We're not that much younger."

"Seven years. I'd say we qualify."

"No deal."

"Come on. You're not still holding a grudge against me about Amanda, are you?"

Jared scowled at his friend.

"I know you're not. We talked about it years ago. This is about showing a woman a good time. It's not like we're looking to get involved with her except for the tryst."

"Wouldn't you rather have two women for a ménage?" Some day he might get lucky and have that fantasy fulfilled.

"Been there, done that."

"Oh, yeah?" They might be best friends, but out of respect for the women the two of them dated, they usually kept the details of their sex lives to themselves.

"Remember when I flew to Denver for a business convention two years ago? Two ladies from Seattle. Hmm...that was one good time." Devon smacked his lips together. "Lovely ladies. Nice, too."

Jared chuckled. Devon was not only a computer geek, he was also hot-wired into sex. "Good for you." He raised the bottle in salute.

"I'm going to email her back. See what she has to say."

"I never said yes."

"Ah, but I saw how your eyes lit up when you looked at her photo. You were practically drooling."

"I don't drool."

\* \* \* \*

Water sloshed around Grace as she expertly manipulated her middle finger on her clitoris. Her head fell back against the tub when the orgasm overtook her. Eyes closed, her hand slid to her thigh.

Three years without sex and she had finally resorted to pleasuring herself. For the first two years, she had gritted her teeth and fought to ignore any sexual desires. She'd considered it punishment for the breakdown of her marriage.

Now, at least, she had become proactive, if it could be called that.

Grace stood up and stretched before picking up the folded towel sitting on the edge of the garden tub. She dried herself and wrapped the towel sarong-style around her body. Pulling the clip out of her hair piled on top of her head, she padded into her bedroom and over to the bed.

The laptop sat on the nightstand. She punched a button to check her emails.

"What do you know?"

She had already received close to a dozen responses to her personal ad. With a heartbeat that fluttered ever so slightly she dropped onto the bed and picked up the computer.

She still couldn't believe she had placed such an ad. But a girl had to do what she had to do. The previous emails had potential, but this mail had really snagged her attention when she'd opened and read it.

Two men, both thirty-four, friends since college and both in good shape according to the sender. When she'd advertised for younger men she hadn't been exactly sure how young

she wanted to go. Early thirties was a good age. By that age, they should know how to pleasure a woman.

She typed a quick response asking for more information and photos. After all, she'd posted a photograph. Since this was all about sex, she needed to find the men attractive. They didn't need to be body builders or movie-star handsome.

This had all been done on a whim, one lonely evening. She hadn't given out her name or other vital information yet, only her age. Since she didn't own any sexy revealing lingerie, she'd went for the straight forward look. If men liked what they saw, they would respond.

Reminding herself she could back out at any time, Grace walked over to the closet to dress.

\* \* \* \*

Devon stood and stretched his arms over his head as Jared walked into the room carrying a bag of potato chips and a container of avocado dip. "She wants pictures. I'm going to get my camera from my car."

"Who wants pictures?" Jared asked.

Devon was halfway out the door before he looked over his shoulder. "Our threesome lady."

"Shit." Jared plopped down on the chair and ripped open the bag of chips. He stared at the television screen, the sound muted. He liked football, but he could do without the lengthy half-time entertainment.

Devon had always been persistent and charming. He could charm the skin off a snake if he wanted to. The image of the woman's eyes kept scrolling through Jared's mind, even while totally engrossed in the game. There was something about her eyes. Just because they fascinated him, didn't mean he would take part in a threesome.

Devon blew through the opened door, digital camera at the ready. "Okay, buddy, say cheese."

"How about fuck-off?"

Devon laughed before he snapped the picture. He studied the small screen of the camera as he walked over to Jared and held out the camera. "Nothing like coming across as the friendly type."

The expression Devon had captured made him look like he was pissed off at the world, but the truth was he was bugged at his friend for not dropping the subject.

Devon shrugged out of his red t-shirt. "Take one of me." He struck a muscle pose.

Jared's brows furrowed together. "Don't you think that's a little over the top?"

Devon shook his head. "I should take another of you without your shirt."

"Sorry, the shirt stays on."

"You've got stuff to strut. You don't spend a couple of hours at the gym every week for nothing. So flaunt it."

Jared didn't answer as he snapped a picture of Devon, who posed like Mr. Universe, a big grin splashed across his face.

Devon grabbed the camera out of his hand and checked out his image. "Not bad. Since you won't do another picture I'll have to send your moody one. Lots of women like moody guys."

"I'm not moody."

Devon raised one brow. "Au contraire. You've always been on the surly side." He chuckled when Jared tossed a glare his way. "I'll send these and see what she thinks."

"Maybe you'll get lucky, and she'll pick you. That way you'll only have to find another sucker for the tryst."

"No way. I don't want some strange guy seeing me buck-assed naked," Devon said with a straight face.

"I don't want to see you buck-assed naked, either."

"You don't have to look at me. Just look at the woman."

Jared snorted and dug into the bag of chips. "Half-time is over."

"But the fun hasn't started yet."

A swinging threesome. That's just what he needed, what with trying to make partner at the law firm. He didn't need the distraction. The only thing he needed was a willing woman for one night, and he'd be good to go for awhile. Since Dana had dumped him six months

ago, sex had been scarce. He'd been upset at first, but as time had passed, he had come to agree with her. The two of them weren't really in it for the long haul.

He stuffed a handful of chips into his mouth and concentrated on the game.

## Chapter Two

Dunking a green-tea bag into the mug of boiling water, Grace sat down at the kitchen table and stared at her laptop. The closer she came to actually setting up a ménage, the more she doubted her silly impulse of placing a personal ad.

Blowing steam away from the mug, she checked the emails.

The last sender had sent pictures. This time he included his name, Devon. Sliding the mug on the table, she clicked open the digital photos. "Oh my..."

Devon identified himself as the blond. Blue-eyed with the all American boy next door look. He had definitely hammed it up for the camera, but his boyish grin was hard to ignore. With a slim, toned, and muscled build, what woman wouldn't find him attractive?

She opened up the next picture, and her breath caught in her throat.

The other man was the polar opposite of Devon with thick, shiny black hair. His gunmetal coloured eyes captivated her, although he looked somewhat irritated. The dark brooding type. He sat in a brown leather chair, his wide shoulders and chest straining against a plain white t-shirt. He was heavier set and more muscular than Devon.

Mystery man had a square jaw and a hard look to him. Staring at his photo, she felt a tingle between her thighs.

These were two attractive younger men who both had it going on. She picked up her mug and cradled it in her hands because what she really wanted to do was pleasure herself again.

If these two men could get her hot and wet with a couple of digital photos, they had to be the ones.

"Mmm..." She definitely liked the contrast.

She'd never been this obsessed with looks before. Her ex-husband hadn't been that handsome, but in the early days, Kyle's outgoing personality and upbeat ways had pulled her in far enough to fall deeply in love with him.

This was about a good time. A liberation of sorts. What woman didn't dream about two attractive men pleasuring her? It was time to take charge of her sexuality and enjoy herself.

After three lonely years, she yearned to try something decadent and erotic. She and Kyle had reached an understanding concerning their failed marriage. She wasn't completely to blame, but she had sacrificed important couple time to advance her career.

Sitting down her mug, she answered Devon and asked to set up a meet.

After she sent the email, she noticed how her hands trembled, but the rapid beat of her heart made her feel alive again.

\* \* \* \*

"One drink. One lousy drink," Devon said.

Jared shifted the phone to the other ear, while he sorted through a stack of papers on his desk. "I told you I'm not participating." Monday mornings always sucked. Cases seem to materialise out of nowhere over the weekend.

"Do I need to read the email to you again? Grace likes us."

The name suited her. "She doesn't know us."

"She likes what she saw and wants to meet us. Wednesday night at seven. I suggested that new place, The Beer Mug. I stopped by there last week for a quick beer."

Trust Montanans to cut to the chase. There were a good half dozen or more bars in Missoula that had skipped using fancy, trendy names. Jared picked up his coffee mug and cursed under his breath when he saw that it was empty. "Where haven't you been?"

"To Grace's condo."

"Fucking A. You're like a dog with a bone."

"Afterwards, you'll be thanking me and singing my praises."

"Yeah, right."

"I'll call you Wednesday to remind you, in case you forget."

"I'll probably be too busy to go. You should see the top of my desk. Besides, I never said I'd do it."

"Remember Grace's photo. I'll lay odds her picture alone will get you there."

Jared hung up with Devon's parting words. He'd had a damned hard time forgetting Grace's photo. What he hadn't done was picture her naked. He'd flat out refused to fantasise about her. It wouldn't be worth it because he didn't plan to get involved even for one night.

\* \* \* \*

Raising the glass to her lips, Grace took a tiny sip of her vodka martini. Devon Granger was a natural born charmer.

He elbowed the basket of peanuts aside and leaned forward. "Now tell me about you, Grace."

She set the glass down on the cocktail napkin. "I'm VP at First West Bank and working hard to move up the ladder of success."

Devon grinned, blue eyes sparkling. "I'm impressed. We're both number crunchers. A lady after my own heart."

It wasn't his heart, she wanted, but his body. She smiled.

"You have a lovely smile."

So the man had a way with wooing women. She smiled again. "Why thank you."

Devon glanced at his watch. "I'm going to give Jared a quick call. Probably working late. You know the kind. Type A personality."

Grace nodded. Jared Forrester was twenty minutes late. She'd pushed aside the disappointment while flirting and chatting with Devon. She had wanted to meet both men, but Jared was the one who kept popping into her thoughts at unforeseen times.

Devon slammed shut the cell phone and stuffed it back inside his suit jacket pocket. "No answer."

"I can certainly understand having to work late. I've done it many times myself."

Several moments later, Grace felt rather than saw a man approach their table.

Devon jumped up. "It's about damn time."

She looked up into the dark eyes of Jared Forrester. He didn't smile, simply considered her with a direct gaze.

"Jared meet Grace," Devon said.

She held out her hand, and he took it almost reluctantly. The feel of his large hand sent delicious ripples cascading through her. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"No, the pleasure is mine." He held her hand for another moment before releasing it.

After Jared pulled out the chair and sat down between Devon and her, his leg brushed against her thigh. More delicious sensations sailed through her.

“What’s your poison tonight?” Devon asked. He motioned for the waitress.

When the young waitress appeared at the table, Jared ordered a beer. Grace caught him watching her from the corner of his eye. “Devon’s told me all about you.”

“Oh, he has, has he?”

“Don’t worry.” Devon slapped Jared on the back. “It’s all been good. Well almost.”

Grace laughed more out of nervousness than anything else. She and Devon had settled into light conversation easily enough. She could see it might be harder with Jared. Definitely Type A personality.

The waitress returned with a bottle of Miller. Jared drank down almost half of the beer before setting it on the table. He shifted on the chair to face her. “What do you, Grace?”

“I’m VP at First West Bank.”

Jared nodded in approval, his gaze roving over her body.

“The lady has an impressive résumé,” Devon said.

“I wouldn’t exactly say that. I’ve just worked hard for a lot of years.”

“And it’s paid off?” Jared asked.

Taken back by the question, Grace picked up her drink. “Yeah, of course.” She didn’t like remembering how she’d neglected her marriage at times to get ahead.

“Good.” Jared’s big blunt fingers played with the label on the beer bottle.

“And you? Devon mentioned you were late because you were working. Has it paid off for you?”

“I hope so.”

Jared Forrester turned out to be a man of few words. Not that she found that surprising. The brooding look on his face in the digital photo had hinted of a man with that characteristic. He leaned back in the chair, while she felt his foot tapping under the table. Was he nervous, edgy, bored? She hoped it wasn’t the latter. Jared struck her as a confident man. Maybe too controlled for his own good but still confident.

Grace wondered about the two men. They were both attractive, sexy, intelligent and accomplished. Devon and Jared had to have girlfriends or significant others in their lives. If either was married, the deal was off.

"You're both single?" She glanced first at Devon then Jared.

Devon looked at her. "Grace, we wouldn't be here if weren't single. Isn't that right, Jared?"

Jared took a swig of beer before he answered. "That's right. How about you, Grace?"

The deep, husky timbre of Jared's voice felt like a soft caress over her senses. "Of course. I've been divorced for three years."

Devon brought out his charm again. "It's hard to believe you're not remarried."

"Oh, I've been too busy to think about it." That's why she was sex starved and feeling a little desperate. Grace hoped she didn't come across as desperate. She'd felt relaxed around Devon. Jared, on the other hand, seemed to look too deep into her eyes and study her just a bit too intensely. She felt his gaze on her as she sucked the green olive off the toothpick. Looking at him, she caught him watching her lips as she chewed.

"Ready for another drink?" Devon asked.

Grace shook her head. "I'm fine, really." Sooner or later, the subject of their meeting for drinks needed to be discussed. She supposed since she was the one who had advertised it was up to her. "How does Saturday night sound?"

A sexy glint sparked in Devon's eye. "Saturday sounds great to me."

Jared looked at her. "You're sure?"

Grace instinctively knew it wasn't about the time, but rather if she was sure she wanted to go through with the ménage. At that moment, she wondered if Jared was sure himself. She squared her shoulders, like she always did before marching into a board meeting. "I'm positive," she said with more confidence than she felt.

His gaze held hers before he said, "That works for me."

Grace let out an inner sigh of relief. If she had this hard of a time talking about it what would she be like on Saturday night? Pushing those insecure thoughts to the side, she reached for her purse and took out two business cards and a pen. She wrote her address on the backs and slid the cards to the middle of the table. "Let's say eight."

Devon flashed another grin. She didn't miss the look of anticipation shining in his eyes. Jared, on the other hand, looked like he was considering his closing statements for a court trial.

\* \* \* \*

As Jared watched Grace walk away, the sway of her hips under the grey suit caused the blood to rush to his cock. He'd definitely describe her as elegant. Her movements, her voice, the way she dressed were all refined.

"She's hot," Devon said next to him.

Grace wasn't Devon's type. *Who says she's your type?*

"Earth to Jared."

Scowling, he sat back down and picked up the beer bottle.

Devon yanked off his tie and stuffed it inside his suit jacket pocket before falling down on the chair. "I think I'm in lust."

"She doesn't strike me as your type."

"Hell no, she's not. But there's something about her. I've been sitting here for the last hour with an aching hard-on." Devon emptied the glass of Scotch, ice cubes tinkling. "I'm not planning on marrying her. I'm just planning on having a damned good time."

Jared followed suit by finishing off his beer. "She's kind of quiet." Not that he liked a woman who chattered too much.

"You didn't exactly dominate the conversation either. She was a lot more relaxed until you showed up."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means Grace and I had a good conversation going until you got here. I think you make her nervous."

She hadn't acted nervous. His instinct told him this would be her first threesome. "I'm a likable guy."

"When you loosen up. You were a little uptight yourself."

Jared shook his head in denial. He wasn't about to admit he'd felt sort of awkward because his ego wouldn't allow that. "Rough day at the office."

"Sure, buddy."

Jared caught the waitress's eye and signalled for another round. Another beer should keep him from fantasising about Grace bare and naked. *With two men.* That part of the dynamics bothered him. He would much rather have her all to himself.

"You're not going to back out, are you?" Devon asked.

If he backed out now, Devon might end up being the lucky guy. Or, she would find two other willing men and that didn't sit well with him. "Why would I do that?"

"Because you've been reluctant about this whole thing from the get go. I was beginning to think you weren't going to show."

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose, refusing to look Devon in the eye. "Like I said, rough day." He should have said no in the beginning. If he had, he wouldn't be lusting after a woman who he had to share.

Devon grabbed one of Grace's business cards off the table. "I can pick you up Saturday. I think we should take flowers and wine. Grace is that kind of lady."

"I'll drive myself. You get the flowers. I'll pick up the wine."

Since the three of them hadn't discussed specifics, Jared didn't know if they would be spending the night. Not up his alley. He didn't plan on waking up the next morning with both Grace and Devon.

The real subject of their meeting had been tactfully avoided. "Did you and Grace talk about Saturday night?"

"Never came up. We exchanged info on jobs, where we went to college. You know that kind of thing."

The three of them could have been co-workers sharing a drink after a hard day at the office. For the most part, he and Grace hadn't flirted. He almost asked Devon if she'd flirted with him. In the end, Jared decided he didn't want to know.

## Chapter Three

Grace kicked off her heels before walking around her condo and turning on the lights. She headed to her bedroom and stripped down to her pale-blue bra and matching panties. Standing in front of the mirror, she saw how her face was flushed and her eyes wide. Jared and Devon had managed to make her hornier than hell. She eyed the nightstand next to her bed where her expensive, fancy vibrator was trucked inside the top drawer.

Cupping her breasts, she rubbed her hard nipples with her forefingers. Besides shaking her hand, the men hadn't touched her. Her arousal was the heady anticipation of what was about to happen between the three of them. She closed her eyes and imagined two sets of masculine hands roving across her body at will, while she inhaled their male scents and her sexual heat raised to the boiling point.

Deciding to let the anticipation build over the next few days, she dropped her hands to her sides.

She walked into the bathroom to wash her face and hopefully cool herself down. Why couldn't Jared be easygoing like Devon?

An uneasy feeling slipped through her. Jared complicated matters. The intensity about him caused her to feel both hot and anxious at the same time. It wasn't a mere sexual attraction, like with Devon. Jared's dark good looks and quiet demeanour struck a different chord inside of her.

And Grace wasn't sure she liked that. The ménage she'd imagined would be about a good time for all, with no strings attached.

"Damn." What she wanted was a one-night-stand with two men. How complicated could that be? Grace washed off her makeup and fought to ignore any unsettling feelings about Saturday night.

Since this was her first threesome she had no idea about what really happened between two men and one woman.

The sex she understood. It was the other stuff bothered her.

\* \* \* \*

With one hand wrapped around his cock and the hot water sluicing down his back, Jared relieved himself in the shower. Two beers and the drive home through traffic hadn't squashed fantasies of Grace like he'd hoped. Once he'd arrived home, he'd headed straight for the bedroom and peeled off his clothes.

He leaned his head against the shower stall. "Fuck." He honestly didn't remember the last woman who had turned him on enough for him to throw safety aside and run a couple of red lights so he could jerk himself off.

After he shut off the water, he stepped out and cursed under his breath. The night with Amanda and Devon had been spontaneous. No planning, no waiting. It had just happened. And had never happened again.

He'd strutted around campus for the next week until Devon had confessed that he and Amanda wanted to continue their relationship as a twosome.

After Jared dried himself, he tossed the towel on the counter and walked into the bedroom. At the bed, he dug through the pile of clothes until he found Grace's business card and his cell phone.

Feeling his jaw tighten, he punched in her number.

"Hello."

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"Who is th—Jared?"

"Yeah."

"This is the second time tonight you've asked that question." Grace paused. "Why?"

Why in the hell did he keep asking that question? Because he wanted her to say forget Devon. "You don't need to have sex with two men to prove you're desirable."

"I'm not trying to prove I'm desirable."

Why was it so important he understood her motivation? If Grace was a swinger, she hid it well. And was it really any of his damn business? "It's hard to believe you had to place a personal ad to find a man."

"The operative word is men. I want my fantasy fulfilled."

"Maybe fantasies are better left unfulfilled."

"I've had way too many unfulfilled fantasies in my life. And I'm not just talking about sex."

He was getting too personal, but he couldn't stop himself from asking. "Your marriage?"

"That would be one of them."

"You could meet a nice guy and get married again."

"I could if that's what I really wanted."

Raking a hand through his wet hair, he asked, "What do you really want, Grace?"

"You know at the bar, you hardly said a word. Now you're brimming with questions."

"Devon was there."

"What difference did that make? He told me the two of you have been friends since freshman year at college."

"We have, but that doesn't mean I share everything with him."

"You're willing to share me."

Grace was right. He had agreed to sharing her, but ambivalent feelings gnawed at his guts. "Why don't we fly solo?"

A long silence followed before Grace said. "You mean just the two of us?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"I'm flattered by your suggestion, but I would be left with another unfulfilled fantasy eating away at me."

"I could take care of any other fantasies you must have." Christ, he sounded desperate to get her into bed with him and him only.

"I think you like to be in control."

Grace had him pegged on that one. "Maybe."

"You're not going to back out, are you?" Grace paused and when he didn't answer, she continued, "I know a man's fantasy is being with two women."

"That's basically your standard generic man fantasy."

"Could be you need another kind of threesome."

Having a ménage with Grace and another woman? Jared didn't know if he wanted to share her with another woman. If he'd never seen her photo and stared at her provocative eyes, he wouldn't be having this conversation. "You still have time to think about this."

“Meaning?”

“You can call it off. Devon’s pretty damn easygoing. I know he’d be disappointed, but...”

“How would he feel if it was just the two of us?”

Devon thought Grace was hot. Jared knew his friend strained at the bit to get her naked and do her, but he had no intention of telling Grace that. “I guess I can’t really answer for him.”

“Something tells me he doesn’t know you called me.”

“Like I said before, we’re best friends, but we don’t share everything.” Just Amanda for one night. And now possibly Grace, unless he talked her out of Saturday night. “He might call you.”

“If Devon calls, it will be to make sure the date is still on. I have a feeling he won’t try to talk me out of it.”

“Think about it, Grace. Here’s my number.” Jared rattled off his cell number.

“Good night,” she said.

“Bye, Grace.”

Jared gripped the phone for awhile before snapping it closed. It was clear, she wanted to go through with the tryst. Hell, he should be jumping up and doing high fives because a woman wanted to explore and share her sexuality with two guys.

Another woman, maybe...

\* \* \* \*

Grace’s fingers trailed over the notepad where she had scribbled Jared’s number. He wanted her to cancel Saturday night. In a way, she understood his point. What Grace didn’t understand is why he had agreed to it in the first place. Seeds of doubt sprouted, causing her to question her own feelings.

She’d planned the threesome believing there would be no emotional connection. Any type of emotional connection would certainly muddy the waters.

Grace dropped the notepad into the top drawer of the nightstand. Frowning, she kicked off her slippers and climbed into bed. For a moment, she considered calling off Saturday night and finding two different men.

Two men who wanted to have a good time and show her a good time as well. Her feminine intuition told her Devon wouldn't be calling and cancelling. His motives were elementary. Devon wanted to have a good time.

Doubts started popping up like weeds in a neglected yard because of Jared's reservations about the whole deal.

\* \* \* \*

Pacing behind the couch, Grace curled a lock of hair around her fingers with her free hand. Phone pressed firmly to one ear, she didn't own the patience to sit down.

"Yeah." His one clipped word sounded surly to her.

"This is Grace."

A drawn out pause stretched over the line.

"Grace?" he said. His voice softened when he said her name.

"If this is a bad time, I can call later."

"I can talk now."

The deep tone of his voice sent tiny, little electric shocks rocketing through her. "How's it going? And how was your day?" Her words tumbled out like a rushing waterfall down a mountainside.

"I don't think you called to ask about my day. But if you're really interested, I can sum it up in two words. It sucked."

"I've had lots of those days."

"That's life in the fast lane."

Unfortunately for her, she knew all the ins and outs of driving in the fast lane to advance a career. Speeding down that freeway had cost her a marriage to a decent man.

"Now tell me why you really called."

She had hoped to ease into the conversation with him. Drawing a deep breath, she chose her words with care. "I've been thinking about Saturday night."

"And?"

"Okay, I'll lay my cards on the table." She transferred the phone to her other ear. "Are you going to be a no-show?"

If she thought the first pause had been long, this one stretched out for even longer.

"Do you want me to back out?"

"That wasn't my question."

"Are you having second thoughts?"

The impatience winding through her system increased. "Why won't you answer my question?"

Grace heard him blow out a big frustrated sounding breath.

"I said I would be there."

"For God's sake, this isn't about obligation. The three of us have to want it." She threw her arm up in the air. "For whatever reasons."

"I've done a ménage before."

This time it was her turn to draw out the silence while surprise rolled through her. "You have?"

"It was a long time ago."

"And you didn't like it?"

"Oh, I liked it just fine."

Grace finally circled the couch and sank down on it. "Tell me about it."

"You're getting personal, Grace."

"Turn about is fair play. You got personal with me last night." This time she heard a heavy sigh at the other end.

"Freshman year at college. It happened one night with Devon and a girl named Amanda."

Fourteen or fifteen years ago, Jared and Devon had been involved in a threesome? "How long did it go on?"

"One night. The three of us shared some classes so we were pretty good friends. We had a few drinks one night, enough drinks to bring out the bravado in all of us."

"I know you stayed friends with Devon. What about Amanda?"

"They were an item for the next year."

"I see..."

"It was okay back then, and it's okay now. I always knew Amanda liked Devon better. It's obvious it didn't hurt my friendship with Devon. I know he's always got my back."

"That was a long time ago, and you were really young."

"Yeah, it was a long time ago, and the world was an open book back then."

"Did Amanda like it?"

"Grace." His voice carried a warning tone to it.

For some crazy reason, she needed to know. "Did she?"

"Yeah, she seemed to like it just fine."

"Did you?"

"For chrissakes, I was nineteen with raging hormones. At that age, a guy will do just about anything to get laid."

"What about now? I really don't think you have a problem getting laid, as you put it."

"I'm picky."

Last night, Jared had suggested the two of them get together. His simple admission made her warm and not necessarily with only sexual heat. "Oh."

A thick silence filled the airwaves between them. "Would you share the details with me?" she whispered.

"Grace." Another warning tone in his voice.

What had she been thinking by asking that question? "You're right that *is* too personal. I'm sorry."

"I think your imagination can fill in the blanks."

Grace jumped up and paced again. "I have to go now. I have some things I need to do."

"Do you really have things to do?"

Grace paced over to the window and gazed at the city lights spread out in front of her. "Okay, so maybe I don't."

"Call it off, Grace."

"I could call it off with you and Devon. I had plenty of responses to my ad."

"I'm sure you did. You're a very attractive woman. Your inbox is probably overloaded."

Not exactly overloaded but a respectable response to the ad she'd placed.

"I can tell you're starting to have doubts," Jared said.

"Only about you."

"I told you what I wanted last night."

"Just the two of us."

Jared's voice lowered. "I still feel the same way."

The sexy and husky tone of his voice could make any woman hot. And she discovered she wasn't immune to Jared's charm either.

"Grace, are you still there?"

"Hmm..."

"Consider just the two of us making love. I'd make sure you were satisfied."

Sexual heat rippled through her making her feel flushed and agitated. She'd already considered Jared's seductive offer. Devon should be in the mix, too, and somehow he had been cut out of the picture. "You know something? You're ruining my fantasy."

## Chapter Four

The phone wedged between his shoulder and ear, Jared listened to another partner in the firm give him the run down on an upcoming case. Just as the man stood up, Devon walked into his office.

Guilt slammed him hard in the gut. He'd never considered feeling guilty for trying to talk Grace out of their date. He raised a brow when Devon sauntered over to his desk and sat down across from him.

"Okay, thanks, John, I'll keep that in mind," Jared said to the departing partner. Stuffing papers into his briefcase, he didn't make direct eye contact with Devon. "What's up?"

"I figured since it was almost lunch, we could grab a bite."

The two of them usually had lunch together at least once a week since Devon's office was only four blocks down the street. "Sorry, buddy. Not today. I have to be in court in forty-five minutes."

"You've got time for a quick sandwich."

Jared finally forced himself to look at Devon. His friend had no idea about the nightly calls between Grace and him. "How about a rain check?"

Devon shrugged and laced his hands behind his neck. "I was thinking of getting Grace roses. Roses are just her style. Red roses."

Jared took extra care arranging the papers in his leather briefcase. "Sounds good to me."

"What kind of wine are you picking up?"

Wine had been the last thing on his mind the past several days. This time Jared shrugged. "Hadn't really thought it." What had been on his mind was making love to Grace in her bed, the two of them alone.

"I think it should be something special since this is Grace's first time."

Jared's gaze shot over to Devon. "How do you know that?"

"You really need to lift your head out of your work more often. It's obvious."

"She might change her mind."

"Nah, I doubt that. She's the type of woman who makes up her mind and sticks with it."

He fought back the jealousy pooling inside his gut and wondered if Devon had called Grace. "You got all that from the other night?"

Devon nodded. "Yup. If you wouldn't have been so uptight, you would have picked up on that, too. I sure as hell hope she doesn't change her mind, 'cause I'm really looking forward to Saturday night."

Jared's jealousy level raised higher. "But you would get over it, if she cancelled."

"Well, yeah, I'd get over it, but that's not going to happen. I'd really like to show her a good time."

To stop his back molars from grinding together, Jared worked his jaw then rolled his shoulders. He glanced at Devon again, who didn't seem to have a care in the world. Devon never sweated the small stuff.

"I'll have the flowers delivered Saturday," Devon said.

Jared didn't answer as he plucked his grey suit jacket off the back of his desk chair. "Okay."

Devon leaped to his feet. "I can see you're in court mode. I think I'll go flirt with the waitress at the deli."

"You do that."

"Later." Devon strolled out of the office.

"Shit." Jared rubbed the back of his neck where the tension from the last few days had settled in and knotted.

Because of Grace, he'd been strung as tight as a high wire. Every morning, he woke up with a throbbing dick after having wet dreams about her. Why couldn't he only be physically attracted? The damn emotional attraction had him thinking about her from morning 'til night.

*You know something. You're ruining my fantasy.* Those words haunted him, because he was honest enough to admit that was exactly what he was doing. He didn't want Grace to be disappointed or hurt by having a ménage with two men she barely knew. On the other hand, he didn't want to share her.

Grace was a grown woman. She knew what she wanted. A threesome. Jared straightened his tie, and grabbed his cell phone and briefcase off the desk.

He was the one who didn't want the damned threesome. And would it really be fair to deny her that? He couldn't shake the feeling that Grace would find two other willing men, if he or Devon backed out.

But he realised at this point he couldn't walk away from the plan.

He had to have her no matter the circumstances.

\* \* \* \*

Grace carefully laid out on her bed the three outfits of sexy lingerie she'd bought after work. The black set was a lacy black bra and matching lace panties. The red outfit was a satiny corset type style. The last outfit consisted of a leopard pattern camisole with matching panties. The camisole barely covered her breasts.

The excitement she should be feeling had been dulled by the two phone conversations with Jared. It would take more than a couple phone calls to kill her desire, though. He had not only irritated her last night but also agitated her sexually. She'd almost given into her lust by bringing out the vibrator but had clenched her teeth and toughed it out.

She knew for certain if she'd given in her fantasy would have been all about Jared.

By all rights, she should be fantasising about both Jared and Devon and what would happen tomorrow night.

Her brows knitted together when the doorbell rang. She wasn't expecting anyone.

She hurried to answer the door. When she swung it open, shock intertwined with sexual heat scuttled through her body. "Jared?"

He leaned against the doorframe, still dressed in work clothes. Under a dark grey suit, a pale blue shirt perfectly complimented his black hair and dark eyes. She willed herself to breathe normally.

"Are you going to invite me in?"

Crossing her arms over her chest in a protective way, she said. "I don't know if I should."

"I just want to talk."

Fatigue lined his rugged face, while his eyes were a little red from lack of sleep. She'd suffered the same problem all because of him. "I'm thinking you want to talk me out of tomorrow night."

Jared didn't answer as he pushed away from the doorframe. "Come on, Grace, let me in. Maybe you have a spare beer in your fridge. I could use one."

His large frame and height filled up the opened doorway which, in turn, had her mentally undressing him. Feeling her cheeks warm, she stepped aside. She'd already undressed him no less than a dozen times. In the flesh, it was just that much easier.

She closed the door and walked into the kitchen with Jared following behind her. She felt his eyes on her all the way to the refrigerator. Her comfortable, faded jeans suddenly felt too snug, and she was positive her nipples were hard under her red, jersey pullover top. After she grabbed the one lone beer off the shelf, she spun around and faced him. "Do you like my butt?"

Since she didn't offer the bottle to him, he took it from her. His fingers lingered on the back of her hand for several seconds.

"You know damn well I like what I see." As he twisted off the cap, his gaze trailed down her body. He raised his eyes to hers. As if a magnet held their gazes together, she couldn't look away.

Still watching her, Jared swilled down the beer. He held the bottle out to her, but she shook her head.

"Can I sit down?"

Grace nodded. It was so much easier to talk with him over the phone. His big body seemed to fill up the kitchen—and she had a large kitchen. She expected him to sit down at the antique oak table, but instead, he wandered back towards the living room.

Brows puckering together, she followed him and watched as he eased himself down on her burgundy-coloured suede couch.

She stopped a few feet away. "This isn't fair."

Jared took another drink before he glanced up at her. "What isn't fair?"

She gestured at the room. "You being here."

"You let me in."

Grace rolled her eyes. "Did I really have a choice?"

Jared looked her square in the eye. "We always have choices."

"And the cryptic message in that statement is?"

Jared laid a arm on the back of the couch. "You know the answer to that as well as I do."

For her own peace of mind, he looked too comfortable relaxing on the couch. He'd struck a casual pose, but his eyes were an animal of a different colour. Those nearly black eyes held a firestorm of emotions which had her glancing away.

"Why don't you sit down and relax," he suggested.

Relax? How she could relax with him lounging on her couch? *Back up a minute, girl.* How could she pull off tomorrow night when the three of them were naked and on her bed? Rubbing her clammy palms over her thighs, she said. "I don't feel like sitting."

"I was kind of hoping you weren't strung as tight as I am."

"I sit most of the day at the bank." Grace knew it was a totally lame explanation, but it was the best she had. "Why are you strung tight?"

Jared lifted one shoulder. "Work. Court today." He paused and caressed her with his gaze. "You."

An erotic shiver whispered through her with that burning gaze.

Grace planted a hand on each hip. "You are not talking me out of this."

"Have I tried since I've been here?"

"But you're going to."

"We could make love right now."

"No." Grace shook her head, struggling to resist Jared's offer of seduction. It would be so easy for her to say yes. In a few short days, Jared had managed to chip away at her resistance.

He kept his casual pose, but she how his jaw tightened with her response. "It would change everything," she said.

"Did it ever occur to you that it might change things for the better?"

If she succumbed to him tonight, it would definitely complicate matters. Emotions would come into play, especially hers. She shook her head again. After she'd clawed her way out of the fog of grief from her divorce, she'd vowed she would start to do things

differently – like taking more time for herself and indulging in frivolous things and activities. Not that a ménage a trois was frivolous. It actually bordered on decadent.

Jared stood up and set the beer bottle on the coffee table before he fisted both hands at his sides. Tension radiating off of him, he took a step towards her.

Grace took a step back.

Jared stopped and inhaled her womanly scent. He couldn't get a handle on the fragrance she wore, but whatever it was, it suited her. She smelled slightly sweet and elusive. He wanted to reach behind her and tug out the band holding her hair in a ponytail. While tension coiled tight inside his gut, his cock swelled and grew heavy.

Grace squared her shoulders ready to go one on one with him. Her defensive stance made the blood flow hotter in his veins. He'd always found strong women sexy. Only a hint of vulnerability flickered in her gaze.

Jared reached out and trailed his fingertips along the delicate line of Grace's jaw. She tensed but didn't move. He outlined her lips with his middle finger. Her lips were made for kissing.

"Jared," she whispered.

He gently pushed his finger between her lips. Her eyes widened for a moment before she gently sucked on it. While he held her gaze, the sexual tension inside his body doubled. He fought back the urge to throw her over his shoulder like a caveman and cart her off to the bedroom.

Slowly, she drew his finger in deeper. Jared bit back a groan when he heard Grace's tiny sigh. He inched closer and cupped her breast. She had small breasts, but the one he cupped felt perfect to him. The feel of her hard nipple under his thumb hammered at his ability to keep his cool.

Grace sucked harder and a little bit faster on his finger while he squeezed her breast.

He dropped his hand and palmed her ass. Dragging her flush against him, he lowered his head and gently bit the corner of her lips. He withdrew his finger and stopped her protest with a rough open-mouth kiss. He pulled back a fraction. "Taste me." Then he thrust his tongue deep into her mysterious darkness.

With his free hand, he cupped her other cheek, pressing her pussy against his cock. He swallowed Grace's mewling sound with a greedy mouth exploring her every nuance.

Now that he'd tasted her, Jared's body ached with a strange need to have Grace for his own. Breaking away from her, he slid his lips down her jaw to the soft skin of her neck.

"Jared," she protested.

He continued the journey, his lips travelling down to the exposed skin above her breasts.

"Please, you have to stop."

Jared stilled and cursed himself.

"You're not playing fair."

He raised his head. "What's fair? Devon doesn't have to know."

"You're not playing fair with me. I want to make love with two men I've never been with before."

Grace's cheeks had turned an appealing shade of pink, while her eyes filled with a desperate glint. His attempt at seducing her into bed had failed. Jared dropped his hands and moved away from her. It was the only way. If he kept touching her, he'd keep trying to get her to surrender to him.

Anger simmered below the surface while he made a feeble attempt to tamp it down. "Tomorrow night," he paused and levelled a hard look on her. "I'm taking you first. Remember that."

\* \* \* \*

Grace flinched when Jared closed the door hard behind him. It hadn't been a slam, but close enough. Placing both hands on her chest, she attempted to steady her laboured breathing. Between her legs, heat and sexual arousal tingled.

Besides feeling aroused, anger ruffled her nerves. Jared had left angry, and now, she felt it, too. He'd come here with one intention. *To seduce her.* Devon would never know, and would it matter if Jared did or didn't?

Covering her face with her hands, she struggled to sort out her jumbled thoughts and emotions.

She couldn't deny the powerful attraction between Jared and her. Physical attraction was a loose cannon, with one never quite sure when it would strike. A disturbing thought occurred to her. Tomorrow night might be the one and only night she had with him. Along with sexual tension, her emotional tension mushroomed. Grace warned herself to stick with the plan.

She didn't want to fall in love. She wanted mind-blowing sex with two attractive and sexy men. She might be a respectable bank vice president, but she was still a woman with needs and desires.

*She wanted her brains fucked out.*

It was simple. It was carnal and decadent, but it was the truth.

"Damn him."

\* \* \* \*

Jared prowled around his dark house, like a thief doing surveillance on a prospective location where the occupants were out of town for a week. He'd stripped down to white briefs and t-shirt. And he refused to beat off like he had the other night in the shower. The heavy hand of anger gripped the muscles of his body like a steel vice.

Under different circumstances, he'd probably admire Grace's stubborn quality but not tonight.

He wanted her all to himself.

"Shit." He'd have to share her with Devon tomorrow. He'd be damned if he would back down from the planned threesome.

Another dose of guilt pounded at his conscience for being selfish where Grace was concerned. He had no right to burst her bubble or trample over her fantasy.

Lust burned inside his blood. Grace did things to him, causing him not to think straight and to think with his dick. When a woman wreaked havoc with a man in that way, it spelled trouble.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning a dozen red roses were delivered to her door. Grace tipped the young teenage boy before reading the card.

*Looking forward to tonight.*

*Devon.*

*P.S. Jared is bringing wine.*

She let out a long, pent-up breath. It seemed she'd been holding her breath since getting out of bed this morning. She arranged the roses in a lovely crystal vase.

The sweet gesture wasn't lost on her. Devon had his act together. He'd left her alone and added just the right touch with the flowers. Jared, on the other hand, had her blood boiling with anger last night and her panties in a bunch.

She spun around, wondering where to place the arrangement of flowers. She finally decided on the centre of the coffee table where Devon would see them when he arrived.

Refusing to think about Jared, she concentrated on Devon. She might feel like a cat in heat around Jared, but Devon definitely made her hot—hot enough that she was willing to do the nasty with him. In fact, she looked forward to it. He hadn't even kissed, but her feminine intuition told her Devon knew how to please a woman.

Jared's vow to take her first insisted on interrupting fantasies of Devon.

Grace walked into the kitchen to finish cleaning. The entire day stretched before her to clean the condo and primp and preen for tonight.

While tidying up the room she pictured Devon, naked, with a flat abdomen, long legs and a big hard-on. It was easy to imagine him smiling at her because he had such a boyish, sexy smile. Grace didn't fight the sexual excitement heating up her body. Rather, she languished in it. When her naughty thoughts shifted to Jared, a keen sense of agitation intertwined with the sexual heat.

Jared was too complex and so were her feelings for him.

## Chapter Five

Devon sat down on the couch next to Grace and swung his arm around her. "Have I told you yet how sexy you look?" Lowering his head, he kissed her full on the lips.

She leaned into Devon's body, feeling the manly heat radiating from him and feeling her own heat beginning to simmer.

He raised his head. "Would you officially call this cheating?"

Feeling breathless from Devon's kiss, she murmured. "Why would you ask that?"

"Well...Jared's not here yet."

A small ball of guilt formed in her tummy since she had already kissed Jared. Grace shook her head as she elbowed aside the guilt. "No. Kiss me again, please."

Devon grinned. "Since you asked."

This time Devon didn't hold back. His tongue thrust inside her mouth while his hand skimmed up her bare thigh and under her black silk robe. He groaned as he dragged her thigh over his lap. Hearing herself moan, she lowered her hand to his groin and discovered how hard he was.

Just as the kiss deepened and things threatened to get even hotter between the two of them, the doorbell chimed.

Slowly, Devon withdrew from the kiss. "Damn Jared and his bad timing."

"Mmm." She inched away from him to get up.

"I'll let him in." He kissed her cheek before standing and striding to the door.

A few seconds later, Jared walked into the room and immediately the atmosphere changed. A bottle of wine tucked under his arm, he stopped a few feet from Devon and stared at her.

For some insane reason, Grace felt like a little kid caught with a hand in the cookie jar. She knew her cheeks were flushed and her lips were probably swollen. Her black robe had been thrown back by Devon and exposed one bare leg.

Devon slapped Jared on the back. "About time you got here. We were ready to start the party without you."

Grace laughed more from nerves than anything else. "Hello, Jared." Judging by the expression on his face, Jared didn't find any humour in Devon's remark.

"Grace."

Devon took the bottle from him. "Grace already has some wine for us. Do you want me to open this, too?" He slanted her a look.

"Later maybe."

Devon disappeared into the kitchen.

His gaze riveted on hers, Jared shrugged off his brown leather bomber jacket and tossed it on a nearby chair. This was first time Grace had seen him in anything except a power suit. His snug blue jeans moulded to his muscular body. His stormy grey eyes matched the t-shirt he wore. Both men had dressed casually. Devon looked yummy in black jeans and a light blue button down shirt.

He sauntered back into the room, carrying a glass of wine. "Here you go, buddy," He said as he handed the red wine to Jared.

"Thanks," Jared said.

Devon took his place next to Grace again while Jared stood in the centre of the room. He downed a big swallow of wine.

Grace reached for hers on the coffee table.

When Devon placed his arm around her again, Jared's eyes narrowed to dark slits. His mood appeared to match the stormy colour of his eyes. Doubts pummelled her from all angles – would Jared put a damper on the tryst?

Jared drank more wine, continuing to watch her with a predatory gaze.

"Grace looks hot, doesn't she?" Devon squeezed her shoulder and kissed her neck.

Jared took another drink before answering. "Yeah, she does."

"Thank you, gentlemen," Grace said. The heat spiralling through her body wasn't only from their compliments and her provocative outfit. With Jared watching her with lusty eyes and Devon sitting so close, it was impossible to not feel hot.

Jared found an end table and set down the wine glass. Peeling off his t-shirt, he tossed it aside. "How about we get this party started."

Black hair covered his broad chest and tapered down to the waistband of the jeans. Her new black panties moistened at the sight of his spectacular chest.

“Damn, what’s the hurry? It’s up to Grace.” Devon said. “Are you ready, honey?”

It was obvious Jared couldn’t handle some small talk and a glass of wine. She should be annoyed at him, but instead her heart pounded unexpectedly. The moment of truth had arrived. Taking another quick sip of wine, she forced herself to relax and enjoy. She wasn’t about to let Jared’s impatience spoil her time.

And the truth was she didn’t know if she could handle small talk either. Her nerves were already tangled into a tight knot. The three of them were together for one reason and one reason only. She was afraid she might chicken out if things didn’t get moving.

Grace tipped her head and smiled at Devon. “Why not?” She slid the wine glass onto the coffee table and stood up. She glanced down at Devon who had started unbuttoning his shirt. Another well built chest appeared before her eyes, this one with golden blond hair. Oh, my...

Untying the sash on her robe, she walked towards the bedroom. The heat that followed directly behind her was Jared. She knew his scent. By the time the three of them reached the bedroom, Grace had let her robe drop to the floor, while Jared and Devon had unzipped their jeans.

Two sets of lusty eyes roamed up and down her body. She had decided on the black lacy bra and panties. By the looks in their eyes, both men liked her choice.

Erotic heat grew quickly between her thighs as she watched the men strip. Jared’s stiff cock sprang free from his snug jeans. Her breathing stopped for a second or two. Her gaze travelled to Devon who stood several feet from Jared. Devon kicked off his jeans, and her breath stopped again when she looked at his cock. Both men had impressive arousals.

Jared held her eye as he walked towards her. He leaned around her and unhooked the bra, letting her breasts spill free. His large hands cupped them and squeezed softly. She lifted her gaze to him and the look in his eyes caused her heart to beat extra fast. It was nothing but pure carnal lust.

She was unaware of Devon moving behind her until she felt warm lips trail down the back of her neck. She shivered in response. His hands slid inside the back of her panties, and then the panties were down around her ankles. Devon bent and helped her out of them.

Now bare, she felt vulnerable to Jared and Devon. Every nerve ending in her body tingled, and she became wetter. By the way her body reacted, she knew she was ready for these two men. While Jared suckled on a nipple, Devon wedged his cock between her cheeks.

Eyes closed, her head lolled back. Masculine fingers caressed her clit. Grace didn't open her eyes because did it matter who caressed her. Their musky male scents and different types of aftershave filled her nostrils.

Jared gave one last tug on her nipple before raising his head and French kissing her.

A finger slid into her opening. She gasped with pleasure because Jared now fondled both of her breasts. Rough, blunt fingers tugged on both of her nipples. With his kiss, she tasted not only wine but anger and lust combined. She ground her sex against his cock loving the feel of it.

She moaned in protest when Devon's finger slid out of her. Jared broke the kiss and looked at her. For a moment, she floundered before turning and climbing onto the bed. A hand squeezed one of her cheeks. Grace scooted to the middle of the bed.

Jared lay down next to her while Devon circled the end of the bed. Within seconds he was next to her, too.

The feel of two men surrounding her as their hands roamed freely over her body, made it impossible to think. In unison, Jared and Devon each placed a hand on a thigh and spread her legs wide. She watched Jared insert his middle finger into her pussy. A needy moan wrenched from deep inside of her. He caught her gaze, but Devon blocked her view when he found her lips and kissed her long and deep.

Jared pumped his finger hard and fast into her. Burning sensations rocked her body and threatened to overpower her. Grace felt the bed shift and Jared move lower. When his tongue laved her clit, she nearly screamed, but Devon's deep, passionate kiss stopped her.

A different hand, Devon's hand, fondled her breast. A muffled groan rumbled from Devon before he ended the kiss and gazed at her. His face was flushed with arousal, and his blue eyes were hooded. A sly grin tilted up the corners of his lips before he lowered his head to suck a nipple.

In some ways, it was almost too much, but then again it was unbelievably hot, erotic, and most definitely naughty...everything she had ever dreamed of and more.

Jared's hands slid under her butt. The feel of his fingers digging into her flesh had her wanting to scream again. She'd never been a screamer, but how could a woman not scream with two men fondling and caressing her secret and sensitive spots?

Control was no longer an option. Devon sucked on one nipple and pinched the other between his fingers, while Jared licked her clit with broad strokes of his tongue. Her hips gyrated beneath him while she arched closer to Devon's tongue and fingers. Her body begged for more sucking and fondling.

Grace came with one final thrust of her pussy against Jared's face and a loud feral womanly scream.

"Damn, you're on fire, babe," Devon murmured in a husky voice.

Her shapely body went limp under the two of them. Devon leaned back on his haunches and gazed down at her. One hand still fondled her breast. He reached for Grace's hand to wrap it around his cock.

Jared tamped down the jealousy eating at him. While sucking on her pussy, he'd been able to block out Devon's presence. Gritting his teeth, he watched Grace caress Devon with long slender fingers. Her eyes fluttered open and met his.

Jared raised his head and licked his lips, the taste of her fuelling the lust that burned inside his veins. Her eyes widened. The lingering scent of Grace's arousal still feeding his lust, he licked his lips again.

He needed a condom and fast. They were shoved in the back pocket of his jeans.

Devon obviously felt the same need, too, when he said. "Dammit, we need condoms."

"The drawer," Grace whispered. "My nightstand."

Devon reached over and nearly yanked the drawer out of the stand. He grabbed a handful and tossed one to him.

Impatience like Jared had never experienced raced through him as he ripped open the packet and sheathed himself. "Are you ready for me, Grace?"

Devon eyed him but lifted one shoulder, letting Jared take the lead.

"Are you?" he repeated.

Jared watched her swallow before she nodded.

He gave Grace's body the once over as he spread her soft, shapely thighs wider. Her small breasts were red from Devon's fondling. The rosy nipples were hard points. Jared grabbed her hips and in one swift move, entered her. Her sharp gasp of pleasure thrilled him.

A loud groan blew from him because his control teetered on an extreme edge.

While he pumped his cock in and out of her pussy, Devon bent over her breasts again. Jared knew his friend was a breast man. Always had been, always would be. That knowledge didn't stop the jealousy still gnawing at him because he wanted to fondle Grace's breasts.

When Devon came up for air, Jared muscled him aside with his shoulder. Devon took the hint and moved away from Grace and him.

"Watching is fine with me," Devon said.

Devon's words stung, but he ignored the jealousy again. Jared covered her body with own. It was then he felt Grace's trembling and sensed something was off. "Grace. Look at me."

She slowly opened her eyes and blinked.

"Are you okay?"

Grace started to say something but instead bit her lip. He leaned down and kissed her softly while his body stilled over hers. "Tell me you're okay."

"I am," she whispered.

He didn't believe her for a minute, but this is what she wanted. He wouldn't let her down, but he wouldn't let her bite off more than she could handle. "Focus on me," Jared whispered at the corner of her lips. "Feel me. That's all you have to do right now. If you need to stop, tell me."

Her trembling slowly disappeared as he moved his cock inside of her again.

Another minute passed before she began moving in rhythm with his body. Jared bullied his tongue into her mouth. A mewling sound escaped her. She returned the kiss with a fierce passion which in turn caused him to pause for a moment.

A powerful urge to wrap her slender legs around his neck smouldered inside of him. That's how he wanted to have Grace, but he decided in the end to keep it somewhat respectable for her sake. He fought back that strong urge and kept her body shielded for the most intimate act between a man and woman.

Her hips bucked beneath him as he plunged his cock deep into her wet heat. The sound of Grace's panting and moans spurred him on to deeper and rougher thrusts. Jared's mouth eagerly swallowing any and all arousing moans.

He blocked out Devon, knowing he watched the two of them. It was part of the deal, a third person looking on. Jared wanted to make love to Grace, but in the end, he fucked her hard and fast, his body and emotions drowning in a wild animal kind of lust.

Grace seemed to shatter when she came. She let out a couple of low screams before her body jerked and convulsed under him. Her screams and orgasm shot Jared over the edge.

For a brief time, he forgot about Devon. He laid on top of Grace, his body a dead weight while he nuzzled her neck. A soft hand stroked his jaw. "Grace." He stayed inside of her, not wanting to pull out his cock.

Jared wasn't sure how long the two of them lay there together, before he felt fingers lightly tap his shoulder.

Jealousy rocketed through him like a missile at launch. And this was part of the deal, too. It was Devon's turn to have Grace. He cursed under his breath and felt his jaw tighten. Jared raised his head and looked at Grace. Her eyes opened, and they simply stared at each other.

He had to get off of her because he had agreed to this damned fucking ménage. Growling low in his throat, he hoisted himself up and let his eyes linger on Grace for one last moment. Her legs were spread, and her body flushed, while her hair was mussed and tossed around her face. What bothered Jared the most was he couldn't read her eyes.

Knowing if he didn't get off the bed, he damn well might punch Devon in the face, Jared climbed off the bed with a heavy dose of disappointment weighing him down. He refused to look Devon in the eye as his friend stretched out next to Grace and cupped her breast.

Jared wheeled around and marched into the bathroom. Before he closed the door, he looked back at the bed. Devon had already positioned Grace on top of him.

He tried hard not to slam the door.

\* \* \* \*

Struggling to get her bearings, Grace looked down at Devon. She couldn't stop from gasping when his fingers found her clit and fondled it. Although, she had experienced a mind-blowing orgasm with Jared, her body responded.

When Jared had climbed off of her only minutes before, she had wanted to wrap her arms around him and keep him in place. And beg him not to leave.

Devon expertly manipulated his fingers over her clit. Grace bit her lip to keep from crying out.

He reached up and pinched a nipple. This time she did cry out. For some insane reason, she felt like a traitor for responding to Devon's caresses.

"Are you with me, honey?"

She nodded.

"You don't know how frigging turned on I am." Devon pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, making her gasp again. "I just need to know you're with me. If you're not...it's okay."

With his words, something softened inside of her. Making the transition from Jared to Devon was proving to be much harder than she had expected. Jared had stomped off to the bathroom, and she highly doubted he would watch which made it easier for her. At first, she'd been ultra aware of Devon watching Jared and her. For the first few minutes with Jared it been so damned hard to let go of her inhibitions.

She wasn't about to turn back now. She was too far into this sexual escapade. "Yes."

A sexy grin spread across Devon's face. "Come down here, and kiss me."

Grace did as she was told. When Devon's tongue pushed inside her mouth, she greedily sucked on it as pure and basic lust overtook her.

Devon broke the kiss. "Scoot up. I want to suck on your tit, honey."

Yes, that's what she wanted, too. She inched forward for Devon to draw a nipple into his mouth. She cried out in pleasure when he gently tugged on the hard peak with his teeth. A side of her she didn't know existed suddenly emerged. "Will you finger fuck me?"

Jared had been in total control, and she had surrendered total control to him without even questioning her motives. With Devon, she felt uninhibited and wanton. His finger slowly slid inside of her. Another cry of needy pleasure escaped her.

She heard the growl at her breast while he suckled her nipple. Devon instantly began pumping her fast with hard strokes of his finger. Grace gasped, her breathing already out of control.

"You're hot pussy feels good." Another low, feral growl rumbled from Devon before his lips captured her other breast.

"Oh, yes, I like that." Realisation slapped her hard. This is what she had wanted. To get down and dirty with a man. Her ambivalent feelings for Jared had stopped her from being assertive. "Make me come. Please."

Devon let go of her nipple. "Do you want me to finger fuck you harder?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

Devon inserted a second finger into her pussy making her cry out. "Oh..."

She came short seconds later.

"Christ, Grace. I can't stand it any longer."

Still in a sexual fog, she felt Devon slide from under her. He crawled behind her.

"Can I fuck you from behind?"

Each time images of Jared crept into her head she fought to push them aside. "I want that, too."

He pressed his cock between Grace's cheeks for a moment. "Do you like the feel of me?"

"Oh, Devon, yes."

He grasped her hips and eased himself into her opening. "I want to take you fast and hard. Can you handle that, honey?"

Her carnal sexuality suddenly emerged. At this particular moment in time, Grace wanted it all. "I can."

Devon started slow, moving his cock in and out of her in a seductive rhythm. Was he teasing her? Because if he was it was exquisite torture. He leaned down and cupped her breasts.

"I love your tits." He nipped the back of her neck.

"Mmm..." With him still moving slow and easy in her, Grace whispered, "Are you teasing me?"

"Oh, yeah." He pressed kisses against the back and side of her neck.

She imagined him smiling against her skin. With deliberate strokes of his cock, he picked up the rhythm.

Grace's breathing became uneven as Devon thrust deep inside of her.

\* \* \* \*

The moment Jared stepped out of the shower, he cursed because he could hear Grace and Devon in the bedroom. He steeled himself against Grace's needy moans and sharp cries of pleasure. Hearing Devon groaning loudly added salt to the wound.

"Fuck." He scrubbed his body nearly raw with a towel.

It was like listening to a porno movie without the visual. He couldn't handle the visual, that's why he'd headed straight for the shower. Unless he crawled out the window buck naked there wasn't a damn thing he could do. His clothes were in a heap on the floor of Grace's bedroom.

Impatience combined with a healthy dose of jealousy settled square inside his gut. Fighting for patience, he folded the damp towel and draped it back on the rack. Jared rubbed his jaw then ploughed both hands through his damp hair, still the sounds of two people making love, no having sex, could be heard from the other room.

The impatience got the best of him. He threw open the door.

*Doggie style.*

While Devon pounded himself into Grace from behind, his cock grew heavy. The fact that he was getting aroused pissed him off, too.

No matter how hard he tried, Jared couldn't look away. Grace's breasts jiggled and shook with the movements of their bodies. Devon leaned over her and cupped her breasts which had her moaning from pleasure. Without looking down he knew he had a huge hard-on.

It was clear that Grace liked Devon fucking her hard and fast. Fisting both hands at his sides, he continued to watch, growing more aroused with each passing second.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. His plan had been to take her first and leave the room so he couldn't witness the two of them together. His feet felt cemented to the floor. All

he had to do was walk over to his clothes, grab the pile and get the hell out of Grace's bedroom.

Instead, he stood in the doorway until Grace's body jerked and spasmed, followed by Devon doing the same. They collapsed on the bed with Devon on top of her.

Devon must have sensed his presence because he glanced over his shoulder before rolling off Grace. She rolled over, too, her gaze seeking out his. Jared noted how her eyes lowered and lingered on his cock.

He had sworn to take her only once, but damned if he didn't want her again. His eyes lowered, also, taking in Grace's spread legs and her pussy. No Brazilian waxes. She was all natural.

"Hot damn," Devon finally said. "You are one hot mama."

Grace giggled which irritated the hell out of Jared.

She turned her head on the pillow. "You can take a shower if you like."

"I think ladies should be first." He traced the outline of her lips with his fingers.

"No, you go ahead. I want to be lazy for awhile."

Devon kissed her first before climbing off the bed. With a definite swagger, he walked past Jared into the bathroom. *The good old pissin' contest.*

"Jared?"

A couple of condom packets were strewn on the floor next to the bed. He could put one on and have her again.

"Jared?"

"Yeah?"

"How long were you standing there?"

"Does it matter?"

"I don't know," she hesitated. "Does it?"

Their eyes locked and held. Jared finally got his feet to cooperate. He angled over to his clothes and grabbed them off the floor.

Grace sat up and pulled her knees to her chest. "Are you leaving?"

"What do you want me to do, Grace? Do you want to continue the party?" He didn't bother keeping the sarcasm out of his tone.

"I think you could."

He knew damn well what she meant. His dick was still hard. With brusque movements, he tugged on the jeans. "Was your fantasy everything you hoped it would be?"

Grace averted her eyes and took her time answering. She looked back at him. "I guess I would have to say yes and no."

Had Devon satisfied her more than him? He didn't want to go down that road, and he wasn't about to ask Grace. With her hair all tossed around her face and swollen lips, she looked even sexier now. Feeling his cock straining against his snug jeans, he cursed under his breath.

Jared didn't know if Devon planned to stay the night or not. He couldn't share Grace again no matter how aroused and agitated he was. "Good night, Grace."

He spun around and strode out of her bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Disappointment swirled inside of her like an autumn leaf caught in the wind after Jared left. Pursing her lips together, she stared at the opened doorway. She had answered him honestly about her fantasy.

In hindsight, she realised now she had needed two Devons instead of only one. She'd let go of any inhibitions so easily with him. In Jared's defence, she remembered how he had sensed her moment of nearly losing it. There had been a moment of panic and feeling overwhelmed by it all.

She slid out of bed and picked up her robe.

Jared had been against the three of them since the beginning, but he'd gone through with the ménage. She sat down on the edge of the bed and waited for Devon to finish showering.

A few minutes later, he came into the bedroom and grinned at her. She smiled back.

Devon gathered up his clothes and padded over to the bed. "Where's Jared?"

"He left."

Devon plopped down next to her and took her hand. "Something tells me you want to be alone."

He smelled fresh and clean from the shower. Grace knew he would stay and give her more pleasure if she asked. "Yeah, I think I do."

He kissed her gently on the lips. "I understand." Devon let go of her hand before tugging on his jeans.

"Thank you."

He stood to zip up the pants. "I should be thanking you, Grace."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Thanking me?"

"You're a classy lady. I'm glad you picked Jared and me."

Devon's compliment warmed her heart. "Thanks."

He sat back down to put on his shoes. He paused and caught her eye. "We could have lunch sometime or meet for a drink after work."

In his baby blue eyes, she read the open invitation to get together again. All she'd have to do is say the word. It was something to consider, but not tonight because she was still on overload. "I'd like that."

"Me, too. Let's keep in touch."

"Yes, let's do." Grace leaned towards him and planted a gentle kiss on his cheek.

\* \* \* \*

Late Monday afternoon, Jared, feeling as grumpy as a man could get, searched for a fax buried under the paper rubble on his desk. Hell, he'd been grumpier than a cranky two-year-old since Saturday night. He hadn't heard a word from Devon. Jared had no idea of what had gone on at Grace's place after he'd left. A large part of him wanted to know, but another didn't want the sordid details.

Full of jealousy, anger and sexual agitation he'd driven home Saturday night. Unable to sleep, he had finally given into his need and beat himself off only to discover the sexual relief had been empty and devoid of any kind of emotion.

He found the fax at the bottom of a stack of papers, and read the paper before sliding it into his briefcase.

"Hey, Forrester." Devon walked into the office. "You look like a grizzly that missed out on his winter's nap."

Several of his co-workers had commented that he looked like he'd had a rough weekend. "Hell of a day." *Hell of a weekend.*

Devon slid a hip onto the corner of the desk. "Why did you run out so early?"

Feeling his jaw tighten, Jared grabbed a pen and signed some paperwork before answering. "I didn't see any reason to stay." He ground his back teeth together to keep from asking Devon if he'd stayed.

"Grace wanted to be alone so I left, too."

The amount of relief that swept through him caught him off guard. He figured he'd get over Grace in time and that would be that.

Devon plucked a red pencil from a holder on the desk and twirled it between his fingers. "It was a one-time thing and all. And I know damn well, we're not going to do a replay of Saturday night, but..."

Why did suspicion inch through him? "But what?"

"I think you should call Grace."

"Why? She got what she wanted."

Devon looked him straight in the eye? "The question is did you?"

Jared's defences prickled. "What the hell does that mean?"

"I'm not as dense as you think I am. Sometimes, my feminine side shows."

Jared frowned.

"You know damn well what I mean. My sensitive side."

"What about your so-called sensitive side?"

"You have a thing for Grace. And I'm fairly sure she has one for you, too."

Tension knotted in his already tight shoulders. "What makes you say that?"

Devon tossed the pencil in the air and caught it. "Remember, we're not doing a replay. Call it masculine intuition. I like that better than my feminine side."

Jared doubted Grace wanted to see him again. Because of his impatience, he'd hurried things for her. Guilt still ate at him from his parting sarcastic remarks.

"Think about it." Devon stood up. "How about we grab something to eat and a beer?"

Nothing would ever come between Devon and his friendship. *Except a woman.* Fifteen years ago the two of them had weathered the Amanda thing. And they would handle the

Grace thing, too. The problem for was he wasn't ready to hang out with Devon just yet. "Thanks but I need to work late tonight."

Devon nodded and stuffed the pencil back in the holder. "Give me a holler when you want to get together."

Jared nodded. "Will do, buddy."

## Chapter Six

Dishes clattered together as Grace washed them. Over the past week, she'd come to the conclusion no fantasy could ever be perfect.

Her fantasy of a ménage a trois would have made it to the finish line if it hadn't been for Jared. On the other hand, the sexual tryst had been unbelievable. She still got hot just thinking about the three of them.

She was to the point now where she would almost give up her VP status at the bank to get Jared out of her mind. She dreamed erotic dreams of him every night, and her sexual frustration had once again grown out of proportion. She hated to admit it was more than sex where Jared was concerned. If all she needed was hot, satisfying sex, she could give Devon a call.

She drained the water from the sink and grabbed a dish towel to dry her hands. Dropping the towel back on the counter, she angled over to the table and picked up her cell.

She didn't need to search for Jared's number because she had it memorised.

Grace didn't see any reason why the two of them couldn't talk. Maybe it might resolve some of the unfinished business between them, at least for her anyway. Since it was Friday night, Jared could be anywhere. He could have a date with another woman. She did her best to ignore the unexpected bite of jealousy.

*No strings.*

Grace turned on the phone and hesitated for several moments before punching in Jared's number.

She drew in a calming breath while she waited for him to answer.

"Hello."

Her heart sped up at the sound of his deep voice. "Jared, it's me Grace."

A long tense silence greeted her. "I owe you an apology," he finally said.

Nothing like cutting to the chase. "I didn't call to ask for an apology."

"I figured you didn't want anything to do with me or I would have called you," he paused. "I've picked up the phone a dozen times this week to call you."

So she'd been on his mind, too. Grace cautioned herself not to get her hopes up. Jared's voice sounded wary to her. The man was too uptight for his own good, except when he had made love to her. "I don't need an apology."

"What do you need, Grace?"

She took in another calming breath. "I think we have unfinished business between us."

"Are you at home?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"I'll be there in about twenty."

Grace lowered the phone and stared at it. That was the last thing she'd expected him to say. After a little heart-to-heart with Jared, she'd figured she could move on and hopefully not dream about him so much.

She dumped the phone back on the table and ran her fingers through her hair. Could she resist Jared if he made any sexual advances towards her? Grace shook her head, knowing she couldn't. She grabbed the phone again and hit redial.

He picked up on the third ring. "I don't think you should come over. I just wanted to talk."

"I'm already out the door and headed for my car."

"Then stop for God's sake."

"No."

"I'm not having sex with you again."

"It's what we both want. The two of us alone."

She heard an engine gun to life. "You're projecting."

"You wouldn't have called. This is my opening, Grace, and I'm not letting it slip away."

Her body hummed with the anticipation of being with Jared again. "It might be disappointing."

"Come on, Grace. You know that's not true. My cock has been hard for the past week."

She'd resorted to using her vibrator three times over the last few days. "That's not my problem," she said with more feeling than she felt.

"Convince me you're not hot for me, too." Jared paused and lowered his voice. "Are your panties wet?"

When she didn't answer, he repeated the question. "Are your panties wet?"

"That's none of your business."

"I think they are."

"This is my fantasy, Grace." Jared paused for emphasis. "Making love to you and maybe fucking you really hard, too. I want to suck on you, lick you, and bury my cock deep inside your wet pussy."

Grace eyed a chair next to the table and sat down hard. "How do you know that's my fantasy, too?"

"I don't. I'm hoping it is."

"Jared," she whispered. One simple phone call was rapidly spiralling out of control. If they made love again, she'd never get over him. "This isn't just about sex."

"I know."

"Oh."

"I'm halfway there."

"I'm older than you."

"I don't care. Hang up, Grace. I can drive faster without a damn phone pressed to my ear."

Without a word, she hit the off button.

\* \* \* \*

When Grace opened the door, Jared gently pushed her back before kicking the door closed behind him. She wore a pink silk robe this time. With one hand he undid the sash and discovered she was naked underneath. His breath hitched inside his chest. He palmed her crotch. "You're really wet, Grace."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and dragged his head down for a kiss.

He spread her thighs and inserted his middle finger. Jared groaned at the hot feel of her pussy. Lust and greed intermingled as they sucked on each other's tongues.

Jared broke away and quickly lowered his head to her breast. He'd barely tugged on a hard nipple, when Grace came with panting breaths and husky moans.

Stepping back, he stripped off his jacket and t-shirt while Grace fumbled with the snaps on his jeans. He yanked his wallet out of his back pocket where he always kept a couple of condoms.

Jared pushed his jeans down to his ankles before ripping open the condom packet. When Grace dropped to her knees in front of him and drew his heavy dick into her mouth, his body went haywire with lust. As she pulled him deep into her mouth, Jared laid his hands on her head.

“No,” he managed to get out. “You’re too wet. I want inside of you now.”

Slowly, she withdrew her lips from around him and looked up at him with eyes swimming in arousal.

Jared started to roll the condom over himself, but she took it from his hands and covered his aching cock for him. Jared hoisted Grace to her feet and lifted her. “Wrap your legs around me.”

After her legs were securely wrapped around his hips, she asked in a throaty voice. “Are you going to fuck me or make love to me?”

Jared growled before he leaned forward and bit her bottom lip. He thrust his cock high into her. “I’m so damned crazy with lust for you I can’t think straight.”

Her breathing was ragged and uneven. “That means you’re going to fuck me.”

“Next time, I’ll make love to you.” Jared nipped the side of her soft neck. “I promise.”

He backed her up against the wall, his hands cupping her soft ass cheeks.

Grace bit the corner of his lip. “You fucked me last week.”

Jared thrust his cock higher into her. She cried out and tightened herself around him. They had to get past last week. *He had to get past last week.* “I couldn’t help myself.” Devon had been the last man to take her. A part of him still carried around the jealousy at that memory. He pumped himself harder and higher into her.

The feel of Grace’s hard nipples rubbing against his chest aroused him so much he let out an animalistic groan.

“Watching Devon and me turned you on.”

Smothering her lips with his, he kissed her. He drew back a fraction. “It pissed me off that it did.”

When Grace kissed him, her tongue probed deeply inside his mouth. After she broke the kiss, Jared asked. "Would you have gotten hotter if you'd known I was watching?"

"Maybe." Grace tugged on his bottom lip with her teeth.

"I hated sharing you, no matter how turned on I got."

Tightening her arms around his neck, Grace whispered near his ear. "I'm glad you were part of my fantasy." She gasped when Jared thrust harder, slamming her back against the wall. "Even if you irritated the hell out of me."

"How do you feel now?"

"I like it when you fuck me."

"Wait 'til," he groaned, "I make love with you."

They sought out each other's lips and kissed for so long Jared figured he might pass out from lack of air. "Please come, Grace. I can't hold out much longer."

"Mmm..."

Her hips jerked against him as she gasped one last time. Jared let go, and with one final thrust of his cock, he tumbled into red-hot bliss.

Grace's legs untangled from around him as he leaned against her. Jared touched his forehead to hers.

For a couple of minutes, neither of them spoke.

"Where is this going?" She asked.

Raising his head, he looked at her. He kissed her swollen lips. "Wherever we want it to go."

"Can you get past last week?"

Damn, his feelings had been too transparent. Devon had picked up on that. Jared had to let go of the ménage if he wanted any kind of relationship with Grace. "Yeah, I can. But, it might take awhile."

She laid a hand on his cheek. "I meant it when I said I'm glad you were part of my fantasy."

"Even after the way I acted?"

Her eyes twinkled. "You acted just fine when you had me on the bed." In a more serious tone, she added. "I was antsy to start. My nerves were getting the best of me."

Jared framed her face with his hands. "There's something about you. For the life of me, I can't figure it out."

Grace smiled. "I know the feeling. There's something about you, too."

A grin curled up the corners of his lips. "How about if we take a shower together then I can make good on my promise?" He whispered a soft kiss across her lips. "Of really making love to you."

Grace scooted away from him and took his hand, a seductive smile lighting up her face.

## **About the Author**

Sage Burnett loves to pen steamy erotic stories about strong and sassy heroines and hot, rugged Montana men. She's been writing since childhood; poetry, short stories, and even a school play. She lives in north western Montana under the breathtaking shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

In the winter besides writing, which is a year round endeavour, she also loves to snowshoe and enjoy the winter wonderland that she calls home. In the summer, it's hiking, camping, and bear watching. A good summer day is when one of those magnificent creatures wanders into her yard.

Sage has one book published under her real name, Patricia Parkinson, at Samhain Publishing. Sensual Contemporary Romantic Suspense.

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