



## **MAGGIE'S MENAGE**

**Lacey Thorn**

## *Dedication*

To family and friends both new and old for never allowing me to stop believing in myself.  
I am because of you! Thank you.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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

James Bond: DANJAQ S.A. CORPORATION SWITZERLAND

## **Chapter One**

"You want me to play the whore for you? For the good of the company?"

"Watch your mouth Margaret Rose. Twenty five is not too old for a spanking young lady." She turned to look her father in the eye, saw the rising colour on his face and couldn't resist.

"Oh. You think that will make the men you have waiting hot for me. Show them a little kink to get them revved up?"

"Damn it Margaret. That is enough." That vein was really throbbing in his head now. And the colour was slowly going from red to purple.

"Does the business mean that much to you, Daddy? More than me?" She already knew the answer but some inner demon forced the question out of her mouth.

"I've spent my whole life building this company and I'll be damned if it dies out after I'm gone. The name Houston will count for something long after I'm gone."

That demon was still there whispering in her ear. "I could run it. I know the ins and outs of the business. I thought you were grooming me for just that."

He laughed. Her father threw his head back and laughed and that last bit of the needy girl searching for the crumbs of her father's love disappeared. In her place was a woman he would regret creating.

"Like I would ever leave my baby to a woman. Your mother proved to be one failure after another. Only one child and even that was second rate. The damn woman couldn't even stay healthy. It was a blessing when she died."

Yeah, it probably was. For her mother. But for the four year old girl left behind it had been hell. She had always known that her father only let her work for him because he didn't know what else to do with her. But that tiny spot had remained, unwilling to give up hope that she was wrong.

There was a knock at the door and her father Dom Alexander Houston turned from her. Dismissing her without a second thought. And the anger began to grow inside her.

"The gentlemen that you've been expecting are here Mr. Houston." Her father's personal assistant said from the doorway. The woman was young, blonde and built. And most certainly sleeping with the boss. Maggie felt sorry for her. She wouldn't last any longer than the rest and when her father was done that was it. The poor girl didn't have a chance.

"Send them in."

Maggie stayed her ground refusing to leave without him coming right out and telling her to. If he forgot she was still here long enough then she would stay.

Appearances meant everything to him and he would do nothing to seem more than a doting father.

Two men stepped into the room. Both were tall with dark hair. One was maybe six feet even with broad shoulders and a stocky build. His body rippled with muscles beneath the suit that was obviously tailored just for him. His hair was clean cut, almost military short. What there was of it was a dark brown, almost a mocha shade. His eyes when he glanced her way were a dark chocolate brown with what looked like flecks of gold in them but she would have to get a closer look to be sure. The other one was taller, maybe six-foot-two or so with a much slimmer build. His clothes were just as tapered but revealed longer, leaner muscles. His hair was longer touching the top of his collar in back and dark as night. His eyes were a startling shade of blue that made one think of a perfect sky.

Testosterone oozed from them and filled the room. A shiver went down Maggie's spine and she wondered which one her father wanted her to marry. She had to think that they must want it as much as the old man did or they wouldn't be here.

Neither seemed like the type that would be easily manipulated. No these were definitely alpha males. What she was planning for them might be more fun than she anticipated. But best of all it would destroy her father's plans to marry her off to the man of his choice. She couldn't contain the grin of triumph that tugged at her lips. Let the fun begin.

Alex looked at Patrick and read his mind as if it was his own. It would take a dead man not to notice the woman standing behind Dom Houston and they were both very much alive. She was a cool drink of water in a calf length skirt that hugged her body from her lush hips down. Her shirt was a soft shade of pink that buttoned all the way up to her throat but was fitted to showcase the tantalising mounds of her breasts. Her hair was a multitude of different shades of blonde, at least from the bit that was showing where she had it piled on top of her head. The face was classic, one that would only grow better with age. Her eyes a delicate shade of hazel, more green than blue at the moment.

By the expression on Patrick's face, they were both thinking the same thing. Getting her naked and fucking her. One at a time, together. It wouldn't matter as long as she was naked and willing. Damn, Alex wondered who she was.

Mr. Houston followed their gazes and seemed startled that the woman was in the room.

"Margaret. You'll excuse us now," was all he said before turning back to them and dismissing the woman, Margaret once again. He missed the emotion that flashed through her eyes but Alex and Patrick saw it. She quickly contained it and giving a nod left the room pulling the door shut behind her. And releasing the two of them to get down to the business they had come here for.

"Those weren't the men I was expecting you little idiot!" Dom thundered at the twit who was good for nothing unless she was on her knees. "Next time you send someone into my office you better make damn sure of who they are and what their business is first! You could have just cost me a lot with your stupidity."

He watched as tears filled her eyes saw them tremble on her lashes for a moment before slipping down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry. So sorry. I promise that it won't happen again." Her eyes were pleading with him and her chest was starting to rise and fall with her effort to control her anxiety.

His eyes slipped to those beautiful breasts that he knew so well. "Lock the door." He never moved from his position behind the desk as he delivered his order. He knew without a doubt that she knew what was coming, and that she would do whatever he told her to. Money and power could buy a lot of obedience.

The lock clicked and she slowly turned back to him, her hands already on the hem of her shirt. He nodded and watched as she pulled it over her head revealing the low cut white lace bra underneath that he knew would match her panties exactly. He should know since he bought them. She reached back and released the catch letting the bra slide down her shoulders to land on top of the shirt at her feet. Her breasts were high and firm, the nipples a rosy pink that flushed darker as the cooler air hit them and caused them to tighten further. They would blush red before he was done with them.

She moved her hands to the waist of her skirt until he stopped her. "Leave it. You won't be receiving pleasure now. Only good girls get pleased. Do you want to be a good girl?"

She nodded, her eyes still luminescent with tears.

"Then come over here and show me how sorry you are." He pushed his chair back from the desk spreading his knees and making room for her to kneel before him. He stopped her when she stood between his thighs and leaning forwards took a nipple into his mouth sucking fiercely and biting the tip several times before moving across to the other one. He loved breasts, always had. Nipples were made to be sucked hard, to be nipped and even bitten when the mood struck just right. And hers were perfection, the reason why he still had her around. Well that and the fact that she could suck a cock like no other woman he had ever had. And that was saying something since he had been with more than his fair share of women. She moaned softly though he knew she wanted to cry out several times from what he was doing. But she was good, the best whore he had ever had and she only rested her hands lightly on his shoulders and moaned just the way he liked. When he finally released her, her nipples were flushed bright red and swollen from his mouth. They were beautiful. He reached his hands out and pinched them both between his fingers using them to tug her down to her knees. She reached for his pants, releasing his cock and pulling it out to bob in front of her mouth while he continued to tug and pinch at her over sensitised nipples. Yes, she was a very good whore. He groaned as she took him immediately to the back of her throat and began to milk him, her tongue reaching out to lave at his balls while she swallowed along his shaft. Almost good enough to make him forget about the two private investigators she had allowed into his office.

Maggie had followed the two men back to a hotel on the outskirts of the city. It wasn't where she had expected them to stay but still at least it seemed clean. It was one of those places where the doors to the rooms opened on the outside of the building with one floor of rooms stacked on top of the other. At least the two men

were in the same room at the moment. That would make what she had in mind easier. She just had to work up her courage a bit.

She'd never been a seductress before. She'd had sex, plenty of sex. But even the most risqué acts came off feeling like vanilla sex. Perhaps it was because most of her partners were boring, mundane, vanilla men outside of the bedroom, and sometimes inside as well. But that was all going to end as soon as she stepped from the car and put her plan into action. Her father wanted her to marry one of the two men in the room she kept staring at. Expected her to do whatever it took to ensure that happened. Instead she was going to ensure that they thought of her as a wild promiscuous woman, definitely not the type a man would want to marry.

She took another deep breath and opened the car door, easing her frame out and shutting the door behind her. She stood there for a moment smoothing her hands down the grey pencil skirt she wore before reaching up to make sure her hair was still up. She tilted her chin up reminding herself just what was at stake. Everything. Resolve filled her, giving her the courage to walk up to the door the two men had entered more than an hour before. An hour she had spent sitting in the car watching. It was now or never. Maggie took a deep breath and raised her hand to knock, but she didn't need to. The door opened and the taller, leaner of the two men stood before her in nothing but a pair of jeans which rode low on his hips. His chest was covered with a smattering of dark hair that encircled each nipple and trailed down over his abdomen disappearing into his waistband. He was sexy enough to have her mouth and more intimate places filling with fluid. But when he parted his lips and spoke in a husky British accent she could actually feel herself melting like butter.

"We were wondering how long it would take you to head this way love." His voice slipped down her spine leaving a fiery warmth coursing through her. She was more than ready for her plan, more than ready to do anything he asked of her.

"You knew I was here?" It was a whisper, all she could manage with her heart galloping in her chest.

"We've been watching you since you arrived." It was the other who spoke this time and he had the sweet southern tones of a Texas man. You could hear the "aw, shucks" in his voice and she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that these two must work well together. What one couldn't get the other would definitely be able to. He was still dressed in the suit from earlier and looked just as heavenly now. Though he was a few inches shorter than the other man he was more muscular and filled the suit out like it was custom made for him. If he moved in the same circles as her father then it probably was.

Thinking about her father was enough of a jolt to snap her out of the lust induced

haze and remember that she was there for a reason. A reason that would take care of her itch just fine. Maggie casually moved around the man in front of her entering the motel room as if they had invited her in. She focused on the more dressed of the two and said the first thing that popped into her mind, a habit that she really needed to work on.

"So you like to watch, do you?"

Husky laughter filled the room as both men found her comment amusing. Her own smile trembled on her lips when she heard the door snap shut behind her and the click of the lock being turned.

"Watching is fine," Mr. Brit said as he moved up close behind her. "But participating is even better." His hands cupped over her shoulders and as he moved closer into her, there was no mistaking the heavy length of his erection where it touched along her spine.

"Both of you?" It was a question, an invitation, a wish, uttered from her lips as she did all she could to keep from rubbing wantonly back against him.

"Both of us," South Texas said. He stepped in front of her and when all she did was blink at him he reached out and began to slowly unbutton the top buttons on her shirt. "You want both of us don't you? Isn't that why you came?"

"Yes," she murmured as he changed the angle of his head to place kisses along each inch of exposed flesh. "Oh, God, yes."

Husky male chuckles sounded again and they were like foreplay along her skin. Her cheeks grew flushed, her breasts tingled, the nipples puckering more, and her sex grew damp, her channel pulsing with a need to be filled. She had dreamed of this, two men at the same time. Two men focusing on her pleasure, her needs and desires.

"Oh, yes," she murmured again and allowed her body to relax into the man behind her, rubbing herself against his erection.

It was his turn to groan and his hands flexed once on her shoulders before moving down to cradle her hips and pull her even closer. He rubbed blatantly against her seeming to enjoy the sensation as much as she did.

"Do you want that Margaret? Do you want both of us at the same time?" Her shirt was tugged from her waist band and wide open to the lusty gazes of both men. Her full breasts were barely contained by the sheer lace of her bra, her nipples a proud display behind the white material. His voice was a warm breath of air on her skin and his knuckle was sheer fire as it brushed across her nipple.

"Just two things," she panted roughly, "then I'm all yours."

"What?" The British accent was thicker, his hands hard where they gripped her hips.

"Tell me your names." It was a whisper but in her mind it was a demand.

“Alex,” Mr Brit spoke into her ear following it with a slow flick of his tongue along the lobe before nipping it softly with his teeth.

“Patrick,” South Texas said before closing his lips around one turgid nipple and sucking gently on it.

The cry left her mouth at the sheer pleasure of their touches, the torture as it wasn’t enough.

“And two?” Alex whispered.

“Maggie,” she managed. “Call me Maggie.”

## Chapter Two

Alex knew he should be focusing on the investigation. The woman could be just the lead that he and Patrick had been looking for. And they both had a lot to prove. Patrick to his older brother Shawn O’Grady, who had left Pat in charge of the P. I. firm while he went off on some secret excursion with his best friend and business partner Tommy. Alex had something to prove to himself, mainly that he was still capable of doing the job he loved even if it was no longer for the MI6 unit that had once been like family to him. Yeah, they both had a lot to prove. Unfortunately neither of them seemed to be thinking with the right head at the moment.

He grabbed the material of her pink shirt at the shoulders and slid it slowly down her arms. Patrick was still rubbing his knuckle over her nipple but his other hand was already making its way down to the side closure on her calf length skirt. She helped him remove the shirt arching back into his chest and thrusting her breasts forwards with a rough sigh. Seconds later her skirt pooled around her feet and Alex groaned. She was wearing a garter belt under that skirt, an honest to God garter belt with real silk stockings attached to it. And they matched her white lace bra to perfection. He didn’t know what part of her he wanted to touch first. But Patrick had no such hesitation.

Patrick buried his nose in the Promised Land and inhaled like it was bliss. Alex was pretty sure that it probably was. He slid his hands from her hips, up along her stomach and cupped those tempting breasts in his palms giving them both a full squeeze. Her cry filled the air around them leaving no doubts of her pleasure in their actions. When her head hit his shoulder and the smooth column of her neck was exposed to him, Alex couldn’t resist. He bent down and buried his face there. He licked and sucked his way up to her earlobe and then worked his way back down along the tendon to the base of her neck. She tasted like the sweetest ambrosia. When he finally made the journey back up to her ear he gave it a sharp



tug with his teeth before whispering to her.

"I want to fuck you. Can you feel how hard you make my dick?" Alex ground his erection against her only then realising how sheer the lace was on her ass. God, she was exquisite. His groan matched hers as he pushed forwards again, bending his knees so that his cock hit right between the cheeks of her lush ass. "I want to fuck your pussy, your ass, and that sweet little mouth of yours." Her gasp let him know that she wanted it just as much.

There was a ripping sound and Alex knew that Patrick had torn the gusset out of her panties. He glanced down the length of her body and met Patrick's eyes.

Patrick's eyes were almost black with lust and Alex envied him his current position. Patrick lifted Maggie's right leg up and Alex hooked his elbow underneath it pulling it high and wide allowing Patrick the perfect access to the pussy they both wanted. Damn, Patrick looked like he was in heaven.

*Damn, Patrick thought. I've died and gone to heaven.* The seductress in front of him was a goddess built for sex. Her legs were long and lean, her breasts high and firm. And her pussy. It smelled sweet, looked divine and he couldn't wait to taste it on his tongue, suck it and if he lasted long enough fuck it. It had been too damn long since he had been with a woman. And he never shared but there was something erotic about seeing her braced back against Alex. Something carnal in knowing that Alex was going to take her the same as him, that maybe they would both enjoy her at the same time.

Her blonde hair looked good along side of Alex's black hue. Her skin a blanket of white next to Alex's tan. Patrick loved the way her thighs trembled, the way her sex puffed up and blushed from pink to a tantalising shade of soft red. Moisture was already coating her and without thought he leaned forwards and ran his tongue along her slit. Her cry covered his moan but just barely. If Alex wasn't holding her leg up she probably would have fallen the way that she was trembling. But none of that mattered as her taste coated his tongue, exploding on his taste buds and sending him delving for more.

He used one hand to separate the folds of her lips wider so that he could run his tongue all around, up one side and down the other glancing over the spots of interest in favour of collecting more of her unique nectar. On the second time around he stopped for barely a moment to play his tongue over and around her clit watching it swell tighter and seem to grow a little bigger at his touch. On the third pass he folded his tongue up seeking to make it smaller, firmer so that he could fuck her with it. And with the first two strokes of it inside her channel, she broke. Her lips puffed bigger, her clit seeming to pulse, and fluid flowed over his tongue and

down his chin until he flattened his tongue out and tried to use it to lap up as much of her as he could. She was moving against him now pressing her sex harder to his face, her staccato cries filling the small room. He groaned and looked up, his eyes locking with Alex's.

Alex had his hands filled with her breasts, the cups tugged down to reveal her turgid nipples and his fingers were busily working them, pinching and tugging. His face was buried in her neck which was red from the combination of bites, sucks, and whisker burn. His eyes were so dark a blue they were almost black and his voice was guttural when he spoke.

"We need to move to the bed unless you're ready to fuck on the floor."

Patrick nodded and stood but before he could do more than reach for Maggie, Alex had her up in his arms and was already heading to one of the queen size beds in the room. He set her on her feet beside the bed and with quick work removed both her bra and the frayed remains of her panties. When her hands reached for the belt of one of her garters he shooed it away, muttering, "leave them on." Patrick stood back and started stripping, enjoying watching the byplay between Alex and Maggie. "Get on the bed and lie back," Alex ordered her as he picked his duffel up and snatched an unopened box of condoms out of it. "I want your hands up above your head," he demanded and when she complied he added, "Higher." He tore the box open scattering condom wrappers everywhere as he haphazardly tossed a few onto the bed before placing one between his lips. He reached down and with one tug popped the buttons on his button fly jeans. His cock bounced out and he caught it in his palm running his hand from balls to tip before shrugging out of his jeans and letting them fall to the floor. He was prepared to take things slow. It would be hard after the long dry spell he'd had, but he could try. That was his intention, but all that went out the window when he heard her moan and looked up in time to see her eyes transfixed on his cock. And when her pink tongue flicked out and wet her lips his cock pulsed and bobbed and the only question left was whether he would get the condom on in time.

Pat moaned and Alex glanced over to see his best friend totally naked, his cock being worked by the slow glide of a hand. He looked like he was ready to combust from the lust rushing through his veins and Alex understood perfectly. He glanced back to where Maggie was writhing with anticipation on the bed.

"Feeling hungry, baby?" he murmured as he continued stroking his rock hard cock. Maggie's eyes flew between Patrick's thick cock and Alex's longer length. She wanted them and she didn't care where. She was her father's daughter in more ways than one. She had dabbled in all kinds of sexual games and fantasies, some of which she was sure even her father would blanch at. Fact was that Maggie loved

sex, loved the rock hard shaft that could deliver pleasure better than any toy on the market. In her pussy, her ass or down the back of her throat. She'd take it all and demand more. Hell yeah she was hungry.

"Yes," she nodded locking her eyes over on Patrick's cock. Yeah, she wanted that thick width stretching her mouth wide, wanted to feel it all along her tongue, nip it with her teeth. She lifted her eyes to his and asked as seductively as she could, "Want to feed me?"

Patrick groaned and once again it was Alex who gave the orders. "Get up on your hands and knees baby. Face toward the end of the bed. Hips right over here by me." He watched with hooded eyes as she complied and he couldn't help but think of how perfect she was for him. She was great with obeying his orders and not questioning. She'd let him fulfil his need to dominate and be the perfect foil for his dark side. Fuck! He wanted her so bad that he could spend the entire week locked in this room. Oh yeah, and he would take her every way imaginable and then some. He couldn't wait to bury his dick so deep inside her pussy that she could feel it in her womb. And he wanted that ass as well. Hell the more he looked at the flair of her hips, the perfect curve of her buttocks, the hungrier he got. She was made to be mounted this way, she was perfection on her hands and knees. He didn't even have to tell her to arch her back the way he liked. She was already doing it. He stood there for a moment just admiring the view, letting the anticipation build for both of them.

Patrick had other plans. He immediately headed closer to the bed, closer to the tongue slicked lips of the goddess on the bed. Damn his dick was dancing with the need to feel her tongue and teeth. As he approached she re-wet her lips, the slow glide of her pink tongue a torture all its own. He wanted to fuck her just as badly as Alex, but he wanted to feel that mouth all over his cock right now more than anything else.

He stopped before her and almost lost it when she leaned forward just enough to swipe her tongue over the head taking the drop of pre-cum with her. Her moan of pleasure at his taste was almost as loud as his was. He moved in closer and pressed the full head of his cock against her lips seeking entrance. But she surprised him by moving to the side and nuzzling it along her cheek while her lips spread kisses over his groin. Her tongue flicked out and stroked over his balls until they were so tight with need he wouldn't be surprised if they burst. She moved underneath and sucked one globe gently into her mouth working it with her tongue until he didn't know if he would feel her mouth before he came all over them both. But she

seemed to read his body well and every time orgasm approached she backed off and moved to something else. He was ready to die when a sharp slap filled the air and her head jerked with a cry. He was ready to step back and knock Alex out until he focused on Maggie's face and saw the flush of desire high on her cheeks, the way her eyes were so dark a green that they almost glowed. Oh, she liked what Alex was doing. She liked it a lot.

"You want this pussy fucked," Alex said stroking his fingers along the flushed lips of her sex loving the red print left from the slap he'd given her there. She was dripping she was so excited and that jacked up the desire inside him as well. He dipped a finger inside and then two coating them in her juices before pulling out and slapping her flesh with them, right over the little bud that was blooming so beautifully for him. Yeah, he wanted to suck her clit between his lips 'till she filled his mouth with a fountain of sweet cream.

"Oh, yeah. You want my cock buried up this tight pussy, don't you baby?" Alex knew the answer even before her cries filled the room.

"Yes! God, yes! Please fuck me. Fuck me so good." Maggie pushed her hips out more, deepened the arch of her back so her sex was even more exposed to him.

"Want it hard baby?"

"Yes."

"Fast?"

"Yes."

"Deep?"

"Yes!" She screamed it this time looking over her shoulder at him and pinning him with her fiery green orbs. "Hard, fast and so deep that I can feel you everywhere. Just fuck me. Please, fuck me."

Alex brought the condom back up to his teeth and ripped the package open, tossing the wrapper to the floor then easily rolled it over his shaft. "I'm going to fuck you baby. And it will be harder, faster and deeper than you've ever had it before. I promise you that. But first you're going to face him and suck that fat dick of his down into your throat and you're going to keep doing it until he fills your mouth with his satisfaction. That okay with you?" He didn't always remember to ask that but then Patrick would if he forgot. The southern boy wouldn't cum anywhere without a woman's okay. Alex wouldn't either but he couldn't remember ever being this worked up over a woman. Hell, some foreign entity seemed to be inside him and it wanted to lose the condom and ride her skin to skin, something he had never done in his life. He never played without a slicker. Rule number one. She nodded her head vigorously, undulating on the bed and her sex flushed darker

even as he watched. "Yes, I love the taste of your cock," she told Patrick. She licked her lips and opened and closed them several times. "I want you to fuck my mouth. Give me all of that cock. Right here," she moaned and licked her lips again. "I want to taste your cum on my tongue."

"Fuck," Patrick cried and used his hand to guide the head back to her mouth. She opened wide this time and sucked him deep the first time. She was done playing and if he thought that she would kill him before he hadn't known what he was talking about. He was fixated on the way his thick girth stretched her lips wide, the slight scrape of her teeth along his shaft as she sucked him deep before easing off his length. And when only the mushroomed head remained in her mouth she worked her tongue in the groove just underneath and sucked hard on him. He wasn't going to last at all.

His gaze latched on to Alex's and he confessed just that. "I ain't going to last buddy. Fuck!" he cried as she sucked him deep once again. No he wasn't going to last at all. Alex stepped up to the bed and moved to his knees on the mattress behind her. She was sheer perfection and he had yet to feel her slick walls tightening around him. She was flushed, her lips spread wide, the opening to her pussy wet and ready to be filled by him. He'd never been so happy before that a woman wanted hard and fast. Because that was all he could give her this first time. It might last three minutes depending on just how sweet she was. But somehow he knew it wouldn't last much longer than that.

He lined up and slammed home with one hard thrust of his hips against hers. She cried out around the cock in her mouth but didn't let it go. Alex pulled all the way out loving the feel of her pussy grasping him like it didn't want to lose him. With a harsh groan he plunged deep again and she took him moving back into his thrust with her body. And that one small movement shattered the remains of his control. He grabbed her hips firmly between his hands and rode her like a battering ram. He wanted to slow down, wanted to savour her, wanted to do so many other things both to and with her but now was not the time. Those things would have to wait until the next time. This time he took like an animal and she blew him away with the way she not only took what he gave but used her body to demand more. Her hips slapping against his as she strained closer to him, her back arching so high that her belly almost hit the mattress. And the entire time she never let go of the cock filling her mouth and from the glazed look on Patrick's face she wasn't slacking on the sucking action she was giving him either. Yeah, Alex had found the perfect woman, the one who would be able to satisfy his every desire and whim. Maggie would probably have some demands of her own as well and damned if he didn't relish the

thought of being the man to fill them for her.

Patrick's bellow filled the room and his hips locked in a forward position and Alex could tell by the expression on his buddy's face that it was one hell of an orgasm. Alex's face would have a similar expression in just a few minutes. He watched as Patrick finally stepped back from Maggie, his cock releasing with a loud pop as if she was reluctant to let the spent flesh go. And with Patrick no longer in the picture Maggie turned into a wild cat beneath him, bucking and thrusting back at him. He tightened his grip hoping that he wouldn't leave bruises on her white skin but afraid that he would anyway. She dropped her arms down on the bed and buried her head on them and a keening cry filled the air telling him just how close she was to orgasm. She turned her head and looked back at him. Her eyes were glazed and there was a spot of white on her bottom lip that he figured was a remnant of Patrick's cum. "Fuck me," she demanded in a guttural voice slurred by the intensity of her desire.

Alex held tight and stroked faster between her thighs lifting her hips slightly off the mattress with every thrust. Three strokes, four strokes, and on the fifth she broke. The walls of her pussy closed over him gripping and working his dick, her cries of completion the headiest aphrodisiac he'd ever known. On the eighth stroke he was joining her with an orgasm so intense that he saw black dots that made him fear for his sight. The person who said masturbation could make you go blind had obviously never known a woman like his Maggie. He roared out as the thought filled his head. His Maggie. Fuck, he'd fallen in love with a woman that he didn't know. A woman whose very life he may shatter depending on how well she knew the man he and Patrick were here to investigate, Dom Alexander Houston.

### **Chapter Three**

Maggie didn't think that she could move and prayed that they wouldn't ask her to. Alex was behind her on the bed lying crosswise with his hand firmly planted on her ass. It was as if he was afraid she was going to spring up and leave. Hell, the man had just given her the best sex of her life so he had nothing to worry about. As a matter of fact after this episode she was sad that she couldn't marry him and spend the rest of her life with him. He was everything that she had been searching for sexually in a man. But sex wasn't everything and she would never give her father the satisfaction of getting what he wanted from her. And the old man had been very clear on how he expected her to seduce one of the men into marriage. She had just played with his plan a little bit. She almost laughed out loud but, thankfully, caught

herself. Instead of seducing one man, she had engaged in an amazing sex session with both of them. Hell, she could go a few more times if they were up to it. She stretched and groaned and did laugh when she heard Patrick moan from his reclined state beside her.

His feet were on the floor with only his hips and upper body lazing on the bed. He must have had one hell of a glance at her breasts when she arched up. Maggie glanced his way and smiled when she saw his cock full and hard again. His thick shaft bobbed up against his stomach and Maggie reached out to cup him in her hand, to caress the soft skin that covered the steel length. Patrick groaned again and she felt more than saw Alex turn his head to see what they were doing. She stroked him from balls to tip spreading some of the pre-cum leaking from the head with her fingers.

The male penis had always fascinated Maggie. They all looked remarkably the same when in the flaccid state but when a man was aroused... Wow. That was when they became works of art. Each one different and unique. Hell the two men in the room with her were a perfect example of this. Patrick was so thick that her fingers couldn't encompass the width of him. The head was a mushroom shape, blooming over the top of the shaft, and amazingly was about a half an inch thicker than the rest of his cock. It was a true mushroom cock.

Alex on the other hand was long, so damn long but nowhere near the thickness of Patrick. The head of his cock barely tapered making the entire length the same width. Where Patrick only reached midway to his belly button, Alex was all the way up to his. And as she glanced back to see what he was doing at this moment she saw that he was also hard as stone and slowly guiding his hand along the beauty between his thighs. She desperately wanted to do that for him, wanted to taste him in the same way that she had Patrick. Felt a desperate urge to replace Patrick's taste with Alex's. What was it about this man that screamed at her and brought out emotions that she had never engaged in during sex before? It was much more than his pretty looks and that sexy British accent, though those were fantastic. No, it was something about the man himself that called out to the woman inside her, the one she tried to hide from everyone. She went to try and roll over to her hands and knees but both men stopped her.

"On your back this time baby," Patrick said. "I want to eat a little more of that sweet cream of yours before I slip my cock inside you." He glanced over at her as he stood up from the bed and reached for one of the condoms lying on the floor. "Are you okay with that? You want me to fuck you? Put my cock in that tight pussy until we both explode with pleasure?"

Damn he was good. A man who knew how to sway a woman to what he wanted.

And that southern boy charm was as evident as the Texas drawl that left his lips. Hell yeah she wanted him inside her but some devil inside her made her glance at Alex as if seeking permission. What the hell was up with that? That just pissed her off. He was nothing to her but a casual lay that she might or might not see again. But then Alex smiled at her and reached out to stroke her hair. And his voice, his voice was like warm water trickling over her sensitised skin.

"I want to see him fuck you as much as you want him to. Almost as much as he wants to. I want to watch him pleasure you, watch you come with him inside you." His fingers came up and traced over her lips. "And I want to feel this incredible mouth sucking my dick while he's doing it."

Maggie couldn't help it, she moaned deep in her throat and it came out sounding like a purr. Like she was a damn cat being stroked by her master. But damn it all she wanted that more than anything. She did her best to give him a sultry smile, arching her back up off the bed, her breasts reaching towards the ceiling and her legs spreading wide. Unfortunately she was facing the wrong way and her mouth was at Patrick and her thighs were spread by Alex. And the damn man grinned as if he knew she was trying to shake off the affect he was having on her. He reached his hand out and dipped it between her spread thighs, plunging two fingers into her sheath and spreading them to stroke along the walls as he thrust in and out with them. Maggie moaned and cried out realising just how sensitive she still was from sex with Alex. She closed her eyes and lost herself in his hands. She knew that it was Patrick at her breasts when a warm mouth wrapped one of her nipples and sucked greedily at it while fingers plucked at the other one. Then Alex's fingers disappeared and she did open them wide only to squeeze them tight when she felt his tongue taking over. His thumb played with her clit rubbing in lazy circles around the nub while his tongue plunged inside her pussy and undulated before he pulled it out and licked along her labia. God he was perfection there as well. Was there anything the man didn't know how to do? Then she just didn't care anymore as he brought her to the brink of orgasm and held her right there at the edge for what seemed an eternity before pushing her over.

She came in waves until her body felt like it was floating on the surface of a warm pool of water. She felt warm and secure, totally sated and damn it, happy. These were things she didn't associate with sex. Sex was sex. A need that the body required to expend certain energy. It was not about romance and heaven forbid she ever used the "L" word unless it was lust. What were they doing to her? What magic did one man have that he could even direct her pleasure at the hands of another? And why was she even now licking her lips with the anticipation of having him in her mouth? She flicked her eyes open but it wasn't the Cheshire grin on his



face like she expected. No, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were hooded. His face was still wet from her pussy and somehow she knew that he would not let her walk away until he was ready for her to. And that terrified her more than anything else in the world.

He walked slowly up to the foot of the bed where her head was and stopped far enough away that she could only look at him but not touch him yet. She licked her lips again and his eyes darkened from the sky blue to a deeper darker midnight shade. She heard the rip of a package and broke away from Alex's gaze to watch Patrick sheath his cock and move onto the bed between her legs. He lifted them high so that they were over his shoulders and bent over her, lining his cock up with her pussy. He ran the length up and down her labia coating his condom covered cock in her juices before tucking the head into her pussy and starting a slow in and out friction that had him sinking a little deeper inside her with every stroke. She closed her eyes and arched up further, wanting all of him buried in her now. She wanted him to fuck her to the point that she forgot about the other man in the room. But as if he read her mind, Alex's dark chuckle filled the room and she felt the liquid tip of his cock rubbing over her cheek. She kept still, kept her eyes squeezed shut and tried like mad to focus all her attention to what was happening between her thighs where Patrick was finally buried to the balls. Her sheath flexed around him trying to adjust to his width and his groan told her exactly how much he was enjoying that.

"Tight," Patrick rasped as he began a slow rhythm his hands planted firmly on the bed beside her hips. This was nothing like Alex's fast animalistic pace and damn it, where had that thought come from? "You're perfection Maggie. Sheer perfection. I could fuck you forever."

"Hmmm..." Alex spoke, his husky accent sending shivers over her and her eyes sprang open and locked with his. "Yes, she is sheer perfection Patrick. A woman made to be pleased and to give pleasure." He moved his cock along her cheek again and she couldn't stop her face from turning toward him and letting him coat her lips with the fluid already slipping from the head. "Open up Maggie. Open up and let me feel that wicked tongue caress me. Let me feel the back of your throat as you swallow me." He pushed gently against her lips and she knew that it was only a matter of seconds before she gave in, before she opened wide and took everything he had to give her. "Open up Maggie," Alex's eyes locked with hers and for a brief moment there was something there, some emotion that Maggie didn't think that either of them were ready to deal with. How the hell did you fall for someone in one moment of madness? Then the eyes changed and the plea became a demand as if he were afraid of the feelings charging the air between them as well. "Open up

Maggie and suck my dick.”

That was what she needed to hear, that thick British accent demanding to be pleased, not the husky plea of earlier. She needed it to be just about sex, just sex and mutual pleasure and nothing more. Never anything more. She opened wide and with one thrust he was filling her mouth and then some. Even when he hit the back of her throat there was still a bit of him that wouldn't fit in her mouth and she reached up to use her hand on that last bit. But Alex stopped her grasping her hands and leaning over her to brace them above her head while he continued to stroke in and out of her mouth.

“This is for my pleasure Maggie. I'm going to fuck these beautiful lips of yours and you're going to let me. Aren't you Maggie?”

She nodded her head frantically afraid that he would take it away if she didn't, afraid that he would make Patrick stop that slow torture between her thighs. Yes, this was just sex, dirty raunchy, nasty sex. This was just what she wanted.

Patrick took one hand up and used it to move one of her legs up so that they were both over one shoulder and thrust hard inside her. She cried out around Alex's flesh and glanced at Patrick. He grinned at her and somehow she knew that he had done that to get her attention focussed on him for a bit. Hell, she had it bad if even Patrick knew that she was fixated on Alex. His smile softened and she knew that he must be reading some of the fear and anxiety in her. That slow southern boy charm hid a very sharp mind and she had best start remembering that. Now that he had her attention he increased his rhythm until he was moving like a piston each hard thrust dragging along her sheath and bringing her that much closer to orgasm. She closed her eyes and felt Alex wrap his long fingers in her hair using them to keep her face and mouth at just the angle he wanted them. But Patrick was finally giving her what she needed from him, a hard, deep fucking that helped her push Alex to the outskirts of her mind and had her focusing on her pussy and the pleasure it was receiving. Yes, this was just what she needed, what she wanted. She hummed her pleasure around Alex's dick and felt him jerk as the vibrations moved along his shaft and down into his balls. She could actually feel the globes tightening against her chin and that made her feel triumphant, like she was pushing him toward the same pleasure she was reaching, like she was stealing his control. So she continued her humming while she undulated under Patrick trying desperately to push her hips up against him to intensify the invasion of his every thrust. This was pleasure, the bone deep kind that left you completely dazed and sated at the end. This was what she needed from them and what she needed to give them before she walked away. And she would walk away, no matter what was beginning between her and Alex. She would never give her father the pleasure of doing what he wanted. And God alone

knew that her hatred for that man would far outweigh her love... Oh hell no was she using that word. Her lust for any other man. Yeah, lust. That was all sex was ever about and all that it ever would be about as far as she was concerned. Men were a dime a dozen and there would be plenty of others in her life after she walked away from Alex. And Patrick.

Patrick slammed her back into the present with a stroke hard enough to make her tighten her teeth around Alex which had him crying out as well. Hell, he seemed to like her teeth if the flex of his shaft meant anything. So she nipped again allowing her natural instinct to take over while Patrick became an animal between her thighs. He was moving so fast now, his jaw tightened with the pleasure he was feeling. The drag of his cock burned her flesh and when he reached down and pushed against her clit with his thumb she exploded. Black dots danced at the edges of her vision and she screamed her pleasure. Alex pulled out of her mouth and she was almost ashamed of the teeth marks that showed on his length. But Patrick kept thrusting and each one sent her spiralling further into oblivion. She was on the edge of unconsciousness when she heard the roar and felt the shudder going through Patrick's body. His hips slammed into hers and held there with only small flexes as his cock thickened and burst inside her. His release triggered another one in her but it was only small waves and didn't have the intensity of the first one. He stayed there for a moment lost in his own pleasure and then his chocolate brown eyes opened and for just a moment they looked sad.

He eased her legs off of his shoulders and bent down over her until his face was in front of hers. "Thanks Maggie. You're incredible." With that he kissed her lightly on the lips, just a touch from his to hers and then he was pulling away, pulling out and leaving the bed. "I'm hitting the shower," he tossed over his shoulder to Alex and without a single look back he was gone.

"Maybe I should go to?" Maggie said and started to rise from the bed. But Alex was there and easily pushed her back to her back. He was strong but she knew that it was because she really didn't want to leave. She knew what was coming and she wanted it more than anything.

Then he was there, back between her legs only this time he was above her instead of behind her. This time there would be no hiding the emotions flitting across her face as he took her body and gave it everything that it had been longing for. This time there would be no pretending it was meaningless sex with a stranger although that was exactly what it should be.

Alex thrust into her and she gasped at the feel of him wondering at how great he felt. The second thrust made her eyes flash wide as she realised what the sensation was. Skin on skin. Naked flesh inside naked flesh. He wasn't wearing a condom and

she had never had sex without protection in her life. She wanted to let him keep going, she was on the pill but that would only make it that much harder to walk away when the time came.

“You’re...You’re not wearing anything,” she whispered and heard his harsh expletive split the air. So he hadn’t realised it either. She heard the rip of a package and then he was back inside her the condom doing nothing to change the sensations of what he was doing but somehow managing to dull the emotions churning inside her. Her last coherent thought was that she would be okay as long as he didn’t kiss her. Then she locked eyes with him again and as his head lowered toward hers she knew that after this her entire life would be changed. Nothing would ever be the same for her after Alex.

## **Chapter Four**

The only thing Alex knew in that moment was that he had to kiss Maggie. He rarely did that somehow feeling that a kiss was too intimate in his casual sexual affairs. But he needed Maggie’s kiss like he needed food, water, air. And then his lips were on hers and when she gasped against him he slipped his tongue inside the tender lips that had nursed his cock so well just moments before. He touched her teeth and remembered the feel of them nipping and biting at his shaft as he pumped between her plump lips. Then he was caressing her tongue with his and after a slight hesitation, almost as if she was as unused to kissing as he was, she was rubbing along his tongue as well. He held her close refusing to let her mouth go until they were both gasping for breath.

He moved his lips along her jaw and then down the arched column of her throat. He could taste the unique essence of her sweat on her skin, and the smell of their sex filled his nostrils. This was what it meant to make love to a woman. This was what it felt like when there was more than lust involved in the physical act. This was making love and it rocked him to his core. In all his life he had never made love to a woman. He’d had sex with numerous women, some who knew what he did and some who only guessed. It was the James Bond syndrome, or at least that’s what his buddies and he used to refer to it as. When you worked for MI6 you were often surrounded by beautiful women and rarely did they say no. Some of their cases took them to great places and some buried them in places that no man would ever willingly go.

Hell it was a woman that had him playing private eye with his buddy in Texas and no longer a member of MI6. He’d left it all behind when one of his friends and

colleagues had been shot and killed on one of their cases. Shot and killed when he should have been with him. Instead Alex had been wrapped between the legs of a woman who was doing her job a lot better than he was. She'd kept him long enough to make him exactly ten minutes late, ten minutes that had cost his buddy his life. When he had arrived his buddy was the only one there and he had been lying in a pool of blood. It was a vision that haunted Alex's dreams often. He had completed the case and made damn sure that those responsible had gotten just what they deserved. But he had crossed lines during the case and for him, there was no going back. And his superior had known it or at least considered it because he hadn't been surprised when Alex had tendered his resignation. He would never be completely free of MI6, that was the nature of the agency. But for now he was on his own doing his best to deal with what he had done.

He glanced at the woman beneath him, the sheer beauty of her face, the feel of her warm flesh against his and for the first time in a long time Alex felt alive. And somehow it was all due to this woman. He may have just met her. Hell, he may know absolutely nothing about her but one thing he did know. He would do whatever it took to keep her in his life, in his bed because she was the only woman that had ever managed to find a way into his heart.

He took her lips again and invaded her mouth like a marauder searching for treasure. And she was full of treasure. Her taste, the feel of her hands on his shoulders and stroking up and down his spine, the rake of her nails, the rasp of her nipples, and the clasp of her thighs on his hips was his entire world right now. He was completely enmeshed in this moment, in this woman. And more than anything he didn't want to let go.

It was more than sex between them this time and he wrapped himself in the moment. The slow glide of his dick deep inside her, so deep that he felt as if they were one person at times. The soft sighs that left her lips almost as if against her will. But mostly it was the warmth that filled him up and overflowed. The beat of his heart seemed to be in synch with hers and, God help him, but he didn't want this to end, didn't want them to find their pleasure and find release. He wanted to keep them right here, right now, for as long as possible. He pushed deep and held still enjoying the sheer feel of her capturing and holding him inside. Her gorgeous green eyes flicked open again and he locked on them as he took her mouth again. And when she responded immediately this time she sealed her own fate. That one unguarded moment let him know that she was feeling the same thing that he was. This time when she tried to encourage him to move faster and harder he knew exactly what she was trying to do. She was trying to make him like every other unemotional sexual encounter she had ever had. But this time he wasn't complying.

This time he was demanding everything from her and the more she fought it the more he wanted it. In the aftermath he held her close, something he had never done before with any other woman and wasn't even surprised when he felt the wetness of her tears on his chest.

He glanced up as Patrick left the bathroom fully dressed and nodded as his friend headed to the door and left him alone with Maggie. His buddy knew that there was something more between him and Maggie and being the gentleman he was he left to give them some time alone. Oh, Patrick had enjoyed Maggie and if Alex and Maggie wanted, he was sure that Patrick would join them again. But for now he needed to make Maggie see that there had to be a next time. He had to make her believe that he was more than a casual encounter.

Her tears stopped and Maggie tried to pull away from him. Alex held her tight and refused to let her put physical distance between them when she was already doing a good job of putting emotional distance between them. He placed his fingers beneath her jaw and tilted her face so that he could see it. She refused to meet his eyes but the watery brilliance along with the tear tracks on her cheeks made him bend down to place kisses there. She was beauty in every way. The woman even looked gorgeous when she cried.

"Look at me Maggie," Alex coaxed and took the shudder that rolled through her body into his as she finally met his eyes. He was shocked by the look in her eyes. She looked so sad and for the life of him he couldn't figure out why. "What's wrong baby? What's bothering you?"

Maggie shook her head, her lips sealed.

"I know that you felt it too Maggie. I know that this was more than just sex for you and I'm not going to let you pretend otherwise." Her eyes flicked up to his again and he didn't check the impulse to bend down and take her mouth again. He could taste her tears and they humbled him as nothing else could. "I want to know you Maggie. I want to know everything about you. Your hopes and dreams. Your worries and fears. I want to know that you're not just a dream. I want you." He knew that he was revealing things that he shouldn't but this woman made him give what he never had before.

"I can't." Maggie shuddered against him and her chin wobbled as a lone tear made its way down her cheek. "Don't you see that I can't let him win? I can't let him get his way."

"Who?" Alex demanded and he didn't care that his voice was rough and hard at the moment. Some other man was causing Maggie's anxiety and he would take care of that immediately. Maggie was his woman now, whether she realised it yet or not.

"Who is going to win? What are you talking about Maggie?"

"He wants me to seduce one of you and marry you. He demanded that I put the company first and do what my duty was." She looked as if her heart was breaking but she kept his gaze and didn't look away. "I've spent my whole life trying to please him, trying to make him proud. But it was never enough. I was never enough. Because I was a woman. And now I find myself wanting to do this, wanting to be with you. But once again he's the ghost in the room. And I can't. I just can't, Alex."

"What are you talking about Maggie? Who wants you to seduce one of us and marry us? You're not making any sense." Alex was totally lost in this conversation except for the fact that she said that she wanted to marry him. Instead of scaring the hell out of him it made his heart beat faster and opened a place in his heart that he hadn't been aware was empty.

"My father Alex. The man you met today. The man who ordered me from the room before he spoke with you and Patrick. He wants me to seduce you and marry you so that he can have the man he wants take over his company. And no matter what I think I might be feeling for you, I can't do what he wants. I can't." Maggie was almost crying again and if the shaking of her body was any indication this was taking a lot out of her.

Alex lay there for a moment holding her close while he waded through what she was saying and where he had met her until everything clicked into place. Then he threw his head back and laughed and laughed. He felt Maggie stiffen up next to him and only squeezed her closer when she tried to pull away. This was sheer perfection. "Your father is Dom Alexander Houston." It was a statement but he looked down at her waiting for the slight nod before he laughed again. "Oh sweetheart, I'm the last man your dad would want you to hook up with. And Patrick would be a close second." Maggie started to open her mouth, to argue with him probably but he took her mouth with a kiss again. Lord, he couldn't get enough of this woman.

"Where did you go when you left the room?"

"I went to my office and packed my stuff up. I didn't plan to do what he wanted so I emptied my few personal items out of the office and took them out to my car. I'm not going back to the office, to the house, or to him. I'll find a job elsewhere and make a life for myself away from him and everything to do with him." She had fire in her green eyes and she was making his dick twitch again though he had already had her twice in the last hour and a half.

"Had you stuck around you would have met the two men that your father was waiting for. I'm sure that both of them were exactly what your dad was planning for you." He laughed again at the look of confusion on her face. "I don't know why I didn't put it together when I saw you in the office and he called you Margaret. I

should have but I seem to have trouble thinking of much of anything around you. Except being inside you, your body, your mind, your very soul."

"What are you talking about Alex? What other men?" Maggie shook her head but there was no hiding the shining light of hope that shone from her eyes now.

"When your father found out why we were there he sent us away as soon as he could. On our way out there were two other men there that his secretary was telling that he wasn't seeing anyone else today. She must have confused us with them," Alex shrugged and grinned down at Maggie. "But then he surely didn't hire her for her secretarial skills."

Maggie giggled and buried her head in his shoulder sharing the joke with him. "He must have been very angry with her. Guess she won't be the flavour of the month too much longer." She giggled again and looked up at him then seemed to realise what else he had said. "What were you there for? Why would he send you away?"

"Have you ever wondered about your mother's family Maggie? Have you ever wanted to meet them and get to know them?"

Maggie's eyes went sad again as she shook her head. "Dom made sure that I knew that they didn't want anything to do with me. They never saw mom and didn't even come to her funeral." She stopped as Alex shook his head gently denying what she was saying.

"Lies, Maggie. All lies. Your Grandmother and the rest of your family had no idea that your mother was even dead until recently when one of your cousins started doing genealogy and came across her obituary. They had no idea about your mother's death or anything else. Your Grandmother said that it was like she disappeared when she married your dad." He leaned down and kissed her softly on the lips, just a gentle brush of his against hers. "She wasn't even sure that you existed." "So you're a private investigator or something?" Maggie asked as emotions rolled through her. She had a family, a real family. A Grandmother and cousins and all that. She had more than her dad. "They hired you to find me?"

"Your grandmother hired us to find out about you and your mother. She wants to meet you but most importantly she wants to know that you are okay." Alex smiled down at her and she wondered how a British sex god got hooked up as a private investigator with a smooth southern boy. She sensed that there was a hell of a story behind it, one that he would eventually share with her. "So what do you say Maggie. Want to go meet your other family? Want to go with me and see what happens?"

"Yes," she breathed and she knew that he understood what she was saying yes to by the smile that took over his face. He was everything she'd been searching for alright and now she was going to grab on with both hands and see where this took



her. She'd never really had a relationship that was more than a casual thing and would be lying if she tried to pretend that she wasn't afraid.

"So what was your plan Maggie? Were you going to sleep with both men and then walk away from both of them?"

"Something like that." She smiled up at him and laughed when he gave her a mock glare.

"Well you're lucky that you got the wrong two men baby. I'm not going to deny the shock of jealousy that goes through me at the thought of you with anyone else."

"Even Patrick?" She questioned and actually giggled again when he smacked her on the butt.

"Oh, I'm sure that we could persuade Patrick to join us again for the occasional ménage as long as you realise one thing."

"What?" Maggie asked.

"That Maggie's ménage is Alex's too," he murmured and rolled over pulling her atop him. His cock was long and full between her and she needed no encouragement to mount up. He reached blindly along the bed for a condom and ripped it open. She rose reluctantly off his flesh only long enough for him to roll the condom into place before she took him inside again. "Not without me baby. Not without me there to protect you and make sure that you are taken care of."

"Not without you," she agreed thinking that she would never need a ménage again as long as she had him in her life. "Never without you."

## Epilogue

"Where the hell have you been young lady?" Dom demanded as Maggie entered the room. He was appalled that his daughter was in jeans and sandals with a casual shirt. She looked common.

"Why I've been busy daddy dearest," Maggie cooed and it was then that he noticed the rock on her finger.

"So you married one of them. Which one was it?" Dom demanded. He'd of course have to make them redo the wedding vows, a big society splash filled with all the right people but at least the girl had finally shown some common sense and done what he'd ordered.

"I didn't marry either of those men."

"Well, who then? Who did you marry Margaret?" Dom could feel the vein pounding in his temple and knew that his face was turning red with anger.

"Do you remember the two men that came into the office the last time I was here? The two that were sent to discuss things with you?" Maggie smiled up at him when

he snarled at her.

"What the hell have you done you stupid little girl? Those weren't the ones you were supposed to entice. Can't you do anything right? Do I have to do everything for you?" He turned away and moved behind the desk. "I'll take care of the dissolution. Just tell me where the ceremony took place and I'll get you out of this mess."

"San Antonio," she murmured and waited for the bomb to drop in the room as her father processed that bit of information. When understanding lit his eyes she just grinned and nodded her head at him. "That's right. I've met the family you tried to keep from me. I've met them and they're wonderful."

"You don't know what you're talking about. Your mother couldn't wait to get away from them," he declared.

"Because she thought your money would buy her happiness. She learned a different lesson though, didn't she?" Maggie's eyes went cold now as she took in the man in front of her. It was amazing what a little bit of knowledge and distance could make you see. He was nothing. And she had spent too much of her life trying to please nothing.

"You're just as stupid as your mother," her father thundered as he stood from behind the desk planting his meaty fists on the surface and leaning towards her. She was almost afraid that Alex would enter the room and hoped that Patrick would keep him out there waiting for her instead of helping him into the room. And just the thought of Alex made her smile and release the rest of the pain at having a father who didn't love her, who saw her as nothing more than a possession.

"No, I'm nothing like my mother, not anymore, and never again. It took me long enough but I've finally realised something that she never did." Maggie looked again at her father and felt a deep sadness for him. As much as he surrounded himself by people and things when he died he would be all alone. And he had no one to blame except himself.

"What is it that you think you've learned little girl?" he demanded but the bluster had dimmed and she realised that he knew she was leaving.

"That money means nothing if you don't have someone to enjoy it with. That life is more than wearing the right thing and going to the right places, being seen with the right people. But more importantly, I've learned that I don't have to spend my life trying to please a man who will never be happy."

"You'll regret this little outburst Margaret and you'll come crawling back to me begging for my help."

Maggie just smiled and shook her head. "No. I'm doing the one thing that my mother never could. I'm walking away and I'm not looking back." With that she

turned to leave the room barely hearing her father bellowing her name. All she could think of was that just outside that door was the man she loved, the man she'd married after two weeks. As she pushed the door open and saw Alex's face a smile lit her face from the inside out and she ran to him. This was the life she'd always dreamed of. And to think she found it all in the heat of a ménage.

## **About the Author**

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small town Indiana the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look. So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending to do list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey. It's your world...unlaced.

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