

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Death by  
*Sex*

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Death by Sex

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# *DEATH BY SEX*

**Ari Thatcher**

## Chapter One

*Why the fuck did she have to marry my ex?*

Joely Nelson lowered the bouquet of roses just a touch to keep from sneezing at the heavy perfume. She looked anywhere but at the happy couple. She had to admit she was pleased her sister Shanna had found someone to love. And it had been six years since she and Derrick broke up. So there was no problem, really.

Then why was she dying to get drunk?

The minister read his way through the ceremony and Joely shifted her weight off her toes to soothe a bit of the ache. She stole a glance across the altar where the groomsmen, Tucker Brennan and Beck Pelligrino, towered over Derrick. Tucker's black hair was shorter than the last time she'd seen him at the college graduation bash on the beach. Beck's blond curls were a bit longer.

Why hadn't she dated either of them? Damn, they looked so much hotter than Derrick. Always had, now that she thought about it.

As if hearing her thoughts, Tucker met her gaze and winked. Joely's eyes widened before she smiled and turned back to the ceremony. Nothing like getting caught checking out the merchandise. She prayed the ceremony would be over soon, as it was suddenly too warm in the front of the banquet room.

Surely the hotel had the air conditioning on, even if it was early June and the real heat hadn't hit yet. The last thing she needed was to have sweat rivulets soak through the pale pink satin bodice, especially before the formal pictures were taken. She'd better keep her eyes off the groomsmen, just to be safe. The warmest part of her at the moment was between her legs.

Her eyes rolled upward to study the fake pink roses on the backdrop set up at the front of the large reception hall. With crossed drapes of chiffon and faux ivy draped

between the Grecian columns, the plain walls were camouflaged well. The roses and pale pink lilies added color to the greenery and matched the flowers in her sister's bouquet.

From the corner of her eye, she again checked out the guys standing opposite her and her cousin. She had to admit, a man in a black tux looked hot, even if she wasn't a formal type girl. They seemed even taller, more polished and worldly. Not that those two were hicks, by any means. There was just something even more...appetizing, seeing them like this, rather than in jeans.

As her knees began to ache, the minister announced, "I now present Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Rice." The deejay played the bridal march as the guests rose and began clapping. Shanna and her new husband descended the few steps off the platform and walked to the head table, arm in arm.

Joely placed her hand on Tucker's forearm and he escorted her to a small table off to the side. She looked at him, curious, and asked, "Aren't we supposed to sit at the head table?"

"I saw your face up there and figured you'd prefer to be anywhere but at a table with your sister and Derrick." He held her chair for her.

She tugged the big, butt-beefing bow up a bit higher, lifted her hem and poured every ounce of what little grace she owned into sitting. She reached the chair successfully, except for the fact that she hadn't hoisted enough of the skirt and now the bodice threatened to become a cummerbund.

As discreetly as possible, she lifted her butt off the seat and wriggled her dress back up to the general vicinity of her armpits.

"Having problems there, little one?" Beck came around the table and sat opposite her, setting down his beer. He had deposited her cousin Deedee, the other bridesmaid, at the head table with the rest of the family.

When had he become so broad and brawny? Yummy.

"I'm just losing my dress, is all."

The guys exchanged grins and Tucker said, "So soon? You haven't even had a drink yet."

Joely rolled her eyes at the reference to their college partying days. "It was only one time, and I didn't lose it, I knew exactly where it was." Still, her cheeks flamed at the memory that these guys had seen her sans dress. Sans pretty much everything, if she didn't count her thong, and there really hadn't been enough of it to count for anything.

Tucker burst out laughing, drawing glances from nearby tables, then lowered his voice. "Everyone knew where it was – dangling from the chandelier."

She pressed her thighs together at the damp response to the heat in both pairs of brown eyes across the table. "So, tell me, what have Derrick's old roomies been up to?"

The servers brought their salads as the guys filled her in on where they moved after college. "I heard Shanna say you've moved back to this area," Beck said, after swallowing his drink.

"Yes. The brokerage I worked for closed its doors and I felt like I was ready to come home." She smiled, relieved to be able to say it now without hiding her eyes. She looked forward to the next step in life, wherever it took her. Thankfully, she had been cautious in her personal investments and had enough to carry her another six months before she had to worry.

Tucker studied her with narrowed eyes for a moment as he blindly stabbed at a cherry tomato. "Remind me before we leave tomorrow. I know a place you should look into."

She nodded and smiled. Maybe she should have kept in touch with her school friends after graduation. There was much to be said for networking.

Beck's foot brushed against hers under the table. "Sorry, little one."

She tucked her feet back under her chair. At five-nine, it had been such a treat to hear that big lug call her "little one". Derrick stood only an inch taller than she, unlike his buddies who were closer to six-two or -three. She still had to look up to see their eyes while wearing her tallest heels.

Tucker stood. "I forgot to get us a drink. What would you like, Joely?"

From the corner of her eye she saw Shanna lean over and suck face with Derrick in as long and sloppy a kiss as one could do with one's minister sitting nearby. "Something deadly," she answered and offered him a sugary smile.

He winked and made his way through the tables toward the bar.

"Looking to get drunk?" Beck asked, setting down his fork and pushing his plate aside.

"Isn't that what weddings are for? Getting drunk and having 'I'm not lonely' sex with a total stranger?"

His eyes smiled and his tongue swiped across his lips before the grin reached his mouth. "What do they call it when it's not with a stranger?"

Tucker spoke from behind her. "Death by Sex." He set a highball glass down in front of Joely.

"What is this?" she asked, eyeing the fruity-looking concoction.

"Death by Sex. I told the bartender you wanted something deadly and this is what he made." He sank into his seat and took a swig from his tall glass of what looked like dark ale.

She bit her tongue, wishing she could lean over and suck the foamy head off his upper lip. "I can't think of a better way to go." She held up her glass and offered a toast. "To old friends."

"Watch who you're calling old," Beck grumbled, then took a drink. "Just because I graduated a year ahead of you two..."

She recognized the teasing glint in his eye and realized how much she missed the laughter they had shared as a group. Life had been perfect then, three outrageously handsome men at her side, keeping her safe and happy.

Her drink went down warm and smooth, very close to the way Tucker's voice hit her ears.

"I take it you're single these days?" he asked.

Joely nodded and shoved a fork full of salad in her mouth. *I will not play the poor me card.* Crunching the clump of iceberg lettuce stalled things for only a few moments. "How 'bout you two? No brides in waiting?" Neither had come with a guest, she knew that much. And what was that look passing between them?

Beck answered. "No, we recently ended our relationships."

That was weird, his speaking for them both. As she gulped down the last of her cocktail, Beck stood. "I'll take care of this. I could stand a refill, too."

Setting aside her salad, she glanced around the room at old friends and family. What was it about weddings that made everyone seem happy? She gnawed on the corner of her mouth. Weddings sucked, period.

"Remind me never to marry," she said a little louder than she intended.

"Have something against marriage?" Tucker asked, scooting his chair a little closer.

"No, just weddings. Everyone has to dress up and play nice and pretend they aren't placing bets on which of the newlyweds will have an affair first."

Beck set her fresh drink down in front of her and laughed. "Have some more Sex, it'll cure everything."

"Doesn't it, though?" The peach and almond liqueurs were so rich and sweet, she was feeling better already, and she downed only half the glass that time.

"Slow down, little one, the night is young."

She sighed as the tension in her shoulders melted and she sank back into the uncomfortable chair. Beck's foot nudged hers beneath the table, and this time she didn't pull away. She slipped off the dyed-to-match mules and snagged his pant leg with her toes. His right eyebrow lifted in that way of his that used to make her feel guilty for the flutters it inspired. Hopefully Derrick had never noticed.

Drawing in another deep breath, she tucked her feet under her chair and played with the swizzle stick in her glass. Tucker's fingers came to rest on her thigh and she



almost opened her legs to his touch. Closing her eyes, she tried to bite back a smile but failed, as the thought of test-driving each of the groomsmen sent ripples of sensation through her breasts.

"I wonder what inspired that grin," Tucker commented.

"Should we ask her?"

"You can ask, but that doesn't mean I'll answer." She looked from one pair of dark, questioning eyes to the other. Tucker's hand slid higher on her leg and Beck's foot sought hers out again.

"We have ways of making you talk." The deep rumble of Tucker's voice in her ear sent shivers down her side and she broke into giggles.

Joely wiggled in her chair, trying to calm the gooseflesh. Was it possible to orgasm from just a man's voice? Her eyes widened and she sat up straight. *Can't orgasm here.* "I, uh, was just thinking about the reception. I wonder if anyone will dance."

The main course plates were served and Joely dug into hers, knowing she needed sustenance to battle the alcohol. Sure, getting drunk was her plan, but passing out in the reception hall wasn't. Especially given the odds that she might end up with one of these two gorgeous creatures.

Her two companions ate silently, watching her and exchanging an occasional meaningful glance. She wished she could speak guy-looks, she was dying to know what they were up to.

"So, you guys are in Seattle now. What is it you do there?"

"We teach established companies how to use the latest technology to improve their workflow and marketing methods." Tucker glanced from her to Beck.

"That sounds interesting," she commented.

Beck added, "We deal mostly with the mom and pop type businesses that don't have a large enough demand for their own tech personnel. They outsource those areas

to us and are able to compete with companies that have younger, more tech-savvy employees.”

She nodded, thinking again about what line of work she would end up in. Swallowing the mouthful of chicken, she put the thought aside. Employment worries could wait until Monday. Right now she needed to get through the reception.

Just as Joely began to grow restless, the tables were cleared and the deejay called for the bride and her father to step out on the dance floor. Joely’s heart tugged when she saw her father struggle to keep tears at bay. It was written on his face, the tight lips, the tense brow. He was giving his baby away.

Would he look like that at her wedding? She frowned and reached for her drink. “I’m not getting married,” she muttered.

“I think we covered that already.” Tucker toyed with the ringlets at the nape of her neck, again sending chills down her side.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to say that out loud. So who’s going to refresh my drink?” She lifted her glass and glanced between the men. Beck rose and took the glass. Tucker slid his chair even closer and leaned down to her ear.

“I guess it’s pretty painful to see them together.”

She watched her father hand off Shanna to Derrick, who swept her in a graceful turn. Seeing them happy didn’t really hurt. “No, not really.” So what was bothering her?

“Then why the need to get drunk?”

She looked over her shoulder where his chin hovered, his lips close enough to nibble her ear lobe. His lips...why had she never kissed him? His mouth was so lush, so expressive. Her tongue slipped out to moisten her smile and she debated just moving in for a small taste of him.

Not here, she reminded herself. Good lord, wouldn't that send the old hens cackling. "The bride's sister was making out with a groomsman right there in the middle of the reception!"

Forcing her gaze up, she saw the familiar Roman nose, and those melted chocolate eyes. She recognized the laughter there and knew Tucker was enjoying this whole thing.

"I don't think getting drunk is what I'm after," she confessed, surprised that her voice was as breathy as Marilyn's happy birthday to JFK. "I think getting laid would do better."

He didn't blink, she gave him credit. "And did you have anyone special in mind to take care of your need?"

Joely couldn't breathe, couldn't get her mouth to work, as it sunk in that she could have either one of these hot male specimens in her bed. How the hell was she going to choose between them? "I, uh, haven't decided yet. I'll be sure to let you know."

Beck drew her attention his way as he set down their drinks. "Isn't it tradition that the bridesmaid dances with the ushers?" He held out a hand and waited.

"I'm sure they're required to do something together," she agreed as she slipped on her shoes and took his hand.

He whirled her out among the dancing couples in a move that put Derrick's to shame. His right hand held her left, his left rode low on her back, and he pulled her close enough for her to feel the ridge of his interest digging into her belly. Desire pooled inside as it stroked against her.

"Don't tell me you brought along a roll of quarters to do laundry tonight," she teased.

Beck laughed. "Quarters? I should think half-dollars, at least. You wound me."

"I'd ask if it was all for me, but I'd hate to make you lie."

His hand moved lower, tangling with the bow from hell on her ass before cupping her cheek. The spark of heat flashing through her pussy struck just as his cock hardened more. "You always were a sweetheart, Beck. How come we never hooked up?"

"You were too busy mooning over whatshisname there, the guy tonguing your sister on the dance floor."

Joely tried to not look around Beck's shoulder as they turned, but her curiosity was too strong to fight. Sure enough, the happy couple was lip-locked and barely swaying to the music. "They should get a room," she muttered.

"I think they have one, little one. That's the whole point of this party, isn't it?"

She had a room, too, but hers was a solo booking. She turned back to Beck and tightened her grip around his shoulder, forcing her breasts into his chest. Without even looking, she knew the maneuver beat any enhancement a push-up bra could offer. "I do seem to recall a tradition of tons of sex following a wedding."

"Who am I to mess with tradition?"

The song ended, and before Beck could talk her into a second dance, Tucker grabbed her hand and swung her out of his reach. "My turn."

The breeze stirred up by her whirling skirt wrapped her in a heady mix of expensive cologne, soap, and Tucker's own scent. *Damn, he smells good.* Her nipples tightened and she fought the urge to brush her breasts across his lapels. "I don't think I've ever been fought over," she said.

"Who says we're fighting? Beck and I can always find a fair solution to a problem like that."

She pushed back against his arm to allow her to look up at him. Bad move. His lips twitched at the corner, making her want to lick them into submission. "How diplomatic of you."

"Sure. Why waste time arguing when there's a delicious dessert to dig into?"

"Who have you been digging into?"

He bent down and exhaled softly in her ear before answering. "A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

Joely didn't think she could blame her drinks for the mental images of being passed back and forth between the two hunks. What would they do, draw straws to see who got to go first? Would she be sent between hotel rooms, or did the odd man out watch?

The temperature in the room continued to climb. Luckily, the song ended and she caught Tucker's eye before he handed her off. "I need a drink."

Her bottomless cocktail sat full and waiting, rivulets of condensation flowing almost as quickly as her own juices. She took a few swallows, paused, saw Beck and Tucker standing on either side of her and gulped down the rest.

She loved the contrasts between the two of them. Tucker's dark coloring against Beck's tan and blond. Beck was a coordinator, he's always been the one to plan their group outings. He knew where the parties were, and which would offer a better night of fun. Tucker was the sensitive one. Even more than Derrick had, Tucker comforted her when life's little turmoils sprang up. Brought chicken soup when she was sick. His broad shoulders were so much better than a girlfriend's to cry on.

After another half-glass of Death, the ceremony grew fuzzy when they cut the cake, and somewhat foggy by the time the bouquet toss came. A young cousin dragged Joely out onto the floor, forcing her to stand among the hopeful brides-to-be. "But I'm not getting married," she slurred, to no one in particular.

The bouquet couldn't have been aimed more directly at her and she had to weave to the side to avoid it. One of Shanna's friends snatched it up, squealing in delight. Joely wiped her brow melodramatically and turned back to her table.

Beck and Tucker didn't share her dread of walking down the aisle, and stood in the middle of the single men, watching Derrick slide his hand up his bride's thigh. Shanna slapped him away, giggling, before she let him draw the garter down her leg and off her foot. He tossed it high and it seemed to hover for a moment before dropping into

the clutch of bachelors. Taller than the rest, Beck and Tucker both stretched up to snag it.

Both succeeded.

They laughed and made a play for the photographer's camera of graciously offering the frilly blue band to the other man.

Back at the table Joely sighed, wondering who the lucky girl was who would land either of these guys. It was a good thing she wasn't interested, because there was no way she could choose between them, at least not on a permanent basis.

When Tucker pulled back his chair to sit, she held up her glass and rattled the ice cubes. "I seem to have run out again."

He took the glass and set it out of her reach, pulling her up by her extended hand. "I think you've had plenty."

She sighed. "But the reception's not over."

Beck came around to her other side. "It is for you, Cinderella. No one will notice if you slip out now. Come on."

His hand on her elbow was gentle, coaxing, not insistent. "I guess there's always room service. Or the mini bar," she decided, walking out of the hall between the guys.

While they waited for the elevator, she began to hum the tune that was stuck in her head. Swaying her hips, she watched her skirt flare in the reflection in the polished metal doors. She became aware of the stays of her strapless bra digging into her ribs, and tugged at the sides.

"Easy there, little one, we're not in your room yet."

She giggled and looked for the overhead light fixture in the alcove off the lobby. "It's okay, there's no chandelier." She threw an arm on Beck's shoulder and leaned heavily on him.

The elevator doors dinged open and the guys steered her aboard. Once inside, she wrapped her arms around both waists and tried to hug them, but they stood too firmly in place. "Hmmm."

"What's on your mind?" Tucker's deep tones rippled down her left side and she wriggled at the sensation.

"I'm trying to decide which one of you gets to sleep with me."

## **Chapter Two**

Neither man responded. Joely swallowed the thought that neither one wanted her. She'd felt Beck's erection while they danced, squirmed under Tucker's hand on her thigh. Of course they wanted her. They were men and men always wanted sex.

"Which makes a better lover, a blond or brunet?" She looked from one to the other, toying with the locks around their ears. Catching their reflections in the metal doors, she let her eyes drop to Beck's crotch. "And is he a real blond?"

The sliding doors took away the gorgeous reflections in front of her and the two men urged her out. Tucker lifted her tiny beaded purse from her wrist, opened it and removed her key card.

Joely's breasts tightened when she realized the moment had come. Which man did she want?

Tucker entered and held the door, Beck nudged her forward and followed. She kicked her heels off, letting them fall where they landed, and reached for her hair.

Beck caught her hands, bringing one to his lips. He rubbed her knuckles lightly across the warmth of his mouth, and a current shot up her arm and straight to her core.

"No fair bribing the judge," she said after clearing her throat.

"Judge?" His brows raised and he turned her hand to kiss her palm.

"Sure, I have to choose which one I want."

Tucker moved in behind her, floating feather-soft touches across her shoulders. Joely shivered and pushed back toward him.

"What if we don't agree with your decision?" Tucker asked.

"Well, I suppose I would really have to, um, sample the wares of each of you before I could make a decision."



“Good idea, little one.” Beck stepped still closer, his mouth capturing hers in a kiss that was possessive, demanding, and made her groan her arousal. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, wanting him deeper inside her. Her tongue met his and moved past, tasting the sweetness of him.

Hands battled the massive bow to cup her buttocks, kneading and spreading her flesh before sliding around to her hips. Those hands drew her back and Tucker’s arousal nudged between her cheeks. She rocked her hips against him, then forward where she collided with Beck’s rock-hard cock.

A moan escaped her, need outweighing thought as her panties grew wetter. The twin cocks pushed tightly against her now, sandwiching her between them. She pulled her lips away from Beck and sucked in air and lucidity. “Wait!”

Holding Beck shoulders for stability, she stood panting as she tried to gain control over her body. “What are we doing?”

Tucker nuzzled her neck and licked her earlobe. “I thought that was pretty obvious. Has it been that long since you had sex?”

Joely rolled her head back to rest on his shoulder, closing her eyes and just enjoying the feeling of them. A laugh escaped her from deep within. Beck lowered the zipper on the side of her gown and her dress slipped off her breasts and dropped to the floor. “Since I had sex...no. Since I had sex with two men at the same time, well, yeah. Like, never.”

Beck’s index finger toyed with the lacy edge of her flesh-colored strapless bra, teasing her hardened nipple to show itself above the demi-cup. “Do you want one of us to go?”

She opened her eyes, raised them to Beck’s and lost herself in the mocha richness. Those eyes, that man, had been there through all her years at college, and a good six months after. Anything she needed, if Derrick hadn’t taken care of it, Beck had.

The same with Tucker. She’d forgotten what it felt like to have the security they brought her while she was in love with their best friend. She’d been the queen and they,

her royal knights. Lifting her arms, she caught Tuck's head behind her, combed her fingers through the coarse black hair. "No, I don't."

The catch on her bra snapped open as if on cue and Beck freed her breasts, cupping them, plucking at her hard nubs. "You don't know how much I wanted to touch these at all those parties in college when you felt overdressed."

"It wasn't—" Her voice caught, pain and arousal stabbing through her when he nipped her. She arched, offering herself to his touch, his feasting. When she could breath again she continued, "I didn't strip that often."

Behind her, Tucker stroked slowly down her back, rubbing a knuckle in the curve above her ass. Her hips rocked back to encourage him. His lips brushed her shoulder, following the trail his hand traveled, his tongue sampling her skin as it went.

Her panties slid down ever so slowly, cool air hitting the moisture between her legs. She felt Tucker's breath on her left cheek moments before he bit her. She cried out, but her hips thrust back for more.

"I think we need to get more comfortable," Beck said, backing away.

Joely focused on the room again and noticed both men were fully dressed. "You can start by removing some layers. Talk about unfair advantage, you guys can touch but I can't."

She grabbed Tucker's hand and followed Beck to the king-size bed. The alcohol seemed to have evaporated some, clearing her head, but she was no less horny than she'd been in the reception hall. Standing at the foot of the bed, she grabbed Tucker by his bow tie and pulled his head down to her kiss. His arms wrapped around her shoulders, pinning her against his chest.

Her hands got busy between them loosening, unbuttoning, and finally unzipping. She reached inside his shorts to wrap her hand around the thick cock she'd felt against her ass. The feel of his wet tip sent quivers through her womb as she rubbed her thumb across the slit, spreading the moisture.

With her breasts and lips pressed so firmly against him, she wasn't sure which of them moaned, the vibration rippling through her. Without breaking their kiss, he tugged his pants and shorts down and kicked them off.

Beck's naked body slipped in between Joely's backside and the bed, brushing against her hip as he passed. His fingers stroked her thighs, around her butt cheeks and along her crack. She grew wetter, hotter and whimpered into Tucker's mouth.

"What's the matter, sweets?" he asked. He kissed the corner of her mouth, her nose, outlined her lips with his tongue.

"I need something inside me," she begged.

"Something, like this?" Beck spread her folds and drove his finger straight in to her slick and ready pussy.

"Or this?" Tucker moved in from the front, teasing her clit and sliding in to join Beck's finger.

She gasped, thrusting her breasts up, and rocked against the palm of Tucker's hand. "God, yes."

She was already close, two thick fingers filling her, stroking the right places. Her juices ran down her leg and a knot of desire grew. Her cries grew higher in pitch the closer she got to coming. When Tucker's thumb pushed against her hard nub tension shattered and she held on to his shoulders to keep from collapsing.

Their hands slowed only slightly. Beck pulled out, spreading her moisture over her labia, up her crack. His finger hovered over her back passage, circling, pressing lightly. Her muscles fluttered and she was shocked at the way her pussy gushed when he touched her anus. No one had ever spent any time back there and she had no idea it would feel so good.

She pushed back against Beck's hand, then rocked forward on Tucker's thumb, which still fondled her clit. "Oh, fuck," she moaned.

Joely's breasts brushed over the light dusting of black hair on Tucker's chest and she laughed, enjoying the tightening of her nipples at the faint stimulation. "This is so good..."

"Isn't it, though?"

She heard Beck hit the mattress moments after his hands left her. She turned, her eyes widening at the sight before her. Six-foot-something of lean, hard male propped against the headboard, ready and waiting. Tight thighs, even tighter abs, and a straight, stiff cock rising up from the pale curls in between. His pecs flexed as her eyes moved up, but she had only one thing on her mind.

Crawling up the bed, she straddled his legs, letting her hands explore the feel of the coarse hair on his thighs. It crossed her mind that the guys would fly back home the next day and she wanted to ingrain this once-in-a-lifetime experience in her memory.

She watched his abdomen tighten when her fingers reached the nest of curls at the root of his cock. The heady feeling of power, seeing his reaction and knowing she caused his excitement, drove her on.

As she bent to lick the pre-cum on the crown, the bed sank under Tucker's weight and he sat beside her. His hand caressed her inner thigh, kneading its way toward her dripping slit. Taking the length of Beck's cock as deep in her mouth as possible, reveling in the sound of his moan, she spread her legs for Tucker, hoping he'd know what she wanted.

She needn't have worried. Tucker opened her folds, running a single finger down the wetness on one side. He missed her clit, circled her entrance, and continued down the other side.

The salty drops of Beck's cream on her tongue built her urgency and she wiggled her hips at Tucker. She needed fucking and she needed it now!

Reading her mind, or the movement of her ass, Tucker drove two fingers deep inside her waiting pussy. She moaned and felt her juices flow. When the fingers pulled out and didn't move back in, she lifted her head.

The bed shifted as Tucker got up. "Hey, sweets, do you have any lube?"

"In the bag on the dresser," she said. She ran her tongue up the vein on the side of Beck's throbbing cock. At the last second she realized what else was in her bag. "Wait, Tuck—"

The whirring noise behind her told her she was too late.

"What's this? Did our girl have plans for the evening?"

Joely wanted to hide her head, but that was difficult to do with a cock in her face. She rocked back to sit on Beck's legs and tried to cool the flush on her skin. "Those are my lack-of-plan backups, if you must know."

Tucker tossed a tube on the bed beside Beck, along with her vibrator and bullets, and came back to sit on the edge.

"Hey, this one warms on contact. Nice, little one." Beck tossed the lube back to Tucker and reached for the small white bullets and remote control. "Hon, I think you just might have to demonstrate these for us."

She closed her eyes and wished for invisibility. She realized everyone uses toys, but having your stash turn up by accident really sucked. "I am sure you can tell how they work just by looking at them. And, I'll bet you guys have used them more than once."

"Knowing how they work," Tucker replied, "and seeing them in action are two different things. At some point tonight, we *will* be letting you perform for us."

"Letting me?" She slipped off the bed. "I need more alcohol. I seem to have burned off those drinks."

Tucker cut her off on her way to the mini fridge. His hand wrapped around her middle, smoothing over her belly, gliding up to cup her breast as he pulled her back against the length of him. His cock bobbed between her legs and came to rest along her slit.

She tried not to react. Not to feel her nipples tighten while her breasts swelled. Not to notice the moisture escaping her folds to coat his cock. The reality of having sex with two men battled with her mental image of a nice girl.

"You don't need alcohol to be with us, babe. It's Tuck and Beck." He cradled her close, nibbling her shoulder and caressing her ear with his soft-spoken sweet-talking. "If it makes you uncomfortable, we won't do it. Whatever it is."

The sound of his rapid breathing in her ear was potent. His left hand reached down to play with her curls. "Love the racing stripe, sweets. The feel of your bare pussy lips on my cock is driving me crazy. I want to be in you so badly. I want to watch you come. I want to see you ride Beck, and fill you with both our cocks.

"But none of it happens if you don't want it."

She desperately wanted him to drive his fingers between her legs, so she rocked her hips toward his hand. The motion made her slide on Tucker's rod and she spread her legs slightly, opening herself to him.

With one hand on her breast, pinching the nipple, and the other holding the length of his erection between her labia, he swayed gently with her to some unheard melody. The slow, rhythmic movements magnified the sensation of skin against skin, her back against his chest, building a need in her like none she could remember.

"God, this is so good, Tucker." Her eyes closed and she let her head drop back on his shoulder, happy to let him lead this dance. She heard Beck moving on the bed but her eyelids were too heavy to lift. His voice rose from the level of her hips, but he didn't touch her.

"Little one, you should see how your pussy is making Tucker's cock weep. When he pushes forward, slick with your juices...fuck, it's so hot watching you."

She reached out toward his voice and tangled her hand in his hair.

Beck rose and his lips locked on her breast, sucking her deep in his hot mouth, sending intoxicating waves of desire through her.

Joely opened her eyes and saw their reflection in the mirror over the dresser. Tucker stood behind her, his head resting on hers, one hand cradling a breast, his skin so dark against hers. Beck stood to one side, loving her nipple, caressing the soft curves of her belly, the profile of his ass and thigh looking like a marble statue.

*Fuck.* This was sexier than any porno. Her two handsome knights, with whom she'd shared so much of her life, now loving her body. It wasn't just sex. She knew it wasn't the residual effects of too many Death by Sex drinks that made this more loving than any of her nights with Derrick.

She couldn't label the passion she and Derrick had shared as puppy love, but their relationship had been an experiment with grown-up emotions. It ran its course with them going their separate ways, and for a time she thought she might not love like that again.

She'd been right. She was capable of something so much deeper, and could feel it beginning to blossom inside her.

Pulling Beck up to her waiting lips, she captured his mouth, tangling her tongue with his. She felt Tucker move away, then he returned, his latex-covered cock nudging her slit. She shifted forward, dropping a hand between her legs to push Tucker's cock inside her from behind, groaning as his thick rod filled her pussy.

As he stroked her slowly, his finger, slick and cold with lube, teased her back passage. She whimpered, pushing herself back on it.

"Want something, sweets?"

"Fuck my ass please." The desperation in her voice surprised her. Tuck's cock pulled out of her pussy as he entered her anus with one, then two fingers, spreading the lube and loosening her muscles. She cried out, first at the pain, then at the electric charge that shot through her. The lube warmed as he stroked, stretching her to take a third finger.

Beck plucked her tight nipples, shooting fire down to her clit. She leaned into his chest, nipping his neck, tasting the saltiness of his damp skin. He pinched her clit, driving her back where Tucker's cock pressed against her puckered hole.

As the head entered, her breath caught at the sharp stab of pain. It faded quickly, replaced with a growing knot of need.

"Oh God, that's so good."

She heard the rip of another foil packet just before Beck grabbed her waist. Without pulling away her from Tucker, he lifted her slightly and drew her legs around him. She threw her arms around his neck and wiggled in search of Beck's cock.

He held her still and shoved his entire length inside her. Both men froze. Joely's muscles spasmed at the sudden fullness, her mind reeling at the excitement of the act. Tucker rubbed his palms over her hips. After a moment she began to ride him, surprised at how stimulating it felt having both cocks in her.

"Darlin', you are so fucking tight," Beck said, thrusting even deeper.

Tucker moved with her, pumping in and out of her ass. Her clit rubbed against the base of Beck's cock.

Sweet agony built in places she didn't know could feel such hunger. She moaned, her cries building as the urge became more frantic. Tension coiled, taking her higher and higher, threatening to snap her in two.

"That's it, Joely," Tucker said against her ear. "Come with us."

The sounds and smell of their co-mingling juices, along with grunts from her men, were more intoxicating than alcohol and pushed her over the edge. She arched as Beck cried out and froze. Her muscles tightened around Tucker. He held her hips and thrust one last time, growling out her name.

Beck clutched her face and covered her in kisses as he grew soft inside her. The tension flowed from her body and she continued to hold onto Beck while leaning back against Tucker.



Tuck buried his face in her hair. "That was beautiful, Joely. I can't get enough of you."

A slow grin spread her lips as she let the sexual high seep throughout her body. "I had no idea..."

Their hands blended into one sensation of soothing caresses over her cooling skin and they drew apart, lowering her to the bed. Each man stretched out, pulling her up between them and she nodded off in a shower of tender kisses, wishing the world looked differently on a threesome.

## **Chapter Three**

Joely stirred, luxuriating in the feeling of being cherished. A hand kneaded her breast, plucking at the nipple. Another hand splayed over her lower belly. A third cupped her ass cheek, fingertips nestled in her crack.

*A third hand?*

Her eyes popped open. In the light from the bathroom she saw Tucker's dark, hairy leg draped over hers from the left. Beck lay curled by her right shoulder, his hand on her abdomen. Pinned on her back, she lay trapped between the sexiest bookends she'd ever seen.

*Fuck.*

She'd been part of a threesome. A damned hot threesome. Her openings were tender, yet a lingering coil of desire sat in her core. She'd come like there was no tomorrow while riding both men.

She sighed, wishing this were more than a Dear Diary moment. Her movement stirred Tucker's hand and he nuzzled her hair. She peered back at him from the corner of her eye.

"Hey, beautiful." His deep voice was graveled by sleep and sex.

"Hey, yourself." She smiled, feeling not nearly as awkward as she thought she'd be, sleeping with her old friends, especially at the same time. "That was some amazing sex."

"We can do it again, when you're ready."

Her pussy contracted and grew damp. She tightened her thighs together and reached to stroke her fingertips up his arm. Learning the feel of his coarse hair and soft skin, she let another deep breath escape.

Tucker pressed a tender kiss against her forehead. "You look too sad to have just had great sex."

Joely smiled even as she nibbled her lower lip. "Must be coming off the alcohol high."

"You seemed to have burned most of it off before we hit the mattress." He drew his hand between her breasts and across her collarbone. "And speaking of, why were you so eager to get drunk?"

"I wasn't really," she argued.

His eyebrow begged to differ, lifting and arching, and she laughed quietly at his expression, not wanting to disturb Beck, beside her. "Okay, so I was."

She took another cleansing breath and focused her thoughts. "I don't know if I can put a name to what I was feeling."

"Jealous?"

"No, I've been over Derrick for a long time. I'm happy that he and Shanna found something they believe they can build on. He and I didn't have that. No future."

"Then why get drunk?"

A lump grew in her throat as she dragged in a cleaning breath. Her voice sounded softer when she spoke. "I should have been first."

She waited, but Tucker made no comment. "I'm the big sister. I should have gotten married before her. She's barely out of college and she's all settled. She has her career, a husband, a house of their own. And look at me. I have nothing."

Joely couldn't lift her gaze to meet Tucker's. She felt pitiful and whiny, which was so unlike the person she wanted to project. "No job. No relationship. And I'm living in my old room at my parents' house."

Tucker's hand stilled and rested on her belly, surprisingly comforting to her. His even breaths sounded near her ear for a minute or two, then he inhaled deeply. "You're

in transition. There's nothing to be ashamed of, in that. You have a degree, some useful experience. It's just a matter of the right job opening up. It'll happen."

She lifted his hand, turning it to plant a kiss on his palm. "Thanks. You've always been so good to me, good *for* me. Did I ever acknowledge that, back in college, or did I just take advantage of you?"

He looked in her eyes, his expression unchanging. "It's not taking advantage if I gave myself freely."

Joely's brows pulled together. "I used you. There's no way I could have given as much as I received. You were always there."

"Still am."

Tears welled as she recognized the emotion in his eyes. "I'm such a fool." Here she'd been taking again, thinking only in terms of the sex they offered, never looking at their hearts. Did Beck feel the same about her? He was always about planning and execution, never about feelings.

Waves of nausea threatened, and she knew they had nothing to do with alcohol consumption. How had she gotten herself into this mess? How could she walk away without hurting both these men? She sat up. "I should shower."

"I should help."

"Me, too," came a sleepy voice from her other side. Beck curled his hand around her chin and turned her face to him, capturing her lips in a brief kiss. His palm then slid over her breast and low on her belly. "You okay? We didn't hurt you, did we?"

"I'm great," she answered, forcing a smile. Gooseflesh stirred beneath his touch, reminding her that her body was feeling great, and it left her wanting to stretch like a kitten in the sun. Her heavy thoughts were quickly shoved aside. Beck was always good at distraction.

"You're better than great," Tucker said. His broad hand smoothed down her side. "Your curves have filled out. I don't remember you looking this outrageously sexy."

"I don't remember feeling it, either."

Beck rolled off the bed and walked to the mini fridge, his penis at half-mast. He pulled out a bottle of water, uncapped it and took a swig before passing it to Joely.

She drank deeply, then gave the bottle to Tucker. Sitting up, she brushed her hair, stiff with hairspray, over her shoulder. "What time is it?"

"Night time," Beck answered. "We still have hours before checkout." He walked into the bathroom and she soon heard the sound of running water.

Tucker sat up and lifted Joely's hand to his lips. "Your shower awaits, madam." He kept custody of her hand until they reached the open shower. The enclosure was lined with faux rock with a drain in the center of the floor. There was no glass, no curtain, just a mirror along one wall. Water poured from heads at either end of the small space, along with a rain bar in the ceiling.

Steam drifted from the hot water, fogging the mirror. Tucker urged her over the small lip into the shower. She stood under the heavy waterfall from one of the heads, soaking her hair and body. The heat loosened her knotted muscles from the earlier round of passionate fucking.

Beck stood in the rain holding a scrub pouf and bottle of body wash. Taking her hand, he pulled her into the center and coated her in vanilla-scented suds. The pouf was just rough enough to waken her nerve endings, make her skin tingle.

Tucker stepped in behind her. He squirted shampoo into his palm, then washed her hair, gently massaging her scalp. Between the steaming water and the two men working her over, Joely was amazed she could still stand.

"I've died and gone to heaven," she said, relaxing and letting them take care of her. Beck's touch on her legs was sensual, smoothing up and down her thighs, reaching down to her calves and ankles.

After conditioning her hair, Tucker took the body wash and started with her shoulders, working his way down to meet Beck in the middle. When their fingers got a bit ticklish on her ribs, she shied out of reach. "My turn now."

Joely grabbed the bottle and pouf and looked between the two men, trying to decide where to start. Tan, broad chest with a light sprinkling of black hair or fair, muscular and hairless? It was like deciding between fudge brownie ice cream and a hot fudge sundae.

Tucker solved her dilemma by stepping in front of his friend. "You look lost, sweets."

"Just trying to make a game plan here. I find there are too many options."

"There you go again, with the 'too many' talk." Tucker moved in close, toe to toe, and, after setting aside the body wash, he placed her hands on his chest. "If you aren't comfortable with this —"

"No, that's not it," she insisted, tracing the contours of his pecs with her thumbs, the pouf cradled in her fingers. She looked up, reading his expression. "Just because I've never had to make the choice doesn't mean there are too many cocks in the henhouse."

Reaching around Tucker, she pulled Beck within reach and lathered his chest with the pouf while her bare hand continued on Tuck. "I've never been coordinated, you guys know that. And I've always wanted a bite of everything in the buffet." She dropped to her knees, trailing soap bubbles down their abdomens. It was tempting to compare the two packages dangling in her face, but neither was erect enough for a good comparison.

She let go of the scrubber and cradled their sacs, squeezing gently, listening for the intake of breath. Both rods stiffened and jumped. Her laugh was low and she licked her lips. Wrapping her fingers at the base of each, she tugged, feeling them grow harder in her hands.

Licking the slit of one, she tasted a mixture of soap, water and arousal. She sucked the head in, tightening her mouth around the girth and slowly drew back. Beck's groan echoed in the small space and he drove back into her. Wanting to taunt them as much as they had her, she released him. Turning to Tucker, she ran her tongue up a throbbing

vein and looked up to see his head drop back. He clutched the back of her head and held her in place, thrusting his hips to find entrance.

Beck took her arm and helped her to her feet. "Let's get out of here and get someplace less slippery." He wrapped her in a fluffy white towel and rubbed her dry, while Tucker squeezed the water from her hair.

She felt like a princess, her body being worshipped by these two incredible lovers. She could get used to this. Too bad it wouldn't work on a long-term basis. How would she introduce them to her parents? Or worse, her sister and Derrick? She couldn't take two men to the company Christmas party.

And once the honeymoon phase ended, would there be jealousy if she slept with one and not the other? Could she handle living in a home full of testosterone?

*Quit dreaming and enjoy the moment.*

Nothing had been said to imply they wanted anything more than this one night. Grabbing the guys' hands, she led them to the bed, fully sober and ready for round two. Before she could sit down, Beck pulled her into his arms. "There is so much lost time to make up for, but we don't have to do it all in one night, you know."

"Tell my body that," she said, taking a nip on his chest.

"I'm serious, Joely. I don't know what you're running from, why you felt you had to drink so much. Whatever it is, it's in the past. We're here now." He combed his fingers through her wet hair, pushing it behind one ear as he looked into her eyes. "We'll be around as long as you want us."

Tears threatened, and she took a deep breath, blinking to clear her vision. She couldn't imagine not wanting them around, but she wondered how long it would take before she had to let one of them go.

Tucker ran a knuckle down her spine, sending gooseflesh crawling outward. "Hey, it's getting cold standing here. Let's get back in bed."

Joely pulled away from Beck and attempted to push Tucker onto the bed so she could climb on him. At the last second he wrapped an arm around her waist and took her with him.

They bounced on the bed, laughing, and Tuck wrestled her into the center. She struggled, to no avail. "I wanted to taste you."

He ran his index finger over her lower lip, slipped it inside to brush her tongue. "All in good time, sweets."

She sucked his finger deeper, curling her tongue around it. Lying across her, Tucker moaned and his erection jumped against her belly.

After turning on a lamp, Beck came around the other side, his hand caressing the inside of her thigh, opening her up to his gaze. Lifting her knee, he took her hand. "Hold your leg for me," he instructed.

Tucker did the same on the other side. He picked up some lube and the toys from the nightstand, handing the vibrator to Beck. When he sat next her, Joely closed her eyes and focused on their touch, pulling her legs up and back.

Fingers spread her folds. "Such a pretty pussy, little one." She assumed it was Beck's tongue that laved from stem to stern, making her quiver in anticipation.

"She's so responsive," Tucker said. He slipped two fingers inside her slick passage, curling them to stroke that sensitive spot. She tried to rock her hips and drive him in deeper, but Beck pinned her down against the bed. His tongue flicked her nub and she cried out, her body jumping.

"Easy, little one." He spread her labia and she heard the vibrator click on. She waited, getting wetter just thinking about where it would touch first. Her clit got the pleasure and her need doubled with the first touch.

In her spasming core, Tucker's fingers drove in deep, then spread her moisture around on her folds. Her hips lifted, wanting him inside, missing the fullness. The cold, hard plastic of the bullets opened her as he shoved one in her pussy and the other in her ass.



“Oh God,” she said softly, knowing what was to come. The balls began to shiver, turning up the fire inside her. Tucker’s fingers again spread her labia wide. The vibrator nudged her clit and she jumped. “Please, oh, Beck—”

“I think she likes that,” he answered, again placing the vibrating tip to her hard nub. He dipped a finger in her juices, spreading it upward and he pinched and tugged lightly at her clit.

Joely didn’t know how much more she could take. She wanted to come, but she didn’t want it to stop. She rolled into the toy, seeking its touch, and whimpered when it was pulled away. “Don’t stop.”

Moments later Tucker’s finger pushed against her anus, easing just the tip inside. She tightened on him, shuddering from the combination of sensations, shocked at the tiny orgasm that swept through her. He worked her loosening hole, driving her crazy with desire. The combined stimulation shot spears throughout her body. Her pussy quivered around the bullet, her hips tried to force the finger deeper inside her rear opening. Someone spread her nether lips and Beck’s tongue and teeth found her clit. A stronger orgasm threatened to break as he nipped and flicked.

She moaned, then little high-pitched squeals escaped her as she rocked, fucking the fake cock in her ass. The tingling from the bullets combated with the resonating tremors. She knew the guys watched her, their fingers stretching her pussy open. Imagining their arousal added to hers. Her juices ran down her crack and she couldn’t fight it anymore.

Joely cried out, hips rising off the bed as wave after wave of shudders raced through her. When her movements slowed, the vibrator was turned off and removed, and the bullets pulled out.

Like a starved man, Beck thrust his tongue deep in her mouth and she tasted herself on him. He sucked her lower lip in his mouth, then fucked her with his tongue. Releasing her legs, she tangled her fingers in his hair.

Tucker laved her juices, licking her clean, circling her clit with his tongue. A second orgasm built from his attentions, and Joely whimpered into Beck's mouth.

Shoving his hands behind her knees, Tucker lifted her ass off the sheets and drove his cock deep into her pussy with one swift move. Finally feeling the fullness she had longed for, she arched up to meet him, and reached for Beck's hip, pulling him toward her.

She desperately wanted his cock in his mouth. Cupping his ass, she pulled him within reach and sucked him deep. He cried out, grasping her hair and driving himself in and out.

Tucker grunted each time his hips collided with her. Beck uttered stammering sounds of pleasure. Their carnal noise drove her mad with passion. When Beck's release filled her mouth she gave in to her orgasm, tensing her butt cheeks. She forced Tucker even deeper in her quaking tunnel. Tucker groaned, his hips shuddering against her.

Joely lay limp, totally drained of control over her body. She licked the traces of Beck's orgasm from her lips and shifted her legs slowly, her hips protesting the movement. She rolled into Tucker when he stretched out beside her, laying her leg back across Beck's when he spooned her from behind.

They lay wrapped around each other as their breathing slowed, the smell of their sex filling the room. Joely pulled Beck's hand up over her shoulder and tucked it beneath her chin like a warm blanket. She sighed, and opened her eyes to find Tucker watching her.

"You guys are fucking amazing," she said, wondering if her grin looked as silly as it felt.

Tucker wasn't smiling, a serious light flickering deep in his eyes.

She frowned. "Wasn't it good for you?"

He reached up and combed the hair off her face, tucking it behind her ear. "It was the best."

Her heart warmed, hoping he spoke about more than her sexual prowess. "You don't look like you just had the best sex of your life."

Beck's hand caressed her shoulder and stroked down her arm. He pressed his lips against her back and kept them there.

"I'm wondering what you're thinking," Tucker explained.

"I'm beyond thought. You guys just filled me and drained me. We should have tried this a long time ago."

Tucker raised his eyes to her hair as he continued to weave his fingers in it. "That's it?"

"What do you mean?"

Beck's mouth moved against her shoulder blade. "What do you think about us?"

She kissed Beck's hand when it came back under her chin. "You know I've always thought you guys were the best. I missed you a lot after Derrick and I split." The look in Tucker's eyes told her it wasn't the answer he wanted.

What were they looking for? Wasn't this just wild vacation sex, even though they'd been friends in the past? Her heart wrenched as hope flared. Were they hoping to continue this after the weekend ended? But how could she pick just one to have a relationship with? She drew in a deep breath, trying to loosen the knot building in her throat.

Tender strokes down her side soothed her worries, and as her limbs grew heavier, she fell asleep.

## Chapter Four

When Joely woke, daylight peered around the edges of the curtains. The steady, even rise and fall of Beck's chest told her he still slept. She listened for Tucker behind her, but couldn't tell whether he was awake, or if he had gotten up already.

Rolling as quietly as she could, she turned to face Tuck. He lay in the same position as when she'd fallen asleep, and she wondered if he'd been awake the whole time. She watched him for a few moments, her mind wandering to a possible future she knew she'd never see.

What would it be like to wake up each morning next to either of these men? She bit back a sigh and crept to the end of the bed, slipping into the bathroom without waking anyone. Perfect world. Finding the man who made her feel as safe and loved as she had in college. Ideally, it would be one of these two. But which one? Did she date them both until one stood out from the other? Or stay in the shadows until one found a woman of his own?

She looked at the woman staring back at her in the mirror. Good Lord, as if anyone would want to wake next to that face, that freak mask! An odd pink impression crossed her cheek from resting too long on her hand. The lack of sleep left pillows of puffiness beneath her eyes. In spite of the swelling, her eyes had a blank, hollow look. Was the hollow a reflection from within? It described her feelings perfectly. Empty. No job, no man, no future.

*Stop it.*

A blank slate for a future was not "no future". It was a banquet of innumerable choices. She could be anyone she wanted to be, try any field she wanted to. Live where she wanted and explore life without a man. The choices she had made led her to this point, she hadn't gotten there from aimless wandering.

And the decisions she made to start with didn't have to be permanent. She could test-drive different fields to see where she best fit in. The only choice that required total commitment was the one involving the hearts of her men. And that was the most difficult to reach a decision on.

After splashing cold water on her face, she used the washcloth to freshen up, then forced a brush through the rat's nest she'd created by rolling around with damp hair. Satisfied she'd done the best she could without an hour of primping, she reached for the doorknob.

Another sigh swept through her. She was no closer to knowing what to do than when she entered the bathroom.

Joely padded across the carpet. Tucker lay on the side closest to her, his face turned away. She leaned over him and studied him. Should she let him sleep? On a whim, she sat down beside him and planted a kiss on his lips.

He reacted slowly, at first just returning the soft touch, then, as if she woke something inside him, he captured her mouth. His tongue pushed between her lips, exploring everywhere it could reach.

The taste of his passion, the sound of his rapidly increasing breaths lit a fire in Joely. She brought her hands up to his chest, pinched his nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. The need to possess more than just his body burst open within her.

Her foot rubbed up his calf, the coarse hairs waking up her skin. Shifting her position to lay beside him, she wrapped her leg around him, drawing her hips against his. His erection jumped at the contact, and her body dampened in response.

She let her hands run over his torso, unsure just what would satisfy her. She wanted him inside her. Wanted to suck him 'til he screamed in release. And she wanted something she was pretty certain she wouldn't find in the heat of the moment.

That didn't stop her from searching. She dragged her tongue across his chest, circling the rock-hard nipples before sucking one in her mouth. At his groan, she looked up and saw him watching her, his head propped on his arm.

She smiled. He'd wanted to know what she thought of them. Now was her chance to show him. She rose up and sat on her heels, letting her hands roam across the broad expanse of his chest. Just looking at him, the tapering waist and toned abs, the line of hair below his navel that pointed to the treasure she so enjoyed.

When her eyes hit his rod it twitched, as if it felt her look. She smiled and licked her lips, glancing back up at Tucker.

Fire smoldered in his gaze, sending shivers down her. Was that what she looked like when they touched her so passionately? Seeing his desire so blatantly on his face made her want to please him all the more. She wanted him to feel what she had—cherished, worshiped.

Scooting over to kneel beside his hips, she ran her hands up the insides of his thighs and kneaded the muscles of his legs. She pushed them outward and cupped his sac, rolling him in her hand. With her other hand she gripped his cock at the base and slowly drew up the length, feeling him grow harder and longer as she went.

"God, I love that cock," she whispered, trying to not wake Beck.

"It's got strong feelings for you, too, sweets."

Taking him deep in her mouth, she wrapped her tongue around him, milking him, savoring the drops of excitement that escaped his slit.

Tucker grabbed her arms and pulled her up his body. "Come here, I want to bury that in you and watch your face as I make you scream."

She rolled a condom on his cock before straddling his hips and lowering herself on the stiff rod. As he slid inside her, her tender vagina protested for just a moment, before the seed of arousal took control of her thoughts.

Riding him slowly, the friction decreased as she grew slicker inside. His eyes were still on her, watching her every move. She let her head drop, her wild hair tumbling forward, and drew her hands up her torso. As she reached her breasts, she arched back, cupping their fullness, rolling her nipples to taunt him. The little pinches made her pussy tighten on his cock.

Her hips rocked, rubbing his stiff rod on that hot spot of her need. Her release was building and she increased her movements to let him catch up. In a move from a porno she'd seen, she reached between them and slid her fingers around his cock, squeezing briefly, feeling him jerk.

Then she spread her juices on her clit. The first touch on her nub shot a current through her, and she quivered around the hard shaft inside her. "You feel so good, Tuck."

She was so close. Unable to wait any longer, she rubbed harder on her clit, spreading her legs wider to allow him to thrust to the hilt. He pumped faster. Joely bit her lip so as not to cry out when her release hit, her juices pooling between them.

Tucker thrust once more then arched into her, holding his breath, and shudders rolled down his body. As he settled back down, he pulled her into his arms and captured her mouth in a mind-numbing kiss.

Finally they drew apart and Joely slid to his side. Before she could relax, Beck rolled her his way.

Arranging her beneath him as he knelt, he slid his thighs under her ass, opening her to his gaze. "Fuck, woman, that was so hot watching you play with your clit while riding him. Do it for me now."

A warm flush spread over her at the thought of masturbating for them. It wasn't as if they hadn't seen, touched, hell, tasted every part of her. She just wasn't used to having an audience for what had always been a private act.

Beck's hand caressed her inner thighs before moving to her belly. "God, I love your curves. So soft, so womanly."

Her hips loosened with his touch and his words. She cupped her breasts, squeezing the fullness and feeling them swell, toying with her nipples. They hardened quickly under his gaze. She continued to play with one while her other hand swept over her torso.

Pulling his hands away, Beck sat back, holding her legs wide. Tucker shifted his position and tugged gently at her other nipple. Knowing they watched heightened the expectation, made her pussy quiver.

When she reached her clit she found it tender, as was most of that region. Driving her fingers deep and pulling out, she spread her natural lube around. She was amazed at how badly she wanted to be fucked by Beck, when she had just ridden Tucker. What had they done to her?

She couldn't recall ever having this much sex in one night. She hadn't thought it was possible to come so many times. Closing her eyes, she recalled the feeling of the two cocks in her, the sounds of satisfaction when her men came.

Remembering those grunts was like hearing them again and she was instantly close to orgasm. She thrust two fingers in her pussy, cupping her hand to rub her clit. Her juices gushed and she stroked faster, lifting her hips as the waves peaked. "Oh, fuck," she cried out.

"Oh yeah, baby," Beck moaned, pulling her hand away. He lunged forward, slamming his hips against her as his cock buried itself in her. His growls and the stroking of his cock pushed her higher still, and she came again.

"Fuck me harder, Beck." Wave after wave of ecstasy rolled over her and she heard him cry out one last time. Too tired to reach for him, she let him lower her legs.

After he collapsed on the bed he pulled her into his arms and held her head against his heart.

She listened as the pounding in his chest slowed. Drawing in a deep breath, Joely tried to calm her own body. She was sated, there was no other word for it. "When you gave me that drink, Death by Sex, I had no idea how close I would come to that. But what a way to go."

Joely relaxed and her eyes drifted closed. She didn't want to sleep, didn't want to miss a moment with these guys.

Beck lifted himself on one elbow. "Come home with us, Joely."



She studied him, then looked at Tuck. Lifting her hand, she cradled Tucker's face, her thumb tracing his high cheekbone. His eyes had always spoken to her, tugged at something deep within, even when she was with Derrick. Such a sensitive big lug he'd always been. "Tucker," she began, then kissed Beck's palm before going on. "Beck. I love you both, I have since college. But there's no way I could ever choose between you."

"No one's asking you to choose, sweets."

"Then I am totally confused. You asked me how I felt earlier and I am trying to explain. I think it's better that I let you both go than to come between you."

"But that's exactly where we want you. Between us."

"Choose us both, little one." Beck drew himself up to nip at her ear.

"I thought I did."

Tucker sighed. "What are you doing after this weekend?"

"Looking for a job." Understanding dawned on her. "Oh, you said something about knowing a place for me to look. Is that up north where you guys live?"

"It is," Tuck answered.

Beck added, "It's our company. Come work for us in Seattle."

Vividly nasty images rushed through her mind of her and either of the guys bent over office desks and copy machines. "Doing what? I can't go back to being a receptionist or file clerk. I need more of a challenge. That's what I loved about day-trading in New York. One day was always different from the next."

"You're perfect for what we do. You'd analyze the needs of the client and implement the changes needed to bring them up to speed."

"It's challenging and fulfilling," Tucker added. "Some of these companies would end up closing their doors without our help."

"It sounds interesting, I have to admit. And I'd love being able to see you guys regularly again."

"That's not all, sweets. We don't want to go back to being just friends." Tucker stroked her cheek.

"There's no way we could watch you fall in love with another man, little one. We were happy for you and Derrick, but if he hadn't seen you first, things would have been a lot different."

Confusion ruled her thoughts. What did they expect, she'd be their fuck buddy until they got tired of her? "So you want to be friends with benefits? I have to admit, the benefit package you are offering it pretty tempting."

"No. We want you to be our woman. Our only woman," Tucker said.

"That works well in bed, but what happens when we go out in the world?"

"We do whatever works, whatever feels right, little one."

Tucker reached for her hand and stroked her fingers between his. "Look, we can't say we've thought of all the problems that will arise with this, well, unusual relationship. We just know we have to have you in our lives."

Beck looked down at her. "We talked about it before we flew down here. We agreed that if you were willing, and available, we wanted you to come home with us. We've both had relationships since college that ended for various reasons. Every time either of us broke up with someone, we'd talk about finding a girl who was more like you.

"But they aren't you. When I'd realize I was comparing a girlfriend to you, even as the relationship progressed, I had to break up with her. It wasn't fair for me to expect her to be something she wasn't." Beck stroked her hair off her face. "I'm not good with words, feelings. Tuck's much better. When you moved to New York, you took a piece of me with you. I want to be whole again."

She studied each man for a moment, debated how to phrase her words, if she could even speak around the knot of emotion in her chest. "Look, I don't even know if I could live up to the fantasy Joely you guys have created. I'm not perfect...nowhere close. What happens if I move up to Seattle and go to work with you, and you come to discover my flaws and defects? I'd be homeless and out of work all over again."

Beck's laugh filled the room. "Have you gilded the memory of the three years we spent with you and Derrick? Honey, we know how you look in the morning after three hours sleep. That you won't eat anything if it's been touched by mayo. We've kept chocolate in the fridge so your hormones wouldn't go wanting."

"And demanding," Tucker added, grinning. "Live with us, Joely. Be our wife."

She blinked at Tucker's words. *Our wife*. It wasn't a term she'd heard before. It was definitely nothing she'd ever considered trying. She looked at both men and read the love in their faces. It answered her wishes, not having to choose. But there were so many questions rushing through her mind.

"I want you both, but I can't see how it'll work. What do I tell my parents? How do I introduce you? 'This is my Beck, and this is my Tucker?'"

"We don't need to decide that now. There is plenty of time to work it out."

The idea was beginning to settle in her mind, and was already happily ensconced in her heart. *My men*. She pulled Beck within reach and gave him a tender kiss as her answer. Then she turned to Tucker and did the same.

Her heart was so full, a feeling that was new to her. She smiled as she lay back on the pillows. "A triple."

"A what?"

"A triple. That's what we are. Two people make a couple, so we are a triple."

Hearing the rich, deep laughter from her two men told her she was giving them a great gift. She knew she'd made the right choice.

## **About the Author**

Ari Thatcher is a native Los Angelean who is avidly approaching her cougar years. When she's not hunting her next prey, she can be found writing down her fantasies. She hopes her readers gain as much...satisfaction...from them as she does.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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