

Loose Id

TRUTH, DARE,
OR HANDCUFFS
OR THREEWAY

JADE JAMES

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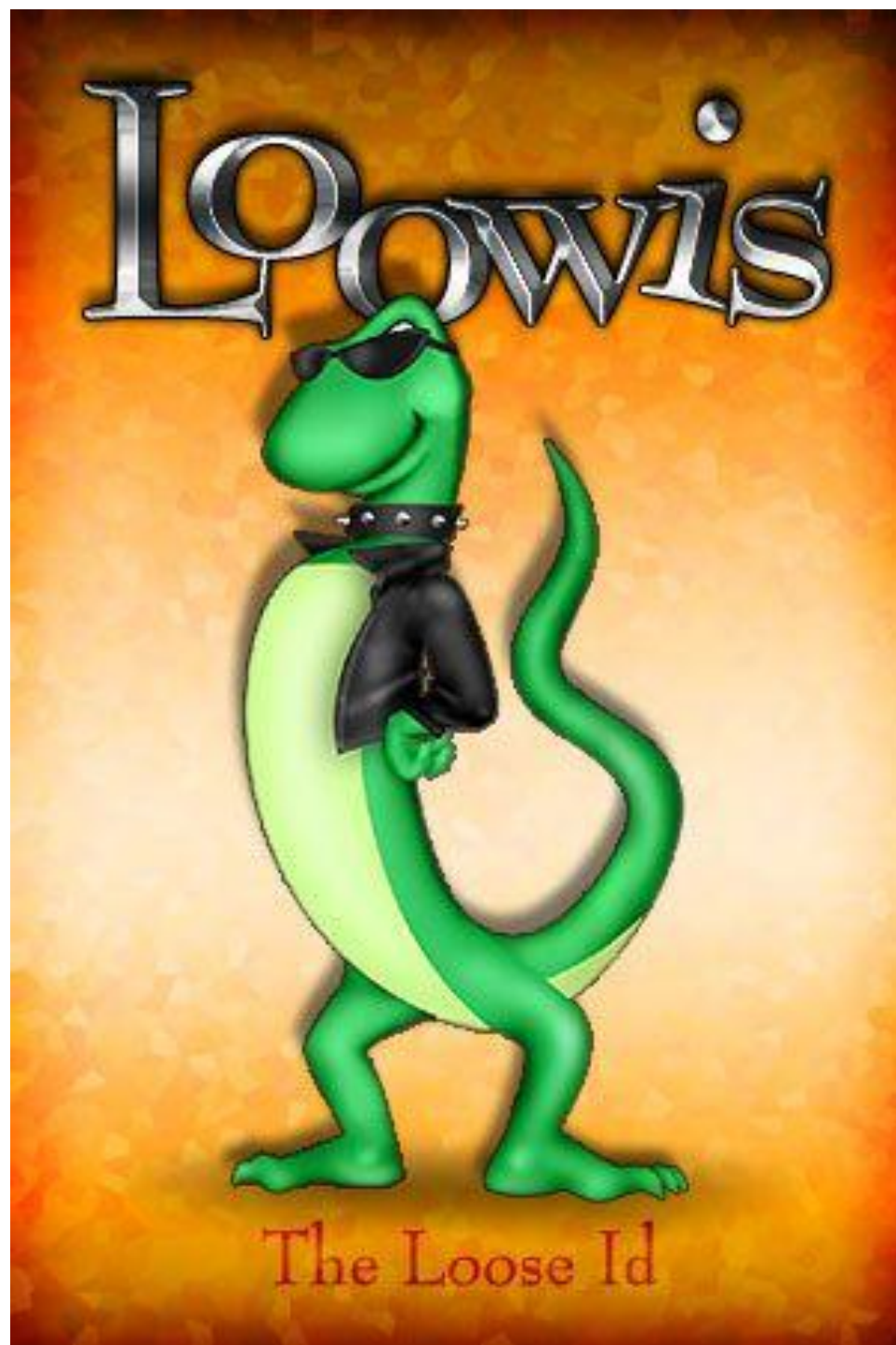
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TRUTH, DARE, OR THREEWAY

Chapter One

“Are you ready, partner?” Nicholas Faso’s voice came through clearly on Benito Callas’s com link.

“Got the suspect in my line of sight.” Benito tightened his hand around the pistol, his view solely on the man sneaking to the front of the home. He lay on the ground, the scent of flowers hitting his nostrils. He was just a couple of feet from the suspect, hidden between a Town & Country parked in the front yard and a garden full of plants.

“Let’s take this one down quick. Tomorrow is Friday and we have big plans for the weekend.”

Benito grimaced, his dick stirring even though it was pinned against his pants, not to mention pressed against the vegetation. “Fuck, Nicholas. Not now!” He couldn’t think about Vanessa now. That was one distraction he couldn’t afford, not when he needed to be focused on this assignment.

He squinted, aiming for the killer as Nicholas positioned himself behind the large oak tree in the yard.

“Go!” Benito shouted into the com link as he jumped to his feet. He lifted the gun high, keeping sight of the suspect. Nicholas slammed into the man, taking him down, wrenching his arm back, and cuffing him before the killer even knew what hit him.

It felt good to wrap up this particular case, because now he could exclusively concentrate on Vanessa and the plan Nicholas and he had set into motion to capture her heart.

* * * * *

Denying them was becoming harder and harder with each day that passed. Vanessa Kramer gripped the pencil to the point of breaking before she dropped it. Taking out her nerves on a mere pencil wasn’t going to solve her problems. But trying to focus on work was hard. She needed to send out about twenty invoices, but her mind kept straying to her two bosses, Benito and Nicholas.

Seduction by two men was so new to her. And at first she thought it was only Benito she wanted. He seduced her slowly, with lingering caresses, and great conversation, showing her that he appreciated her mind along with her body.

Nicholas was practically the opposite of Benito. She hadn’t realized that he too wanted her, not until he had shown her physically what he thought of her body. And the heat that washed over her at his rugged roughness had her more than intrigued.

But two men? The thought sent jittery nerves fluttering in her stomach. Could she even handle Nicholas and Benito together? Fantasy is one thing, but reality was a completely different ball game. The situation wasn’t something she thought she would ever find herself in.

Vanessa forced her thoughts away. She needed to finish these invoices so she could head on home. In the peace and quiet of her apartment, she would be able to think of her two bosses and the fact that a ménage a trois was something she was actually considering.

* * * * *

“So we’re really going through with this?”

Hearing the not-so-sure tone of voice, Nicholas turned his chair around and faced his business partner and longtime friend, Benito. “The plan is already set into motion. Unless an emergency arises, we have no further cases to tackle until next week. No one other than you, Vanessa, Kane, and I are in the building. The rest of the men went home. Vanessa’s currently in her office working on billing our customers. I can’t help but recognize that your words sound unsure. We have been through hell and back together, and I owe you more than my life. But I’ll do this with or without you. Your choice.”

Nicholas and Benito had both served in the Marines for fifteen years, fought beside and guarded one another, before deciding to open up their own security company. They were brothers in their hearts, born of a bond long ago, and were as close as if they shared the same mom and dad. And both held a lust-filled obsession that exclusively included Vanessa. They had shared women in the past, but she had somehow sneaked into their hearts with her charm and strength.

Nicholas didn’t mind sharing her with the one person who was like a brother to him. There was absolutely no jealousy involved. Few people understood the intimacy of a threesome, the bond that would result when three hearts gave their all for pleasure and ultimately love. They knew in their hearts that Vanessa was the one.

Benito narrowed his eyes and met Nicholas’s gaze head-on. “I’ve waited just as long as you have for someone like her to come into my life...into our life. You’re not doing this alone. In the long run, it wouldn’t be fair to any of us.”

Nicholas definitely had to agree with that. Putting Vanessa in a position where she would have to choose one of them was the last thing he wanted.

But Nicholas knew Benito thought things out a bit too much, and that’s what probably had him wound tight with anxiousness. Nicholas was the one who went with the moment

and, in his opinion, two years was way too long to give the woman of his dreams time to get used to their presence. If Nicholas had a choice, Vanessa would've been in their bed long ago.

Theirs.

In today's society, the thought was considered abnormal, indecent, and a whole slew of other negative words Nicholas could think of. But he and Benito did not live their lives by society's standards. They chose to live in happiness, and the two men would not have their actions dictated by what others would consider normal. Life would have costs because of the way he and Benito chose to live it, but they would pay any price to have Vanessa share it with the both of them.

Nicholas rose to his feet, his cock lengthening at the thought of his plan. He would have Vanessa writhing beneath them before the night was through. "You're ready, then? She leaves at four every day." Nicholas checked his watch. "And according to my watch, that's in ten minutes."

"Kane knows the rules?"

Nicholas nodded. "He'll dismantle the elevator controls from the basement and wait two hours before turning the controls back on. Hopefully by then, we'll have convinced Vanessa that she's our perfect match."

Benito rose to his feet as well. "I'm ready. Let's go capture the woman of our hearts."

Nicholas just hoped Vanessa wanted to be captured by them.

* * * * *

Being stuck in the elevator with two gorgeous men wasn't a good thing. Vanessa was trying desperately to convince herself of that, but failing miserably.

The air-conditioning had stopped long ago, and even though the elevator was fairly large, the walls felt like they were closing in on her. Drops of sweat ran down her cleavage, her black camisole stuck to her skin, and the short tan skirt she had worn because of the hot

weather didn't provide any sort of relief. And being trapped in the middle of a New York City heat wave added to the disaster. But that wasn't what had her so uncomfortable.

What really had her on edge was the strong, animalistic urge to rip her clothes from her body and show the men in front of her how much she wanted to fuck them.

She moaned and then stiffened as she realized she sounded like a cat in heat. She considered herself a practical woman who thought things out before making decisions. But a little more of this and she was going to lose all her sensibilities.

She picked up the emergency phone. "Hello. Is anyone there?"

Silence. She placed the handset back on the hook. She wasn't surprised that it didn't work. She was past being shocked.

She was within a couple of steps of two hungry male alphas, and she could feel their desire collide with her own.

Two gazes watched her heatedly, and she bit her bottom lip against the need to give in to the both of them. She looked at the ceiling. She concentrated on anything minuscule, just so she wouldn't have to give in to her desire. She stared at her suit jacket and Nicholas's discarded shirt, lying on top of her suitcase, as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

But two seconds later, she shifted her gaze to Nicholas.

He watched her, his gaze hot with need, his midnight black hair reaching to his shoulders, the strands gleaming under the elevator lighting. Her palms itched with the urge to touch his hair, and on the heel of that thought came another one even more powerful. What would it feel like to have those sensual, soft lips between her thighs, her hand gripping those strands as she held his head against her pussy? His full lips were wet as if he had just run his tongue over them. The muscles of his bare upper body gleamed with sweat, his flat, rippling stomach was candy to her gaze. She dropped her stare to his pants. His cock pressed against his slacks, and she could tell by the outline that his dick was well proportioned for his

large body. Oh God. His cock would stretch her full as he pounded the thick length inside of her. She licked her lips at the thought, her mouth watering with the urge to taste him.

She turned her head only to have her gaze collide with Benito Callas. He was a complete contrast to Nicholas, but still extremely attractive. He was an inch taller than Nicholas, his body leaner but toned with muscle. His hair, a deep shade of chocolate, the length short, was cut into military style, and his eyes were the richest shade of blue she'd ever seen. Benito, also naked from the waist up, had long discarded his white polo shirt and navy blazer in an attempt to relieve himself of the heat. His flat stomach held a three-inch scar but that didn't deter from his attractiveness. Instead, it gave him a hard-edged look that she found appealing. But Vanessa wasn't going to make the same mistake and drop her gaze to inspect his cock. She had no doubt that he was probably blessed in that area too.

"Come on, Vanessa. This cat-and-mouse game has gone on long enough. Time to make your move. Let's play a game of truth or dare."

She closed her eyes, trying desperately to shut out Nicholas's words. It was probably a childish reaction, but she didn't want them to see how desperate she was. His voice held a deep tone, a sound of sureness, and Vanessa knew and had seen firsthand how he was used to having his orders followed. Her clit throbbed heavily, and her thong was already soaked with her cream. The elevator was filled with their scent, and every single time she breathed, she felt like she was taking a part of them within her. A vibe of electric desire zipped through her body and she had to fight against the urge to cross her legs in an attempt to relieve her pounding clit.

"Ease up, Nicholas."

Vanessa opened her eyes at Benito's words. As practical and as sensible as he was, the co-owner of Faso & Callas Securities hadn't come on to her as aggressively as Nicholas. Instead, Benito used subtle approaches like staying late on workdays, waiting until her shift was over so he could drive her home, or asking her out for a quick bite to eat. And without her realizing it, Benito had sneaked into her heart with his warm aura and gentleness.

She remembered the one hot and heavy kiss she'd had with him, filled with tongue and teeth. The kiss had surprised her because it had opened the door to the possibility of more. It had been a hungry meeting of lips, starting out tentatively, tasting each other for the first time. But it had quickly turned into fire, with Benito dominating their position, one of his hands caught in her hair, the other hand stroking her breast. She should've realized that Benito's agenda was the same as Nicholas's. She saw it in both of their gazes. They wanted to fuck her.

But Vanessa appreciated the differences between Nicholas and Benito, because at times, Nicholas would send her emotions into a tailspin. He would corner her at her office, whisper words of lust into her ear, press his cock against her pussy, and then leave, after successfully melting her into a puddle of desire. And as much as it would seem to anyone that her bosses were aggressively pushing her into something she didn't want, deep down inside, Vanessa knew the truth.

She wanted to spread her legs and beg them to fuck her. She wanted Nicholas and Benito to order her submissive side, force her to accept her pleasure, command her to do depraved, slutty things. She liked a little pain with her sex, loved the little bite of a slap or a pull of her hair. It brought her closer to ecstasy, and sometimes had her teetering on the edge until a thrust of a hard cock or a tug on her nipples sent her over.

She craved Nicholas as much as she lusted for Benito. Even though she hadn't admitted it to Nicholas, there was a part of her that loved his aggression and the fact that he took what he wanted. There were times she imagined him ripping her panties from her, pushing his cock deep into her wet cunt, simply because he knew she needed it. And other times, she dreamed of Benito fucking her with his gentle and soft ways, bringing her to pleasure with his lips alone, caressing her until she reached her peak over and over again.

But Vanessa couldn't help but think that this was still a game to them. And that's one of the reasons why she hid her true self from them. Both had the power to break her heart.

Because after one evening, they would go their separate ways, and she would surely be left broken inside.

“What’s it going to be, Vanessa? Do you have what it takes to play a game that could bring all of us pleasure?”

Why couldn’t she be stuck in the elevator with two fat, hairy men?

She wanted nothing more than to give in to Nicholas and Benito. But did she have the guts to survive the one night?

Chapter Two

Nicholas willed his body to calm down, even though his cock was engorged, leaking at the slit with precum. His heart pounded faster at the mere sight of her. But the visions running through his head raised his desire almost to an animalistic level and he growled, forcing down the urge to fuck. Cornering Vanessa, dropping to his knees, lifting her skirt to eat her cunt would probably scare the shit out of her. And frightening her was the last thing he wanted to do. But the idea of tasting her on his tongue, swallowing her release, almost outweighed taking that chance. Christ! His cock throbbed at the thought, compelling his body to tense further.

He was still in awe at how one woman a little over five feet tall could bring his hunger to the surface with such force that the only thing he constantly thought about was pleasing her. He had tried every which way to get her to open up to him, both physically and emotionally. And each time he tried, she fought against the lust Nicholas knew she had for him and Benito.

He couldn't rip his gaze from her hot body. Everything about her, from the top of her hair to the tip of her toes, was stunningly erotic. He wanted to let the strands of her hair flow through his hands, or better yet, feel them on his body while she caressed him. He wanted to

stare at her green eyes, see the desire she held for him in her gaze, while he fucked her. He wanted to strip her shirt and bra off, to kiss her breasts and take her nipples between his teeth and hear the moaning on her lips as he pleased her. He wanted to feel her luscious, pouty lips on his body before she took his cock into her mouth. There were too many things he wanted, and that was what had pushed him to go ahead with his plan in the first place.

Nicholas had to admit that the plan was formed as a last, desperate resort. Because he was convinced that going one more day without the taste of her would leave him in a reckless state.

Nicholas had hired Vanessa two years ago as a human resources manager to his ten-member security team. It had been lust at first sight for him. The black-haired, stunning beauty possessed a curvy body that had him salivating each time he went near her. He loved the fact that she wore close-fitting clothes that flattered her body. Each part of her fascinated him and Nicholas at times found himself watching her hungrily.

There were signs that he and Benito also affected her. Nicholas would catch her unaware as she stared at Benito with a gaze filled with desire, her nipples pressed against her shirt, her lips parted, moist from her tongue as if she wanted to taste him. And when Nicholas had the pleasure of cornering her in her office, he would press his cock against her cunt, feel her searing heat through his pants, and the feel of her pussy would almost have him on the verge of coming, teetering on the edge of ecstasy.

If those signs hadn't been there, Nicholas would have never made a move. The last thing he wanted was a sexual harassment suit filed against him. He'd never attempted to even date someone he worked with. But Vanessa was different. She brought out the animal in him, the part that wanted to mate with her and bind her to him, and he had never found that with anyone else. Until her, sex had been a meaningless string of women all in the name of sating his body.

He watched her lick her lips and he took a step toward her. "Come on, Vanessa. Truth or dare? Who knows if help will be here in an hour or even a few hours? In the meantime, we can use the game to reveal our primal instincts."

She lifted her brow. "Primal instincts? Is that what you're calling this?"

He took another step toward her as she retreated. "What do you want me to call it? Sexual hunger? Or how about desire so hot and thick it makes my cock weep with cum? Are you brave enough to play the game that could lead to secrets revealed and sated bliss?"

She crossed her arms under her breasts and Nicholas dropped his gaze to her chest. A vision of his cock nestled between the mounds came to mind, and Nicholas found himself gritting his teeth against the craving heating his blood.

"Well, since you put it so eloquently, what are the rules?"

"We will spin this empty water bottle to choose who goes first," Benito answered, gripping the bottle as he stepped forward and stopped within inches of Vanessa's body. Nicholas watched as his partner bent and brushed his lips against her mouth.

He would give anything to be behind Vanessa, stroking her breasts as she made out with Benito. Benito pulled back, shook his head, and continued his directions. "The person will choose between truth or dare."

Vanessa uncrossed her arms and ran a hand through her long hair. "In terms of asking the question or daring the person, how will the order go?"

"You'll spin the bottle first. The top of the bottle will choose who gets to ask the question or state the dare. The end of the bottle chooses the person who will answer, or go through with the dare," Nicholas answered, lust making his voice sound thick. "So are you willing to lay it all on the line, Vanessa?"

She closed her eyes briefly, and Nicholas watched the delicate line of her throat as she swallowed. That small act of nervousness had him wondering what it would be like when his cock entered her mouth, her throat swallowing in reaction to his seed.

She opened her eyes and smiled. “You would let an empty bottle of sparkling water dictate the results of the game?”

Nicholas shrugged. “We don’t have anything better at this moment. Unless you have a better idea? Maybe we should all just strip now and have dirty, no-holds-barred sex?”

She snorted. “You really are crude, Nicholas. Spin the bottle it is.”

Benito placed the bottle between them. “Wait.” His muscles tensed. He didn’t want her thinking that this was just a game for them. “This isn’t something to just pass the time with, Vanessa. My heart is one hundred percent involved. You are the woman we want to spend the rest of our lives with.”

“He speaks the truth,” Nicholas interjected. “Whether you agree to go on with this or not, it won’t change our feelings for you.”

Vanessa licked her lips and fisted her hands. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything.” The last thing Benito wanted to do was push her. “I just wanted to let you know that we both love you. And we’re here for you, no matter what.”

Chapter Three

Benito felt relieved at voicing the love he had for her. Though she didn't respond in the way he had hoped, he didn't want to push her into anything she would regret later on.

He watched as Vanessa removed her heels, bent down, positioned her legs to the side, and sat on the floor of the elevator. The new position pushed her shirt down and he caught a glimpse of the top swell of her breasts. He licked his lips, temptation just inches away from him, but he didn't want to her unnerve her more than she already was. And he sure didn't want her thinking he was some sort of raging beast, ruled by raw lust. He sat down to her left, Indian-style, as Nicholas did the same, sitting to her right.

But Benito couldn't force his gaze away from her loveliness. She was 100 percent pure desire, and many times Benito found himself fantasizing about the many ways he would take her.

Her dark hair was straight, reaching past her shoulders. Her eyes were a startling bright green, the shade standing out against her black hair and milky white skin. Her body was curvaceous, her stomach soft with a cute indent that seemed to beg for his kiss, while her hips flared out slightly. Benito could imagine grabbing her hips as he fucked her deeply. He

could lose a part of himself in her passion, but the thought didn't terrify him. Instead, Benito wanted to bond with her and form a permanent union.

He inhaled her springtime fragrance, his cock stiffening to the point where all his thoughts were centered on sex. Benito grimaced as he inhaled a deep breath, his penis jerking in response. For years, he had masturbated to visions of taking her, sinking himself into her cunt until the tip of his cock touched her womb. But each time he masturbated and released his seed, he became hungrier, craving her more.

By spending time with her, Benito got close to her in a way that meant something to him. He knew her favorite color was red. He knew that her favorite flavor of ice cream was chocolate and that she enjoyed Chinese food at a restaurant named Red Dragon. He stored every detail about her away as he continued to soak in the sound of her voice, of her very presence.

And now he wanted to know what her sounds of pleasure were like. The kiss they had shared had only been a prelude of what was coming, and it unleashed something primal in him. He wanted to mark her as his so the whole world would know that she was a part of something special. He wanted to know how her pussy tasted, how her breasts felt in his hands, and how tightly her cunt would mold itself around his cock.

He could tell she was a little confused by the look in her eyes, but they also held desire and hope. He would have never agreed to Nicholas's plan if Vanessa hadn't even ignited a spark of lust within him. But Benito knew she wanted them by the way her nipples tightened under their gaze, by the way she fisted her hands while she licked her lips, and by the way she lost herself in the kiss they had shared while he stroked her body, building the lust between them.

Vanessa lifted her gaze to his as she swiped at her bottom lip with her pink tongue. "Are you ready?"

She was turned on by this, and he was more than ready. If Nicholas's plan didn't work out, then Benito would do the next best thing. He'd bribe her with everything he owned. He wasn't above using anything to barter for her love. He smiled at her. "Spin."

She reached out and turned her right wrist in. She released the bottle, and the plastic moved, whirling in a quick motion. The movement against the ceramic floor of the elevator was made a soft, airy sound, and all eyes remained riveted on the bottle. His cock jerked as the bottle began to slow down, and Benito could feel the tension thicken in the air. The bottle stopped spinning, the neck pointing to Benito, the end right in front of Vanessa.

Her gaze snapped to his as she fisted her hands, leaned back, and stared. There was nervousness in her posture, even though she was trying hard for them not to see it. Benito wanted to crawl into her space and take her into his arms to reassure her that everything was going to be okay. But she wasn't ready for that yet.

This game was a means to a very important end, and if Vanessa thought that Benito would go easier on her because she chose truth, then she was mistaken. He had just as much to lose if he didn't get to the bottom of what was making her step back from them.

"Vanessa, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"Do you want to fuck both Nicholas and me?" The heat in the elevator rose a notch. Her gaze dropped to his dick before lifting to his face. Benito groaned as his cock got even harder. He knew the truth, but he wanted to hear her admission.

She gasped and flushed red at his words, her hands picking at the nonexistent lint on her skirt. She turned her gaze to Nicholas and then back to his. A second passed, and then two, and when Benito began to wonder if she would even answer the question, she parted her lips and spoke.

"Yes."

Now the game was actually going somewhere. Benito smiled, more than pleased as he heard Nicholas growl in response. The words were said, and admitting them was the first step, opening the door to their powerful lusts.

“It’s your turn to spin, Nicholas.”

Chapter Four

His cock throbbed at the gorgeous sight she made. Her body was coated with a light sheen of perspiration, giving her skin a healthy glow. Her breasts were thrust out, her nipples hard little points against the fabric of her shirt. But it was the yearning in her gaze that had him on the verge of leaping to his feet and falling over her, ravishing her, fucking her until they both came hard.

He willed it down and struggled to focus on the bottle before him. With a flick of his wrist, he spun it. The plastic whirled and then slowed down, until it stopped with the top facing him and the bottom pointing to Benito.

Nicholas smiled. Such a simple game with huge consequences. “Benito, truth or dare?”

Benito’s brows narrowed thoughtfully. “Dare.”

Ah, so his friend was fully into the game now. Nicholas was worried that Benito would have doubts, but choosing dare proved that he was willing to see this through.

“I dare you to crawl over to Vanessa and...” Nicholas let his words trail off, heightening the suspense between them as he watched Vanessa blush beautifully. “And on the side of her neck, kiss her hard enough to mark her, but not so rough that you hurt her.”

Her chest rose and she hitched a breath as her mouth fell open. Nicholas turned his head as Benito got to his knees and crawled to her.

Benito smiled. "I have to say this was the best idea you've had yet, Nicholas."

Nicholas drew up to his knees, scooting closer as he tilted his head to the side to watch them. Benito leaned close to Vanessa's right side, leaving her left open to Nicholas's view. And from where he watched, the view was perfect.

A part of him was content for now to sit and observe how the two reacted together, though it took an enormous amount of strength to do so. Nicholas thought visual stimulation was a huge part of foreplay, so observing was one way he liked to draw the moment out, heightening the need to a point where it became an explosion of lust.

Nicholas's cock jerked as Benito licked at the flesh on her neck. She reached up and grabbed Benito's hair as he closed his mouth over her skin and sucked. Nicholas licked his lips, desire wrenching a groan from him. Vanessa inhaled as his partner continued to draw on her flesh. Benito moved his hand to her breast, taking her nipple between his fingers and pulling at the tip. Nicholas watched Vanessa close her eyes, tilting her neck farther to the side as her breathing escalated.

Benito released her skin and sat back. There was a red mark on her flesh, about the size of a quarter. Nicholas wanted to do the same to the other side of her neck, or better yet, her breasts. The thought of himself marking her sent a bolt of heat to his cock, tightening his gut. He wanted her naked, open and wet to his gaze. And Nicholas wasn't going to let anyone or anything stop him from achieving his goal.

* * * * *

Vanessa tried to get ahold of her breathing as Benito pulled back from her. The area he had sucked sent a wicked shot of fire directly to her pussy, causing it to spasm, growing wetter. Benito's gaze flicked from the mark to her eyes, and she read the need in them. How could she deny him the pleasure she knew would be found in his arms?

She shifted her gaze to Nicholas. His jaw was clenched, his nostrils flaring, and she would bet that his cock was as hard as a steel pole. He looked seconds away from jumping her, and if he did, she wouldn't do anything to stop him. Maybe this game wasn't such a bad idea, since it would satisfy the part in her that wanted to be ravaged by the both of them.

She grew hot under both their stares, her pussy clenching as she imagined what fucking them would be like. Who would take her first? Would she have one of their cocks in her mouth, while the other pounded into her cunt? Her juices spilled, wetting her inner thighs. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to push her thoughts to the game, but the idea was a little too damn hard. "Whose turn is it?"

"It's Benito's turn to spin," Nicholas replied, shifting his position. She bet it had to do with relieving the pressure off his stiff erection. Oh, but the perfect way to relieve the weight off his penis would be to unbutton his pants, setting his cock free.

Her gaze shifted to Benito as he spun the bottle without removing his gaze from her. Desire was definitely heating things up. She read it in his expression, how turned on he was, and she didn't have the strength to hold out any longer. Not when she was ready, inches from willing, and so hotly able.

The top of the bottle pointed to Nicholas, and the bottom to her. She lifted her gaze to his as she licked her lips. The air in the elevator was becoming scorching hot.

Nicholas grinned and his smile said it all. He was raising this game to a whole other level, and she was going to go ahead with the threesome. She would deal with the consequences later. And now that she had made her decision, she was more than prepared to handle what he or Benito threw her way. She almost purred at the thought as her clit throbbed heavily.

"This looks to be the luckiest day of my life. Truth or dare, Vanessa?" Nicholas's words were rough, the tone filled with a growl. Her eyes flickered to Benito, who sat watching her silently, his dick hard with want.

The admission of her lust, the kiss on her neck, had all led up to this point. If she denied them, then she would be lying to herself, possibly pushing both Nicholas and Benito away for good. But if she admitted her true feelings, then the next hour or few hours could be the best thing that had ever happened to her. That's what she wanted to experience, the best sex of her life. Decision made, Vanessa gave them both what they wanted.

"Dare."

Benito nodded once, as if he wanted confirmation of her decision. He was a true sweetheart, unwilling to rush her, and she loved that about him. But she was burning up with lust and on the verge of setting it all free. She wanted this, and to prove it to him, she rose up to her knees and crawled over to him. She lifted herself up, stopping inches from Benito's lips. Her mouth parted, their warm breaths mingling with each other, and then she ran her tongue over his lips. Just as he opened his mouth, Vanessa pulled back.

She knelt and turned her head to Nicholas, awaiting his challenge, and by the look on his face, it was going to be a hot one.

"I dare you to kneel before me and suck my cock while Benito eats that gorgeous pussy of yours."

She sucked in a breath, his dare delivered like an order, stealing her air. He didn't waste any time in drawing the words out. There was a devilish glint to his gaze, and Vanessa could see right through his eyes that Nicholas knew ordering her would turn her on fast. And it did. But she never thought Nicholas would go straight for the ménage, not at least right away. Either way, there was no way she was going to back down now.

Chapter Five

Benito ran his tongue over his lips, tasting Vanessa as she crawled away from him. It had taken every strength he possessed to remain still, his cock nearly bursting at her touch as she tentatively tasted him.

But when Nicholas had issued the dare, Benito caught the surprised look in her gaze. He had almost jumped in and growled at Nicholas to go easier on her because most likely she thought that they would be taking it step by step. But Benito had held himself back. Nicholas was right. Vanessa needed this, and by giving her more time, Benito was probably allowing her to put a wall between them.

And that wasn't something Benito would allow any longer. Space was the last thing they all needed.

Benito watched as Vanessa rose to her feet. Her skirt had ridden up to her thighs, displaying a healthy amount of ivory skin. She had a wicked look to her, a sensual smile on her luscious lips. Her hands disappeared under her skirt. The lacy edge of her panties appeared along with her hands as she pushed it down, past her ankles, kicking them toward him.

Benito reached for them, the satin material soft against his skin. He held her still with his gaze as he lifted the underwear to his nose and inhaled deeply. Her eyes widened, and her chest rose and fell rapidly. The musky, sweet scent of her essence sent fire through his blood, hardening his cock and causing an ache that he felt throughout his body. He was on the verge of coming himself just from the eroticism of the act.

She turned her head to face Nicholas and fell to her knees. She crawled over on all fours to his partner. Nicholas already had his cock in hand, stroking from base to tip, and Benito couldn't blame him. The hunger had been buried, and both he and his partner had been somewhat satisfied with courting her at first. But now they were beyond that point. There was no way either of them would be content until they buried their cocks deep inside her body.

From this position, Benito saw Vanessa lick her lips and then trace the mushroom-shaped head of Nicholas's dick with her tongue. Nicholas groaned, tangling his fingers in her hair, feeding her another inch of his cock.

He could get off on watching the both of them as he masturbated. But it was more important that he taste her with his tongue and pleasure her with his lips.

Benito crawled behind Vanessa. He pushed the skirt past her waist and ran his hands over her ass. She was soft, hot all over, and she thrust her behind into his hands. He reached farther below, his fingers brushing the outer lips of her pussy. She drenched his hand as he ran a finger over her clit. She moaned around the mouthful of cock, her cream spilling onto his fingers. "Is her mouth just as hot as her pussy?"

"She's so fucking delicious, Benito. It's like a dream come true. Lie down and taste her. Let me know how tasty she is."

The words poured over him, and suddenly he couldn't wait any longer. Vanessa parted her thighs farther, making room for him. Benito crawled back two steps before twisting his

body and lying flat on his back. He pushed himself up, positioning his head right below her cunt.

He got his first good look at her bare pussy, the pink folds glistening with her sweet juice. Benito gripped her thighs and pushed her down, stopping her by giving her thighs a gentle squeeze when she was inches from his mouth. He blew over clit, just a puff of warm breath. Her body arched, her clitoris peeking out from its hood, rosy from her desire. Benito ran his tongue along her folds, tasting her light, musky essence. His body tensed as he swallowed her cream, causing a heated reaction from the pit of his stomach right to his aching cock.

She tasted wonderful, and he wouldn't mind if he suddenly appeared to have an oral fetish, because he could spend his days like this, her pussy grinding against his face as she came over and over again. He flicked his tongue back and forth over her clit and she moaned, squatting farther down to rub her cunt over his mouth and chin. He let her do it, relishing the feel of her hot flesh. He tightened his hands on her thighs as he plunged his tongue into her pussy.

Through the haze of lust, Benito heard Nicholas roar as Vanessa sucked him to completion. But Benito had no intention of stopping. He fucked her with his tongue, thrusting it into her hole. She was almost there, her moans becoming louder, longer with desire. And then she surprised him.

She twisted her body around, bringing her cunt back to his face within seconds, while her hands freed his cock. He sucked her clit into his mouth with gentle, tugging strokes as he felt her nails dig into the flesh of his thighs. He didn't mind one bit. He moaned at the stabbing pinch of pain as it blended with his pleasure. She ran her tongue along his length; then wet heat encased his dick as she took more than half of it into her mouth. Benito thrust his hips up, the head of his cock reaching the opening of her throat. The fire grew in the pit of his stomach, and he quickened his sucking motion around her clitoris.

Beneath his hands, the muscles in her thighs locked tight as she moaned around his cock. He growled as the vibrating tones sent him over the edge, spilling his seed into her mouth. She screamed around his cock, coming in a wave of heat on his face.

Coolness surrounded his semierect dick as she released him and fell on top of his body. All Benito could hear were the rapid breaths of everyone in the elevator. His heart was speeding a mile a minute and her pink cunt was inches from his mouth. The thought had his cock hard and ready for more action.

He could spend an eternity fucking her. And more importantly, she was perfect for him.

She lifted herself off him and knelt.

He reached for her hand and then pressed it against his heart. "Do you feel that?"

She parted her lips, rubbing her hand against his chest in soft strokes. "What?"

"The love I have for you." He whispered the words, hoping to hell she felt the same way.

But instead of the response he had been hoping for, her reply contained a different set of three words. "I feel it."

Chapter Six

Nicholas watched in fascination as Vanessa collapsed on top of Benito, her breathing loud and erratic, her skin flushed pink. The orgasm she had just given him courtesy of her delectable, hot mouth momentarily drew his strength from him, and for a second Nicholas swore he had seen stars before his eyes as she drank his seed. The best orgasm of his life and he still wanted her.

She had never looked so fucking beautiful to him than at this moment, her body temporarily sated. He dropped his gaze to her hairless cunt, rosy red from the thorough sucking Benito had just given her. And if he continued to stare at her this way, he was going to fuck her right here and now. So instead, Nicholas lifted his gaze to her face.

She was absolutely stunning in this state, and he could have sworn he saw her eyes flash as he had issued the dare, arranging his words to sound like an order. He would love to explore that side of her to see where it would lead them.

Nicholas went to his knees and adjusted his pants before tucking his dick inside and gently pulling his zipper up. Vanessa lifted her head and scrambled to her knees, watching both of them with a wary look in her eyes. He wasn't going to allow her to put up walls, not when they had her exactly where they wanted her.

Nicholas rose and walked to her, putting his hands around her and lifting her to her feet. She was a sinful delicacy, one he intended to devour slowly and savor for eternity. “I loved your lips on my dick, Vanessa. It blew my mind. I can’t wait to taste your sweet pussy as well.”

She blushed and licked her lips. “Leave it to you and Benito to bring out the wild side in me. Now that we’ve taken the edge off, I guess we can be more up-front about our feelings. Your cock was pretty sweet, and Benito’s mouth on me was heaven.”

Nicholas watched as Benito jumped to his feet and aligned himself behind Vanessa. Her skirt was still around her waist, her camisole covering her upper body. He bent and placed his lips against the corner of her mouth. “This is a dream come true for us. And yes, I can speak for him because we’ve both lusted after you for years. Shall we continue this game and see where it takes us?”

She narrowed her eyes, her mouth twisting into a grimace. “Is that what this is to you? A game?”

Nicholas lifted his hands to her waist, pushing her against his erect cock. “It’s far from a game. I know Benito has made it pretty clear how he feels. And I can assure you, my sentiments are the same. You complete me, and I’ve never felt that way about anyone before.”

Nicholas tilted his head to the side, watching Benito as he pushed her hair into his hand, wrapping the length around before tugging her head back.

Benito angled her head to the side and placed a kiss on her neck. “I stand behind everything he says, Vanessa. We’ve played around each other too long. Now is the time to make a move. And by the way, your hot pussy is creaming his pants. I can bet you feel the same way. This isn’t a causal, one-night affair. Sex can lead to more between the three of us, if you’ll allow it. And if you didn’t catch on by now, sweetheart, you hold the power, the rules, and the very outcome of this relationship in your gorgeous hands.”

* * * * *

Her head spun, her heart beat quickly with emotions. She was trapped between both male bodies. The feeling of being controlled by these men was like a link between her pussy and their power. She didn't want to move because that would break the spell they wove around her. Benito held her, her back to his chest, his hand trapping her head, and she reveled at the control he held over her. It felt good...no, it felt delicious to give these men authority over her body and mind, and it meant that she trusted them fully.

They said she had the power, but she doubted that. Oh, she was certain she held authority over whether things would go further than this. That wasn't what she meant. They held the power over her body, because at this moment she would do anything for them. Her clit kept throbbing heavily, her cunt spilling its cream, and all she could think of was having both of their cocks fucking her.

She was too horny and on the verge of begging them to do anything they wanted to her. But she held off. Delaying the inevitable was a huge sacrifice, but this game had become a sort of foreplay and she meant to enjoy it.

Vanessa reached down and wrapped her hand around Nicholas's cock. It strained against his pants, and she circled her fingers as much as she could around it, tightening her hand, stroking the length back and forth. She turned her head, her hair tugging against Benito's hand before he loosened his fingers. She opened her mouth, licked at his lips, then slipped her tongue inside. They sucked on each other, and she moaned loudly as a pair of hands removed her camisole and released her breasts, tugging on her hard nipples.

She was on the verge of a fierce orgasm just by making out, and if one of them would just stroke her pussy, she would go off like a Fourth of July rocket.

Benito broke the kiss and released the hold on her hair. She moaned at the loss of his hot lips. "Say it, Vanessa. Say you'll play one more round of the game."

At this moment she would do anything for them. “Yes! Oh...” She lost her train of thought for a damn good reason. Nicholas’s mouth was now at her pussy.

Droplets of sweat clung to the three of them. But the only heat they reacted to was the sexual one riding all of them. Nicholas growled as he slurped up her liquid heat, alternating between drinking it and flicking his tongue against her clit. He was too fucking good; they both were. Benito’s hands strayed to her breasts, and he pulled at her distended nipples.

Nicholas took her clit and surrounded it with his lips, sucking hard as Benito twisted his body so he was now sideways to her. He bent his head and took her nipple into his mouth, sucking at the tip and then causing a fiery spark with his teeth as he gently bit down. She couldn’t stop it. Even though she wanted this to go on for longer to savor it, her body arched forward and she exploded.

“Benito, Nicholas!” She screamed both their names as her orgasm burst, her juices flooding Nicholas’s mouth. And then suddenly it became too much. She tugged at Nicholas’s hair, her clit too sensitive for his hot tongue. But Benito bent his head, taking her in another tongue-filled kiss as Nicholas continued his relentless assault, licking her pussy.

She felt a slight breeze around her cunt when Nicholas lifted his head and placed a kiss there. But even though the fire slightly abated, her body was still wound tight with desire. And Vanessa was sure that if he touched her again, she would come.

Benito broke the kiss and reached up to stroke her cheek. “Consider this a permanent thing. Because we aren’t going anywhere.”

She took a step sideways as Nicholas stood up, his mouth glistening with her cream. Benito watched her. She closed her eyes against the need that showed in both of her men, still too terrified to hope that outside these elevator walls, a future was still a possibility. She picked up her shirt and pulled it on, forcing herself to shove her thoughts away and busying her hands.

But the thoughts still lingered, and even as she became more accustomed to the idea of a three-way partnership, their life wouldn't be an easy one. There would be complications from her family and her friends. Even something as simple as walking down the street would be a problem, with people staring, hateful judgment in their gaze. Could she give up the sense of security she had built for herself through the years? Her family and friends were important to her. But by the same token, Benito and Nicholas had shown her happiness in just a few hours.

Was she really willing to end the connection she had with both of them because she was too scared to face it in front of the world? If she were really in love with them, nothing anyone threw their way would even faze her.

But instead of voicing her thoughts to them, Vanessa took the safe route once more. She eyed them. Both were waiting on her to make the next move. "So whose turn is it to spin?"

Chapter Seven

Benito fisted his hands against the need to haul her against his body and take her with his mouth, then his cock. He had grabbed her hair, going on pure instinct and the desire to see her submit to him. The discovery of what she liked was all new to him, and he was still learning about what sent her over the edge of ecstasy. And that's how he knew in that moment, as sure as he knew his own name, that she liked a touch of aggressiveness with her sex. She liked to feel overpowered in the bedroom, and Benito saw no problem giving her a taste of that since it made his cock hard, his precum leak at the tip. "It's your turn to spin, Vanessa."

But now, as he stared at her, Benito could see it in her gaze, her mind racing with hundreds of questions and doubts. He would have expected her to reveal her insecurities, at the very least in the form of a question, but she hid behind the game. Pushing her wasn't what he wanted to do, but it may be what she needed them both to do. But the emotional bond was still new and fragile. Would he and Nicholas risk it by pushing her instead of going slowly? At this stage, it was a chance he had to take.

Vanessa fell to her knees and spread her legs slightly, and Benito and Nicholas took their spots on the floor once more. She reached for the bottle and twisted her wrist, sending it spinning. Benito turned his gaze from her to Nicholas.

He was getting frustrated with her ability to shut them out. And it seemed that Nicholas too was feeling the pressure. They wanted her to open up to them, not just of the sexual nature, but emotionally as well. If not, none of this was going to work out. And time wasn't on their side. Benito took a glance at his watch. Thirty minutes from now, Kane would turn the switches from the elevator back on and it would start its descent to the main floor.

Benito switched his gaze to the plastic bottle on the floor. It slowed down to a stop. The top of the bottle faced Benito, and the bottom faced Nicholas.

An unpredictable and interesting scenario, since deep down inside, he had been hoping that the bottom of the bottle would point to Vanessa. But perhaps, he could use this to his advantage. "Truth or dare, Nicholas?"

Nicholas grinned. "Dare."

Benito clenched his stomach against the sexual heat in the elevator. It was about to get dangerously hotter in here. And he was so ready to turn up the dial. But before he took it to that level, he need to know 100 percent that they were all on the same page.

He turned to Vanessa, who watched him with her bottom lip caught between her teeth. "This next dare will take it to a whole other level, sweetheart. I just want to make sure that we all agree to what's happening. I'm going to dare Nicholas to push you. But by pushing I mean taking. Do you want that, Vanessa? Do you trust both of us enough to give you what we know you need?"

* * * * *

He was asking for a lot. They both were. But she had known both of them for two years. And more importantly, in the last several months, she had shared intimate moments

with them, and that's where their true bond had begun to form, building trust. To deny them both would be cheating all of them out of something special.

But first, she wanted to shed her clothes, to show Nicholas and Benito that she was willing to take it further. She stood. Both men had their gazes on her as she stripped the camisole from her body. Her nipples beaded tight under their stares.

Her hand grabbed the zipper of her skirt, which was still wrapped around her waist, and she slowly pushed it down. She got rid of it, kicking it to the side. Both men groaned as their gazes strayed to the piercing in her belly button, adorned with a fourteen-karat-gold teardrop, and she knew they had missed it before.

She loved her piercing, and outside of work, she would show it off by wearing belly-revealing shirts. It made her feel sexy, and the strenuous weekend workouts at the gym had helped her tone up her body.

"You're gorgeous."

Vanessa turned to Nicholas, who had whispered the words with such sincerity. She had always known she was passable. Some even described her as cute. But gorgeous? She didn't know about that. But standing naked under their stares made her feel it.

She swallowed past the nervous lump in her throat as both men stood, their gazes roaming her body, their hard dicks pressed against their pants.

"I trust the both of you." And with those words she laid everything in their hands, including her heart.

Benito walked over to her and tunneled his fingers through her hair. He tugged the strands, pushing her head back as he kissed her hard, his tongue dueling with hers, and she moaned. With just one kiss, this man had her hot and needy.

"What's my dare?" Nicholas asked.

Vanessa pulled back. She looked at up at Benito, a smile touching her lips. "Yes, what's his dare?"

Chapter Eight

Benito couldn't tear his gaze from Vanessa's luscious body. He wanted to ravish her, taste her all over, sink his cock deep inside her heat. Her breasts were large, her nipples a dark pink. His mouth watered with the need to taste them, and he had to clench his hands, mustering up some kind of strength to stop himself from taking this seduction too quickly.

Nicholas stood, awaiting Benito's command.

"I dare you to push her down to her knees so you can fuck her from behind while I thrust my cock into her mouth."

He heard Vanessa gasp at his words. He turned, intending to question if it was shock, arousal, or both that had her gasping. But he didn't have time to wonder because Nicholas was already on the move.

Benito watched, mesmerized, even as he removed his pants, while Nicholas placed his hands on Vanessa's shoulders, pushing her down. She went to her knees, and Nicholas dug into the back pocket of his pants and removed the condoms he had bought for this particular seduction. Nicholas stripped off his slacks, put the condom on, and maneuvered his body behind her, so he could bend down there.

“Take his cock and put it inside your pussy!” Benito growled, tensing as her gaze kept flicking between the two of them. Was she unsure? Should he halt this now? But then she graced him with a lovely smile.

Benito moved, his balls drawing tight at the sight. Heat consumed him and he wanted nothing more than to be deep inside her pussy. But her fiery mouth wasn’t a bad second option. In fact, thrusting his dick into her mouth had been one of his favorite fantasies over the past couple of years. And the intensity of their earlier oral sex had been rushed by desire. Now that the edge had faded, he could relish every lash of her tongue as he fucked her mouth. The fact that in a few seconds he would be savoring every detail had his heart racing. This petite woman had wedged herself deep, and he was in love with her.

Benito walked up to the front of her, and she licked her lips as she began to thrust herself back onto Nicholas’s dick. His own cock was just inches from her mouth. Her tongue peeked out, and she licked the head slowly. She was tormenting him, teasing him. “Put it in your mouth.” The order was filled with hot intent. She did as he bid by wrapping her hand around his cock, opening her mouth, and guiding him inside.

He groaned, heat whipping through his body as he began to fuck her mouth, helpless to deny his craving for her. Her tongue was like a whiplash, dipping into the slit of his cock, then bathing his length with her saliva. He tossed his head back, savoring it all. It felt too fucking good, and he thrust to the opening of her throat as he twined his fingers through her hair. She moved her hand below and fondled his balls, stroking the tight sacs.

He fought against the need to take her harshly, to fuck her mouth deeply. Instead, he closed his eyes and prayed to the heavens above that he lasted long enough for Nicholas to bring her to orgasm.

* * * * *

“Oh, baby. Being inside you is heaven. I love the way your pussy grips me.” The wetness of her cunt drove Nicholas insane with hunger, and he kept plunging deep inside to

her womb, relishing the tight grip her pussy had on him. He tightened his hands around her hips as she pushed back against him, desire taking full control over their bodies. Nicholas glanced up and saw the ecstasy in Benito's face. But he dropped his gaze as she moaned, pushing her hips back against his dick with a hard force that had his body shaking with desire.

He smiled and then groaned at the intensity of this threesome. His heart thudded fiercely. Sweat drifted down his body as the scent of sex became stronger. It was amazing, truly astounding, how a ménage filled with love and emotions could form such a unique bond. And he knew Benito felt it. He just hoped to hell Vanessa felt it too. Because after today, he had no intention of letting her go.

A shot of heat raced down his back, and Nicholas picked up the pace, gripping her thighs hard, fucking her deep. He ran a finger down her spine slowly, trailing it until he crossed the line between her back and her ass. He dipped the digit farther below until he reached her opening. Nicholas pushed, forcing the tip of his finger in. She clenched her muscles around his finger, but he didn't push in farther. He wasn't going to last much longer, and experiencing a taste of anal sex with her would require patience from him, and he didn't seem to have any right now. He clenched his teeth, wishing he had more control. Vanessa tightened her pussy as he withdrew his shaft. She moaned around Benito's cock as Nicholas forced his dick past her muscles, the top of his shaft hitting her womb.

He trailed his other hand below, finding her clit and rubbing it back and forth. She whimpered, fucking him back as his balls tightened dangerously. He hoped Benito and Vanessa were close to the edge, because he was about to explode.

* * * * *

She was too close, on the verge of tipping over into ecstasy with Benito's cock in her mouth and Nicholas's shaft pounding into her, his finger rasping her clit. The digit sent

tingles down her spine. She swallowed against the need to beg them to let her come. Her stomach tightened, and her womb began to heat.

She couldn't stop herself from pushing her cunt back onto Nicholas's large cock, and she relished the tight grip Benito had on her hair, holding her head still as he fucked her mouth. She closed her eyes, drawing on the sensations that wrung from her body as the heat began to build faster in the pit of her stomach.

"Fuck, Vanessa. I'm coming," Benito groaned as he pushed his cock to the opening of her throat and shot a load of semen into her mouth. She swallowed and screamed around his dick as her stomach dipped, the orgasm shooting down from her womb to her pussy. Her juices flowed, coating Nicholas's cock heavily as she tightened her muscles around him.

It was as if they were all linked together. Nicholas dug his fingers into her flesh, but she didn't mind one bit. His cock pulsed as he gave one final thrust, and he moaned her name, coming inside her.

Chapter Nine

“So how did your seduction go? Did Vanessa realize that the two of you have been lusting after her for years now? Was the elevator plan a success?”

Benito lifted his gaze from the report on his recent case as Kane and his partner, Costas Sanchez, made themselves comfortable on his office couch. Benito dropped the file and clenched his fist, his heart beating fast at the thought of Vanessa leaving them so quickly. “After the elevator powered back on, she got dressed and left without saying a word. We both got an e-mail this morning from her. All she said was that she wouldn’t be in today because she had the flu.”

“Have you tried calling her?”

Benito ran a hand through his hair. The urge to run over to her house and talk some sense into her whipped through him. But maybe she needed time to sort her feelings out. Still, not coming to him or Nicholas angered him. “We both have, and her machine picks up her calls. Shit, Kane. Do you think we scared her?”

Kane shrugged. “Sometimes our appetites can scare a woman off. Communication is the key, and if a relationship doesn’t have it, then there’s no hope of succeeding.”

“Shit.” Benito felt sick at the thought of Vanessa scared. He had thought he’d seen lust in her gaze and felt her desire for them. Had he misread her? Had their plan of seduction pushed her permanently away? It would kill him, if he lost her.

Kane rose from his seat. “How about I watch the office while you and Nicholas go over to her house?”

Nicholas answered as he walked into Benito’s office. “I think that’s a great idea.”

Benito grabbed his keys. “Come on.”

* * * * *

“Please don’t interrupt me till I’m done, sis, or I’ll never get this off my chest.”

“Okay. Go ahead,” Angelina Kramer replied as she plopped herself down on Vanessa’s bed.

“I can’t believe I’m about to tell you how I spent my wild weekend. But here it goes. I’ve had a threesome with two men who happen to be my bosses. The elevator stopped working on Saturday, and we were all trapped inside for a few hours. After a game of truth or dare, things escalated straight to sex. I’m not going to lie and say it wasn’t the best time of my life, because it was. And discovering that I had feelings for Nicholas and Benito is an added plus. But I don’t know how they feel about me. And that’s the reason why I left them without saying a word, and why I’ve been hiding out this weekend. I don’t know what to do.” Having blurted the words out, Vanessa took a deep breath and released it slowly. It actually felt good to tell her sister everything. Angelina was one of a few people she trusted her life with, and surely she had some idea as to what Vanessa’s next step should be.

“So let me get this straight,” Angelina said. “You experienced a three-way in an elevator with your two bosses?”

“Yes. You don’t sound disgusted. Are you?”

“More liked shocked. Who would have thought that my older sister would ever let any of her inhibitions go and experience the wild pleasure of a threesome?”

Vanessa blushed, the red heat reaching up from her neck to her face as she paced back and forth. She inhaled, forcing herself to calm down as nerves ran rampant in her stomach.

“I still can’t believe you were trapped for hours with not one, but two gorgeous men. It sounds like you love them both,” Angelina continued, running a hand through her short hair. “So why in the hell would you leave them without saying one word?”

Vanessa stopped pacing and turned to her sister. “I got nervous, okay? There were too many thoughts running through my head. I didn’t want to go through that awkward I’ll-call-you stage. I didn’t know if they would invite me to one of their house, or if I should invite them to mine. Angelina, I got scared and ran. They probably think I couldn’t handle a relationship between the three of us now.”

“But why wouldn’t you take their calls? You spent the entire weekend moping around when all of this could’ve been fixed. When was the last time you let anyone into your heart this way? Face it. Benito and Nicholas have you tied up in knots, and no man has ever been able to do that with you. You love them both and it’s time to take control, sis.”

“Control?”

Angela conveniently didn’t answer her question. “Yes, control. I’m not a novice at the threesome thing. It was only one night, but what a night it was.”

“You’ve done this before?”

Angelina rolled her eyes as she rose to her feet. “Oh, please. You act like I’m seventeen instead of twenty-seven. We women have to take pleasuring into our own hands when men fail to do it. Lucky for you that you have two gorgeous men willing to do it for you. Plus, I called Kane.”

Oh my God. Vanessa closed her eyes and held her breath. Maybe she heard the last part wrong. “You what?”

“I called Kane. He’s watching the office. Nicholas and Benito are on their way as we speak, which means I have to get out of here.” Angelina picked up her purse and headed toward the door. “You’re going to thank me for taking charge this way. Remember, you’re in control of your destiny. All you have to do is reach for it.”

Chapter Ten

She needed a way to show them how much she loved them, and the new plug and lube she had bought months ago was perfect. She had showered and dried, generously coating the plug with lubricant, before she slowly pushed it inside. It took a tremendous amount of relaxation, but once the flared head got past the tight anal muscle, she took a nervous breath, thrust the rest of the plug in. Deep down Vanessa did it because she wanted to please Nicholas and Benito. And it was her way of showing them, that she wanted to be with them both.

Remember you're in control of your destiny. All you have to do is reach for it.

Could it really be that easy? Did she have the guts to give both Nicholas and Benito her heart? She'd be taking a huge risk of heartbreak. But not taking the risk would shatter her into pieces anyway. She just prayed that she hadn't scared both of them away with her indecisiveness.

Vanessa placed the brush down just as her doorbell rang. Her heart skipped a beat. She pulled the black satin nightgown over her head. She released her hair from its bun. She wanted to surprise them. She just hoped it wasn't too late.

The bell rang once more. She hurried to the door and rose up on her toes to view the peephole. Benito's face appeared and she saw a bit of Nicholas's hair behind him. Heaving a huge breath, Vanessa unlocked the door and opened it. "Hey."

Both men walked in immediately, and Nicholas pushed the door closed and locked it. She could feel the tension in the air.

She opened her mouth, ready to reveal how she felt, but Benito took her into his arms. "We've been so worried about you. Don't you ever shut us out like that again." He moved his hands up and down as if he wanted to make sure she was really okay. Vanessa closed her eyes, concentrating on his heat and the strength of his body. Her nipples hardened, the tips rubbing against her satin gown.

She opened her eyes as Nicholas pulled her out of Benito's arms, wrapping his hands around her waist. He held her a few inches from him, eyeing her up and down. His gaze flared with heat, and Vanessa realized that was the exact moment he noticed what she was wearing. "You don't appear sick. In fact, you appear ready to be seduced."

She blushed and took a step back, forcing Nicholas to release her. Benito stood beside him, both men silent, waiting for her to speak. She gathered her courage inwardly and set her gaze on both of them. "I owe you an apology. I should have trusted the both of you, but instead I hid. When the elevator turned back on, I freaked. Would you tell me you'd call, and I'd never receive one? And if that was the case, how would it affect our working relationship? There were just too many questions running through my head, and I was too afraid to voice them to you. I know that you both care about me, but my feelings run deeper than that. For two years, I've been afraid of going after what I want," Vanessa said, her voice thick with emotion. "But my very wise sister told me, if I want to be happy, all I have to do is reach for it. This is me reaching and I love you both."

Vanessa slipped her arms out of the gown and held on to the front. "I want to show you how much the both of you mean to me." She removed her hand, and the gown fell to the floor.

Nicholas reached for her, placing his hands around her waist as Benito aligned himself behind her. "I love you," Benito whispered into her ear. "More than anything in this world. I'm glad you're taking a chance on us."

Benito reached around and placed his finger under her chin, turning her head sideways. She moved in as he pressed his lips to hers. She opened up for him, and he sucked her tongue before he nibbled her bottom lip. Vanessa moaned as their body heat surrounded her. But she broke off the kiss as she felt Nicholas lean in, his hard cock against her belly. She reached out, wrapping her hand around his thick dick.

"You're my heart, my mate, and my soul forever," Nicholas said. "And you deserve a spanking for scaring the shit out of me." He reached behind her and rubbed her ass. "We want to spend the rest of our lives with you. No one ever said it was going to be easy, Vanessa. But you're strong. We all are, and we can make this work."

She nodded. The fact that they were able to have a second chance, and work through their doubts, meant a lot to her. "I know that now."

Nicholas kissed her softly, pushing his tongue past her lips. Her hunger for them climbed, heating her body. Benito tugged on her nipples, while Nicholas reached around her, his finger touching her anus.

Nicholas growled in surprise. "You did this for us?"

She smiled. "Who else?"

"You're so hot." Nicholas pulled his hand away. "Benito, circle your finger around the opening of her ass."

Benito did. "God, that's sexy."

Vanessa stepped sideways and began to head toward the bedroom. She tossed a look at them. They were both hard and practically salivating with desire. "I did it for the both of you. Let's move this to my bedroom."

* * * * *

Nicholas removed his clothes as Benito did the same. He reached for the two condoms in the pocket of his pants. He tossed one to Benito before quickly ripping the packaging of the other one and putting it on.

Vanessa climbed onto the bed, waiting for them. He was so aroused, his dick hard like steel. But first he wanted to taste her, needed her to come in his mouth. Nicholas walked over and lay down flat on the mattress, his cock pointing toward the ceiling. "Straddle my mouth." He growled low, withholding the need to cover her with his body and thrust his shaft into her cunt.

She smiled and shook her head no. "I want you to make me."

He didn't think anything could get his dick harder, but those six words certainly did. He wished he had a pair of handcuffs with him. He would bind her wrists and show her how much pleasure both he and Benito could give her.

But without further thought, Nicholas moved quickly, sitting up and scooting to the edge of the bed, twisting his body to face her and grabbing her by the waist. He tightened his hands so she could feel the power of his strength. Arousal raced through his body. She gasped as he picked her up, positioning her with her back to his front. He didn't allow her to place her feet on the floor, so it forced her knees outside his thighs.

She turned, tossing a quick look at him, wiggling her ass against his cock.

"Awkward position."

He smiled. "But only for a second."

Nicholas lifted her as he lay back down and positioned her on his chest, with her legs spread wide. She still faced away, but now she straddled him. He placed his hands underneath her, pushing her backward and then lifting her, so her pussy now hovered over his mouth. The only downside to this position was he couldn't see her face when he made her come, but it was necessary that Benito prepare her before they both entered her.

He breathed deeply, taking her scent in. Five seconds passed, and he exhaled slowly.

“Nicholas,” she whispered as she tried to push her pussy down to his mouth. Aroused by the sight of her glistening cunt, he tightened his hands around her thighs.

He flexed his hands once. “I love you.” He said the words loud enough for her to hear, before he removed his hold on her, allowing her pussy to descend toward his mouth. He opened his mouth, lashing her clit with his tongue as she began to grind her heat against his face, her hips moving slowly. Her cream spilled, her taste filling him, but he continued his assault, surrounding her clit with his lips.

“Bend down.”

Through the hazy cloud of desire, Nicholas heard Benito’s words. Vanessa bent, placing her hands on his thighs, bringing her mouth close to his cock.

Chapter Eleven

Benito quickly scanned the room and saw the lube on her nightstand. He picked it up, uncapping it as he walked to the other side of the bed. He watched her move her pussy, rubbing it against Nicholas's face. The sight was hot, turning his cock into a hard, throbbing mass of desire. But he shifted his gaze to the opening of her ass.

He still couldn't believe that she had done this for them. Anal sex wasn't something he thought they would rush. But the fact that she took the initiative, preparing herself for them, inserting a plug on her own, was a huge turn-on. And it wasn't something they could ignore.

They had both stated their love for her, and he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her, showing her that this particular threesome had an unbreakable bond.

Vanessa's movements quickened as she began to suck Nicholas's dick. Benito didn't want her coming yet, not until he had his penis inside her.

Benito placed his hands on her cheeks and spread them apart so he could see the plug. The opening of her ass was red, and the lube glistened around her hole. He brought his other hand up and twisted the plug.

Vanessa lifted her head and turned. "Benito, hurry." His cock throbbed heavily as he heard the need in her voice. He wanted this moment to last forever, but he didn't think he would be able to set a slow pace. He put on the condom Nicholas had given to him.

She moaned as he pulled the plug out. He dropped it on the carpeted floor and coated two of his fingers with lubricant. Vanessa resumed sucking Nicholas's penis, her head bobbing up and down. Benito's cock leaped as he inserted his fingers into her ass, fucking her with them for several minutes. He needed to make sure he caused her no pain, so she needed to be stretched enough to take him.

"Fuck me, Benito. Fuck me, now."

Her words sent a rush of lust raging through him. He pulled back his fingers, and reached for the lube once more. He coated his cock with it. "Take Nicholas's cock and put it inside you."

Benito watched Nicholas move, lifting Vanessa off his body. He moved up to the headboard and lay back, spreading his legs wide open. Vanessa straddled him before slowly descending on his condom-covered cock.

Benito climbed onto the bed and positioned himself between Nicholas's legs. "Bend down."

Vanessa bent, and Benito moved forward, grabbing her waist as he placed the head of his dick to her anal opening. He pushed and her ass opened, taking the head of his cock inside. Feral hunger rose from within and he continued to enter her, not stopping until his penis was inserted all the way.

* * * * *

She was full, stretched to the point where pain blended with pleasure. Vanessa whimpered as Benito began to fuck her slowly. Nicholas arched his hips, thrusting his cock deep inside her cunt. Their body warmth surrounded her, enclosing her in their love.

She bent down and kissed Nicholas, plunging her tongue into his mouth. He growled in response, matching her kiss with heat and hunger. Vanessa rose up, turning her head. Benito took her lips fiercely, dominating the kiss, holding her head back. Nicholas pinched her nipples, tugging at the tips, and she was forced to break away when their strokes became deep and hard.

Sexual tension and ecstasy surrounded them as their fucking stole her breath away. This was what it was like to be with both of them. Her heart pounded quickly as she realized loving them was a bond that would prove to be indestructible. Her clit throbbed and she was drowning in lust. Sweat glistened on their bodies as the fire in her womb spread.

“I’m coming.” Nicholas groaned as his hands dropped to her waist.

He lifted his hips, her pussy spasming tightly as he pushed his cock deep inside. And when she felt the first pulse of his cock, she shot off like a firecracker. She held her breath, the rush of her orgasm slamming into her.

Benito tilted her head to the side, capturing her skin of her neck between his lips, sucking the flesh as she tightened her ass around his dick. He thrust into her deep, his cock throbbing once more, shooting his cum inside. She heard his groan as she released the air in her lungs, collapsing on top of Nicholas’s body.

She whimpered as Benito pulled his cock out of her ass. She felt him climb off the bed, and in a few seconds he was back, cleaning her with a wet hand towel.

Benito returned to the bed, lying on the left side as Nicholas lifted her off his cock. She placed herself between them, their arms surrounding her, and for the first time she felt thoroughly secure in their love and looked forward to a future with her two men.

* * * * *

TRUTH, DARE, OR HANDCUFFS

Prologue

A knock on the door interrupted Rain Forester from pondering what she would have for dinner. She stepped out of the kitchen and headed to the foyer, curious to see who might be visiting her at this time of the night. Her visitor couldn't be her fiancé, Kane. He had taken a flight out just this morning to Washington on a security assignment for his boss. He would return in two days. Though she missed him, Rain had grown used to his traveling.

She stepped on her tiptoes and peered through the peephole. Her hand gripped the doorknob tightly, and as crazy as it sounded, she suddenly wished that she hadn't dressed in lounge shorts and a tank top. She took a deep breath, her pulse skyrocketing at the sight of the man standing behind her door.

Costas Sanchez.

He was Kane's partner and best friend. And she had thought he'd gone with Kane. She couldn't pretend that she wasn't home because her car was in the driveway. She was never alone with Costas, simply because he made her feel things she shouldn't be feeling. Whenever Costas was at her home, Rain avoided being alone with him, or she would make herself scarce, leaving Kane and Costas by themselves.

Taking another deep breath, Rain opened the door and partially blocked the entryway with her body. She couldn't help but look at him, her gaze traveling his physique. He was gorgeous in a rough-and-tumble way that excited her. Where Kane had the model-type look that she found herself attracted to, Costas was the exact opposite. But *his* ruggedness appealed to her.

A bad boy to the bone, Costas's hair was black, the length reaching to his shoulders. His eyes were dark brown, and his skin reminded her of chocolate, both in color and texture. His lips were thin, his jaw shadowed by a goatee that she found incredibly sexy. His body was lean, but the outline of his muscles was visible through the white sleeveless shirt he wore. A military tattoo of an eagle similar to the one Kane had on his arm graced Costas's upper bicep.

"Hey, Costas. I'm sure you know Kane's away for a few days. What brings you by?" She tried desperately to shield him from the fact that she was nervous and prayed he wouldn't notice.

He took two steps forward, which forced her to take one back and, unfortunately, leave the entry open to him. "Kane called a few hours ago. He wanted me to stop by and make sure you're okay. And I hope you don't mind, but I brought some Chinese. I was hoping you hadn't eaten yet."

His voice was just another thing that turned her on. His heavy Spanish accent mixed with his deep tone flowed through her body, tightening her muscles and sending a wave of heat to her pussy. He entered her home, not waiting for an answer, and headed straight to her kitchen. She had no other choice but to lock the door and follow him.

Costas was leaning against her kitchen island, waiting for her, and she was still eyeing him like she was starved. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

"I was just about to make dinner. Would you like a beer?" Rain headed to the fridge, not waiting for his answer. It was either make herself busy with something or continue

eyeing him. Why in the hell was she feeling this way? She loved Kane; she really did. Everything about him turned her on, and she couldn't help but feel guilty at the feelings Costas aroused. It wasn't impossible to be attracted to two men at once. But Rain had to acknowledge that what she felt for Costas was more than attraction. She just wouldn't let anyone else know it.

"I'd love one."

She opened the refrigerator and grabbed a Corona. She felt the heat of his body even before she turned around. Her muscles tightened in response as she turned to face him, letting go of the fridge door. He was a mere three inches from her, and she backed away, giving herself some much-needed room. But when her back hit the front of the refrigerator, she realized her error too late.

He lifted his arms, caging her in. He bent and she caught a glimpse of desire in his dark gaze. The need to give in to him threatened to consume her. She turned her head, desperate for at least a second to get her emotions in order. "You seem nervous," he whispered into her ear. He raised his head and she turned to face him.

Her clit throbbed, her panties dampened with her cream. "Me, nervous? You're imagining things."

"I can see that my closeness excites you."

She held the beer like it was her lifeline. But the coolness on the bottle did nothing to calm her. His voice melted her insides, arousing her to the point that her breathing sounded like pants. She put her hand on his chest and pushed. He didn't budge, and his mouth curved into a grin. "Costas, I think some distance between us would be a good thing right now."

"I disagree, *hermosa*." He took the Corona from her hand and placed the bottle on top of the fridge. "As a matter of fact, getting close to you would be the best thing for both of us."

She was a breath away from voicing her disagreement, but then he bent his head and took her lips in a kiss, forcing all thoughts of objection out of her mind. His hand moved up

to her jaw, and she opened her mouth, allowing him to slip his tongue inside. He tasted spicy and masculine, his flavor intoxicating.

He pressed his body close to hers. The length of his cock dug into her stomach, turning her hot and pushing her arousal higher. He reached up and rubbed her nipple through her tank top. Heat spread from her womb to her pussy, and she desperately wanted him to thrust his cock into her, fucking her while they were standing. All he had to do was touch her and she was inches away from begging him to fuck her.

He broke the kiss and stepped back, his breath coming out hard. "Kane understands more than you think. Sleep on it, Rain. The three of us would be so good together."

He walked out of her kitchen, and when she heard the door close, she still hadn't moved. Too many emotions assaulted her at once. She was turned on, and yet felt guilty. She couldn't deal with this, and she refused to accept the fact that she would come between Kane and Costas. She knew Kane loved her, felt it in every way, but forcing Kane to choose wouldn't be fair.

The three of us would be good together. What did that mean? A one-night stand among the three of them? Or was Costas talking more than one night? But was she ready for two men? Would her relationship with Kane be damaged because of the feelings she had for Costas?

She moved to the bedroom she shared with Kane and went to her desk. She ripped a paper from the pad and grabbed a pen.

Kane,

I need some time to myself. There are things I need to figure out and separating myself from the situation is the only way. I don't know how long I'll be away.

Rain

She might be a coward, but distancing herself from both of them was the one thing she could do.

Chapter One

One Year Later

“I wasn’t expecting you for another hour,” Nicholas Faso said.

Kane Strong glanced at his watch. Six in the morning. “As soon as I got your e-mail, I took the first flight out of Iraq,” he replied to his boss, co-owner of Faso & Callas Securities. “I headed over here straight from the airport, so you’ll have to excuse the clothes. Your message sounded urgent.” He wished he’d stopped by his apartment first. He was sweaty, dirty, thirsty, and tired, but he’d left his mission on Nicholas’s request. The urgency in his message had startled Kane. In the years he had worked for Nicholas, Kane had never been pulled off a job. It was the exact opposite. He had seen every mission through. And he was more than curious as to why his boss requested his presence immediately.

Nicholas leaned forward, resting his arms on the desk. “I appreciate the fact that you got here so quickly. But first, how did the Hashing assignment go?” They’d been hired to guard former President Hashing for a series of diplomatic talks in Iraq.

“Costas had flown ahead with Jake and Caleb to secure a location for us. We were greeted by a welcoming party as we stepped off the plane.”

“Any fatalities?”

“A few of the insurgents. I then handed President Hashing over to Costas and proceeded to book the next available flight. As you requested, Costas will stay until the job is complete. What’s this new assignment about, Nicholas?”

“Your next assignment is going to surprise you as much as it did me,” Nicholas replied. “Already two murder attempts have been made against this woman, the most recent yesterday morning. She’s been lucky so far that none of them have ended her life. The last attempt was at Café Condesa. A bomb went off at the rear of the building. As a result, two customers are dead and a dozen were injured. By a sheer stroke of luck, she forgot to put change in the meter across the street where her car was parked. Her forgetfulness saved her life. But she’s going to need someone who’ll protect her twenty-four hours a day. Our workload is high now, but I met with her father yesterday afternoon. He practically begged me to take this case. I’ve picked you for reasons that will become clearer later.”

Kane sat as Nicholas stated the details of his next mission. It wasn’t lost on Kane that he hadn’t mentioned the name of the woman he would be protecting. And that thought alone sent a tingling awareness to the back of his neck. “Who is it?”

Nicholas turned the folder around and pushed it forward. “Take a look. I’m sure no introduction will be necessary.”

Kane’s gaze strayed from his boss to the desk, and finally to the photograph.

Rain Forester.

The walls in the office seemed to shrink. His chest tightened, a pain erupting in his heart. His reaction came as a surprise to him, simply because he’d sworn over and over that what they had never existed. Anger threatened to overcome all of his composed control, and he forced himself to breathe as he stared at the dark-haired, stunning woman. The same woman who had packed up her bags and left him with a note that revealed her confusion, but nothing of what she felt inside.

Even as he stared at her, it was hard to believe it had been a year since she walked out. The full-body shot outlined every curve and detail, and he silently cursed himself for taking it all in as if he was starved for her. And perhaps he was. Her black hair was longer, the length passing her shoulders. Her chocolate skin glowed and appeared to be just as smooth as he remembered. Her green eyes were narrowed as if she was concentrating on something beyond the camera lens.

Her mother, a gorgeous African woman Kane had seen in Rain's photographs, passed on from cancer a day after Rain turned fifteen. Rain had inherited her chocolate skin from her mom, and her gorgeous, pouty, soft lips. But the green bright eyes and the straight, soft black hair that flowed past her shoulders had been passed to her from her Italian father. She'd gotten her height from him as well, reaching five feet nine inches. But Kane was six feet four, and his tallness matched hers perfectly.

The sleeveless black dress she wore in the photo reached above her knees, but it was the low-cut V of the bodice that captured his attention, reminding him of the time he had spent sucking her nipples until she climaxed just from his lips alone.

His cock lengthened at the thought. He wasn't surprised that she still affected him this way. In his entire life, no other woman had ever had a hold on him like Rain did.

Kane forced himself to lift his gaze from the photo to his boss, anger rushing through him at how easily he had become captivated by her. He wanted to tell Nicholas that there was no way in hell he would take this mission. He wanted to state that there were other capable men in their firm who could handle something like this. But his wants didn't matter. There was no other option for him, the minute he knew it was *her* who needed him. "Fill me in."

"Like I mentioned, I met with her father, Adrian Forester, yesterday. Rain doesn't want the protection, but Adrian is set on getting her the best. He asked for you specifically. I made no promises to him that you would be the one protecting her, so if it's a problem for you, I'd rather deal with it now."

Even though the thought had popped into his mind, having another man protect her didn't sit well with him. "There is no problem."

Nicholas reached for the file and closed it. "Good. On the night of July twenty-fourth, Monica Charles was stabbed to death."

Fuck! Rain's best friend? "Did she suffer?"

"From the wound at her neck, I would say she passed within minutes. Monica and Rain were roommates. The day of her death, Monica called her boss, claiming she was sick. Rain stated she last saw Monica in bed at eight in the morning. Monica phoned Rain before lunchtime, indicating that she needed to tell her something important, and that it couldn't wait until the end of the day. Rain left an hour later and arrived at one in the afternoon, after stopping at the grocery store. When Rain entered the home, the killer was in the living room. She walked in on him as he was cleaning his weapon on a rag. My guess is that our killer must've been just as surprised to see Rain as she was to see him. But she thought pretty quick, throwing the grocery bag at him. That minuscule attempt bought her enough seconds to run out of the house. She made it to her neighbor's, and that's when she dialed the cops. It was already too late for Monica. Her throat was cut, and the wound was too deep. There was no chance she would've survived it."

Kane ran a hand through his hair. "When did this happen?"

"Two nights ago."

"Did Rain get a good look at this bastard?"

"Yes, she did. We're also still waiting for the NYPD bomb squad unit on their findings on the residue. I'm sure you know Christopher Forester?"

"Adrian's brother? Yes. He's a sergeant in lower Manhattan at Precinct One."

"He's provided us with the description she gave to the cops. I haven't had a chance to speak to Rain directly, but Adrian tells us that she's never laid eyes on the killer before. I

want you to take over all aspects of this case. Jake is watching her at The Gramercy Park Hotel until she finds a new place to live.”

Kane rose from his seat and reached for the file. “Why won’t she move in with her father until this bastard is caught?”

“That’s something you’ll have to ask her yourself.”

Chapter Two

Rain stepped out of the shower, dried herself with the towel, then tied it around her body. The Gramercy Park Hotel was one of the finest in Manhattan, and after the hellish night she had, Rain should at least feel some comfort in having slept in a king-size bed and even having a bit of luxury with a Jacuzzi in her room. But none of that could take away the sadness weighing her down or her worries.

She looked up to the mirror over the pedestal sink. Her eyes were blotchy red, her nose an even darker shade. Her hair was a tangled mess, and her bottom lip was swollen from biting it too much. She reached for her hairbrush and brushed through the tousled, messy strands. She wasn't pleased with her appearance, but she couldn't find the strength to make herself at least look a bit presentable.

She put the brush down and walked over to the bed and sat down. Her bodyguard had stayed outside her room the entire night, protecting her with his life.

If only Kane were here. She would put this in his capable hands, and he'd make her feel safe in his arms. But she wouldn't think of Kane now. An image of Costas popped into her mind. She forced thoughts of both men away. She couldn't think about either of them now.

Not when she had to deal with Monica's death.

But she pushed that out of her mind too. She wasn't ready to confront the painful memory. And she was through with crying. Tears weren't going to bring her best friend back. Helping to catch this asshole, however, would hopefully bring some sort of peace to Monica.

Rain rose from the bed and walked over to the dresser, where the clothes her dad and uncle had brought to her were stored. She untied the towel, threw it on the bed, and picked up a black lacy bra and matching thong. She put on her underwear, determined to be at least fully dressed when Jake came back. She heard a *click* inside her room, the sound so soft that she would've missed it if the television or radio had been turned on. Her heart dropped to her stomach. How in the hell had he found her so quickly? Had the killer been watching her all along?

She couldn't stop shaking as she scanned the room, hoping to find something she could use as a weapon. She fisted her hands, a strange aura flowing through her, forcing her muscles to tighten. Her apprehension became almost overwhelming and she held her breath, knowing suddenly deep in her gut that she wasn't the only person in the room. She unplugged the bedside lamp, gripped the base tightly, and lifted it high.

She took a deep breath and turned, freezing on the spot at seeing the large man leaning against her door. Her stomach tightened as she lowered her arm, and it felt like her throat had closed up. He was someone she thought she'd never see again, the very last person she had been expecting to lay her gaze on, and Rain had to swallow to even say his name.

"Kane."

* * * * *

Kane's plan had been easy. Find out what room Rain was in, swipe the electronic entry card from Jake, and tell him he was taking over the assignment. And everything had been going according to plan, up to this point.

He hadn't planned on finding her half naked. Her lack of clothes posed a problem. And he'd been a brainless moron for just barging into her room. He caught a glimpse of fear on her face, her body shaking when she turned to face him. But it quickly dissolved the instant she recognized him, her face softening with an emotion he couldn't name. She placed the lamp back on the nightstand.

His chest tightened, his heart pounding fiercely, his gaze taking in every inch of her naked flesh and the parts that were covered with tiny bits of black lace. And his cock definitely took notice, swelling and lengthening against his jeans, which were painfully tight. "Rain."

She looked like sin, and he wanted to fall to his knees and lick every inch of her. It'd been a whole fucking year since he'd seen her. A whole fucking year of masturbating to her memory because any other woman couldn't measure up. And here he was, his first glimpse of her, salivating like an animal, images of rutting with her taking up all common sense.

But he'd also caught a flash of desire in her gaze. She had tried to mask the lust quickly, but he'd seen it. Maybe she wasn't as immune to him as she wanted him to believe. Everything about her was contradictory, but in a good way. If they could only get through their problems, he wouldn't mind rediscovering every tiny bit.

He watched her as she closed her eyes, probably an attempt at regaining her composure. And he wasn't giving her the chance to regain control. He wanted her as unstable as he was feeling at this moment.

Perhaps it was the idea that she had come close to death the night Monica died that pushed him closer to her. He found himself walking over to her, placing his overnight bag and the file Nicholas had given him on top of the dresser.

Selfish bastard that he was, he closed the distance between them and stopped when there were a mere two inches separating them. He had to fight against the need to press his body against hers. He lifted his hand and traced a finger down her cheek to her bottom lip.

She opened her eyes, and his cock jerked as he rubbed his thumb across her mouth, which reminded him how luscious her kisses were.

“Kane.”

His name on her lips was music to his ears. She had a soft, husky voice that turned him hot in seconds. And here he was, desire burning in his blood, losing his objectivity to the one woman who had always held his heart. He had taken the job knowing it was going to be hard for him working this close to her. But he hadn't expected such an intense reaction.

And then she did something that had him groaning loudly and almost coming in his jeans.

She closed the distance between them, pressed her body against his as she placed her hands on his shoulders, and rose to her tiptoes. “Kiss me.”

Those two words were his undoing. He gripped her thighs, pushed her body against his cock, and slanted his head, crushing his lips against hers. The minute she opened her mouth, Kane slipped his tongue inside. She whimpered, digging her nails into his shoulders as he ate and sucked at her mouth, losing his rationality and, particularly, the reasons why fucking her would be a bad idea.

Chapter Three

Rain didn't know what came over her. But the first move had been made, and she wasn't going to think as to why it wasn't her best idea to be making out with Kane.

But his tongue did feel good, and his taste went to her head like a drug. His powerful dominance and take-charge aura fueled her lust. She'd missed that. The way his hands tightened against her flesh as he fought for control. She had always loved that little bite of pain from his aggressive side. And for a few minutes she could forget about everything bad and concentrate on the way he was making her feel.

His tongue swept the inner recesses of her mouth, before he sucked on her bottom lip. This man knew how to use his lips so well. And heaven help her, that was one of the things she missed about him. His hard cock dug into her stomach, sending a pulse of fire to her pussy. She wanted to lose herself in him, if only for a few precious minutes. He'd been the air she breathed, the strength she had leaned on, and his sudden reappearance and the way he held her had Rain wondering if their love had survived their separation.

She wrapped her arms around his neck as his hands slid up to unhook her bra. Heat surrounded her as he grasped her nipple between two of his fingers and rubbed the stiff tip.

Kane broke the kiss and she panted heavily, struggling to control the fire he flamed. But before she could get a good grasp on her emotions, Kane lifted her and placed her on the bed.

Words weren't needed between them. She could see it in his gaze that he needed this as much as she did. She licked her lips as she watched him remove his shoes and discard his clothes quickly.

His muscles were bulkier than before, his chest free of hair, his large, rough hands fisted. She lifted her gaze from his body to his face. His chin was strong, his nose a tad too crooked, but it gave him an endearing quality she loved. His lips were soft and full. His dark blond hair was shaped into a crew cut. And his piercing blue eyes sent a shiver through her as he watched her silently. Her gaze drifted to his cock, hard and aroused, the head a shade darker than the rest of his dick.

He closed the remaining distance between them and his finger traced the edge of her thong. "This has to go." He grasped the material in his hand and tugged. She gasped as it ripped, arousing her further. He tossed the panties somewhere behind him and knelt to the floor. She didn't even have time to digest his new position nor the implications of his next move. Kane grabbed her by the waist, pushed her to the edge of the bed, and shoved her thighs open, placing his mouth on her wet pussy.

She arched from the bed, the muscles in her thighs tightening, but his strong hands held her down and spread open to his assault. And he ate away, performing the best oral sex she'd ever had in her life. His tongue circled around her clit and she moaned, losing all ability to think. She could only feel the pleasure he was giving her. And the pressure of an explosive orgasm began to build in the pit of her stomach as he fucked her with his tongue. He inserted a thick finger into her pussy and pulled at her clit with his mouth, adding the right amount of sucking force.

Oh God! She didn't think she was going to survive it. And just when she thought she was going to go insane with pleasure, Rain screamed his name. Her orgasm stole her breath, a

sexual rush flowing through her body. Her hips lifted from the bed, her thighs squeezing his head.

Kane gave her no time to catch her breath, and in one movement thrust his dick into her. She screamed, her cunt spasming and gushing with her juices, soaking his erection.

She breathed deeply, the scent of their sex filling the air as her pussy accommodated the size of his cock. If she hadn't liked that little bit of pain/pleasure with her sex, his length and width would have been a problem for her. But that wasn't the case. He fit her perfectly, fucking her deeply, stroking her little button that would send her over the edge of ecstasy.

He bent and took her lips in a hot kiss, pushing his tongue into her mouth, their bodies slick with perspiration. She held on, her legs wrapping around his waist, his thrusts becoming urgent, almost possessive. She broke the kiss as her orgasm began to build, the sweet, ecstasy-filled pleasure robbing her senses.

"I missed this. I've missed you," Kane whispered against her lips.

She turned her head to the side, hiding her emotions from him. She hadn't been expecting those words. The passion she heard behind his voice, triggered her orgasm. He tugged on her hair, and she could no longer hide anything as she was forced to face him. She saw it in his gaze, the hurt between them, and the love he still had for her was there. Now she knew it had survived their separation, and knowing that perhaps tipped her over the edge. She couldn't stop the whimper that escaped her lips as she came so strong the edges of her vision dimmed. Her whole body went rigid, her nails digging into his shoulders. His muscles went tight as he growled loudly, thrusting one time before his hot sperm shot into her pussy. His liquid heat seared her, reminding her of the explosive passion she had felt whenever they were together.

Kane fell forward, resting his shoulder against the crook of her neck. His body was heavy, but she didn't have the strength to push him away. It had been a year since she

smelled him, felt his touch, and every other little thing that pleased her. Their heavy breathing filled the room. He rolled to the side, a rush of cool air hitting her at his departure.

He rose from the bed, his cock flushed and still erect as he extended his hand. She took it, knowing exactly what was coming next.

He tugged her to his body, pressing his nakedness against hers, and bent to whisper in her ear. "We need to talk."

Indeed they did.

Chapter Four

Rain leaned her head against the bathroom door, silently cursing herself for giving in to her hunger. It had taken only one appearance from Kane for her to lose all common sense and be all over him like an animal in heat.

How was she going to face him now?

She felt vulnerable, awkward, but she had no choice but to go out there.

For a fleeting moment, she thought he had been there to convince her that their relationship, or what was left of it, was worth saving. She had no right to presume anything when she had been the one who left him without a word.

She couldn't hide here forever.

Fully dressed in black dress shorts and a red sleeveless blouse, Rain emerged from the bathroom. Kane sat on the bed, his gaze riveted to a manila-colored file. He was clothed, his muscles pressing against his T-shirt. She had to find some way take her mind off his body.

"What is that?"

His head snapped up. "Information on my new case." He rose to his feet and took a step toward her. "But before we speak on that, I have to ask you: are you still on the Pill?"

She knew he wanted children one day, and truthfully, she sometimes pictured herself pregnant. But she couldn't bring a baby into this world without sorting her heart out first.

"Yes."

He nodded once, his lips turning down to form a frown as if her answer didn't please him. "How are you?"

"As well as can be expected. I assume you heard about Monica."

He narrowed his gaze. "You should have called me."

The tension between them was thick. "I don't see how you could have helped." Now that was a lie. He could have helped her, physically and emotionally. And the fact that he was here doing just that shook her.

"Let's not begin this with lies, Rain. I work for the agency your father hired to protect you. I'm surprised you hadn't realized it yet."

She should have been able to figure that part out on her own, but her entire focus had been solely on the fact that he was actually here. "I knew my father hired Jake. I've had too many things running around in my head, and I didn't think to question Dad or Jake about the company. I didn't know you worked with him. If I had, I would've requested another security firm." She inwardly cringed, recognizing that she sounded like a bitch.

"Lucky for you, then, your father had the foresight to hire the best."

The sarcasm in his tone wasn't lost on her. But he had a right to it, and she chose to remain silent, knowing Kane must have a hundred questions to ask her.

"Rain, I read the report your uncle had on file. The description you gave of Monica's killer is a good one, and very detailed. We have a good chance of catching this guy. Let's sit on the bed. There are things we need to discuss."

She followed him and sat down, leaving a good amount of space between them. Turning toward him, she sat, crossing her legs Indian-style. She inhaled, his scent going to her head. She licked her lips, forcing her thoughts on the one subject she wanted to get out

the way. Sex between them. “I do agree with you. There shouldn’t be any lies between us. I’m surprised at what just happened. I often wondered at how I would react if I ever saw you again. I hadn’t thought that sex would be the response.”

He deserved the truth, and she needed to find some way to heal the pain she had caused. But was she stronger now than a year before? And she didn’t want Kane to think that just because she had sex with him, she expected a relationship. She didn’t deserve to think that way. But the thought of him moving on brought more pain. Realistically, moving forward was what both of them should have done. She looked down at her hands, twining her fingers together. This was harder than she thought. “When I saw you standing in the doorway earlier, it was as if we never were apart. I needed to feel you around me...in me. I don’t want you to think I used you, even though I wouldn’t blame you if that’s what you thought.”

Kane reached up, placed his finger under her chin, and pushed her head up. She lifted her green-eyed gaze to his deep blue one.

“Rain, don’t analyze it. Regardless of the circumstances that brought us together, you coming apart in my arms is and always will be beautiful to me.”

She grabbed his hand, removing it from her chin. Heat suffused her skin at his touch, and she pulled back. “Sounds like a diplomatic answer.”

He wouldn’t let her go, wrapping his hand around her wrist, holding her still even as she gave a tug. “Diplomatic is something I’m not. If you need a couple of descriptive words to entail my personality, try using straightforward and to the point. Why don’t we get this discussion out of the way then? Our sex life has never been a problem. So what in the hell would make you walk out of my life with just a three-sentence letter that gave me no hint as to what you were really thinking, Rain? Do you know how hard it was for me to find you gone? Do you know how much strength it took for me not to chase you down? Letting you go was the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do.”

His facial expression was as cold as steel, but she heard the sorrow in his words. She sniffed, her eyes watering as his hand tightened around her wrist. The last thing she had wanted to do was hurt him. She watched as he struggled to control his emotions. She owed him more than an apology. “Kane, I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? That’s all you have to say, Rain? Your father would only tell me that you went on an extended vacation. You and I both know I had the resources to find where you were. But you’re the one who walked away from what we had. I understood your need for space. But I thought you’d open up to me. You never called. Never wrote.”

His words were causing so much pain, and she heard the hurt in his tone of voice. She didn’t know if she could survive this confrontation. And for a fleeting minute, she wanted to break from his hold and run out of the hotel room. But that would make the situation far worse, and make her even more of a coward.

“What did you expect me to do, Kane? Costas is like a brother to you, and he had suggested that you would have no problem with me being involved with him. I should have come to you about it, but I panicked. Costas is as straightforward as they come, and I had no reason to doubt what he said was true.”

He narrowed his gaze, released her, and rose from the bed. She swung her legs over the side of the mattress, a surprise *squeak* erupting from her throat as he squatted down in front of her, placing his hands around her waist. “I should have spoken to you before I left. I apologize for that. I knew what Costas was planning, and I had initially thought if he confronted you with how he felt, then maybe you would open up to the possibility of being loved by someone I considered my brother. I’ve seen the way you looked at Costas, and the way he’s watched you. I know what happened between you that night. There was an undeniable spark between the two of you. But it was always going to be your choice. I wouldn’t have risked your love if the answer was going to be no.”

“But how can you watch the person you claim to love with all of your heart fuck someone else? Is it even possible?”

“Nicholas, Benito, and Vanessa made it work. They’re living a relationship that pleases all three of them. It’s proof, Rain, that anything is possible.”

“And are Nicholas and Benito both satisfied with sharing Vanessa? It’s hard for me to believe that there is never any jealousy.”

“Jealousy is a normal emotion. But from what I can see and what Nicholas and Benito mention to me, love can conquer any doubts that arise. Communication is the key. I would sacrifice anything to give you pleasure in any way, emotional or physical. And that’s the bond you would feel in a threesome. There’s a special closeness for the individuals involved. Giving you the ultimate pleasure is easy for me because seeing you happy brings me joy. I knew you felt something for Costas, but you never trusted me enough to come to me about it. A threesome in today’s society would be hard for anyone to accept. Ridicule and disgust would just be two of the things we’d have to deal with, but I’ve never lived by anyone else’s standards. And I’ll be damned if I begin now. Shit! Maybe it was me who pushed you to leave.” Kane rose and took a few steps back.

Rain shook her head and stood. “I left because confronting my feelings for Costas was too frightening, and being truthful to you was too hard. I’d have to be blind not to notice Costas’s good looks. But physical attraction doesn’t make a relationship. It’s hard enough to make a relationship between two individuals work. Three would be too difficult.”

“I doubt that all you feel for Costas is physical. I’ve known him for seventeen years, Rain. We’ve fought together, lived together, and yes, there were times we shared the same women for one night of fun. Sharing the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with isn’t an easy decision. All I ever wanted was for you to be truthful to yourself. Some might see me as a fool for considering this, but what happened today means there’s still hope for us. Unless you’re involved with someone? Tell me, is it too late for us -- for the three of us?”

She supposed he had asked that question out of fear, and she saw a glimpse of it in his gaze as he seemed to tense, waiting for her answer. She’d never thought about being with anyone other than Kane or Costas. “No. You are the only person I’ve been with.”

“And you are the only person I would ever want to be with. But the only thing we can do is take it day by day. I’m willing to wait for you, Rain. However long it takes.”

Chapter Five

Kane's heart was beating a mile a minute at her words, and he now had the future to look forward to. Making the relationship succeed between the three of them would take a lot of work, but he'd definitely take it slowly. This time he wouldn't make the mistake of letting her go.

God, he missed her. He was desperate for another taste of her, his cock still hard as a steel pike. Her flavor remained on his lips, her scent clinging to his skin, and he wished he could fall to his knees again to drink the taste of her in.

Kane watched her. Rain looked lost and confused, and he felt like shit for not giving her time to absorb what happened between them before mentioning Costas. But not speaking about it would only enable her to hide it from herself. And he wasn't taking that route again. Nor would he ever let her run from him again.

Still, his main objective was to keep her safe, and he wasn't going to let anything happen to her. "Why don't we go over the details of this case?"

She nodded, walked over to the table and chairs in the corner, and sat. Kane followed her lead, took his pen out of his pocket, and opened the file on the desk. "Had you ever seen the man who murdered Monica?"

“No. I’d never seen him until that night.”

“The police say that you indicated nothing was missing from your apartment. But there were areas of Monica’s room that were destroyed. It was as if the killer was looking for something. Do you have any idea what that could be?”

“I don’t know. I couldn’t imagine Monica having anything that would cost her life.”

“Have there been any changes in her life recently? A new boyfriend? Job change?”

“Both. She went out on a date the weekend before last. She told me his name was Dr. Carl Narcosis and that she didn’t think they clicked. He was her new boss, and Monica had stated in passing that dating the guy who signed her paycheck was a huge mistake. We never got a chance to speak on it further. But Carl called and asked her out again. She declined.”

“And her job?”

“She started a new job as a licensed practical nurse at a clinic on Seventy-sixth Street about two months ago. I can check the e-mails she sent me from her workplace and get you the address from there. She was pretty excited about it. She mentioned the salary was beyond what she had expected, and that one of the perks would be traveling to foreign countries a few times a year.” Her voice cracked as tears welled up in her eyes. “I can’t remember anything else that stands out.”

He reached out and twined his fingers with hers. “Rain, you’re doing fine. We’re going to catch this guy. I promise.”

“I know.”

“Nicholas tells me you were at Café Condesa yesterday. It was a miracle you weren’t hurt in that explosion. Did you notice anyone following you?”

“No. I guess I wasn’t paying that much attention. I needed to try and keep my mind off Monica’s death so I intended to head to work once I was done with my meal. But silly me, I forgot to feed the meter. And by the time I walked out of the restaurant and made it down the street, the bomb exploded. Uncle Chris told me that dozens were hurt, and there were

two deaths. That was when my dad said that he would be hiring a security team since the NYPD couldn't provide twenty-four-hour protection."

"I recommend taking off a couple of weeks from work, at least until this is solved."

Rain nodded. "I took some personal time off at the hospital. I spoke to my boss this morning. In the three years I've been working there, I've never taken a vacation. I didn't elaborate, but she was pretty understanding when I explained to her that I needed some off. I'm going to miss the kids, though."

That was one of the things Kane loved about her. She was a dedicated, hard-working, caring nurse on the pediatric ward. "You'll be seeing them in no time." Kane released her hand. "I'm going to speak with Jake about obtaining a copy of Monica's cell and home phone records as well as yours. Why aren't you staying with your father? I'm sure your dad's offered you his place."

"Yes, but I don't feel comfortable staying there. He's newly married, and even though he would never say I was in the way, I'd feel like it. And Uncle Chris seemed to think staying in one spot wasn't a good idea. I wouldn't want to put anyone I love in danger."

"He's right." She wasn't going to like his suggestion, but he said it anyway, knowing the best way to protect her would be to have her in his sights at all times. "But as you know, our --" *Shit!* He cut the sentence off, leaving the words hanging in midair, though by the look in her gaze, Rain caught on to what he was going to say. He'd almost said "our home." And it was hard not to think of it that way. "But as you know my house is well secured. It would be the best place for you to stay."

"I'm not sure that would be a very good idea."

"Rain, I do this for a living. It's a perfect plan, and it makes sense in terms of protecting you. When it comes to us, I promised I wouldn't push. But when the subject of your safety is in question, then I'm going to do whatever it takes to keep you safe." Rage flowed through his body at the thought of someone harming her. The thought of losing her caused a pain to

pierce his heart. He pushed the idea away. He needed to remain objective, but it was probably one of the hardest things he had to do.

“Kane, there are things you need to know about what happened the night I left, before we decide on anything.”

* * * * *

She hadn't been tough enough to face her fear. She wasn't able to imagine a happily ever after with Kane and Costas without distrust cropping up at some time. And even though Kane explained that it was a natural emotion, couples were known to have broken up over it. None of them needed any more pain. But wouldn't that be worth the risk, knowing that there was even a slight possibility that the three of them could end up in a satisfied relationship?

And how would she even split her time between the both of them? Still, she had to ask. Every bone in her body screamed for her to make 100 percent sure she was hearing what Kane was saying correctly. “He spoke to you about the kiss?”

“Yes. As soon as I got back, Costas told me all of it.”

She swallowed and tightened her hands into fists. “How did you feel about it?”

“I was sorry that I'd never gotten to witness the passion between the two of you. But I was more hurt that you would have run off without discussing anything with me first.”

She jumped to her feet, suddenly angry and confused. Maybe she'd made a huge mistake by not coming to him. And even worse, she probably would never regain his trust again. Her life was one big mess. “I was overwhelmed by the kiss between Costas and me. And instead of thinking it through like an adult, I ran. The least I could've done was trust you.”

Kane rose to his feet and took a step closer to her. “I'm not asking you to make sense of all of this in one day, especially after what you've been through. But I am asking that you

come to me if you any questions or concerns. I want that part of you that felt free enough to tell me anything during our relationship. As friends, lovers, or husband and wife, there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you, Rain."

Husband and wife? Did he really think a future between them could work? And where would Costas fit in? His words had a profound impact on her heart. She read the emotions in his gaze: love, sorrow, and an anger at her for not opening up to him. And she had to fight the need to break down in front of him. Wallowing in self-pity wasn't going to do her any good. But making a step to fix the error of her ways could perhaps place them on the right path, even though she didn't know what course that was yet. She looked away from him, knowing that once she said the words, she wouldn't take them back. She would have to face Kane and Costas together eventually. "I'll pack my clothes."

Chapter Six

“Have you found the disk yet?” Roland Schwartz sat in his office chair, gripping the telephone tightly, struggling to overcome the anger that forced his muscles to tighten as visions of murder filled his mind. He had more than one reason to be annoyed with Dr. Carl Narcosis. And the doctor would be dead right now if Roland weren’t so desperate to get his hands on the latest batch of organs. He had six rich families on the line willing to pay him millions just for one kidney, liver, or heart, in a crucial attempt to save their own children from death. He didn’t care who lived, simply because he did it for the money and the power that went with it.

Roland had brought Carl on as a recommendation from a close friend. And for two years, all their plans had gone off without a hitch. Roland would pay Carl his share of 40 percent after the organs were delivered to a discreet medical facility. There, another team of doctors would then transplant the organs into the sick children, whose families had paid well enough for a chance at life. But everything seemed to be going down the drain slowly. And that he didn’t like one bit.

Carl's first mistake was in hiring Monica Charles without having a full, detailed background check done on the nurse. He'd also been on one date with Monica, and from the sound of Carl's voice, Roland surmised that the experience hadn't gone well.

Carl's errors continued to compound as he foolishly gave the woman access to the files in his office. It was there that Monica found the computer disk containing a list of six kidnapped children whose organs were scheduled to be transplanted in two weeks. Roland wasn't so sure about Carl's ability to remain detached in the situation anymore.

Monica had stolen the file, and that same day she had died by Carl's hands. But instead of waiting until she divulged the whereabouts of the disk, Carl had sliced her neck open. And that's where Monica's roommate, Rain Forester, had come in and witnessed Carl's crime. Another idiotic move on the doctor's part, which provided even more obstacles.

"I haven't found it yet."

"And the girl?"

"She's gone missing. I've been watching her home, and she hasn't been back."

Roland clenched his teeth, grinding the back enamels together. "I cannot state how important it is to get that disk back. Our whole operation hinges on its recovery. I do not need to express what would happen to you if the police get their hands on it before we do."

"I'm trying my best, Roland. Rain has not been around since Monica's death. And it's too dangerous to search her home again. I've closed down the clinic for a week, and I'm going to use that time to search for her. She won't stay hidden for long."

"I have e-mailed to you everything I've found on Rain. You will pay for your mistakes by eliminating her as a threat. Don't delude yourself or add to your errors by thinking any of this is going to be easy. I've discovered that Rain's uncle is a sergeant for the NYPD. That is your problem to deal with. You have four days to find her whereabouts and the disk. And then I'll be paying you a visit." Roland disconnected the call, not giving Carl an opportunity

to respond to his threat. The fucking doctor was going to get them all arrested with his blundering errors.

Roland pulled his credit card out of his wallet. Surprising Carl in New York was next on his agenda.

* * * * *

Costas had arrived earlier than expected. The meeting between George Hashing and the ruling party in Iraq had taken place hours prior to their original scheduled time. It had been an abrupt decision, but once Costas secured the locations and verified with all parties the validity of the change in time, the meeting had gone off without a hitch. It was a peaceful ending to an otherwise hectic and deadly beginning. But Hashing seemed to be satisfied, and that meant Faso & Callas Securities would be too.

Costas saved the details of his next assignment on his hard drive. He'd read the damn e-mail from Nicholas and another one from Kane about twenty times already, soaking every detail into his brain. And the strange feeling in the pit of his stomach wouldn't go away.

Every bone in his body wanted to run to Rain to make sure she was okay. But he was afraid she would be more shocked to see him than Kane. And he sure as hell didn't want her leaving again. Her departure had hurt, leaving a hole in his heart, and even though Kane had never once blamed him, Costas had felt the heavy weight of guilt on his shoulders. And he had cursed himself twenty times over for pushing himself on her. He should've given her more time to get used to him. Instead, a year ago, he had taken Kane's advice to use his being out of town as an opportunity to get close to Rain. He had been too excited and aroused to think it through when he had showed up on her doorstep that evening.

He thought he had made an unforgettable impression when they had shared their first kiss, because Rain sure had made one on him. He could still remember that night, his shaft hard, on the verge of exploding in his pants when he had pressed himself against her soft body, taking her lips with his own. But the situation had escalated to a territory he had never

experienced, his heart and soul bonding with the one woman meant to be his. And that same night, right before the knowledge of her departure had reached him, Costas had come to terms with the reality that he too was in love with Rain.

Her note left no hint as to how she truly felt, nor did it even mention his name. He had to admit that part was probably what hurt the most. The short letter Rain had written only made mention of Kane. It was just another wound to add to the hurt he'd been feeling. And just as his partner Kane had been left to pick up the pieces, Costas did too.

He suspected that her fear came from the reaction she had to him. He had wanted to look for her, to explain that he hadn't expected such a strong connection with her, either. But he and Kane had come to the same decision: you couldn't push someone to love you. If she decided to return to both of them, she would do so on her own. But it never happened.

Costas reached for his cell phone just as it rang. "Costas speaking."

"Got your e-mail and Nicholas's statement that you be assigned to this case," Kane said. "I could use your help in several areas. Her safety is our top priority. But there are other concerns."

His stomach muscles flexed, worry gnawing at his gut. "How's she doing?"

"She appears to be physically okay. But she's been holed up in the guest bedroom since last night. Jake should have phone records for us to look at soon, as well as an update from her uncle."

"You're up rather early."

"I couldn't sleep. It's hard being in the same house with her. I promised her I wouldn't push, Costas. But I didn't say I would stay away."

"Well, *hermano*. I was just playing with the idea of letting Jake keep his lookout post. I'm not so sure my presence would help either of you at this point."

"Either of us separating ourselves from Rain isn't what she needs, Costas. All three of us would have to work this out together if we want a chance at a future."

Costas grunted. “You sound like you believe there is hope. Maybe it’s time I took the sidelines so you can find out if a relationship between the two of you is worth salvaging.”

“And it sounds like you’re running from it. I’ve never taken you for a coward. She’s just as important to you as she is to me. We’ve been through a lot, and I won’t allow you to give yourself the title of second place just so you can pretend to spare our feelings. None of us ever wants to experience the pain of separation. But neither of us will ever figure out if a future is possible if we don’t fix the past.”

“You were always the sensible one. You’re right. And the first thing is to make sure Rain is okay. I’ll pack up some of my clothes, and I’ll be there in an hour or two.”

Costas flipped his cell closed and headed to his bedroom. For the first time in months, he had a glimmer of hope. And if need be, he’d hold on to that.

Chapter Seven

Rain had been at Kane's home for one day, hiding in one of the guest bedrooms. It was probably a silly thing to do, but she used the time to sort out her feelings. The fact that Kane still loved her amazed her and gave her a bit of hope that maybe his love could carry them through this.

But what was even more surprising was that she felt ready to face the fact that she had feelings for both Kane and Costas. It astounded her that she could even feel this way about two men who were entirely different. Kane was her first true love, though, and the man she knew she was going to spend the rest of her life with. Costas, on the other hand, had sneaked his way into her heart. And because of her attraction to him, she had made sure there was always some distance between them. She hadn't been ready to confront her desire and feelings for him. Would she ever be ready?

She should have given them both a chance, at the very least an explanation of the confusion she had felt. And sadly, she had let her uncertainty rule her, and that was the reason why she left them a year ago.

Rain reached for the doorknob to her room. She was showered and fully dressed, and she couldn't hide from Kane forever. She wanted to ask him where Costas was. Perhaps it

was a self-centered thought, but she had thought Costas would be here when she and Kane first arrived.

She hadn't known what to expect when she'd first entered the house that used to be her home. She had moved in with Kane after five months of dating. The decision had been a huge step, but she had fallen head over heels in love with him. Her dad and friends thought her feelings and sudden move had happened rather quickly. But she had known by their first date that he was the one. It was more than the sexual spark between them, though that was also an important factor. Their conversation had flown to what their future goals were, and that same night they had shared their first kiss. After that, it was a whirlwind romance filled with surprises and decadent outings.

Rain opened the door and headed to the kitchen. She'd noticed that Kane hadn't changed a thing in the home since she left. Everything appeared precisely as she left it. And she couldn't help but be secretly pleased at that.

She stopped at the entrance to the kitchen, stunned to see Kane in front of the stove. He liked to cook, but he had always told her that he never had time for it. And yet, he appeared to be so comfortable, as if he'd been cooking for years.

She leaned against the wall, indulging her curiosity, and the fact that he was extremely sexy in the morning, by giving herself a few seconds to watch him. He wore a pair of gray sweatpants and a black tank top, his feet bare. The sight of him sent a tingling awareness throughout her body. She had missed him so much, and many times she would lie awake at night because of it.

"Good morning. I trust you've rested well. I was about to go look for you just to make sure." He placed two plates of bacon and eggs on the table. There were toast and coffee mugs already set out.

Rain's gaze lifted to his as she made her way to the kitchen table. "I did sleep well, thanks. You've probably thought I was hiding out from you." She blurted the words, knowing that was exactly what he was thinking.

"And were you?"

She pulled a chair back and sat. "I was using the time to rethink a few things." Rain dug into her meal and sipped her coffee. She was aware of him watching her, but she forced herself to act as if his gaze didn't turn her on.

"While you were resting, Jake faxed over the report on the explosion that occurred at the restaurant. There was an explosive fertilizer residue found on what was left of the bag the bomb was placed in. Ammonium nitrate was also found. That was the key ingredient in making this bomb. Unfortunately, it's sold on various Web sites and stores, so it's going to take us too long to find out where it was bought. Jake also sent Monica's phone records. The only two people Monica made numerous calls to this month were you and her boss, Dr. Narcosis. The police department pulled him in for questioning, but he claims he was home alone the night Monica was murdered," Kane said as he reached for his coffee cup. He took a sip and continued. "The police obtained a warrant, searched his apartment, and held him for a few hours, but eventually released him."

Rain leaned back in her chair. "He's involved in this, Kane. My gut is telling me he knows something."

"I can't argue with you there. I have the same feeling. He's bound to screw up eventually, and that will give us the opportunity to capture him."

Rain arched a brow and changed the subject. "Have you heard from Costas?"

"I was wondering when you'd ask."

She kept silent. Any answer she gave would only enforce Kane's view that she cared about Costas. And even though she had admitted it to herself, she wasn't ready to speak it out loud and confess it.

“I spoke to him early this morning. He’s back from his last assignment. He should be here sometime this morning. Nicholas wants us both guarding you until they catch this creep.”

That made her nervous. If Kane’s sex appeal had her wanting to fuck him now, imagine how she would react when the two of them were in the same room. It wouldn’t be like before, where she could pretend that she and Costas were just friends. Not after the steamy kiss they had shared.

She sipped her coffee, closing her eyes, pushing thoughts of Costas away temporarily, concentrating on the richness of the brew as it slid down her throat.

“You’re even more beautiful now than when I’d seen you last.”

She set the cup down and opened her eyes. “I’m the same.”

Kane pulled out the closest chair to her and sat down. He reached over and ran his thumb across her bottom lip. “No, you’re not. You’ve lost about ten pounds. Your gaze appears haunted at times, and the thought of you suffering any pain sickens me. But you’re still one beautiful, sexy woman.”

He had a way with words that seemed to always ignite a deep emotion within her, whether it be love or sexual hunger. Right now, she felt a little of both. And that was probably why she stuck her tongue out, running it against the rough pad of his finger. She wanted to melt at his touch. It would take only two seconds for her to hike her dress to her waist, release his cock, and straddle him. He groaned and wrapped his hand around his dick, stroking the length through his sweats. She dropped her gaze to his erection, which pressed against the cotton of his pants.

Kane reached for her and lifted her from the chair. He placed her on his lap. A squeal of surprise erupted from her lips as he gripped her hair in his hand. “What are you doing?”

“Reading your mind.”

Her dress fluttered around his legs as she straddled his thighs. She moaned, feeling the heat of his hardness against her pussy. The only barrier between them was the thin fabric of her thong and his cotton pants.

He pressed his lips against hers, and immediately she opened her mouth. His kiss was soft and thorough, sending a wave of heat throughout her body. This was what she had been missing, the connection that they'd always had. She moved her hips, rocking against his length. It felt delicious rubbing her pussy against him, and she found herself shifting back and forth, the friction raising her ecstasy higher.

She pulled back from the kiss as Kane slid the straps of her sundress off her shoulders, and she lifted her arms upward, helping him bare her breasts. His tongue stroked her mouth, mimicking the way she wanted his cock caressing her pussy. She clenched her stomach, cream drenching her thong. She rocked faster as he rubbed his thumbs over her tight nipples.

"I see I've missed a lot."

It didn't even take a second for her to process whose voice it was.

Costas.

It felt like her stomach had dropped to the pit of her womb, and her heart began to race. She pushed the top of her dress up, and covered her breasts as she pulled back from Kane. She turned, facing the other man who had become an important part of her life. And there he was, in all his manly glory, dressed in ripped jeans, a white T-shirt, and black boots. A certifiable bad boy, one she would have to confront sooner rather than later.

Chapter Eight

Kane heaved a huge breath and gritted his teeth against the need to fuck Rain in front of Costas. He missed the mind-blowing ecstasy he felt every time he entered her body. If she had been accepting of their relationship, Kane would have done exactly that by placing her on the table and devouring her body. But she still needed time, and it wouldn't help if he pushed her, though every muscle in his body tightened in anticipation at the thought of entering her wet, velvet heat.

Kane observed the way Rain's body remained tensed against him, how she stared at Costas and vice versa. The tension in the room was heavy and thick, and it took all of his willpower to concentrate on the situation and not on the fact that he felt the hotness of her cunt against his erection.

Costas remained at the entryway, two carry-on luggage bags gripped in his hands.

As much as it pained him to do so, Kane lifted Rain from his lap, placed her on her feet, and rose. "Costas, why don't you go put your bags upstairs in the guest room at the end of the hall? You can unpack later. Right now, I have a plate of breakfast set aside for you."

Costas flicked his gaze from Rain to Kane, and it appeared he was about to deny his request. But he clenched his jaw instead, before answering. “Fine. I’m going to grab a quick shower. I’ll be downstairs in twenty minutes.”

He exhaled. Talk about a situation filled with intensity. Kane watched as Costas left the kitchen and then turned his attention to Rain. She was covered once more, her beautiful breasts hidden from view.

She licked her lips and rubbed her hands together. “Awkward moment, huh?”

“You could say that. You looked pretty nervous when you realized it was Costas in the kitchen with us.”

“He caught me by surprise.”

“Are you okay with him being here, Rain? He’s here because your safety is our priority, and there will be no pressure on either of our parts for anything else.”

“I know that you wouldn’t force me into anything. And I appreciate that. But I think now would be a perfect time to speak to Costas, before it gets any weirder between us.”

Kane nodded and wrapped his arms around her waist. Her soft, curvy body molded perfectly to his. “I’ll be here if you need me.”

She rose to her tiptoes and placed a quick kiss on his lips. “Thank you.”

* * * * *

Rain swallowed tightly and clutched the breakfast plate and coffee mug a little too hard. The door to Costas’s bedroom was halfway open. She pushed the door with her foot and entered, immediately hearing a noise in the bathroom. She placed the mug and food on the dresser and walked over to the window.

Her palms were sweaty, and she wiped them against her dress. Facing Costas was even more nerve-racking than she thought. But fate had somehow brought the three of them together.

And she was tired of running and fighting her feelings. That alone had her rooted to the spot. She didn't hear the sound of the bathroom door opening until it was too late.

"I didn't realize you were here."

His deep, rough voice sent a shiver through her body. She turned to face him, her gaze sweeping his hard, naked chest. The hair on his head was wet, droplets of water from the strands sliding down his neck onto his chest. There was a towel wrapped around his slim waist, and it was tented, the size of his cock clearly visible. That didn't surprise her. He had never hidden anything from her, and she didn't expect him to begin now. He looked delicious, and a vision of her licking his flesh popped into her mind. She wouldn't mind going on her knees to pay some attention to his large cock. Her panties were wet, her arousal high just from staring at him. And she couldn't help but imagine how hot they would be together.

"I wanted to see you before I lost my nerve." She clenched her hands, trying hard to get some sort of control over her desire and jittery nerves. "Kane's filled me in on a lot of things, and we need to talk."

"You shouldn't feel nervous around me. Though, I'm rather surprised that you have chosen to make the first move. A conversation between us is long overdue, hermosa."

"Indeed it is. I'm just going to come out and say it."

"Go ahead."

"It's hard to admit, but the reason I left you and Kane had more to do with me than you both."

He took a few steps toward her, halting when he was within inches of her body. He narrowed his gaze. He fisted his hands. "Why not come to either one of us?"

She heard the pain in his voice, and she wanted to cry at the sound of it. She was one big emotional wreck, because at the same time she wanted to flick her gaze down to his half-naked body and take her time studying him. "Please don't take that as a sign that you weren't

on my mind. At the time, it was too hard for me to even think of opening up to one of you, let alone the both of you. I owe you an apology. I'm now realizing I've hurt you just as much as Kane. And I hope one day you can forgive me for that, and we can somehow start over."

He reached out, wrapped his hand around her arm, and pulled her against his hard body. "Truthfully, I'd never do anything that would cause you pain. We've known each other for a while now, and I would have thought that you would have known that."

His skin felt hot and firm against her own. It amazed her that the slightest touch from Costas had her wanting to crawl on top of him. But she held back. There was still so much that needed to be resolved.

"I don't think starting over would be the ideal thing for us."

She hadn't realized how much she missed him and the time they had spent together until now.

Still, she hadn't known what his response would be, but she wasn't expecting that. The words caused an odd, fluttering pain in her chest. "I understand." What the hell else could she say or even do? Begging him to see where their attraction would lead them would be unfair to him if he was already over her. And no matter how much she was realizing that perhaps Kane and Costas were both right for her, she didn't have it in her to trap anyone into a relationship. She heaved a breath and tried to take a step back, but Costas held on tight.

"You misunderstand me, *querida*. I have no intentions of starting over, because we will be picking up exactly where we left off." He pressed his lips against hers, and she opened her mouth to him, allowing him to slip his tongue inside. Her hands drifted upward, until one was clutching his muscled shoulder and the other was at his neck. She moaned, arousal causing her skin to go hot and her clit to throb relentlessly, his cock hard against her stomach.

She clung to him tightly, feeling his dick pulsing against her dress. Her tongue swept across his teeth and then the inner recesses of his mouth before she began to suck his tongue.

He let her have control of the kiss, and she felt his body shake with need. She wanted to strip naked and rub herself against him. His hands drifted down and pulled her dress up around her waist.

And then his fingers were there, brushing against her clit. She felt her cream soak her thong and heard a groan erupt from his throat. This was where she needed him to be, right between her legs, firing up the ache she had for him.

He rubbed her, his hand moving faster now as a flare of heat shot through her womb. Her fingers tightened against his shoulder, her hand gripping the strands of hair on his head as they ate at each other's mouths. Her nipples beaded tight against her dress, and she wanted desperately to shed her clothing. She dropped her hand from his shoulder and grabbed his cock through the towel, tightening her grasp on him. She whimpered as he massaged her clitoris. Heat infused her, her orgasm erupting first in her womb. She pulled her head back, screaming his name as she came hard.

It seemed like minutes passed before she had some semblance of control, and with each breath she took, she couldn't break her gaze from his. His body appeared tense, as if he wanted to throw her on the bed and fuck her. God help her if he did, because she wouldn't be able to refuse him.

And she would no longer force herself to think of excuses as to why the three of them couldn't be together. The proof was in their kiss, and even in the orgasm he had just given her.

His hands clasped her waist, and she was forced to release his shaft as he pushed her away slightly. "You continue to surprise me."

He looked starved, the color of his eyes darkening with lust. And Rain struggled with the need to go back into his arms. "How so?"

"I could feel your hunger in our kiss. I feared for a second it was just one-sided. But your response has proven to me that we were meant to be."

“You felt all of that in a kiss?”

“Querida, I *saw* it the very first time I met you.”

He was so intense. He and Kane both made her think about the future. “I want you, but it’s more than that. I can’t explain it yet. Accepting it is new, and I just want to get used to the feeling.”

He lifted his hand to her chin, tilting her head up as he brought his lips within inches of her mouth. “In light of what you’ve been through, I’ll concede to that. But make no mistake querida, you cannot hide from me, and I will never let you go.”

* * * * *

Letting her leave the bedroom was the hardest thing he had ever done. But Costas was rarely astounded, and he had been when he stepped out of the shower and found her waiting for him.

He had to admire that she had come to him. It had been unexpected, especially since he had interrupted them in the kitchen. If he hadn’t arrived at that precise time, Costas was sure that the twosome would have had some hot, explosive sex. The vision of her sitting on top of Kane, her eyes closed in arousal, her hips moving fervently, had Costas’s own shaft rock hard. Joining them had crossed his mind, but the last thing Costas wanted to do was plunge her into a threesome right away.

The kiss he shared with her had been thrilling, but the heat he felt against his hand as she came nearly pushed him over the edge. It had taken quite a bit of restraint not to throw her on the bed and sink his hard cock into her wet pussy.

There was also a strong fire within her, and that side aroused him to no end. But he wasn’t so sure giving Rain time to adjust was the best. And even though he had wanted to ravage her on the spot, he wasn’t insensitive. He understood where she was coming from and what she had been through.

But Kane was right. Distancing himself from her would end up hurting the both of them in the long run.

Even though society had made some steps from archaic to modern thinking in recent years, there were still a lot of harsh critics who would demean their relationship as something vile and detestable. But upon seeing her again, he felt like a man possessed with one ultimate goal in mind. And Costas was willing to fight for their love. The three of them were strong and could face anything thrown their way. And he would make certain that he, Rain, and Kane would survive this time around.

Chapter Nine

Rain spent all afternoon indoors, locked in her bedroom. The silence helped her sort out her feelings for Costas and Kane. And she came to the conclusion that she simply couldn't go further without discovering where their relationship would lead. She actually felt somewhat better knowing which direction to take, and the heavy pressure she had felt since Costas's arrival had eased.

The orgasm she had shared with Costas had temporarily assuaged her need. But she wanted more from him...more from both of them.

Once she checked on her e-mails and made a few phone calls, she intended to sit down with them so they could figure out what their next step would be. She eased Kane's laptop onto her lap and logged on to her e-mail.

Oh my God!

Her body froze in surprise, her heart beating quickly as she stared at the e-mail from her friend, which was dated the day she died. Rain clicked on it twice, her gaze flying to the top. The e-mail had come from Monica's work address, and the most surprising part of it was that it had arrived hours after she was murdered.

Her gaze dropped to the message.

Rain,

You must find it pretty weird getting this from me through e-mail. I don't want to belabor the fact that most likely something has happened to me. If not, then you would already know what I'm about to tell you.

I'm using a program that allows me to send this e-mail to you at a future date and time. I struggled with telling you the truth, because the last thing I want is to put you in danger. That is why I chose this method of communication. That, and the fact I know my own life is in jeopardy because of the horrid, barbaric acts Dr. Carl Narcosis and Roland Schwartz are a part of. But I can't implicate a well-known doctor without proof, nor can I go to the cops with just suspicions.

I dedicated these past two days in trying to obtain evidence, and I now have it. I've acquired a disk with information that can hopefully put Carl and Roland in jail forever. I couldn't hide the disk at our home for obvious reasons.

You must go to 156 Jamaica Avenue. This is where my mother used to live. After her death, my aunt moved in, but she is currently on vacation for two weeks. When you arrive, head to the backyard. Underneath the stairs, behind an enormous flowerpot, there is a brick in the foundation that is loose. Pull the brick out and, in the space there, you will find the proof that should put these monsters away for good.

With love,

Monica

Her insides twisted into knots, and suddenly she realized that she needed to sit down and grieve for her best friend. But she would save that for later. Rain didn't let her emotions override the fact that she needed Kane and Costas to see this. She leaped from the bed, threw open the door, and went in search of both men.

* * * * *

Kane hung up the phone and turned to Costas and Rain. She looked worried, her mouth tilted into a frown, while Costas appeared tense, his stance rigid. Kane couldn't blame either of them. The fact that Monica had sent Rain an e-mail the same day she died was weird. And when Monica had noted that something had likely happened to her, that part sent chills down his spine. And Kane had to agree that it was eerie. "Jake is on his way to Jamaica Avenue with his partner, Caleb."

"What about contacting Uncle Chris?"

"The message could be a setup. If this e-mail even came from Monica, and if there is proof there, I want us to take a look at it first. We need to know why this bastard is after you. Notifying the police would be proper procedure, Rain. But I never said that I always followed the rules. Nothing about this case has been normal. And the fact that Chris is helping us out, knowing he could lose his job, shows how much he cares about your safety."

Costas walked over to the bar. "I'm going to have to agree with Kane on this one, hermosa. It is urgent we know who is behind all of this. Would you like a drink?"

Rain sighed and sat on the sofa. "A glass of brandy would be nice."

Kane moved toward her and knelt down in front of her. He was worried about her. She didn't deserve to live a life filled with worry or fear. And he would do anything to see her happy. "Trust us. This will soon be over. Jake will arrive with the proof."

Costas handed her the drink, and Kane watched as she downed the brandy in a few seconds.

"I do. I feel safe with both of you. I'm going upstairs to take a shower, and then I'll make us an early dinner."

"Don't worry about the food. Costas and I can handle it."

* * * * *

Roland lifted his gloved hand and knocked on Carl's apartment door before standing to the right side of the doorway. He hid from the view of the peephole. He had a feeling if Carl knew he was here, he'd be less inclined to open for him. Roland wouldn't blame him one bit for being frightened. At this point, Roland couldn't find any good reason to let the doctor live. His complete operation wasted, because of mistakes.

He heard the sound of the lock opening and saw Carl stick his head out. And that's when Roland moved. He whipped his body in front of the door and kicked it wide open, sending Carl's shocked body back a couple of steps, his wineglass shattering on the floor.

Roland stepped inside and shut the door. The sterile odor found in hospitals assaulted him, forcing a ball of nausea to his throat. Just one more reason to kill him. He eased his gun and silencer out of his jacket pocket and aimed it directly at Carl's head. But it took all his willpower not to pull the trigger. Fuck! He'd never been this angry in his life. Too many things had gone wrong and all of them were this sniveling coward's fault.

Carl's eyes went wide with fright, his thin frame shaking heavily.

Good.

Carl had every reason to be afraid.

"Roland, what are...are you doing?"

He clenched his jaw and studied the insignificant mess that was Carl. "I advise you to think about this very carefully before you answer my question. You only have one shot at giving me a reason to let you live. Do you have any information on the whereabouts of Rain?"

"I...I --"

"And stuttering and sniffing will only get you killed more quickly."

Carl skittered backward and took a deep breath, stopping when he arrived at his computer. "I hired a hacker to break into Monica's computer."

"Does this hacker know anything about our plan?"

“No, Roland. I swear. I just paid her to do the job. And that was it. I obtained Rain’s e-mail address from the computer Monica used in my office. I forwarded the information to the hacker, and she was able to get access to Rain’s e-mails. That’s how I found the address as to where she could be headed next.”

Roland lowered his pistol. Now that he realized that Carl actually had something for him, he needed to appear a little less threatening. “Where is she *headed?*”

He watched as Carl bent down and scribbled something on a notepad.

“She’s going to One Fifty-six Jamaica Avenue in Queens.” Carl reached out with the paper, and Roland snatched it from his hand. He dropped his gaze to make sure the address was on it.

“One of Monica’s e-mails to Rain said that she should head to the backyard, and underneath the stairs there would be a loose brick,” Carl continued, his body shaking. “Monica gave detailed directions in her e-mail.”

“This might actually have redeemed you. But unluckily for you, I’m not in a forgiving mood.”

Roland raised his arm and pointed the gun straight at Carl’s forehead.

“Don’t!” Carl whimpered, his arms going up to protect his face.

He pulled the trigger. The bullet hit Carl right between his eyes, leaving a bloody hole, and a second later, Carl’s body dropped to the floor.

Roland switched the safety back on and holstered his gun.

One loose end tied up, and now all he needed was to get rid of Rain.

Chapter Ten

Having eaten a light lunch of chicken Caesar salad, their stomachs were full, and there was a comfortable laziness in the atmosphere as each of the three sat lounging on the sofa while they sipped on Coronas.

But Costas couldn't remove his gaze from Rain. He watched her hungrily, his cock hard since he'd first seen her. Now she was dressed in black denim shorts and a white halter. Her feet were bare. Her hair was tied in a ponytail, and her skin glowed. Her lips glistened with clear gloss, the sheen outlining her mouth, and he desperately wanted to kiss her. Never before had he lost his train of thought, but with her, he found himself struggling to keep focus and not give in to the sexual temptation she presented.

They needed a diversion that would keep their minds temporarily occupied, but more importantly, a way to get the three of them closer. And he had the perfect plan, one he'd learned from his boss, Nicholas. "Anyone up for a game of truth, dare, or handcuffs?" He drank the rest of the beer and then set the empty bottle down on the coffee table.

She raised her brow, her lips quirking into a half grin. "Obviously, I've heard of truth or dare. But handcuffs?"

“The first two are self-explanatory,” Costas answered. “But here is how the third will work.” Costas smiled, as Kane caught on quick, explaining the way of the game to Rain. “If you choose handcuffs, it will involve restraining you to a piece of furniture or simply binding your hands or legs together. Once you are tied down, whoever asked the question is allowed one sexual taste of your body, and it is their choice what body part they savor. But it will always be up to the person who is restrained, how far this game goes.”

She smiled. “Sounds like it’s a clever way to get into my pants.”

Kane laughed loudly, his arms crossing his chest. “Getting into your pants would be heaven for both of us. It’s also a way to rediscover ourselves.”

Costas couldn’t help but be amused as well. There was a sparkle to her gaze he hadn’t seen before. And it seemed that she was enjoying the interaction among them. She didn’t appear frightened, and he loved the fact that she became braver each moment they were all together. He could also tell she was turned on by both of them. Her body’s reaction gave her away in various ways. It was in the way her nipples tightened, in the way her breath came out rapidly, and in the way she licked her lips as if she needed to taste the both of them.

Costas ate her up with his eyes as his body tensed against the need to take her. The stakes were high and playing this out slowly was the way to go. But the unhurried pace would surely kill him.

She rose, placing her beer down on the table. “I’m beginning to like the way this is sounding.” Her voice came out husky, filled with desire.

Costas stood, grabbing the bottle he’d set down. “You don’t realize how glad it makes me to hear you say that. Kane, give me a hand moving this coffee table.”

Now that they had the space they needed to play, he couldn’t wait till the game began. Costas watched as Kane threw some throw pillows on the floor for comfort. They each took a seat, and Costas reached to the middle, placing the Corona down sideways.

He lifted his head, settling his gaze on Rain. “We’ll leave the choice as to who goes first at wherever the top of the bottle stops. The bottom will choose the person who has to answer the question, or take the dare. Are you ready to proceed, querida?”

He needed her to be absolutely sure that she had no hesitations about this. She looked at Kane and then turned her head to him. “Yes.” He saw it in her gaze, the sureness that she wanted to know what it would be like with the three of them. His insecurities vanished. Hell! Her agreement to the game was proof. He groaned against the need to release his engorged cock, pressing so hard against his pants. He wasn’t sure he would last through this.

Dios, she was beautiful, sitting about ten inches from him, waiting for the start of what surely could only end in two ways: sex or Rain walking out on them. But he was sure the afternoon would be filled with lots of discoveries.

Costas spun the bottle around and waited for it to stop. He held his breath, savoring the excitement and desire that caused his cock to harden. The bottle began to slow down, and finally it stopped, the opening landed on Kane with the bottom pointing to Rain.

Costas smiled as he watched Kane also grin. His plan was off to an explosive start.

* * * * *

“Truth, dare, or handcuffs, Rain?”

Kane inhaled a deep breath, trying to calm the tightening of his muscles and the lust burning within his body. Truth, dare, or handcuffs had a purpose. And he had to keep reminding himself of that, especially when all he wanted to do was crawl over to her, strip the clothes from her body, and slowly make love to her with Costas’s help. It would take hours before the three of them would satisfy their desires, but it would be the ultimate pleasure.

Having her sitting so close to him without touching her was madness. The year of separation had only caused his hunger to become deeper. He realized that, all this time, he

had been working fourteen-hour days in an attempt to forget her. And that was something he could never do.

“Truth.”

Kane stared at the bottle and then lifted his gaze to her face. “Did you think about Costas and me while we were separated?” The question was actually something he’d been wondering about ever since he laid eyes on her again.

She smiled. Her whole face lit up, her eyes sparkling, her gaze falling onto Costas and then him. “I can honestly say that there wasn’t a day that went by that I didn’t think about the two of you.”

The love he had always felt for her warmed him all over. He couldn’t believe how close he had come to losing himself without her presence in his life. But the fact that she thought about him proved that she still cared. Those words brought him immense pleasure, and once again he had to fight back the need to take her and screw the game entirely.

“Rain, your turn to spin.”

She reached over and bent her upper body forward to reach the bottle. The top of her breasts tautened against the fabric of her halter, and he sat mesmerized at the sight, a strong craving washing over him to lick and suck at them. With a flick of her wrist, she sent it spinning. She lifted her gaze to Kane’s and winked at him, causing his cock to throb. When he got his hands on her, there would be no turning back.

* * * * *

Being so close to both of them, knowing that the outcome could only result in sex, unnerved her a little. But that didn’t mean she didn’t want to proceed. Not at all. This was exactly what she needed, a way to get closer to them, kind of like a footstool to help her reach them and reveal her feelings. She wanted Costas and Kane to believe that she wouldn’t run any longer, and that she was truly ready. And the only way to prove that was to show them.

Now the only thing she had to pray for was that the bottle would stop on her again. One out of three odds weren't so bad. It began to slow down, and she hitched a breath, excitement causing tingles to rush up her arms. She stared at the Corona, willing the top to point her way.

The bottle stopped with the bottom pointing to her and the opening facing Costas. She had to keep herself from leaping to her feet in exhilaration.

She watched as Costas asked the question. "Truth, dare, or handcuffs?"

"Handcuffs."

Chapter Eleven

She chose cuffs for a reason, and the little devil inside her relished her choice. It was time to turn their threesome up a notch.

Costas groaned while Kane growled. Both sounds made her hot with longing, and her clit throbbed insatiably. She didn't know how long she would last without begging one of them to fuck her. She wanted to see both of their naked cocks hard with desire for her.

Rain rose to her feet. She felt drunk, heady with lust, and the need to rip her clothes off was strong. She reached for the halter tie at her neck, untying it and pushing the shirt up and off her body. Kane let loose another heated sound, his gaze darkening with desire. Costas stared at her, licking his lips as if he couldn't wait to taste her. Her nipples beaded tight in the cool air, and she reached for the tips, rubbing them between her fingers.

The looks both men gave her pushed her to continue. She'd always been a busty woman and knew a trick or two. She held her breasts up, cupped them with her hands, pushed them up, and licked her nipples, twirling her tongue in circles as she took her time arousing herself, leaving the tips wet and glistening. Costas's eyes narrowed and Kane's nostrils flared as if he were taking in her scent. She was soaked, her cream entirely wetting her thong and thighs. She felt like an animal in heat. Just being in the same room with them

turned her on, and she had the strong urge to walk over to them and rub her body against them.

Kane jumped to his feet, undressed, and took a step closer to her. She gave her breast one last suck before releasing it from her mouth with a loud *pop*.

“Dios, querida,” Costas murmured as he rose.

She shivered at the need she heard in his voice. She couldn’t wait till his cock was finally inside her, fucking her hard. She dreamed of their coming together often, and the pleasure was finally within her reach.

Her hands moved to her waist, and she pushed the shorts down. They pooled at her ankles, and she stepped out.

Now she stood facing both wearing just a pair of skimpy panties.

Costas walked over to her, his hand disappearing into his back pocket. “Turn around.” His voice came out gruff and deep. She was tempted to defy him, to see how far he would take this. But ecstasy was within her reach, and she definitely run out of time to play. For now.

She turned, more than happy to give both a view of her backside. Perhaps they would be inspired to move this a little faster. She really had no patience, and since her departure, she had been celibate. The idea of being with the two of them had heated her, and the lust just kept building. She was aware of every small look, touch, and other details that made her body supersensitive.

Costas reached for her right wrist, snapping the handcuff securely around her. He did the same to the left one, binding her hands in front, and the feel of the cool cuffs against her flesh heightened her arousal. She took a quick glance at Kane, who watched her with a heated look in his gaze. She shifted her eyes to his shaft. He stroked his cock as he watched her, and it made her even hotter. It was long and thick, the head a darker color than the length of his shaft.

She whimpered as a vision erupted in her mind: his penis entering her pussy, fucking her slow and hard. She felt like she was about to explode, and at the same time on the very edge of something phenomenal.

If she had given in back then when Costas had first approached her, she was now sure their love would have held the three of them together. But she couldn't waste time on the past now. Not when she had this to look forward to.

Costas hadn't moved since binding her, and the heat of his muscled body pressed against her was driving her insane. His cock pushed against her ass, and she desperately wanted it inside her.

"Dios, I've missed you." He whispered the words in her ear, and it had a strong effect on her senses. A hot wash of cream flowed to her pussy as the nervous tension in her stomach evaporated. She was on the verge of begging them to take her.

Costas turned her around and fell to his knees as he brought his hands up to her waist. She whimpered at the picture he presented, his shoulder muscles bunched tight with anticipation as his breath came out in pants. She widened her stance, and he leaned in close, his mouth inches from her pussy. He pushed her panties down her body, and she lifted her legs so he could remove them from her.

Costas grabbed her ankle as Kane aligned his body behind hers. She leaned her head back on Kane's shoulders as he began to stroke the curve of her breasts, his dick rigid against her backside. Kane was teasing her, and she moaned, arching her breasts upward, seeking his skillful fingers. He had a fetish for them, and she was not above using that to her advantage. She turned her head, brushing her mouth against his lips, covering his hands with hers as he continued to play with her nipples.

"Querida, I've waited a long time for his," Costas said, forcing her to lift her head and stare at him. She lost her soul in the look he gave her as love exploded in her chest. She wanted to hug him and confess her feelings to him, but before she could even open her lips,

Costas leaned forward and placed a kiss on her pussy. “Your pussy is gorgeous. And *amor*, you smell delicious.” Fire enveloped her body as she pushed her hips in an attempt to grind her heat against his mouth.

Ever since she had begun to have sex with Kane, she had made it a point to keep her pussy bare of any hair, knowing that when they came together, the feeling would be a hundred times more sensitive and rapturous. And now she was even gladder, because the look in Costas’s gaze was worth it.

Kane’s hands went around her waist as Costas lifted her leg, placing it on his shoulder. In this position, he had better access. But he wasted no time simply staring at her. Instead, he dived in like a man denied food for a month, his tongue licking her cream, a groan erupting from his throat.

She wasn’t going to last long. Not with the two of them pleasuring her in a way she couldn’t have imagined in her best fantasy.

She moaned. Costas’s mouth surrounded her clit, sucking it with a light pressure, alternating between that and drinking her cream. *Oh!* He was good -- more than good -- and she’d just bet he’d be excellent everywhere else too.

Kane’s hand flew to her nipple, twirled the tip between his fingers. Warmth heated the pit of her stomach, causing her muscles to tighten as she felt the first stirrings of an orgasm. She hitched a breath, her heart pounding hard as she arched her hips, rubbing her vagina against Costas’s face.

She turned her head to the side and pressed her lips against Kane’s. She opened her mouth, deepening the kiss, swirling her tongue with his as her pussy spasmed. This was heaven and hell at the same time.

Costas’s hands tightened around her thighs as he pressed his face even closer to her mound. Her hand gripped Costas’s hair as Kane deepened the kiss, swallowing her sound of

ecstasy as she exploded. A rush of cream flowed down as heat surrounded her body and she gave herself and her heart to the pleasure both Costas and Kane gave her.

Chapter Twelve

Fuck!

A loud ringing broke his concentration, and Costas forced himself from her body, giving her soft, wet cunt one last lick before rising to his feet. He savored the flavor of her rich honey in his mouth. The bell rang once more, its sound a loud disruption, and he willed down the violent need to wrench the door open and assault the person who dared interrupt them.

The hunger in him built to the point of uncontrollable desire. He wanted to eat her alive, lick and suck every inch of her delicious body. His balls felt heavy, tightly pressed against the base of his hard cock. Precum seeped through the slit, a signal that their first time together wouldn't last long, and his body was wound up so tight, he wouldn't be able to stop himself from coming as soon as he got his cock into her. But once he got rid of the urgency, he could take his time with her, slowly loving every last detail.

The doorbell rang again. Costas gritted his teeth as he watched Rain pick up her discarded clothing.

"Take her to the bedroom. I'll take care of this and meet you up there," Kane said as he buttoned up his pants.

Costas didn't need to be told twice. He lifted Rain into his arms and headed to the bedroom. She pressed her lips against his own and caressed his tongue. His cock throbbed and he groaned, holding himself back from fucking her right in the hallway. He played with her mouth, mimicking with his tongue the way he wanted to thrust his dick into her.

He entered his bedroom, kicked the door closed, and pressed her against the back of it. He set her on the floor and quickly removed his shoes, then his clothes. He reached for the clothing still held in her hand, making her drop it.

"Fuck me, Costas. Don't make me wait any longer."

Her words were his undoing. He was going to be an animal, a beast trapped in pure lust. No time for foreplay or nice preliminaries, and he wasn't going to be strong enough to wait for Kane. If he didn't have her at this moment, he was going to be humping the air with his cock. Costas lifted Rain, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He took two seconds to savor the way his cockhead entered her pussy before thrusting his dick in one deep lunge.

Wet, slick heat surrounded his cock. His dick throbbed viciously, and he clenched his jaw against the need to come right then. Dios! He hadn't even moved, and it taken all of his strength to remain still until he regained some self-control. He captured her dark nipple between his lips, sucking at the engorged tip. Her moans and pleas filled the air, causing every muscle in his body to tighten.

Rain squeezed her legs and began to shift her hips. "Move, now." She lifted her head and ran her tongue over his lips.

And he was a goner.

He thrust into her, fucking her against the door, uncaring that the door slammed against the frame with every shove of his hips. She gripped his hair, running her tongue against his as he moved his hands on her ass, lifting her higher for a deeper penetration.

"Costas," she whispered, her nails biting into his skin.

Heat raced down his back as he pounded his cock into her, loving the way her cunt gripped his shaft and the slick heat that surrounded them. He'd never felt anything like this before, a love so strong that he thought his heart would burst, and hot sex that made him dig his toes into the carpet while he pushed into her tight, delicious warmth.

She broke the kiss, screaming his name, her pussy clamping down as a rush of liquid warmth surrounded his shaft. Costas fucked her through her orgasm, the tight fit and muscles of her cunt spasming around his length. Fire encased his body, and a tingling sensation rushed down his spine at the same time a bolt of heat shot through his shaft. And for a second, he closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of being suspended on the very edge of ecstasy without tipping over. But his cock had other intentions. It pulsed once more, and Costas groaned as his seed spilled from the slit into her hot pussy.

* * * * *

He was too good. Either she was a very lucky girl, or there had to be something wrong with Kane and Costas. She had never expected to meet someone she connected so deeply as she did with Kane. But she her love for Costas was just as intense.

Rain leaned against the door, her body pinned between the wood and Costas as she took in great gulps of air. His head was on her shoulder, his face in the crook of her neck. His warm breath glided over her flesh as they both took a few seconds to get back some control. Her heart was beating too fast, and she still could feel his cock, hard in her body. Her skin was slick with sweat, and the desire to beg him to take her again was great. She bit her lip against the need. Oh, how she would love to go another round with him, but Kane hadn't come upstairs. Something important must have delayed him, and she needed to go see what that was.

Costas lifted his head, his eyes dark with passion.

She unwrapped her legs as his arms circled her waist, refusing to let her go. She reached up to smooth back his long hair. "That was amazing."

He dropped a kiss on her lips. “You were amazing. At the risk of my words sounding clichéd, no one’s ever felt like you before. I could live my whole life in bed, my cock inside your pussy.”

She smiled, wrapping her arms around his neck, pressing her body against his, loving the fact that his cock throbbed inside her. He was making it difficult for her to say no to him. “And as much as I love the idea, we need to go see what’s taking Kane so long.”

He pulled his dick out, took a step back, and released her. She picked up her clothes, and both she and Costas were dressed in seconds.

Chapter Thirteen

Rain descended the stairs with Costas and found Kane in his office with the laptop open on his desk. Jake and a man she hadn't met yet peered over Kane's shoulder, staring at the computer screen. What were they looking at?

She and Costas entered the room.

"I was wondering what took you so long." Kane rose to his feet, made his way to Rain, and kissed her lips. "You, of course, know Jake. This is Caleb. He's Jake's partner. We've taken a look at the disk they've retrieved," Kane said as he walked back to his desk and sat down. "The reason behind Monica's murder was worse than we had originally thought, and she was definitely not a random victim. Give me a second to call Nicholas and put him on the speaker with us so I won't have to repeat what we've found."

Rain waited as Kane set up the conference call. She sat down on one of the office chairs, next to Costas, who grabbed her hand and placed a kiss in her palm. He was barefoot, his jeans zipped up, but unbuttoned at the top. He hadn't bothered to throw on a shirt. She concentrated on his and Kane's presences, calming the nerves that unsettled her stomach. Monica's murder was still painful to think about, but she had to wonder what reasoning behind it could've made it any worse.

She was vaguely aware of Nicholas's voice in the background, but she didn't fully focus until Kane spoke. "Listen up, folks. The file Jake and Caleb found was apparently an organ theft list containing the whereabouts of six kidnapped children. The file includes the amount the buyers were paying for the organs, the location and date when the transplants would occur, and other information, including the blood type of the children involved. The theft of the organs will occur in approximately nine days. Dr. Carl Narcosis is listed as the doctor who will be performing the operations. Roland Schwartz is also mentioned in the file as the leader. Apparently, this isn't the first time this has happened."

Rain gasped, nausea overwhelming her at the thought of the danger the children were in. Costas rose and poured her a glass of water. He rubbed her arm, and she closed her eyes, sipping the cool liquid, grateful when Costas lifted her onto his lap. She needed both him and Kane at this moment, because the idea of what those children were going through sickened her. And who knew how long this had been going on and how many kids had already died.

She swallowed and licked her lips, pushing away the image of her friend and children being murdered. "Where are the kids now?"

Kane clenched his hands, and she knew him well enough to know that he wanted to murder the people behind the evil scheme. "In a fishing village called Villa Iguana Bayahibe. The town is located in Santo Domingo."

"I'll notify Sergeant Forester," Nicholas replied. "Forward me a copy of that file, Kane. I have some international friends who owe me a few favors, and I'm sure I can convince them to join us in the rescue effort. I want Jake and Caleb to head this one. But before that happens, I'll have the police pick up Dr. Narcosis and Roland Schwartz. Those two are dangerous, and even more so now that we know what they're up to. "

Rain watched as Jake and Caleb left the office and silently prayed that they saved the children in time.

* * * * *

Roland watched from across the street as the two men exited the home, got into their cars, and drove off. There was a fifty-fifty chance that they had left the disk inside the house. And just as likely was the possibility that Rain was holed up inside that home.

He scanned the area, eyeing the wall that surrounded the two-story brick dwelling. He could easily scale the three-foot barrier, but he'd have to wait until dark.

He couldn't wait to finish Rain off. And when he was finally done with her, he'd begin the process of finding another surgeon. These operations would net him over fifty million dollars. And even though he was tempted to call everything off because of the huge risk of being caught, Roland couldn't lose that amount of money.

He clenched his teeth, hunched down, and waited for night to arrive.

* * * * *

Darkness shielded him as Roland scaled the wall. The two men he had seen earlier exiting the home hadn't returned, and he had waited an hour to make sure they hadn't come back. It gave him the perfect opportunity he needed to find the disk and possibly kill Rain in the process. He'd be a fool not to take the chance. Who knew what evidence Carl had also stored? His name could already be linked to the children he had taken, along with the ones he had already killed.

He wasn't a man fit for prison. He'd do anything, including kill himself, to avoid that kind of a sentence. He was too good for it, and he could admit he had an appetite for the rich life, sipping on champagne, traveling the world. He couldn't lose any of it.

Roland crept along the edge of the home toward the back. He crouched underneath a window, slowly rising inch by inch until he could see the kitchen. The lights were on, and the entryway was only a few steps from him. He reached the door and tried the doorknob. It was locked. He took a tension wrench and pick out of his pocket and went to work. The lock gave, and he had the door open in seconds.

Roland reached to the back of his jeans, removed his gun, and unlocked the safety. This was his chance.

* * * * *

A beeping sound forced Rain to open her eyes. They had come to lie down in Kane's room to rest, though it was extremely hard to get her mind off Monica and the children who were in danger.

Still, she had a second to enjoy the fact that she was in the middle, surrounded by their bodies, before Kane and Costas jumped from the bed.

She sat up. "What's going on?"

"Intruder," Kane whispered as he opened the top drawer of his dresser and removed two guns, then tossed one to Costas.

"Whoever it is will be here soon," Costas said in a low voice as he opened the door to the bathroom. "Get inside. Lie down in the tub. Make sure your body is flat and don't make a sound."

She swallowed past the lump in her throat and tried to control the shaking in her hands. "What are you going to do?" She watched as Kane shut off the lights in the bedroom, left the door open, and positioned himself behind the door.

"They'll soon find out the huge mistake it was to come after you," Costas whispered.

Even though his voice was low, she heard the truth in his words and understood that it was time to end this, not only for her safety, but also for their peace of mind.

She headed to the bathtub, climbed in, and lay down as Costas turned off the lights. She couldn't force her body to stop trembling. If they got hurt because of her, she would never forgive herself. But she wouldn't be a distraction for them either. And as scared as she was, she had faith that both of her men were experienced when it came to capturing or killing the bad guys.

She held her breath and closed her eyes as the bedroom floorboards creaked.

“You have two seconds to drop your weapon!”

In the midst of her fright, she recognized Costas’s order.

“Where is Rain?” The cold voice had the audacity to ask for her. Whoever it was could only be out of his mind if he showed no fear against Kane and Costas.

“I will not be repeating myself,” Costas ordered. “Even if you get one shot off, the man behind you won’t miss.”

“I would rather go to hell than to jail.” Rain shivered at his words as her muscles tightened. A shout and a loud popping sound made her jump, and if she were capable of having a heart attack from fright alone, she would have probably died on the spot. Her heart began to race faster. *Oh God, please let them be okay.*

She felt helpless but couldn’t force her body to move. The lights went on and she opened her eyes.

Kane appeared, lifting her from the bathtub. “It’s over, babe. It’s finally over,” he said, hauling her against his body.

“Where’s Costas?”

“He’s calling the police now.”

“Is he okay? Are you okay? Did you get whoever it was?” She realized she was babbling, and she couldn’t stop shaking.

Kane tightened his arms around her. “Yes. Close your eyes. I don’t want you to see him, babe.”

She did as he requested. He carried her out of the room, and down the stairs. “You can open them now.” He released her, letting her slide to her feet.

“I was so scared.”

She felt Costas align himself to her back, and their warmth comforted her.

“I know, querida,” Costas said, wrapping his arms around her waist. “But you don’t have to be frightened anymore.”

Chapter Fourteen

Two Days Later

“The man Costas shot to death happened to be Roland Schwartz, the ringleader in the organ thefts. Narcosis was also found dead at his apartment. Both appear to have been involved directly with Monica’s murder,” Kane said to both of them. He sat on his bed with Rain, while Costas stood in the doorway. “Jake and Caleb were able to arrive in Santo Domingo and rescue the children. They have decided to stay to help the authorities locate the parents. All parties directly involved and all evidence has been handed over to the proper authorities.”

Rain had been more than worried about the kids. It was a huge relief to hear that they were safe and that Jake and Caleb had arrived in time. “I’m glad this is finally over. And Monica can now rest in peace.”

Costas walked over to her as she rose. “Querida, we know how hard this has been on you.”

And she wouldn’t have survived it, physically or emotionally, if it hadn’t been for them.

Kane rose and dropped a kiss on her shoulder. "You were courageous. And we're both proud. There's an important question we need to ask you." Kane walked in front of her, and Costas scooted over, making room for him. "Rain, I want you to take your time in answering, because we need to know that this is without a doubt what you want. Would you like to do the honor, Costas?"

Both men got onto their knees, each one taking one of her hand, threading their fingers through her own. "*Si*."

This time she couldn't keep the tears from spilling. It was obvious what they wanted, and she didn't need to think twice about it. "Yes."

Kane laughed.

Costas smiled. "I didn't ask the question, amor. Will you spend the rest of your life with us? We found a minister who will perform a private ceremony. On paper, you'll be legally married to Kane. But in our hearts, you'll be married to the both us. I love you, querida."

"We can't imagine our lives without you," Kane added. "Say yes again, Rain."

She squeezed their hands and fell to her knees. "Yes. I love you both. From here on out, nothing will separate us again."

After a light dinner, Kane had washed and put away the dishes, then he made his way to his bedroom. Astonishment froze his pace at the sight of Rain lounging naked on the bed, her legs spread wide open. Her hair was damp, and the scent of strawberries lingered in the air. "Where's Costas?"

"In the shower," she murmured, reaching up to stroke her nipples with the tip of her fingers. "Come and join me. I have a surprise for you." She rose to her knees. He watched as she lifted the pillow and grabbed what was underneath, showing him a plug and lube. "I was

hoping you didn't throw them out when I left. I searched the drawer and they were still there."

"Lie down."

The words came out in a growl, lust running hot through his body. He held himself back from rutting in her like a wild beast but found it hard not to imagine his cock, bare of any condom, entering her tight, wet sheath.

She did as he requested, placing her body on the edge of the mattress, and he forced her thighs apart before kneeling. He ran his finger along the side of her clit, gathering her cream. "You are so beautiful, Rain. I could look at you forever."

He uncapped the lube, coated the plug with a large amount, and then smeared his finger. He circled the digit around the opening of her ass and pushed inside, preparing her for their pleasure. It had been way too long since they had bonded this way, and Kane missed every part of her. Her opening was a snug fit, and he groaned as he wondered how she would feel surrounding his shaft.

"It feels too good," she murmured, pushing her body closer.

It felt like rapture to him. "Relax your muscles." He pulled his finger out and pressed the plug against her opening, pushing steadily inside past her sphincter and stopping when it was fully inserted. She moaned; her sweet scent filled the room, and he wanted to wallow in it.

He undressed fast, his cock rock hard at the sight of her smooth body, his balls heavy with his seed and the urge to come. He wanted to rub his face against her cunt, luxuriate in the scent of her come, and bring her to orgasm repeatedly with his mouth alone.

He placed her legs on his shoulders. Now he had a better view, up close and personal with her delicious cunt, and he could actually feel her heat radiating from her body. "I have to taste you before I fuck you." He needed her flavor, heavy on his tongue, like he needed air to breathe.

He pushed his face into her cunt, already slick with her honeyed arousal. The muscles of her thighs tightened, and anticipation hummed through his body. He blew on her pussy and spread her lips open to watch her clit. It was tight, hard, and wet with her cream. He ran his tongue against it, then did the same to her drenched outer folds. Her flavor was exquisite, an aphrodisiac heightening his need, and he drank her in, his hunger not yet appeased. He didn't think his appetite for her would ever be satisfied, which was why he couldn't imagine life without her.

She squirmed and grabbed the back of his head as she arched her body up, trying to get closer to his mouth.

She was just as turned on as he was, and he obliged, circling her clitoris before surrounding it with his lips and switching between sucking and flicking it with his tongue. Precum leaked through his slit, and throbbed as he imagined fucking her through her orgasm.

"Kane!"

She screamed out his name in the throes of her orgasm, a rush of liquid sliding onto his tongue, down his throat. He rose to his feet, leaving her legs on his shoulders, and speared her with his cock in one lunge. She was ten times tighter with the plug, her pussy gripping his dick like a vise.

He couldn't savor the rippling spasms. He needed to move now or he'd die of heart failure on the spot. The hot currents of her ecstasy pulsed around his shaft as he fucked her deeply, the head of his cock touching her womb, his heavy balls slapping against her fiery cunt. She was extremely wet, easing the way for him as he plunged over and over, soaking his shaft with her juices.

Sweat poured down his face onto his chest as he reached down and captured her mouth in a hot kiss. She lifted her arms, circling them around his neck as his hips moved faster in

deep lunges. It was the best thing he'd ever felt, being so deep inside her and being able to become one with her.

A hot current skimmed down his spine, tightening his balls, and his fleeting thought was they couldn't have been more perfectly synced. She screamed into his mouth, her muscles going rigid as her pussy clamped down hard on his cock. A rush of cream coated him, her nails digging into his neck as he broke the kiss, groaning loudly, his scalding seed spilling into her cunt.

"I love you." He whispered the words into her ear, overwhelmed at how complete she made him feel.

"I've always loved you."

He pulled his head up and watched as a tear slipped from the corner of her eye. He bent and kissed away the drop.

His heart was beating fast, his skin felt hot, and he stayed inside her for a minute longer, wanting to live inside her forever. He pulled out and helped slide her legs down. He massaged her thighs and all of her muscles.

"I'm really sorry I missed that."

Kane turned his head, not surprised to see Costas watching them.

Rain licked her lips as Costas sauntered over to the bed completely naked. Kane rose to his feet, his shaft still hard and gleaming with their cum. She scrambled to the edge of the bed, rising to her knees, her body still hungry for them both.

She pressed a kiss to Costas's lips, slipping her tongue in his mouth as she lifted her hands, plunging them into his hair. The kiss seemed to last forever and when they broke apart, she turned her head, breathing rapidly as she watched Kane stroking his cock.

Her ass felt full, her pussy dripping with her cream as her clit pounded. She felt like spreading her legs open and rubbing her clit. But it wouldn't satisfy her desire for them.

Costas lay down on the bed, his legs spread open. She took the opportunity to position her body between his thighs and bent to take his cock in her mouth. She swirled her tongue over the dark head and tasted his essence. She craved it -- craved them both. Grabbing the base of Costas's cock, Rain licked the satiny flesh. A string of precum escaped his slit and she swallowed it, closing her eyes, reveling in the way his body tightened in arousal as he held her head, taking control of how slowly or how quickly she sucked him.

She moaned as she felt Kane's hand at the entrance of her ass. He began to slowly pull out the plug, and she clenched her ass instinctively, attempting to hold it in. She would never forget the full sensation of Kane fucking her while the plug was inside. But having both Kane and Costas inside her would be a hundred times better.

"Climb onto Costas. Let me see you fuck him while I thrust my dick into your ass," Kane ordered, his voice deep with arousal. He inserted two cool, moist fingers into her, twisting them as he stretched and prepared her.

That's exactly what she wanted. Both of them inside her, sealing their love for each other as they all traveled straight to ecstasy.

Rain released Costas's shaft, giving it one last lick. She straddled him, aligned his cock to her pussy, and slowly lowered herself.

Costas lifted his hips, plunging his shaft into her fully. "*Querida, te amo.*"

She licked her lips, tears threatening to spill. "I love you too. With all of my heart, Costas. You and Kane complete me."

Kane placed his hand at her back and pushed her upper body down toward Costas as he began to insert his cock, the head passing her sphincter. Kane didn't stop until his shaft was fully in. She inhaled deeply, pleasure heating her blood as she closed her eyes, relishing in the fullness of having them inside her. She lifted her upper body and began to move her hips as Kane slowly thrust in and out. She rode Costas, the three of them moving in sync with each other.

“You are the love of my life,” Kane whispered into her ear.

She turned her head to the side, emotion and lust pounding through her veins. “And the both of you are mine.”

Kane pushed his cock deep and Costas raised his hips as she moved faster, getting lost in the erotic sensations they gave her. It was a perfect bonding, a union among three soul mates. Her heart was filled with love for both of them, and she couldn’t imagine spending a day apart from Kane and Costas. She would not think about regrets. Just the future from here on out.

A swirl of heat filled her stomach, and she tightened her pussy around Costas as he shouted her name, shooting his seed deep within her. He continued to thrust into her, her clit rubbing on his groin, causing an erotic electrical current throughout her body. She exploded, her orgasm stealing her breath, forcing her to clasp her ass around Kane’s shaft. Kane gave one lunge and growled as he held himself tight within her, filling her with his cum.

She released the breath she was holding and fell forward, embraced by the heat of their bodies and the love they shared.

 THE END 

Jade James

I was born and raised in New York City, and I'll probably live here for the rest of my life. I'm 32 years old and have been married to my husband for 9 years, and I'm a mother to two adorable children.

I've learned a lot about writing a good story filled with suspense and my goal is to give my readers an escape from everyday life.

Email: msjadejames@yahoo.com

Web site: <http://www.jadejames.com>

Blog: <http://www.jadestruthordare.blogspot.com/>

Yahoo Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/jadejames/>