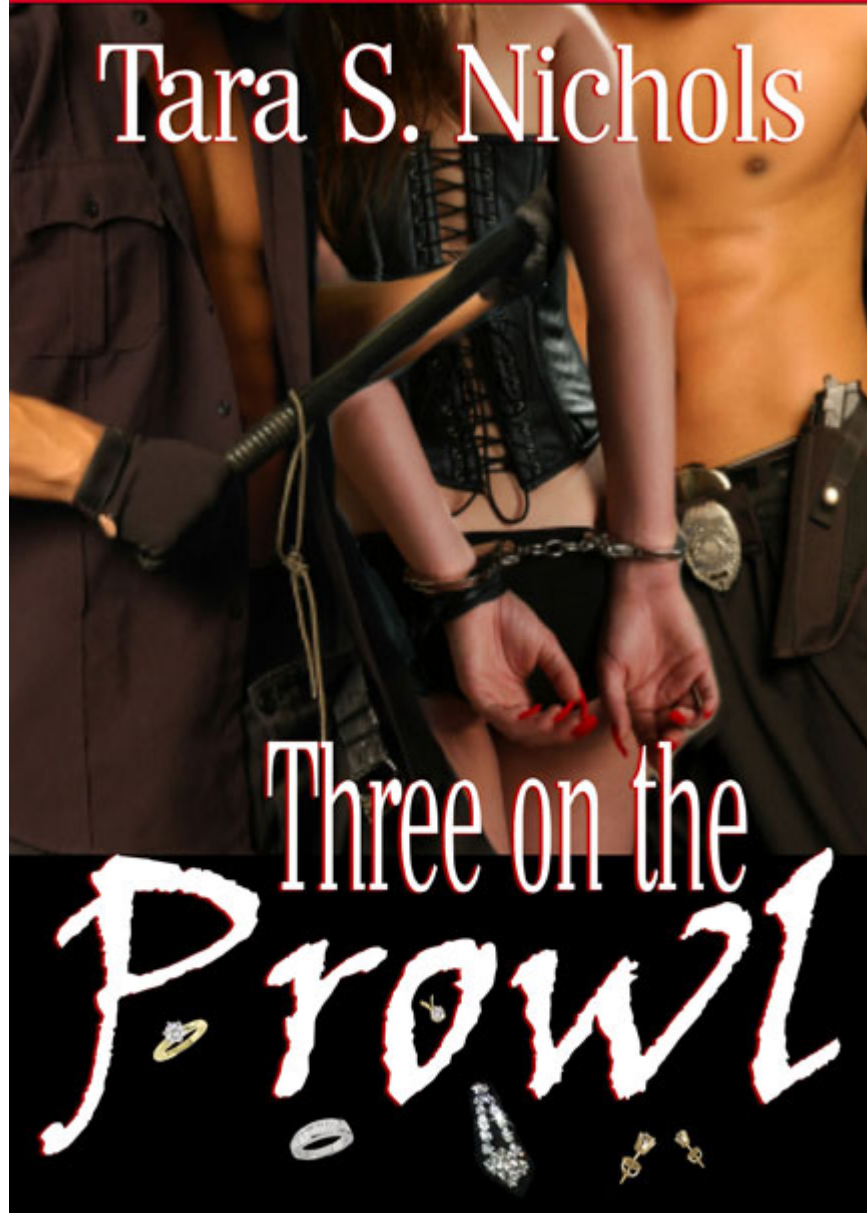


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

Tara S. Nichols



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# **THREE ON THE PROWL**

**Tara S. Nichols**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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# DEDICATION

For my dear friend Eden T. Chase, because of her generosity with her time and her wisdom. You've been so kind. And, of course, for my sweet husband, my sounding board and my rock. You make me believe in myself.

# THREE ON THE PROWL

TARA S. NICHOLS

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Nina watched her two companions, Seth, a half-cocked, sex-crazed, stud muffin in a tight pair of jeans, and Sam, Seth's overgrown, gentle friend, react to what she had just told them.

"You're kidding," Seth spluttered with disbelief, but a small smile crept up his face until it reached his eyes.

Clearly, her bold confessions had delighted him. She glanced over to Sam. His face held a similar expression.

They had been on their way home after their recent score, a pawn shop known for its high quality musical instruments, when she suggested they cool off with a pint.

She knew better than to mix business with pleasure, but knowing the next job would be their last, left a knot in her gut. She felt an unwelcome sense of panic rising in her, making her jittery and blurt without giving her words much thought.

After a few pints, she'd divulged a few fantasies and admitted to having a crush on both of them. The impending deadline to tell them how she felt before she found herself alone and pining for them prompted her to confess her true feelings about the boys. That and the fact that she'd drank more than usual, which loosened her tongue.

She looked to her empty glass. Just the foam was left, and she grimaced at the poetic imagery. Without the boys, she was foam.

The next time she saw them, in less than twelve hours time, it would be to pull off their biggest robbery yet. Their biggest and their last.

She knew she shouldn't be sad. They decided months ago the time had come to throw in the towel and retire. She should be looking forward to living a normal life and feeling relieved they'd never been caught, but after working with two people for so long, she wasn't ready for it to end. Secretly, she hoped to take them with her, but no one asked the question, *would they keep in touch?*

Unlike Seth and Sam, she'd invested every penny from her share of the loot to ensure her future. A beautiful, remote, waterfront bungalow awaited her in less than one days time, a secluded, permanent home, on her own private island. When asked, neither of her companions could say the same. Sam gave his money to his grandmother to repay her for raising him, and Seth announced his intentions to party.

Because of her strange line of work, she didn't have any close friends. Keeping a low profile and moving cities every four months, left her feeling isolated from the rest of society. Despite a few failed dating attempts, Sam and Seth were her only contacts, but she couldn't ask for any better.

Theirs was a strange relationship, one balanced precariously on their respect and unwavering trust in her as the leader of their criminal trio, and their sexual awareness of one another. Yet, the three of them balanced each other perfectly, offsetting each other's flaws. They worked well together, with only a few disagreements, no mutinies, and plenty of profit to show for it.

Her gaze roved over the two handsome men sitting across the table from her. Life couldn't get any better, but therein lay the problem. She couldn't choose between them.

Seth came straight off the street, a wise-cracking curb-cowboy, with a penchant for mischief. His tussled blonde hair and sparkling eyes made her weak in the knees. His mannerisms were hard and fast,

fun and exuberant, and she suspected that went for his relationship history as well.

Sam's style couldn't be more different. Plain, old-fashioned, chivalrous, and generous, he kept their little group in check. Everything about the broad-shouldered beauty screamed dependable, durable, loving, and thoughtful, but Nina knew he had what it takes when cornered. She often thought of him as Seth's shadow, his dark hair and stealthy mannerisms adding to his silent persona as he quietly followed along behind.

The way Seth swirled a tooth pick around on the tip of his tongue made her want to throw away her damned ethics and toss him on the floor. But Sam's gentle, considerate nature could not be overlooked. Put them together and she had the perfect man. If she had her way, she'd have seduced both of them a long time ago. She suspected both of the guys wanted her as much as she wanted them, but they never let on any more than a lingering sidelong glance or wayward erection. More than anything, she'd longed to throw caution to the wind, confess her darkest, dirtiest desires, and hope that they felt the same way, too. Until recently, she didn't know how to broach the subject most often on her mind—a threesome—with the two men in her life that made her head spin, her heart ache, and her pussy throb. The building sexual tension, stretching her nerves as tight as piano wire, that made her snap far more often than she liked, finally forced her hand.

By the astonished looks on both of her companion's faces, she figured she'd come off as a hard-ass most of the time. She couldn't risk anything getting in the way of their job, but soon, she thought, she could let her guard down. Soon she could show them her other side, the softer side, the side that longed to be held, comforted, taken care of for a change. More than anything she wanted that from them.

She swallowed thickly. They still hadn't said anything.

Perhaps it had been a mistake, too soon, too blunt. Her palms began to sweat as the silence stretched on.



The fact that they worked together complicated things, she told herself. If anything upset the finely tune harmony within the group, they'd most likely find themselves in jail. The precarious nature of their job didn't allow for such indulgences. Throw in the fact that she wanted both of them, and most often at the same time, well, then that could only end in disaster.

Each job already seemed more and more hazardous. Thoughts of them would enter her mind at the most inopportune moment. The more she tried to get them out of her mind, the more she thought about them, taking her over the jewelry counter, handcuffing her, sharing her between them. Her skin grew warm just thinking about it.

No, the end couldn't be more timely. She owed it to them to keep it together, to have her head screwed on straight.

Deciding to call it a night, Nina stood, just as Seth opened his mouth to speak.

"Time to go, boys," she said tipping her glass at them in a silent toast. "One more hurrah and then we have some fun." She spared them a sly wink, then turned to go.

She'd caused enough trouble for one night.

*Just one more to get through, and then she'd deal with her conflicting feelings.* She took a deep, calming breath.

If she messed up now, her little waterfront home wouldn't be much good to any of them.

Oh, but she was tempted.

\* \* \* \*

Nina's unexpected confession left Seth's head reeling.

*Both of them! She wanted both of them.* And not in the usual way. Her fantasies of being arrested and manhandled by cops made his own late night musings pale in comparison. Sure, she had a few, but the things she was saying were so hot they put thoughts in his head and struck him mute. He hadn't made a move on her, of course. That'd be

like petting a hungry tigress. Not that she looked like one, hell no. She was the hottest thing walking the Earth according to Sam and him, but she'd always demanded absolute obedience, respect, and the absence of outside distractions. If the image of Nina writhing naked beneath him wasn't supposed to be distracting, he didn't know what was. He ran his hand through his hair feeling frustrated. His cock had grown hard instantly, and it was still rock solid. Given his druthers he'd happily give up all other vices, luxuries, and potential jackpot heists just to be with her.

Up until an hour ago, he'd thought of Nina as the ultimate safe to crack, a gem more highly guarded than a Swiss bank. No chance of getting in. He'd never wanted any woman more, never known another woman as intimately, and couldn't ever hope to again. He only wanted her. She'd bared her soul to them, just never her body, but now at least, there was hope.

He spat the well chewed toothpick onto the ground, and glanced in Sam's direction. He knew the big man nursed a soft spot for Nina as well. They'd discussed her many times. He just hoped his pal would understand when this last job was done and he asked her out first.

After this last job, he'd tell Nina how he felt about her. No more excuses.

Seth frowned, his eyes staring off into the distance. *Them*. He mulled the word over in his mind. He didn't have anything against Sam. No one could ask for a better friend, but how much was he willing to share?

\* \* \* \*

Sam pulled his balaclava down over his chin. Everything was set. Two guards sat comfortably in their chairs in the small security office, content to gossip and eat their snacks. Sam knew they would remain there for most of the night. They weren't highly skilled officers of the

law, just a couple of guys with insomnia. As with any bigger job, one of their little crew would be assigned the task to infiltrate the place of work, become a member of the staff for a short time where they could learn the ins and outs, the routines, and the idiosyncrasies of the staff and the layout. Sam spent two weeks following Gus, the older guard, around and knew his supervisor to be a lazy chatterbox. Thankfully, Sam's replacement appeared just as deplorable.

According to Sam, Nina's idea to hit the department store was sheer brilliance. Not only that, it allowed him the opportunity to stock up on a few much needed items for his impending retirement, as well as satisfy a long festering curiosity. There wouldn't be any more jobs after this one. He figured he may as well go all out.

They moved through the dark department store hall with only a few back up lights to guide their way. They'd successfully cut the alarm system, and each gone their separate ways to do their part of the job. Sam's eyes followed after Nina's sleek form, clad in all black tight-fitting clothes. If it weren't for the fact that she moved, he wouldn't be able to see her at all.

His heart swelled thinking of her lovely face, her bold, penetrating gaze, and the way only one half of her mouth angled up when she smiled. He was in love, head over heels, smitten. Once they completed this job, he intended to tell her just how he felt, and hoped she didn't hit him. After what she'd said in the bar, he highly doubted she would be angry. She said the attraction was mutual, after all. To say her confession surprised him would be an understatement. He'd sat there speechless with his mouth open for nearly ten minutes until Seth elbowed him in the ribs. *Both of them*. She wanted both of them. That could be a problem. Not that he held anything against Seth. He'd known Seth too long for it to be a problem, but he didn't want to be the loser when it all went down.

He gave his head a shake to gather his wits. Now was not the time for daydreaming, he reminded himself. A job needed to be done, and if he acted quickly, he might just get to indulge in a little extra before

the evening came to a close. His gaze fell on the sign outside the drugstore. Seth would meet up with him outside the drugstore. He just hoped his friend wouldn't take his sweet time about it because there, behind the perforated metal gate, awaited a year's worth or more of the best sex he'd ever have.

\* \* \* \*

Seth leaned against a pillar, his balaclava rolled up on top of his head, a wide grin on his face, while Sam dug shoulder deep in the pharmaceuticals cupboard. When he'd learned why Sam wanted to go to the drug store so bad he couldn't help but laugh. *No wonder he'd been too embarrassed to tell Nina himself.* The day before the department store job, Sam shyly explained. He heard about some "special" pills that could make a virile man go for hours. It might make him blind, but he'd sure be able to satisfy any woman who threw herself in his path. Seth didn't know whether to believe him or not, or if it was sane or a healthy choice, but he now knew his partner in crime either to be one horny devil, or a money making genius. Seth couldn't deny it wasn't a bad plan. If they couldn't hock that sweet nectar on the streets, they could just as easily have a good time testing it themselves.

The idea of trying it out on Nina came to his mind. *Yeah, that would be a dream come true.* Damn that woman kept him up at night. Ever since she'd drunkenly admitted to having the bed sweats for him, his cock had taken a beating. He'd jerked off to her image all night until he couldn't take it anymore. Never in a million years did he think to bag a woman as fine as her, let alone sit down to breakfast with her the following morning. For the first time in his life Seth actually found himself dreaming about a better life, one that included a permanent lover. After what Nina said, he hoped that partner would be her. His only drawback was he didn't have anything to offer her, aside from an overactive libido. He'd acted macho when she'd asked

them about their plans, told her he was going to party, rather than what he really wanted. His heart ached knowing she intended to go far away, not that he'd let it show though. Neither of them did. Even Sam didn't know the depth of his feelings for her.

Seth frowned, as a thought came to him. Sam said he intended to go back to check on his grandmother, but what came after that? Sam couldn't have lied, could he? Thinking back, all the signs were there, written all over him, in his posture, and the way he kept his eyes to the floor. When Sam pulled his head out of the cupboard Seth took the opportunity to ask him.

"So what are you really going to do once this job is done?" Seth speared Sam with an all knowing look and swirled his toothpick in a circle with the tip of his tongue.

Sam seemed to debate his answer for a moment. "Ask Nina out," he finally admitted.

Seth's throat constricted. "Funny," he said after a moment, and he scratched his temple to hide his irritation. "So was I."

Sam's shy smile faltered. "Oh," he said after an awkward pause.

"Seems we have a little dilemma then." Seth feigned an easy going manner when his insides roiled.

Sam nodded. "Seems like."

Seth studied his friend. His face looked stern, no doubt reflecting his mood. Sam was a nice guy, a guy worthy of Nina's love. Seth hated to take that away from him yet he couldn't bear the thought of not being with Nina.

"We can't both have her," Seth tried, but even to him his words sounded hollow.

"I suppose not."

Seth shifted uncomfortably. "Except, I mean, she did say..." He let his words hang, feeling awkward and vulnerable about what he implied. Nina wanted them both, at the same time. The idea of sex with another guy watching, participating...what if they accidentally...Seth swallowed.

Sam's face reddened and Seth figured his friend's mind conjured up the same thoughts. "She did," he agreed. "But you wouldn't want to..."

"Neither would you, I suppose."

"Well, I mean I never have. So I don't really know if..."

"No, I haven't either," Seth blurted a little too fast. "Especially with another guy, you know?" Seth's words ran together. He needed to slow down, to collect his thoughts. So much rode on this, his friendship with Sam, his future relationship with Nina, the job that would allow him to retire comfortably. To make matters worse, his cock took that moment as an opportunity to respond, just to embarrass him. It grew visibly hard beneath his black cargo pants in response to the talk of sex, and he feared Sam might take it personally. Thankfully, he didn't notice or he didn't say anything. Sam, being too nice of a guy, didn't want to embarrass his friend like that, even if it made him uncomfortable. Seth stole a glance down at Sam's groin, surprised to see the big man sported a rod of his own. "It isn't an unpleasant thought, sharing."

Sam chewed his lip and shifted. "No. In fact, it's kind of hot."

Seth found it difficult to breath. He swallowed thickly. The moment suddenly became too intimate, too intense. Seth decided to take the heat off, to deflect the spotlight that burned into his skin. "What's it matter anyway? If she's going to choose anyone, it's going to be you."

That got Sam's interest. "Not necessarily."

Seth grunted in response. Only a small part of him actually believed it.

"That's not true." A new pained expression creased Sam's features, this time on Seth's behalf.

"Everything that comes out of my mouth is crass, vulgar, bullshit."

"You've got me beat in the looks department."

“You make her laugh.” Seth countered, and then grimaced. He hoped he had more to offer than just his good looks. He heaved a big sigh. “She deserves someone who will treat her right.” He finished softly.

Sam looked thoughtful. “You really like her, don’t you?”

Seth nodded and Sam looked to the floor. For a moment Seth wondered if his friend might actually step aside, be the bigger man and tell Seth to go after her, but he didn’t. Instead he said, “We’re both a couple of idiots. She leaves for Fiji in less than twelve hours.”

“You’re right. We sat there like two bumps on a log while she spilled her guts.”

“We have to tell her, and if we don’t say anything soon, then neither of us have a future with her.”

Seth brightened. “So, it’s up to her then?”

“There’s nothing unusual about that.” Sam scoffed. “It’s always up to her.” Sam grinned now, too.

“Let’s go ask her, then,” Seth suggested adjusting his balaclava over his face once again.

“What? Now?” You can’t be serious.”

Seth looked at his watch. “What? You have more shopping to do? Come on. We’ve got time. Unless you want to wait till she boards that jet to Fiji?”

“It just seems so—”

Sam’s words cut off short when the two bumbling guards appeared out of no where. Dressed in muted, blue uniforms, they rounded the corner of the drug store aisle so quietly that neither of them heard. Seth and Sam, being so caught up in their discussion, forgot themselves, where they were, what they were doing, and who might be lurking in the shadows, ready to pounce.

Seth reacted first, throwing a punch at the nearest guard and Sam quickly relieved the other guard of his radio before he could report the robbery. In no time they’d knocked the guards out, fed each of them a sleeping pill to be certain they’d stay that way, stripped the two

unconscious men of their clothes, bound and gagged them, and left them to be discovered by the cleaning staff.

Seth hated to think what Nina would say when it hit the news about what they'd actually done, but immediate action needed to be taken. Their policy, to try and not be seen, nor leave any messes behind, couldn't be heeded.

"Oh man, we're dead." Sam voiced Seth's thoughts.

Then, looking down at the pile of clothes, Seth got a brilliant idea. "Maybe not," he said with a devious grin. "I know one way to distract her."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Seth pointed to the clothes. "Weren't you listening? She said she wanted to be manhandled by cops. Isn't this close enough?" His hand made a sweep across the motionless guard's bodies.

Sam made to protest farther, but he stopped mid-thought. His eyes widened, and when he met Seth's eyes once again a smile spread across his lips. "You might be on to something there."

"We could make her fantasy come true."

"And she did say she wanted both of us."

Seth nodded, sliding one leg into a pair of brown pants. "I think we all want the same thing. Now let's go and give it to her."

\* \* \* \*

Nina stood in front of the full length mirror smoothing the wrinkles from the deep blue satin bodice. She loved the texture of the fabric and the way it hugged her curves, accentuating her hips and breasts, giving them a fuller look. Well enough endowed to begin with, she was now downright voluptuous. Her breasts heaved upward to the heavens and begged to be admired, ogled, hell, even fondled. The blue went perfectly with her eyes, not to mention the same bluish tint reflected in her glossy black hair, as well. She gave her head a saucy toss, swinging her shoulder length, blunt-cut mane about, and



smiled with sinful pleasure at her indisputable sex appeal. No one could resist her dressed like this. So why hadn't Sam and Seth, the only two that mattered, shown any interest? Her confidence faded. What was so wrong with her that she couldn't capture the interest of two hot blooded, heterosexual males? Hadn't she been clear enough, or had all the years under her command taken its toll?

She struggled to keep her mood light but thinking of the boys made her heart ache. They skulked about somewhere in the department store, dodging the law as well. She wondered about their progress on their assigned errands, and for a moment considered that they might round the corner to find her standing there in the buff. Her skin tingled at the thought. That wouldn't be so bad. Maybe then they'd find it in themselves to make a move. She didn't know what it would take to catch their eye. They behaved so well around her that she almost started to feel like a nun. Hell, even after she'd spilled the beans they remained polite, well-mannered gentlemen. Like hearing some sort of joke, they'd shared a good chuckle over the things she'd said that night, then quickly forgot about it by morning. Perhaps it was for the best, she thought. It had been unprofessional, to say the least, and all for nothing.

It didn't matter now, she reminded herself. A job awaited her, but for the time being, she only existed in underwear paradise.

Yes, she thought wickedly, fingering the smooth fabric one more time, she would take the garment. She smiled at the image reflecting back. With a playful snap on the strap, she peeled the suit off and threw it into a duffle bag lying open and half full at her feet. The dark nylon bag already contained most of the valuable jewelry, watches and perfume from the beautician's counter downstairs. She'd been so efficient in emptying the cabinets, she decided to splurge a little on herself. Hell, her fondness for lingerie was the reason she'd suggested her crack team hit the biggest department store in the city in the first place. With so much to choose from, and the security rumored to be

little less than one cowboy and a handful of parking ticket cops, she could empty the entire store if she so chose.

Sam was in charge of leather, a no brainer. He couldn't miss. Just grab and go, really. Seth, assigned to empty the electronics shop, but like her, requested a sideline tour as well, apparently on behalf of Sam who was too shy to ask himself. After inquiring as to why, he'd acted all coy and secretive. She headed the expedition and she didn't like sneaky little secrets, especially if it ended up getting them stuffed in the slammer. She'd played hardball with Sam until he'd caved and given her a hint. For some strange reason, he'd been gung ho to hit the drug store. She certainly wasn't one to say no. It just seemed odd, but they all possessed their idiosyncrasies. Besides, she trusted them. She maintained perfect faith in their ability to judge their own time and skill. They'd been working together as a team for a little over five years, enough time to grow quite fond of her two devious companions.

The fact that she wondered if they would appreciate the sight of her in that saucy blue teddy only confirmed her crush resulted from more than the effects of many lonely nights. She wanted to impress them, but the lingerie wasn't for them. In fact, it wasn't for anyone but her. She simply liked the way it made her feel; her dirty little secret, a rare little feminine indulgence. Besides, it seemed whenever she wore it for any of her rare dates, they only showed interest in taking it off.

Her eye caught sight of a racy number hanging pathetic and loose on a mannequin just at the edge of the lingerie section. The mannequin did not do it justice. The cream colored, raw silk, bodice, panties, and garter set would look killer with her tan, she thought, noting her pulse perk up at the sight of it. Exposing her naked body to the light shining down the hall, she hustled over to the stand of three immobile, faceless women and snatched the desired item of clothing off the middle one. She examined the fabric shrewdly and deemed it worthy at least to try on. Sliding the fine garment along her lithe

figure, she discovered it fit perfectly. The bodice exhibited strong, tastefully stitched threads and nearly invisible hem lines. The cups that cradled her breasts rolled across the front with a ruffled, scallop-cut, giving the outfit a feminine touch while the whale bone running along the length of her ribs kept everything tight and orderly. There crisscrossing ribbons ran down both sides to allow the person wearing it to synch the bottom up higher. The panties mirrored the scalloped frills over both of her hips in a short but pretty accent, and the garters, all though they hung free for lack of anything to fasten on to, suggested far more vulgar things than the dainty frills. Yes, this one she would keep.

She moved to check herself out in the mirror when the harsh, sound of jingling keys alerted her that someone approached her private, yet expansive dressing room. Judging from the sounds of it, they weren't far away. Only a guard would have a set of keys and would be wandering around a dark mall in the middle of the night.

Her heart thumped heavily in her chest and she fought her primal urge to run, but running would only create noise, alerting the intruder of her whereabouts. Knowing the change rooms were too far away, which would offer a much better cover and the element of surprise if she needed it, she spotted a possible decoy. Hopping up on the display she squeezed in with the three mannequins then struck a pose. Had she been wearing anything else she would have stuck out like a sore thumb. She held her breath while she waited for the intruder to make an appearance.

\* \* \* \*

Sam tugged at his collar, feeling the overly starched fabric constrict against his neck. At least one size larger than the man he'd taken the uniform off of, Sam now suffered because of it. It didn't matter, though. His mood was light and they carried a sack full of

looted pharmaceuticals between them. Not to mention enough condoms and lube to satisfy a frat house.

He debated leaving them in the truck with the rest of the stuff, but at the last second he kept one of everything on him, including one small vial, just in case. His cousin had put him onto the stuff, raving about the good times he had, and Sam could barely wait to impress Nina. If ever there was a time in his life he wanted to be able to go on forever, it would be with her.

After moving the van out of the loading dock, where it would arouse suspicion, Seth and Sam made their way to the main floor jewelry department. When they didn't find Nina there, they ventured upstairs to look for her. She'd revealed another useful bit of information while under the influence at the bar, that her other weakness dangled seductively from clothing racks deep in the women's lingerie department.

A sudden flash of movement caught Sam's eye and he turned his head just in time to see Nina, dressed in what looked to be little more than a bathing suit. She leapt up onto a clothing display and found a spot amongst some pasty-faced mannequins, where she struck a goofy pose, mimicking her stiff, new friends. An emergency light back lit her sleek form, adding shadows that helped conceal the fact that there stood a living, breathing woman, but there was no mistaking her gorgeous hair and coal black eyes to match. *And what a pair of legs*, he thought, looking openly at her as she stood there, motionless.

Never in a million years would he have expected the lovely sight that awaited them. Gone was her black jacket and tights, her authority and her confidence. Now, a vulnerable, scantily clad, victim of circumstance struggled to hold it together while she perched on top of that pedestal. Sure, the look on her face still appeared bold and challenging, but he could tell she prepared to flee at a moment's notice.

He smiled knowing the exact thoughts going through her mind. *Survival at all cost.* Their rouse already successful, and going by how she was dressed, she hadn't anticipated their sudden arrival.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" Seth said softly, stopping abruptly. Seeing Nina so scantily dressed and vulnerable did wonders to make certain areas of his new wardrobe fit all that much tighter. He gave Sam a quick elbow to the ribs, and Sam nodded.

"Nice outfit, Nina," Seth purred.

"It's barely more than a light-colored hankie," Sam joined in.

"She thinks we're the real thing," Seth said, pulling on his collar again.

"Well, shall we go and arrest her?"

Seth nodded, the action grotesquely over exaggerated. "Wanna have a little more fun?" Seth flashed Sam a wicked grin.

Seth grinned, thankful to be in tune with one another, not needing to mince words in polite company often. "Let's hope she doesn't punch first and ask questions after."

"We'll follow her lead."

"Always," Seth confirmed. Then, with a mischievous glint in his eye, he laid out the plan. "Okay, your name is now Jerry, and you call me Pete. Talk low so she won't recognize you." Seth stepped forward, not bothering to explain any further.

Sam nodded obediently and dogged Seth's heels as they headed for the mannequin stand, flashlight beam on and guiding their way through the darkness.

Acting the role of a security professional on high alert, Sam pretended to be searching, mimicking as best as he could like a guard on the prow. Seth brought them to a full stop in front of the mannequin display, where he pretended to have just discovered a clue. Then, raising the beam of light painfully slow, up the base of the display, he reached Nina's bare feet. He stopped on her brightly painted toes.

“Hmm, that’s odd,” he pondered out loud, his voice altered to a lower pitch to disguise it. He moved the beam higher up, illuminating her slender leg. “I don’t know, Jerry, this mannequin has one hell of a nice pair of legs. Too nice, perhaps.” He raised the beam again, this time settling its glow at the apex of Nina’s legs where the tiny triangle of panty barely covered her pussy. He let the light linger there a moment longer, no doubt trying to make her sweat before the beam traveled higher. She didn’t even flinch.

Following the steep, high cut fabric up her curvaceous hips, Seth rubbed his chin thoughtfully, over dramatizing everything he did. Like Sam, he was enjoying himself thoroughly.

“I don’t know, Jerry, they seem to be making mannequins more realistic these days. I mean, this one here kind of makes you want to take her home and do all sorts of nasty things to her, doesn’t she?” He smirked, then made a lusty growl to emphasize his point. If his intention was to look like a lecherous old man, then he’d achieved it.

Sam chuckled. “Uh yeah. Me, too.” He rolled his eyes, glad neither Nina nor Seth could see the rude gesture under the brim of his cap. The uniforms looked dorky, but in this case, he appreciated the cover they offered.

He’d expected Nina to react by now, to call them on their silly antics right away, but she hadn’t. An idea came to him and he swallowed thickly. *Could she have set the whole thing up in hopes to live out her fantasy?* It was ideal, but almost impossible to tell without coming right out and asking her. He started to worry, and decided to test it. “Well,” he sighed as though deeply disappointed. “I don’t see any reason to keep searching. Clearly we’d just heard a mouse.” He shrugged and turned to Seth. “What do you say, should we see what kind of trouble we could get into with this mannequin?”

He raised the beam of light to her breasts and tugged gently on the lacey hem. Finally, Nina reacted. Her posture stiffened slightly, and he thought he saw a hint of a smile.

“Did you see that?” Sam pretended to be alarmed.

“What?” Seth sputtered, actually sounding alarmed.

*Damn him.* Sam scrunched up his face, trying to hold it together. He took a deep breath, his fingers itching to touch her. She continued to maintain her cool. By now, he’d half expected to be doubled over and writhing in pain. Nina could render him to nothing just her thumb. With a black belt in Jujitsu, she could stop his heart dead if she chose to.

But she still stood there, her eyes staring blankly straight out. This was beyond dedication to the job. Something else was up and he suspected Nina concealed a few of her own tricks up her sleeve. She said she wanted to be manhandled by cops, and if she truly wanted that, he wasn’t about to throw in the towel.

He could see her chest rise and fall with each shallow breath, and he longed to run his tongue across that supple plain. It felt like torture being that close and not able to do anything about it. His knuckle grazed her warm flesh, and drawing in a deep breath, he inhaled a lungful of her intoxicating perfume.

He’d intended to let her in on their little game at that point, to not let the joke get out of hand, but when he opened his mouth, nothing came out. He didn’t want to take advantage, but she just stood there so...mostly naked, that he gave in to whim for once. *And why not?* She may not have recognized him yet, but he swore to himself that he’d tell her the second it was necessary.

\* \* \* \*

A uniform never looked so good, Nina thought, watching them cautiously advance on her, and the lust burning within their eyes. So they *had* heard her when she confessed she wanted to be arrested and manhandled by cops, she thought, giddy with relief, but Nina could also see the conflict in Sam’s eyes. She found it difficult not to reassure him. He was a gentleman through and through, yet she longed to feel his hands on her, pulling roughly at her clothes,

demanding she yield to his advances. Just thinking about it made her wet. That might be something she could expect out of Seth, but not Sam, so she felt shocked when he reached out with his hand to brush his knuckles against her breast. The moment was short lived, unfortunately.

*He's stopping now?* Her pulse raced and she struggled to remain patient. She'd been clear in what she wanted, even admitted to having a fantasy about them. For a moment it looked as though it were about to come true. There they stood, dressed to play the part, yet they hesitated. They could make it happen for her, she just needed to give them a signal that everything would be all right. But what?

She glanced to Seth. His gaze fixated directly on her pussy, and his tongue swept across his lips as though she'd morphed into a decadent dessert. *Could he see how aroused she'd become?* God, she hoped so. She longed to grab him back the back of his head and pull his face to her pussy, but her fantasy required her to play the passive role. Aside from outright announcing they could do whatever they wanted, be as rough as they could, she needed to get them to stop stalling. Then an idea came to her. She still wore her watch. What might have been her downfall if faced with real guards, proved to be quite useful. Moving her wrist ever so slightly, she drew Seth's gaze over to the time piece. *Get a move on.*

A slow sinful smile spread across his lips, and she could only assume he understood.

Sam frowned, sensing something was up. Seeing Seth's strange behavior he followed the other man's gaze just in time to see her wink.

His eyebrows arched with mild surprise.

"Oh baby," he praised.

With his free hand, he spread his fingers wide, lowering his palm down toward her breasts once again, but this time, he let the soft pads of his fingertips graze the surface of her skin. Goosebumps rose up at the contact.



*Finally, I'm going to live out my fantasy.*

\* \* \* \*

That simple wink from Nina set Seth's blood on fire. It surged straight to his groin, and his cock throbbed against the fabric of his uniform. With one small gesture she'd told him she liked everything he'd done so far and his outfit even more. Clearly, she wanted him to keep it up, and he had no intentions of stopping now. Thanks to her inebriated confessions at the bar, he knew exactly what she wanted. If he wasn't mistaken, she intended to play hardball, to resist them like a real life prisoner negotiating for her freedom would. *Whatever turns your crank, sweetheart.*

"That's odd." Sam broke into Seth's thoughts. "I've never seen such a nice wrist watch on a mannequin, not to mention the fact that she's even warm to the touch." He continued with his role.

Seth frowned, pretending to be concerned. "Let me feel." He lifted his hand to get in on the action.

Just then Nina jumped, but Seth anticipated that, and he moved quicker. He caught her by what little fabric covered her firm, round bottom and strong-armed her back to stand on the floor in front of them. He made sure her arms remained pinned behind her back so she couldn't shove her thumbs in his eye sockets either. One thing he knew about Nina, she had strong survival skills. He'd been witness to them in action more than once, and he wasn't certain how realistic she intended to play her part.

"Unhand me!" she commanded, her voice echoing off the walls.

They all flinched noticeably at her outburst, each of them frozen mid-kringe and waiting for the tell tale sounds of guards approaching. No one came running, of course. Only two guards prowled this mall at any given point, and Seth knew they weren't about to bother them. Still, it never hurt to be prudent.

Seth recovered first. He realized a real guard wouldn't be concerned when a thief made a loud noise. He puffed up his chest, trying on his best authority voice. "I don't think so, thief."

Nina blinked, coming around as well. "I'm not a thief!" she defended herself hotly. "I just got lost. I stayed too late and I'd been—"

"Shopping?" Seth sneered.

"Where's the rest of your clothes?"

She pointed to the black duffle on the floor. "Over there." She gasped theatrically, as though she'd revealed her stash by accident.

"You expect me to believe you wore this when you came to the store?" He cut her off and flipped the thin strap of fabric off of her shoulder. It fell to her forearm uselessly. Nina's nipples tightened visibly. His demonstrative act sent a rush of blood between his legs and he struggled to stay focused. "We're onto you, thief. We found your van full of electronics and leather, and the jewelry case open and half empty. There must be over ten thousand dollars missing from that display. Where have you put it?"

Her chin went up defiantly. "I don't know what you are talking about!"

Seth jerked his head to Sam. Thankfully, the big man knew what Seth wanted. Sam fetched the black duffle, brought it back and idly thumbed through its contents. He selected a small handful of rings and watches and held them up for Seth to see.

"You don't, eh?" Seth countered with a quick jerk on the back of her tight top. The action forced her breasts to jump, distracting Seth from his thoughts momentarily. Their keen-eyed prisoner caught the error as well. The corner of her mouth twitched slightly, but she managed not to smile.

Seth freed one hand and dug it into the bag. He shook his head. "Greedy girl." He clucked his tongue in disapproval. "Lying won't help you out of this one. I suppose we'll just have to perform a strip search then."

To his surprise, she twisted her shoulders and threw her head back. “Hah! You think I have something else hidden on my body somewhere? You must be out of your mind. Clearly you’ve noticed what I am wearing.” She indicated the tell tale bulge between his legs. “Get bent.” She jerked again in a vain effort to free herself, but he held on tight.

*She certainly has a convincing way about her.* But he reminded himself again that she could get out if she wanted to. There just wouldn’t be anything left of him.

She met his eyes with a challenging grin. *God, the woman made him hard.*

“Your outfit doesn’t leave much to the imagination, I’ll admit, but you seem like a clever lady. A real minx, I might even say. No doubt you have other hiding places that aren’t quite so obvious.” The suggestive tone dripped off his tongue like a threat.

He spared Sam a glance to see a broad smile spread across his partner’s face.

“You intend to do a body cavity search?” She still looked haughtily at him, as though she took him for a fool.

He let her see him smile, a tolerant and immoral smile. After a patient pause, he continued. “It’s not like they won’t do one at the precinct, sweetheart, and there it will be much more public. I hear they perform the search using cold equipment and they document everything in pictures.” In truth, he didn’t know squat about it. Like Nina, he’d never been to jail. He just made it up as he went.

He saw her eyes narrow on him. *Normally that look would have me backing down, but not today.* He steeled himself. “Which way do you want it, sugar? Us, with our warm hands at this private location, or them?” He left it up to her imagination to fill in the blanks. To accentuate his point, he gave her bottom a sharp pinch.

She uttered a satisfying squeak and then grimaced at him. “You can’t bully me. I know my rights,” she countered, looking as though gearing up for a fight.

“Of course you do. And you’ll probably enjoy having them read to you, often.”

She appeared to consider his words for a second and then the fight went out of her. She relaxed under his grip, almost leaning into him seductively. The change in character to him by surprise, but he recovered quickly figuring it was a clever part of her defense.

“What do you propose we do?” she asked. “Clearly you have an agenda, and the upper hand. I’m just a stray who wandered in from the cold looking for a little fun.” Her tone grew soft. Sweetened, like honey. Trying a different angle, she switched tactics, one that still might get him a knee in the nuts if he pushed her too quickly.

With a knowing grin, he allowed her to press her breast into his arm, appreciating it for what it was before shrugging her off. “Oh, I think you already know. You are our prisoner, and therefore, we can do with you as we see fit.”

A small smile pulled at the corner of her mouth. She liked it when he said that.

“Oh really?” she purred, not at all discouraged by his earlier brisk treatment of her.

He gave a light chuckle, unable to hold it in. “Perhaps we can come to some understanding. After all, you’ve been a bad, bad girl and you must be punished.” He handed Sam the flashlight, letting her see that he reached for her breasts.

“Don’t you dare,” she warned, wriggling weakly to free her wrists from the hand that still bound her. Her efforts seemed feeble compared to the fiery, dangerous Nina he knew, confirming his belief that she played it up for their benefit. Even though her eyes challenged him, he definitely recognized lust radiating out from them.

“Oh, I dare,” he growled, realizing this was part of the show. She wanted to be manhandled by cops, he reminded himself. Even though she resisted him he felt certain he’d been given the go-ahead.

Then, taking the satiny fabric in his fingers, he pulled with a mighty jerk straight down. At once, her breasts burst free, bouncing happily for a brief moment. Nina gave a loud gasp at the incursion.

There, right before his eyes, were the most splendid pair of tits he'd ever seen, and he couldn't take his eyes off of them.

Trying to recover his mind from the depths of his groin, he cleared his throat and tried in vain to sound authoritative. "All right now," he croaked, "let's have a good look, shall we?" He pulled his gaze away and addressed Sam. "See any gems?"

"Oh, yeah," Sam answered, nearly drooling. He'd faltered in his flashlight duties and quickly remedied the situation so he could see her stunning breasts better. "I can see two, bright red rubies."

"Me too," Seth said, reaching up. He pinched one stiff bud as though tweaking someone's nose. Nina sucked in a sharp breath, but otherwise, she didn't resist. He watched the bright red bud contract even further until it became dark purple.

"Nice," he purred and rolled it between his fingers. Nina closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them, Seth could see she enjoyed it very much. He did too, and now an uncomfortable situation started to develop down below as his cock swelled beyond the confines of his uniform.

Sam stuffed the butt of the flashlight into his mouth, freeing up both of his hands so he, too, could fondle her. Seth watched Nina's eyes widen as he advanced upon her. At first, she seemed apprehensive, but the moment he touched her flesh, a look of pure ecstasy replaced her worried expression. "Oh no! Not you, too," she said with what sounded like a mock protest, but Seth didn't believe her distress for a second. She certainly seemed to enjoy playing up her hapless victim role.

Sam gave a hungry groan as his large hands cupped her heavy, round orbs. He captured them in his fingers and squeezed them like a baker kneading dough, molding and palming them greedily with a carefree manner that didn't include Seth's personal needs.

Eventually, Seth let Sam have them all to himself, moving to the tiny triangle of fabric that barely covered her pubis instead.

Seeing the tell-tale damp patch darkening the silky material, he recognized the signs of an aroused woman. Her juices flowed freely, and when he pressed two fingers solidly against the wet spot, he found the hard nub of her clitoris nestled beneath her swollen labia. She moaned loudly at the contact, encouraging him to fondle it more. With fine tuned flicks of his fingers, he touched the sensitive, highly aroused clit, and was rewarded with another moan and a rapid increase in the size of the wet spot. Her hips swayed, trying to control the angle herself, and Seth smiled. He longed to run his tongue along the smooth insides of her thighs, to taste her, just once, but for now, he resisted.

“Oh, I think she’s enjoying this, Jerry,” Seth said, and gave a disapproving click with his tongue. He intended to play the part of the bad cop, the disciplinarian, and the guy who enjoyed all the fun, according to him.

“I know I sure am,” Sam said, sounding distracted as his mouth greedily sucked her nipple. A brief flash of pink drew Seth’s eyes to his friend’s groin, and he realized Sam held his cock in one fist, and he vigorously pumped it.

The sight made his own cock jerk in response. Again, it wasn’t a pleasant sensation inside the tight confines of his borrowed trousers. He desperately longed to do exactly what Sam already succumbed to.

“Yes, I can see that. Yet this is supposed to be her punishment,” Seth stated coolly. He gave her clit two more quick flicks, and felt her knees soften ever so slightly. Then he withdrew his hand. She gave a little disappointed whimper when he halted his probe. “We can’t have her thinking we’re here purely for her entertainment.” He stepped as far away from her as he dared while still holding on to her wrists.

The fact that she’d never bothered to struggle made him wonder if it might be safe to release her. *But that wouldn’t be staying in character.* He gave her arm a quick jerk. Her eyelids fluttered open

and she made eye contact with him. He thought he could see a hint of a smile on her lips, again.

His mouth a firm line, he stated, “I need to know we have your full cooperation, Miss.”

She did her best to look perplexed and slightly timid. “What do you mean? What do you want?” she asked breathlessly. *She hasn’t quite captured the timid part.* She struggled with her own growing arousal. Her chest rose and fell quickly, and her voice grew husky rather than trembling.

“Well, I didn’t bring a consent form with me or anything like that, but there are other ways to imprint upon us your willingness to participate.” He cupped his hand over her warm, round bottom and stroked her flesh. He hoped the act seemed carnal, dominant and dirty.

“Such as?” she asked and bit her bottom lip.

Images of Nina’s lithe body stretched out across his lap rushed to fill his mind. He’d love to spank her taught ass until it glowed a rosy red if she’d let him, but he highly doubted he could get away with that.

Seth looked to Sam for ideas. Sam’s cock still poked through his zipper like some obscene tongue. He stroked it absent-mindedly, keeping it revived and ready for action. Seeing it gave Seth an idea. He drew the zipper at his crotch down with a noisy rasp and brought his engorged cock out into the light. When he saw her eyes light up at the sight of it, he smiled with satisfaction. Her eyes flickered from one willing rod to the other.

She tipped her head coyly to one side. “And what do you intend to have me do? Sign something using one of those?” She pointed to his prominent cock and smiled sweetly. Even though her expression seemed innocent, her words had bite, and her joke at their expense took him by surprise. He frowned, his ego slightly deflated.

Though, instead of showing it, he gave a firm shake of his head. Then, with gentle coaxing, he wrapped his hand around the back of

her neck and urged her head down. When she didn't resist, he bent her over until her lips touched the head of his protruding erection, and that's where he stopped. The rest she would have to initiate. He could feel her hot breath against his balls as she hesitated over the unasked question.

"It's up to you." He flexed the muscle so the tip kissed her on her lips.

"Oh," she gasped. "I see."

"So we understand each other then?" he asked, concealing the hope in his voice. Having to wait almost felt painful compared to what he really wanted, to have her hot mouth wrapped around his shaft, to feel the light tugging sensation as she sucked. He got his answer when he felt the hot, wet moisture of her mouth engulf his cock, taking him all the way to the back of her throat in one bold move. He moaned and his knees threatened to buckle under him. "Oh, we understand each other, all right," he groaned, feeling the intense tingling sensations swelling at his hips.

She charted a path up one side and down the other, rolling her tongue along his length. Obviously an expert, she did tricks with her tongue that sent his mind spiraling down into a state of bliss he feared he might not ever recover from. Bringing him to the breaking point, she slurped and sucked him, teasing the end with her tongue, using fast, light stokes, and then gorged herself again. Minutes later, he let out a growl as he shot his load into her mouth. Even though his release felt good, his disappointment felt immense. It hadn't been his intention to come just yet. The fantasy came to a close far too soon.

\* \* \* \*

Nina licked away the sweet and salty taste of Seth's cock from her lips. A natural as far as acting like a dominant, Seth used his commanding tone to press all the right buttons, yet she knew him well enough to recognize as a show. Everything so far had been perfect.



Her pussy throbbed from their rough treatment, and they'd only just started. She could see his disappointment over its swift ending, but paid it little heed. She intended to have both men many times before morning, just not where they might get arrested for it.

Before she could tell them as much, Sam moved in to take his turn as Seth stepped back into the shadows, and she smiled, seeing his eager cock.

*Another minute wouldn't hurt.*

After all, she'd fantasized about that very thing, for so long, it would be crazy to pass up the opportunity.

Bending slowly at the waist, she kept her eyes on his face as she drew his stiff member into her mouth. A groan escaped his lips as she wrapped her mouth around his hot shaft, and her pussy tightened in response. She'd gone too long without any action, and now her blood rushed through her body like a runaway freight train driven by her cravings. She wanted to feel them inside her, slamming hard into her, demanding, and taking what they wanted, but for as much as she appreciated the authenticity of the fantasy, it felt almost too real for comfort, almost.

Sam's throaty purr sent another thrill through her, and she picked up her tempo. He closed his eyes with pleasure, and rolled his head along his shoulders. Less demanding than Seth had been but no less appreciative, he bucked his hips, pushing himself farther into her mouth and groaning with pleasure under the same glorious treatment. She worked his cock until with a loud cry, he, too, overflowed between her lips, his body jerking wildly.

He sighed and his body sagged with contentment, but she noticed his gaze lingered across her naked breasts, his interest still keen despite his recent release.

Now that she'd gained their attention, she intended to take their little party home. They'd taken a chance, playing around when they should be long gone, but a risk worth taking, especially if they stayed in uniform. She paused, thinking on how they'd come by those

uniforms in the first place. Deciding not to spoil the fun with a bunch of accusations, Nina shrugged it off. The boys had made her fantasy a reality. Better than she ever imagined, it could never be duplicated once they left. The fact that they could get caught at any moment only heightened her arousal. She almost hated to go.

\* \* \* \*

Watching Nina go down on Sam proved to be as arousing as participating, making Seth hunger for more. He wanted to shove Sam out of the way and demand to be serviced again. He could do that all night, under the guise of a dictator and letch, and claim he was only staying in character.

Sam's inhuman howl informed Seth, and any other creature under the department store's roof, that he found release and found it well.

He watched as Nina straightened, wiped her mouth, and cast him a smug grin. Her eyes lowered to his groin, where his cock hung soft in his palm. She gave a sweet shrug and turned her back to him, intending to walk away.

*She thinks she's done*, his own smugness rising.

In two big steps he reached Nina's side and once again, took hold of her arm. "Hold it right there, prisoner."

"Hey!" she cried out and tried to break his hold.

"Not so fast. We're not through with you yet."

"Not *through* with me?" Again, that haughty look entered her eyes.

Seth could see she still thought she was in control of the entire situation. "I should bend you over my knee for being so disrespectful," he dared, drawing on all of his strength to be able to say that to her.

"What? Now you're going to spank me?" She smirked, clearly amused by him.

“No. You’d probably like that, too,” he retorted, satisfied to see he’d genuinely shocked her, called her bluff.

“I—” She started to say something, but he silenced her by holding up one finger. She stared at that finger as though she sought to kill it.

“I will not have a petty thief thinking she can get off that easy.”

Seth looked to Sam and nodded. “I think this calls for drastic measures, don’t you, Jerry? Hand me those pills.” Seth held out his hand to Sam. “You may as well take some too unless you’re some sort of super stud.”

Sam retrieved his hard-earned prize and placed it in Seth’s waiting hand.

“What is that?” Nina asked, sounding alarmed.

“Don’t worry, honey, they’re not for you.” Seth chuckled, then added, “Oh wait, I suppose they are.” He threw a pill into his mouth and swallowed it with ease.

Sam gave his head a little shake, but he too popped a pill into his mouth and swallowed it down.

“Now, let’s hope they don’t take long to have an effect.” He stared down at his cock as though he expected it to rise immediately. “Shall we get on with it then?”

“Get on with what, exactly?” Sam grimaced, seeming unsure of his role.

Seth turned his attention back to Nina. “Strip,” he commanded.

“I beg your pardon?” Nina sneered, hostile once again. “I’ve done my part.”

Seth shrugged as though this was a very normal situation.

“We don’t have time to—”

A wave of Seth’s hand cut her speech short. He feigned impatience, waving his hand through the air again to urge her into action. “You heard me, thief. Your freedom depends on your cooperation. I ordered you to strip.” Impressed with his own acting skills, he put more passion into his demands.

She hesitated a moment longer until he feared he'd gone too far and she would refuse to play along.

"I'm going to trust you know what you are doing," she said, keeping her tone even. Then, raising one slender finger to her shoulder, she dipped it beneath the thin strap, and slid it off, down along her arm, with painstakingly slow movements. Seth could barely stand there and watch.

"Stop wasting time," he commanded. "Jerry, help her out."

Sam leaped to action, recognizing his cue. Grinning like a wolf, he raised his hands to her satin swathed cleavage, seized a healthy handful in each hand, and tore open the rest of the bodice. In one fell swoop he exposed Nina's luscious torso and tapered waist for their eyes to feast upon. Sam handed the bodice over to Seth, who sent it, along with the garter, tumbling to the floor with an impatient flick.

"That's better," Seth growled, letting her feel his scrutinizing gaze. Standing before them in nothing but the tiny triangle of panty, a ravishing sight, Nina's breasts hung full and heavy, and the dark areoles perched on top of her bronze-colored skin, lifted to the sky. He longed to lose himself in her, to bend her over onto his cock and pound her in all her holes. It was ugly and vulgar, but something about the mood called for it.

"I think we're going to need to be more thorough, though," Seth said with a voice calmer than he actually felt. He gave his head a shake and made another *tsk tsk* sound with his tongue.

"I'm afraid that pretty little piece of floss is going to have to come off, as well, for what I have in mind." His dark eyebrows arched. "Turn her around," he instructed Sam.

Sam took over restraining Nina's arms as he obeyed. Now, from this new view, they could see the thin strip of fabric as the flimsy thong rose up from between her full, round buttocks, gleaming white in contrast to her golden skin.

Using the palm of his hand, he ran it along her tender flesh, stroking her much like he would a skittish race horse that needed reassurance.

“Easy,” he purred, then with a quick jerk, he snapped the string in his hands and tossed it to the floor.

She gave a little cry of protest that made Seth wonder if he’d hurt her, but then he noticed she seemed more concerned about the state of her ravaged panties, hanging in tatters about her waist.

An agonized moan from Sam brought Seth’s head up.

“God, how I wish I thought to bring my camera.” The big man seemed truly distressed by his own missed opportunity. *Nina would be quite relieved no one brought a camera, too. This isn’t exactly the type of thing she’d want spread around, unless of course that turned out to be another one of her fantasies they could make a reality.* The thought made him smile, fueling his already amped-up ego.

Ignoring his friend, Seth leaned in. “Hands above your head, prisoner,” he demanded, his lips inches from her neckline, the gentleness gone from his voice.

Sam let her arms go so she could comply. With her arms raised high above her head, her breasts took on a new form, squeezed together and tight. Seth longed to drive his cock between them like a wedge.

Soon, he told himself, then addressed Nina, stone cold sober. “Good. Now, march.”

“March?” She frowned, half turning to look back at him for clarification. “Do you honestly think we have time for—”

Seth responded with the flashlight, blinding her again. “That’s what I said.” He smacked her bottom hard to get her going. She yelped and jumped a few steps forward. He nodded, satisfied.

Rubbing her bottom, she dared ask another question. “Where to?”

He hadn’t actually told her where, he realized. Thinking quickly, he pointed in a random direction. “Go to that wall, on the far side of

that emergency light. That way we can see you better for your inspection.”

Her eyes widened and he thought he’d never seen anything so beautiful. For a moment his character slipped, as he gazed into those warm brown depths, but then he remembered his surroundings, recovered, and promised himself he’d take the time to gaze into them again, later, when he could tell her how much he adored her.

\* \* \* \*

To Sam’s surprise, Nina complied again. Lifting her legs like a soldier, Nina high stepped it. They quickly caught up to her and flanked her, being careful that she didn’t stray too far from them. After resisting them so much, he suspected her of growing weary of being the subject of their amusement. He could see her concern over the amount of time they’d taken, but he didn’t want to stop. He knew if any threat of getting caught existed, Nina wouldn’t allow them to linger.

Playing this strange game created a visible effect on all of them. Yet to refuse anything they demanded, he could see that Nina’s inner thighs glistened with her own arousal.

Sam noticed Seth also appeared visibly aroused. He’d glanced over briefly to see a hard on so purple that it made Sam wince with sympathy, not to mention his friend couldn’t seem to tear his eyes off of Nina’s naked flesh. He wasn’t quite the disciplined actor that Sam prided himself on being. Seth struggled to stay in character, fussing with the tie that constricted about his throat. He tugged on it, impatient to be free, until he finally loosened it so it hung like a noose around his neck.

Seeing that, Sam got an idea. A blindfold was just the thing. Not only did it allow him to stay in character, it would heighten the mystery.

A red exit sign shone a beam straight into the changing room doorway, leaving a warm red glow upon her skin. He closed in on her with a hunger that surprised him, but forced himself not to touch her yet. “Up against the wall, hands flat, legs spread,” he commanded.

Again, she complied with his demands.

Taking the tie from Seth, he leaned over Nina and tied it on tight, making sure she would not be able to peek.

Rubbing his hands together, he eyed her up like some decadent dessert. Satisfied, he tossed his cap away and dispensed of his shirt. He flipped open the button that still held his pants closed at the waist and sighed a breath of relief with the pressure off.

Seeing him undress, Seth did the same.

Sam took a moment to stretch out his arms, swinging them to get the blood flowing once again.

The motion stirred the air and he caught scent of Nina’s faint perfume, spicy, yet floral, and it did wild things to him, heightening his desire. Inhaling deeply, he sought to draw more of her in, to surround himself with the sight and scent of her. She was everything he wanted, everything he longed for. Before he dove straight in, he hesitated. He wanted it to be just right when he first touched her. Despite his cold, hard tone, and the kinky element required for her fantasy, Sam wanted to make sure she knew the other side of him before they finished for the night. He knew long ago, and especially after each glorious haul, that no amount of riches would satisfy him like Nina’s returned love. Certain he needed something to offer her, he’d saved up, squirreled away every last penny, sure that wealth, security, and the finer things of life, would win her over. He’d waited, patiently, for the day she said it would end, to tell her how he felt so as not to screw it up, and scare her off, until she’d told them at the bar what she hungered for the most. How wrong he’d been. He almost laughed out loud at the irony.

Now, shirtless and eager to get started, he advanced upon her, but he’d taken so long that she flinched when his hand grazed her hip.

Murmuring something soothing, he blazed a light trail down her haunches, over her rump, and between the valley of her buttocks. She raised her bottom as his fingers slid over the satiny curves, and using his index finger, he inserted it up into her warm, moist pussy.

She gasped out loud at the intrusion and he realized he'd been less considerate than he intended to be. He kissed the back of her neck, and ran the tip of his tongue down her shoulder. "God, you're beautiful. I could do this all day as long as it's with you. I'm crazy about you."

She shivered in response, and uttered a pleasure-filled moan. "Don't you worry, Sam, the feeling is mutual," she said followed by another moan. Arching her back she pressed her bottom down onto his hand so his finger pushed farther in.

"Is this what you craved, Nina?" he whispered in her ear. "I don't have to be rough. I can be sweet, too, you know." He continued to plunge his finger into her.

She remained silent, motionless, as though fearing her answer would make him stop. "Not yet," she answered after a moment.

Stifling a laugh, he understood he'd been given the green light. His lust renewed, his finger bobbed and thrust into her, this time, without mercy. She arched into him and swayed her hips in encouragement. She wanted it, he thought, but he had one more card to play. Ceasing in his exploration, he withdrew his invading fingers. Then, slipping a ring over the end of his index finger, he brought it around to show it to her.

"What is this?"

She appeared confused. Her body tensed and her head tilted to the side. Seth pulled the blindfold down temporarily.

He held the ring out before her eyes. "Explain this."

"That isn't mine. You planted that there and are just trying to set me up."

"And why would we do a thing like that?" Sam looked to Seth for backup.



“So you can fuck me righteously.”

“Is that a problem for you?” Seth asked.

When she didn’t say anything, he reminded her with a quick, gentle tug on her outer labia.

She moaned with pleasure.

“You liked that, didn’t you?” he purred into her ear.

She hesitated a moment, then hung her head. “Yes,” she admitted.

Another rush of blood surged to his cock in response. “Good. At least we can both enjoy your punishment.” He pulled her blindfold back into place.

“Punishment?” She half turned to face him, despite the fact she couldn’t see anything with the blindfold on.

With the flat of his hand, he smacked her ass again.

She jumped, but didn’t say anything. He smacked her again.

“Does that hurt?”

“Yes!” she gasped, and then changed her mind. “No,” she moaned. “Actually, it felt good.”

Seth pulled her nipples straight out, the action rough and dominant, but not enough to cause pain. “And does this?”

“Yes,” she admitted again.

“Do you want more?”

“Yes.”

He dropped his hand and stroked her thigh gently while Seth continued to tug on her nipple. He brought his hips against her buttocks and pressed himself against her. He knew full well the cold metal zipper would be abrasive on her skin, but that she wouldn’t mind when she felt the hard pillar his prick had become. “You are a very dirty girl, aren’t you?” He spoke close to her ear.

Instead of answering, she just moaned, and pressed into him.

“You’d like to be passed back and forth between two men, to be their plaything for one night, wouldn’t you?”

“Please,” she whispered.

“What was that?” He slid his hand along her thigh again, traveling to the slick v-groove where he found and flicked her clitoris.

She whimpered under his touch. “Don’t make me beg,” she finally answered after some time. She ground her hips into him, the action causing him a small amount of pain because of the zipper. Clearly, the pants just had to go.

“You’d do anything to please us?” He slid his finger deeper along her furrow and hovered over her tight entrance.

“Yes, anything.” Her knees dipped ever so slightly, driving his finger up into her a little ways.

A soft chuckle broke free. “There, there. We still need to take inventory. We need to see if you’re hiding anything else from us.” He spoke into her ear, keeping his voice low and husky. “But I just don’t think my finger is long enough. Apparently you go very deep.” He thrust up deep into her once more and felt her push back into his hand again. “It’s a good thing we brought the right tools for such an inspection.”

Spreading his pants wide at the waist, he retrieved his cock from its confines. With a glance to Seth he indicated he needed one of the many extras they’d lifted from the drug store. If they ever needed toothpicks, gum, or condoms, he’d scored plenty of that, too. Seth fumbled with the shirt he’d tossed aside, retrieved a sheet of condoms that he’d discretely tucked away, then handed one over. Sam rolled the slick latex sheath over his cock, then, nudging it against her, he placed the tip against her swollen lips.

“Brace yourself,” he warned. At that moment, he was ready to give up his bad boy role and drive himself into her. He wanted to smack his balls against her pouting pussy lips and shoot his load deep into her, but he couldn’t risk it. She still needed to think of him as an authority. It was her fantasy and an authority wouldn’t woot like a cowboy.

“This won’t hurt a bit,” he added with a wink to Seth. Then, ever so slowly, he rocked his hips, urging his cock up into her. With every

slow thrust, she enveloped him, gripped him, and held him fast. It took an effort to go slow, and she felt unbelievably tight. When he managed to ease himself all the way inside of her, he stopped to catch his breath. With his face inches from her neck, he inhaled her scent, letting it wash over him like a soothing ray of sunshine. He could have stayed there forever, but the growing need for action wasn't going to let that happen. Nina wriggled with impatience, and he pressed his face into her shoulder to keep from erupting. When the moment passed, he gave her nipple a squeeze, withdrew his entire length, then slammed it all the way back into her.

"There," he grunted. "Is that what you want?" He thrust again in the same fashion, and she moaned with pleasure. "To be fucked hard and fast?"

"Yes," she said as she exhaled. "But you'd better hurry up or they're going to catch us, and I highly doubt they'll give us the chance to finish."

"You don't have to worry about the guards, Nina," he admitted, seeing her worried expression. "Where do you think we got the uniforms?"

Alarmed by his words she half turned. "What?"

"They're tied up and unconscious. Couldn't be helped," Seth said stepping close. "But I have to admit it sure is handy."

"Did they see you?"

"We wore our balaclavas."

"At least there's that," she said with relief. "And I suppose it did provide us an opportunity."

"That a girl," Sam encouraged her deviant side. "This is your fantasy after all. You may as well enjoy it."

"Oh, I am," she said through gritted teeth, and he realized she teetered on the brink an intense orgasm. "And please don't feel the need to rush now."

Sam chuckled at her wantonness. He obliged her with demonstrative thrusts, lunging and increasing his momentum until she

cried out with pleasure. He felt her walls tighten around him and even though his body wanted him to keep going, he pressed his chest against her back, loving the feel of her in his arms.

Seth cleared his throat breaking the spell. Both Nina and Sam turned to look at their companion, patiently waiting his turn. Sam chuckled again.

He wasn't enthusiastic about handing her off to Seth so soon, but he certainly couldn't blame him. Etiquette beckoned. Sparing a kiss to the back of her neck, Sam withdrew, his cock slick and still hard shone under the light. Maybe, after Seth finished frisking her, she'd still want to play cops and robbers.

\* \* \* \*

Seth's hand went to his erection and he pumped it absent mindedly as he watched the show. The pills took effect, there was no doubt in his mind. His cock remained semi-hard even after he'd just come.

Seth grinned at Sam then moved to stand between her thighs. He rolled a condom down his length, then wrapped his hands around Nina's hips. She arched her back and raised her bottom to accommodate him.

"I hope you're in for a long, hard ride, my dear." He grunted as he found her hot, wet cunt again and inserted the head of his cock into her opening. He slid deep inside with ease, relishing in the glow of her skin, the velvety smoothness, and the sensual dips and curves.

He noticed Sam's gaze swept over the place where his cock disappeared into Nina's body and his cock surged. A surge of blood rushed to the head of his cock. He got off on knowing he had an audience, knowing another man wanted to be in his shoes for once.

It wasn't just that though. Deep down, he liked the idea of sharing Nina with Sam. It felt right somehow, like they'd just taken their trust

one level higher. There they were, just the three of them, working together, sharing everything, celebrating together.

Nothing ever felt so good, so right as that moment where he finally joined his body with hers. His balls filled, becoming tight. He feared he would come, and it would be over again too soon, but he managed to stave it off. With his hips framing her bottom, his fingers found her nipples, and he used them to steady himself as he slowly, gently thrust into her. The combination made her moan and writhe, and became so wet she coated his sac with her fluids.

“Oh, Nina,” he whispered. “I don’t ever want this to end.” He closed his eyes as he toiled behind her, his hand cupping her breast possessively.

She moaned again in response.

Without any warning, Seth scooped her up and carried her to a nearby cash desk. He laid her out on her back across the cold, laminate surface and arranged her so her bare bottom hung over the edge. In this position, he could see the bright red gash in which he’d embedded his cock. With every thrust, her breasts bounced. She groaned with pleasure, her fingers gripping the far edge of the counter.

Moaning with every thrust, Nina raised herself up off the counter, eager to match each of his ambitious thrusts. “Don’t stop,” she gasped.

He glanced up to see Sam hovering nearby.

*He’s being incredibly patient*, Seth mused, but he wanted to try one more thing before he handed over the baton.

Pulling out once again, he brought his hand to his engorged cock. “Spread your lips for me, thief,” he commanded, his throat tight in anticipation of what he intended to do.

At first Nina seemed confused, bringing her hands up, hesitating a moment, then finally bringing them to her swollen vulva. With a graceful touch, she parted her labia, exposing herself to him in a way that looked both seductive and submissive. He peeled the condom off

his primed cock as she held herself open to him. He stared down into her as his hand pumped over his shaft, jacking his erection. He felt the growing pressure as his orgasm surged forth. With a growl, his third orgasm rocked him hard as he emptied what felt like a never ending stream onto her stomach and breasts. Spent, he shuddered. As the last drops landed on her skin, he watched her rub his slick juices all over and into her skin. She moaned and arched her back. "More," she pleaded.

\* \* \* \*

Seth's cock hit her in all the right places, same as Sam's. His commanding tone rang every sensual nerve in her body like a ball ricocheting through a pinball game, and his encouraging endearments made her heart swell with joy. Each time they switched off they stirred the embers of her last orgasm, prolonging it and riding it out. But one part of her fantasy remained unexplored, and that she intended to remedy.

He came around to remove her blindfold, and as Seth stepped back, Sam took his place. He stared down at her hungrily, eyeing her up as though choosing where to start.

"Not so fast," she said as he pondered the state of his cock. "There's still one place you haven't looked." Nina smiled knowingly.

"And where is that?" Seth asked, seeming a tad uneasy.

Nina wriggled her eyebrows in a suggestive manner.

"Sam, if you don't mind, could you move to the floor? Somewhere private, but with enough room for three?" Nina said then she turned her face to Seth. "You, follow him, get fresh condoms, and hurry it up. I'm going to burst and I want to feel both of you in me when I do."

Seth's eyes went wide, but he didn't waste any time. He lay down on the floor right where he'd stood, his prominent cock jutting out and ready for action.

“Good enough.” Nina shrugged and slid off the counter to straddle his hips. She spread her legs and Seth settled himself beneath her. Letting her guide his cock home, he soon found himself buried to the hilt inside her once again.

His cock, a solid pillar, jutted up inside her, the head firmly pressing against her end as she rocked her hips.

Reaching around, she gripped both cheeks of her ass, parting them as an invitation to Sam.

“Are you sure about this?” he stammered, staring down at her brazen display.

“Of course!” She grinned. “You’d be a pile of pulp if I didn’t want you to do everything you just did, but trust me, boys, we’re not finished here.” She straightened, bringing her arms behind her head. Seth’s eyes looked to her breasts, swaying like pendulums beneath her. “I want you both, at the same time. You promised me a night of naughty treatment, and I expect a proper punishment for being such a bad, bad girl. Then, when I’ve decided I’ve been punished enough, I do believe it will be your turn.”

The guys stared at her struck dumb. Seth’s cock bulged beneath her as the impact of her words sank in, and clearly, pleased him. He smiled slowly.

Nina glanced to Sam. His cock, sheathed in a new condom, pointed to the ceiling, and in his hand he held up a tube of lube, fresh from the drug store.

“Anytime, Sam.” Nina giggled.

Sam came to life. With a mischievous glint in his eye, he came to kneel beside her, anointed one thick finger and let it hover inches away from Nina’s puckered hole. Smearing the lubricant on, he stole a moment, tentatively applying pressure to give her a thrill. She moaned appreciatively.

Smearing an ample amount of lube over the condom wrapped around his stiff shaft, Sam then raised himself up so the head of his cock aligned with the tiny opening. Seth shifted with his legs out of

the way and she felt pressure as Sam slowly nudged his way into her body, eliciting a gasp from her as he made contact.

\* \* \* \*

For once, Seth assumed, a woman might appreciate a smaller cock. He'd never dared to be so bold, yet there they stood, taking turns with Nina, and now Sam was inches deep in her ass. A sign almost enough to make him blow again. Sam's penetration managed to bury his entire shaft inside her, and she started to buck into him on her own, demanding more, demanding action.

Seth became aware of Sam's presence through the thin membrane wall separating them as the other man entered Nina's pussy. When Sam shifted slightly, beginning to move, Seth caught his breath. It felt pleasantly tight, and every bump and caress Sam made intensified Seth's own pleasure.

Nina's finger nails dug into Seth's shoulder. Her face contorted into a mixture of ecstasy and caution. A moment later she opened her mouth and moaned. "Move, damn you, Seth. Give it to me harder. Don't just lay there."

Nina, transformed, no longer the prisoner or a hapless victim, maintaining full control. Now they willingly did her bidding.

Spurred into motion, he began to buck as much as his confined space would allow.

She shouted out commands, telling them where to put it, how hard, how fast, professing her love for both of them at the top of her lungs, and only when her orgasm poured over her was she silent.

Seth, never more turned on in his life, came again, his orgasm slamming into him. Finally, he'd captured the satisfaction he'd been seeking. A laugh bubbled out of him, only to be joined by Nina's. Sam's euphoric moan told him the whole experience worked for him as well, and after he came, he joined in the laughing. They fell against



each other in a laughing heap, limbs entwined, sweaty, and completely satisfied.

Sated, Nina separated herself from her two lovers, then slumped down on the floor with her back against the desk.

“Oh wow, what a night. I’ve been craving something like that for, I don’t know how long.” She shrugged easily, as though it was a thing as simple as a box of chocolates they’d shared between them, and not their bodies.

“Really?” Sam asked, squatting next to her. “Why didn’t you tell us earlier?”

She gave him a weary smile. “I couldn’t let anything interfere with the job. Can you imagine if things didn’t go smoothly? It might have been what put us in jail.”

“Oh,” he said sheepishly.

“I’m just glad you aren’t ticked,” Seth said, chewing his lip.

“Ticked! No way. I could go again.” She laughed and snuggled in closer to steal a kiss from the corner of his mouth. “Okay, maybe not right away.” Seth could see she spoke the truth, but the way she eyed his still-hard cock made him suspect he would go another round again, perhaps sometime soon.

A small giggle escaped her. “I want to do this again and again, just not when the stakes are so high.”

She wrapped her hand around each of their erections and with a theatrical twist, she stood, still gripping them, and urged them to their feet. “I don’t know about you guys, but we got what we came for, now let’s try and keep it. So how about we take this party home.” She led the way to the change rooms and they had no choice but to follow her. Her smile, full of wicked promises, insured Seth allowed himself to be lead anywhere Nina wanted him to go.

\* \* \* \*

A resonating bang from the belly of the store set them all on their toes. On alert in an instant, they scrambled back into their clothes. Voices shouting commands sounded hollow, echoing off the empty halls. Sam's trained ears deduced that the police occupied the main floor. They weren't far but at least it gave them time to slip out the back.

He stole a glance over at Nina as she slid her slim fitting black up the length of her shapely legs. He hoped he would get another chance to tell her how he felt. His true feelings for her went far deeper than just great sex.

"Where's the van?" Nina whispered.

He pointed to the north wall hoping she'd understand. It, and everything inside the van, was safe enough, for now. They always moved it the first chance they got, and now it might be the only reason they escaped.

Now fully dressed, Seth pointed to the exit sign, and waved them forward. Nina paused, her eyes wide, and then she ran back to the spot they'd just vacated to retrieve their soiled condoms. A shiver went up Sam's back. How careless they'd been, he thought. Nothing like a little DNA evidence to dampen their fun.

Seth peered out the fire escape door and gave the "All Clear" signal.

Flashlights strobed the darkness in the parking lot far below. Uniformed men, the real thing, this time, scoured every nook and cranny.

"Something must have alerted them," Nina frowned.

"This is the only exit," Sam said. He'd been all over the building under the guise of an overachieving security guard. "We'll have to take our chance on the fire escape."

Nina nodded and gestured for Seth to go first. She followed right after and they filed one by one, stepping lightly so as not to rattle the metal stairs.

The red and blue lights of a police car cut across the lot just as they reached the bottom. Ducking out of sight they crowded together behind an ornamental shrub and waited for it to pass. The car drove by painfully slow, and so close Sam could see the white's of the driver's eyes inside.

Once the car moved out of sight Nina motioned for them to draw closer to they could speak.

"My guess is they are circling with two or three cars. That gives us two minutes to cross over to that pillar. I say we go in turn, and when we reach there, we wait, like a relay. After the next car, we move again."

Both of them nodded to show they understood.

The coast clear, Nina raced across the short open space and was swallowed up in the shadows beneath the parkade. She'd barely made a sound despite the fact that she lugged that heavy duffle full of metal trinkets.

Seth went immediately after the next squad car made its round. On the third pass Sam took to the pavement, his heart pounding as the adrenaline surged in his veins. He couldn't get caught now, not with so much at stake.

"Hey you!" The sharp command made him falter, but he kept on running. Ahead he saw Nina stop with Seth right behind her. Originally, Sam thought the voice came from behind him, but now he could see an officer waited at the far side of the parkade. Nina almost ran straight into the officer's arms.

Sam saw her turn and motion to him. *Veer to the right*. He nodded that he understood. They'd take cover under the overhang of a nearby building. The police officer's radio crackled and they could hear him alerting the others. They didn't have much time.

"We have to split up," Nina said breathing hard. "Seth you take the van. Sell everything in it. Sam, see what you can get for your stash. I'll take care of these." She held up the duffle bag. "Our

original rendezvous will be too risky now. We have to vacate the city, if not the country as soon as possible.”

Sam saw Seth glance behind them. “You think they saw you?”

She nodded. “You two better get going. I think I can buy us a little time.”

“So this is good-bye?” Seth asked. His face held a pained expression.

Barely holding it together, Nina ran her hand through her hair. “It doesn’t have to be.” She reached for Seth’s hand and scrawled a set of numbers across it, then did the same for him. “GPS coordinates. Bring a bathing suit.”

With a grin Seth set off. Sam nodded, seeming less sure they’d meet up again. Hesitating to leave he charged toward her, swept her up in his arms and planted a deep kiss on her mouth. “Take care,” he said, and then raced off after Seth. They’d take the van knowing she’d do better without them to worry about. She always maintained a back up plan. He grinned. He knew all about her distractions. She’d be happy. She rarely got a chance to use them. Those cops didn’t have a clue what was coming their way.

Just as he reached the side of the van, a series of small explosions went off in the distance.

\* \* \* \*

Nina resisted the urge to scratch beneath her pale blonde wig. It felt uncomfortable, but proved to be a necessary precaution. Her nerves were shot. Her heart ached, and she felt trapped and useless waiting for news from the guys. Ever since her plane touched ground she’d been living on airport coffee and donuts, and she wasn’t sure she could take another day of not knowing whether the guys made it out or not.

*Where on Earth could they be?* She paced the same narrow space of floor for the hundredth time in a short span of time. Certain the

airport security already felt suspicious, she struggled not to let her distress show. She'd been watching the arrivals gate for two days, changing her appearance, and loitering in the background, but they would confront her, in a matter of time.

With her eyes to the ocean she waited, fearing the worst, with her forehead pressed against the glass. Two more airplanes landed on the grassy airstrip, nothing more than a mown section of field, but still no sign of Seth or Sam. With a heavy heart she drew back from the glass. Those were the last flights of the day. Either they'd been caught, or they'd changed their minds. For the third night in a row she would go home to an empty house, with nothing to look forward to but another restless sleep. Images of their laughing faces came to her mind and she blinked back a tear. Her body craved them and she missed their company, not her idea of paradise.

She turned to go, but stopped instantly when motion to her left alerted her there might be trouble. Maintaining an air of casual ease she turned and yawned, keeping her hand over her mouth while she surveyed the small area. To her horror she spotted a guard dressed in a starched white uniform, and he headed her way. When he saw her watching him he stopped and looked away. After a glance to her right she spotted another guard closing in as well. A chill spread across her skin to see he spoke into a radio.

Time to go. She'd overstayed her welcome.

Pushing through the small crowd, her suspicions were confirmed when the guards moved to follow her. She struggled to keep her pace even, yet kept it fast in order to put some distance between them.

Exiting the small terminal, Nina turned sharply to the left and ditched her wig the first chance she got. To her dismay the guards still followed her. Knowing she shouldn't lead them to her home she took another left, down a narrow, deserted street, and slipped into the first alley she saw. She planned to confront them with a wall at her back, and only hoped they hadn't already requested back up.

The moment they appeared at the mouth of the alley she knew she was in for a fight. Her anger burned. Three days into retirement and she would be forced to leave. She'd have to start over.

The guards entered the alley and closed the distance. Something about these two struck her as odd. It seemed strange that they pulled their hats down so low, and if she wasn't mistaken, one of them kept grinning. Then the guard on the right looked up. Despite his mustache Nina would recognize Sam's sweet smile anywhere. A small cry escaped her and she ran into his open arms, laughing. Tears streamed down her cheeks as Seth's arms wrapped around behind her, his own tears making her bare shoulder wet.

"You're here," she exclaimed once they'd set her down. "I can barely believe it."

"Believe it. We're here with you, safe."

"And we come baring gifts," Sam said.

A playful look danced in his eye, a rare bit of cunning that told her to pay attention.

Sam reached into a bulging pocket lower down on his thigh and unraveled a cream colored piece of cloth. She recognized the article of lingerie that they'd so crudely torn from her body. The sheer fabric ripped to shreds in the wake of their lust, but this item was new, not a stitch broken. She clasped her hands together with delight.

"It's all there sweetheart."

A flash of light drew her attention away from the silky fabric to see a shiny pair of handcuffs dangling from Seth's fingers. She looked up into Seth's impish grin.

"I sure hope you've been naughty," he said.

"Now that the two of you are finally here, I'm sure to get up to some sort of mischief." She hooked her arm in each of theirs. "Now why don't I take you two home where you can interrogate me in private?"

She got all the answer she needed from their lust-filled gazes. Finally, she felt like the richest woman in the world.

# THE END

**[www.tarasnichols.com](http://www.tarasnichols.com)**

**<http://tarasnichols.blogspot.com>**

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ever since Tara Nichols was a little girl she has had an affinity for romantic adventures. With crushes on the likes of Tarzan and Hans Solo, she grew up looking for the perfect gentleman rogue. When she is not writing about romance, erotica or paranormal fiction she can be found tending her garden, keeping bees or reading a spy novel. Tara roams free on the flat prairie land in Manitoba Canada where she lives with her young son and husband.

### *Also by Tara S. Nichols*

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