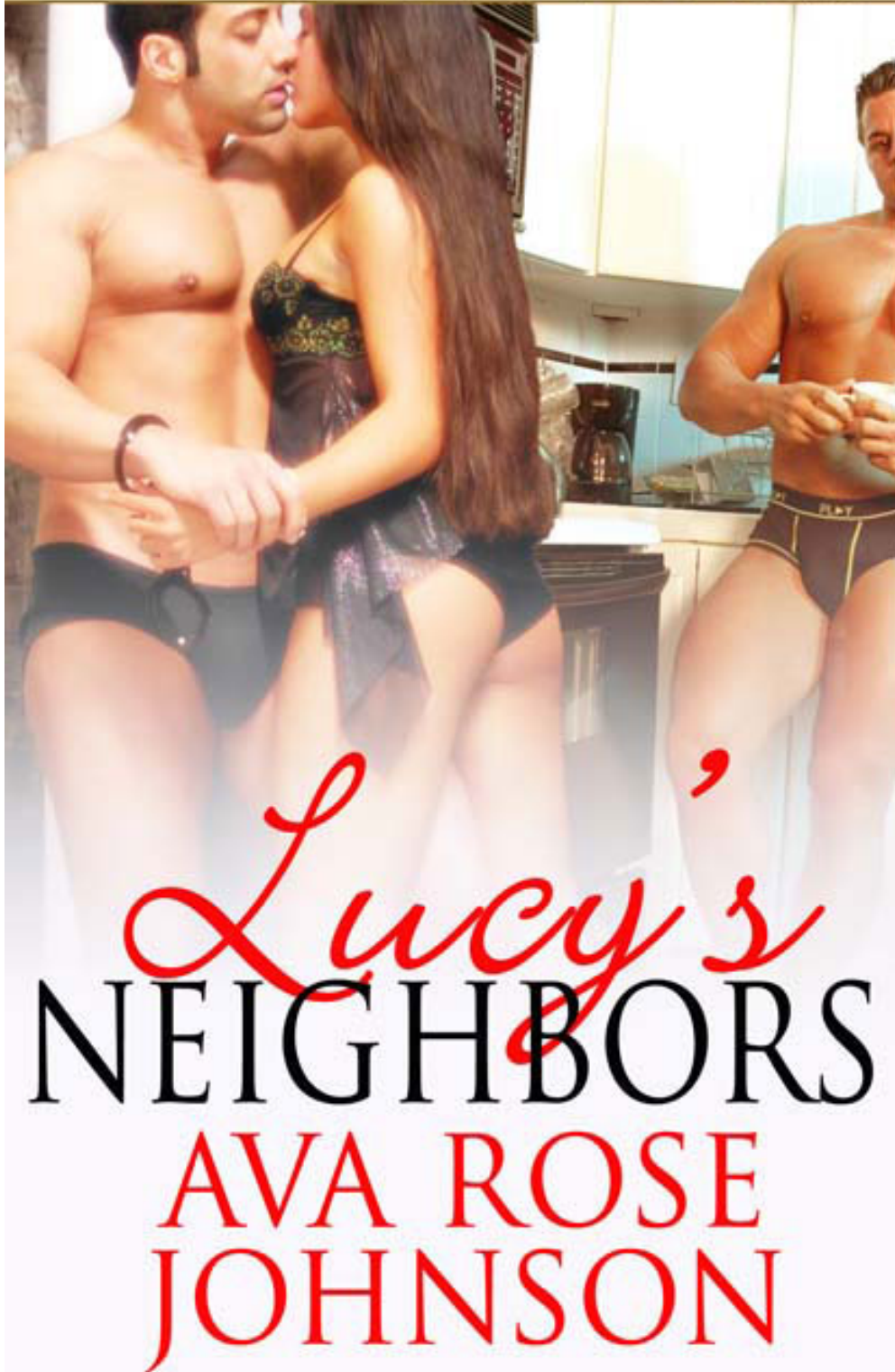


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Lucy's Neighbors

Ava Rose Johnson

Lucy Hills has lusted after her two sexy neighbors since she moved into her condo a year ago. She never would have believed that either Steve or Doug would be interested in her—she is a *woman* after all. So when they invite her over for dinner, she expects nothing more than friendly conversation. But the night soon spins into an explosive combination of Lucy's sexual fantasies, and being ravished by two men turns out to be even better than she'd imagined.

Steve and Doug have been together nine years and they've shared many beautiful women. But Lucy is the first to steal their hearts. For months they've dreamed about getting her out of her panties and now they've had a taste of her honey, they want her for keeps. But convincing Lucy that a three-way relationship can work isn't easy. They'll have to use everything in their power to keep her trapped between their bodies because they can't lose her now. She's the one.

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Lucy's Neighbors

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Chapter One

As Lucy Hills teetered up the driveway to her condo on four-inch heels, she decided that men really weren't worth it. The stilettos she wore had been slowly murdering her feet since she'd jammed her heels into them a few hours ago, and as she started up the steps to the front door, gripping the railing and transferring as much weight as she could off her feet, she had to wonder what the hell had possessed her to spend three hundred dollars on pure designer hell.

Not for the date she'd just had, that's for sure.

"Where have all the cowboys gone?" she wondered to herself, jabbing her key in the lock. The lock clicked and she pulled open the door. As soon as she stepped inside the house, she slammed the door behind her with a jolt and kicked out of the heels. *Sweet mercy*. So much for a great meal followed by a night of energetic sex. In this state, all she was fit for was bed and a pint of cookie dough. Though Lord knows she didn't need the calories. Her already-generous hips certainly wouldn't thank her for it.

She dropped onto the bottom step of the staircase, lifted one leg over the other and wrapped her hand around her foot. As the searing pain gradually eased to a dull throb, her focus shifted to the torturous evening she'd just endured.

It had all kicked off when her date had shown up on her doorstep twenty minutes late, and when he spent the entire ride over to the restaurant talking about gym fees, things had really gone south. By the time their appetizers arrived, conversation had moved on to his ex-girlfriend, who'd never given him the attention he deserved—especially in the bedroom. Lucy had swallowed the last of her crab cake and excused herself to visit the ladies' room. Then she'd gotten the hell out of there.

Knowing Ben and Jerry would be the only men joining her in bed tonight, she padded barefoot up the stairs and headed straight for her bedroom. Her eyes zoomed in

on the brand-new box of condoms sitting on her bedside table. The shiny red packet was practically smirking at her.

She plopped down on her bed. Celibate for over eighteen months, she'd been hanging all her hopes on *Mr. Gym Fees* to help her break that cycle. A big deal, considering she never put out on the first date. If anything good came from tonight, at least her morals remained intact.

Reaching for her phone, she dialed Carrie's number and waited for her best friend's soft voice to come on the line.

"Hello?"

"Hey," Lucy said heavily, "it's me."

"Uh-oh. Guess things didn't go so well if you're calling me."

"Nope." Lying flat on her back, she blew out an exasperated sigh. "Half a month's salary on a new dress and shoes all for nothing."

"Don't say that," Carrie soothed. "Come out with me next weekend, we'll find you someone."

"Thanks." Lucy hesitated then groaned. "Oh my God, I'm a charity case."

"You are not a charity case," Carrie said sharply, "you're a very strong, very sexy woman. You just haven't found the right guy yet."

"Does the right guy even exist?" Lucy sat up and got to her feet. "I've been looking real hard, Carrie, and I'm starting to think he ain't out there."

"Well, that kind of thinking won't get you anywhere."

"I know." As she shimmied out of the satiny dress she'd bought especially for tonight, Lucy grimaced at her pouty behavior. At twenty-eight years old, she should have grown out of this high school crap by now. "I'm sorry for bringing you down," she said into the receiver. "I was just really hoping I wouldn't be going to bed alone tonight."

Carrie clucked her tongue softly. "Oh hon, it's okay. If I went celibate for as long as you, I'd lose my mind."

Lucy smirked. "Gee, thanks."

"I just meant —"

"I know." Twirling in the center of the room, Lucy faced her window. "It has to happen sometime, I guess."

"Of course it will. You just have to put yourself out there."

"Or else my parts will stop working, right?"

Carrie's laugh echoed down the line. "Right. So tell me all the details. How awful was it?"

"I didn't make it to dessert."

"Damn, that's bad," Carrie said, her tone shocked. "You never leave before dessert."

"And there was chocolate fudge cake on the menu too," Lucy added for emphasis, slinking toward the window frame. "What are you up to tonight?"

Carrie's reply was lost on her as Lucy's gaze zoned in on the window directly opposite hers. Leaning forward, she peered into the night, looking into the fully illuminated bedroom her two male neighbors shared.

"Lucy?" Carrie's voice broke into her consciousness slowly. "Luce, you still there?"

Realizing the room was empty, she felt a twinge of disappointment. "Uh, sure." She swallowed, thinking back to a week ago when she'd stood in this very position and watched two men screw each other's asses off. "Look, I gotta go."

"Why? You sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine," she said hurriedly, wanting to satiate Carrie's concern but wanting her off the phone at the same time. Just the memory of guy-on-guy action had her reaching for her vibrator. "I'll call you tomorrow." Flipping the phone shut, she tossed it on the bed. *Time for some relief.*

When she'd moved into the condo last year, it hadn't been long before she'd caught a show from next door. She'd been in the house less than a week when her eyes had been drawn to the window opposite hers and she'd watched, hypnotized, as her two new neighbors got it on right before her eyes. Steve Winters, a brooding dark-haired guy with bulging muscles and startling green eyes, worked for the city's fire department and he gave the old fireman fantasy a new burst of life. Doug McAdams, the guy who lived with him, worked as an architect at a firm downtown, and his tall, lean build and blond curls would make any woman drool. His easy charm made an appealing contrast to Steve's brooding nature and Lucy had spent many nights fantasizing about being locked between their hard bodies.

Pity they were nowhere in sight tonight, though it was still a little early. The date had dragged so badly, it felt as if it were past midnight, but when she checked the clock on the wall, it read only ten thirty.

Anyway, maybe it was a good thing Steve and Doug weren't in bed yet, she decided as she fumbled in her bottom drawer for her rabbit. Last week, while Steve had been thrusting inside Doug, Doug had looked up and caught her watching. She'd tipped herself back, hitting the floor as if a bomb had gone off. She hadn't seen either of them since so she couldn't tell whether they planned on ignoring her peeping-Tom ways or confronting her about it. A hopeful voice at the back of her mind wondered if maybe Doug hadn't seen her at all, but when his dark eyes had met hers, she'd felt his gaze burn into her skin, leaving her in no doubt that he'd noted her presence.

So the peep show she'd been enjoying every weekend for the past twelve months would have to end, she guessed. The thought left her with a surprising amount of sadness. Watching Steve and Doug together had not only aroused her, she'd felt a part of something, even though their relationship didn't involve her. Something about the way they touched each other and made love to each other, angling their bodies in such a way that gave her a beyond-perfect view of their sex, pulled her in and made her feel included. Almost as if they wanted her to watch them.

Releasing a sigh, she was about to fall back on the bed, vibrator clutched in her hand, when the phone rang. She picked it up and frowned at the line of digits flashing on the screen. Not a number she recognized. She flipped open the cell and brought it to her ear.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Luce, it's Doug."

She froze as the clear masculine voice warmed her blood. She sank down onto the bed abruptly. "Hi, Doug," she said, her tone a high squeak. Giving a little cough to clear her throat, she tried again. "What's up?"

"Steve said he saw you come home. Little early, don't you think?"

She grimaced. "Bad date."

"Aw, I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said, his voice softening. "You eaten yet?"

"Appetizers."

"Now that's just not good enough." He hesitated before coming back on the line. "You want to come over for dinner? Steve's cooking."

She swallowed. Dinner with Steve and Doug was a regular thing, but she hadn't eaten over there since Doug had caught her watching them screw. "Um, you sure?" she asked, certain he'd change his mind.

"Course I'm sure," Doug said heartily. "Just get that ass of yours over here ASAP. Spaghetti is almost ready."

The thought of Steve's homemade tomato sauce made her stomach rumble. "Great," she enthused, forgetting the awkward scenario she could be entering. "I'll be there in a sec."

She hung up and grabbed her dress from the floor. The satiny material slid over her body once again and as she smoothed it over her hips, she glanced at the shoes from Hades and winced. Better to go barefoot. Hopefully Steve and Doug wouldn't mind.

* * * * *

"I take it she's coming," Steve said from where he stood by the stove.

Doug placed the phone back in its cradle and nodded. "She's on her way." He ambled across the kitchen to stand behind the other man. "She was out with a guy," he mumbled, pressing his lips to the back of Steve's shoulder. "It didn't go so well."

Steve gave a short laugh. "Glad to hear it."

"You are?" Doug stepped back as Steve turned to face him, humor glinting in his green eyes. "So you've changed your mind?"

Steve cocked one wry eyebrow. "I wouldn't say I've changed my mind." He gave a casual shrug. "Let's just say I'm open."

A slow grin curled Doug's lips. Ever since they'd gotten together nine years ago, finding the right woman had always been in the cards. But searching for the woman who would be the right fit for two very different men was no mean feat and Doug hadn't believed they'd be able to do it until Lucy had moved in next door a year ago. He'd taken one look at her long brown hair and big blue eyes and known he'd finally found the one. He'd have gone after her straightaway if Steve's cautious nature hadn't obstructed his path. Steve didn't think Lucy would be open to what they had to offer and Doug had to admit the man had a point. Lucy came off so innocent, so feminine, and Doug didn't want to scare her away. But a couple of months ago he and Steve had become aware of her eyes on them as they fucked in their room. Her almost-palpable arousal had indicated—at least in his eyes—that Lucy could handle them both. But Steve still held back. Always the cautious one of the pair. Tonight though, Doug had a feeling the man would give in.

The doorbell rang and Doug's pants tightened with anticipation. He pressed his hips to Steve's and felt the hard evidence that he wasn't as cool as he pretended to be.

"You gonna answer that?" Steve muttered, hardening further against Doug's groin.

"Yep." He moved away and slid his hand down to Steve's cock. "Careful, man," he warned, his tone light with amusement, "or you're going to scare her off with that thing."

"Get lost."

He chuckled as he headed into the hallway to the front door. When he pulled it open, he almost groaned. Hot damn, she looked delicious. Wearing some kind of silky, thigh-length dress that pushed her full breasts up into two plump mounds, he wanted nothing more than to drag her down to the floor and devour every inch of her sweet body.

"Hey, darlin'," he said instead, stepping back to let the little minx inside. As she brushed past him, her scent of vanilla teased his senses.

"Hi," she said tentatively, and when her blue eyes came to his, a blush rose in her cheeks. "You sure it's okay I'm here?"

Remembering the previous Saturday when he'd caught her watching him and Steve, he fought back a laugh. "Absolutely," he assured her, trying not to think of how she'd dropped to the floor, not to resurface until he'd shut out the lights. Too damn funny. "You know Steve, he always makes too much."

He led her into the kitchen and watched in amusement as Steve tried to contain his desire when he saw Lucy.

"Hey there, kitten," he greeted, his voice almost hoarse as he planted a kiss on her forehead. When he straightened, his eyes met Doug's briefly and Doug knew what he was thinking. Between her bare feet, that slip of a dress and the candy shade of pink staining her cheeks, she looked like sex.

"Hope you're hungry," Steve said, turning back to the stove. "There's plenty to eat."

"I am pretty hungry," she admitted, her gaze darting from Steve to Doug. "Is there anything I can help with?"

Doug pulled out one of the kitchen chairs and patted the back of it. "You just sit down here and relax," he told her, smiling at the reluctance in her expression. She always did this, tried to help when she was the guest. "Come on, there's nothing left to do. Table's already set."

After a moment's hesitation, her face relaxed and she sank into the chair he held out for her. He took the seat beside her and reached for the wine.

"You okay with red?" he asked, holding the bottle over her glass.

"Yes, please." As he poured, the pink tip of her tongue ran over her lips and he swallowed a groan.

"So are you going to tell us about your night?" Steve asked as he carried two plates of spaghetti to the table. "Or are we going to have to spank it out of you?"

Lucy gave a little hiccup at the mock threat and Doug grinned as the color in her cheeks deepened.

"Leave her alone," he told Steve as the man brought the last plate to the table then, reaching out, he stroked the curve of Lucy's shoulder. She shivered beneath his touch. "The guy's obviously a loser if he doesn't know how to treat a woman."

Lucy's gaze darted to his. "And you do?"

The surprise in her tone made him laugh. He glanced at Steve who also wore a smirk. "'Course I know how to treat a woman. What makes you ask that?"

"Um, I guess I just didn't think—" She stared down at her spaghetti then looked up at him again. "I mean you don't treat *women*, right?"

"You're making him sound like a doctor now," Steve said, reaching for the bread. "But sure, he treats women."

Lucy appeared floored by that. She peered from one man to the other, curiosity bright in her eyes. "So you guys have been with women?" she asked, her voice a hushed whisper.

Doug ran the side of his finger from her shoulder to her elbow, savoring the smoothness of her skin. Again she shivered. "We're pretty open," he said softly, raising a brow at Steve. "Right?"

"Right." Clearly worried they'd scare Lucy off, Steve nodded to their plates. "Now let's eat before it gets cold."

Chapter Two

For the first time since she'd started sharing meals with the guys, Lucy didn't taste a bite of Steve's spaghetti. Her mind was too wrapped up in their revelation. *We're pretty open*. She couldn't get the words out of her head. And her skin still tingled where Doug had stroked her arm. He'd touched her before, but never with the sensual slowness he'd just displayed. And she had to wonder if his touch and their disclosure about being with women before were related. Was it possible they wanted her?

In an effort to keep the fantasies at bay, she changed the subject. "Are you guys busy at work?" she asked after she'd swallowed the last of her meal.

"I've got a couple of new projects to keep me going," Doug said, leaning back in his chair and propping his hands behind his head. "Steve's been on night shift all week."

"All week?" she repeated, glancing at Steve. "You must be exhausted."

He shook his head and his mouth spread into a crooked grin. *Sexy as hell*. "Believe me, with you here I'm wide awake."

His suggestive tone had wetness surging to her core. *Is Steve flirting with me?* She couldn't tell.

"What about you?" Doug asked. "How's the family business?"

She rolled her eyes. "Exciting as ever." She worked as an accountant for her father's advertising firm. Over the past few months, she'd really started to get bored. "I'd do anything for a change," she admitted after draining the last of her wine.

Steve immediately topped off her glass. "Why don't you quit?" He put down the wine bottle and met her eyes. The scrutiny she saw in his green gaze had heat crawling up her neck.

"I can't quit," she said, trying not to notice the hard angles of his face. Steve could never be called classically handsome. A couple of breaks had left his nose slightly crooked, his lips drew a harsh line and his jaw was square. Not handsome, but masculine and seriously sexy.

"Why can't you quit?" he challenged, still studying her as if she were the most fascinating creature he'd ever come across in his life.

She hesitated, not sure how to answer his question. "I work for my dad," she said after a few moments, wishing she didn't sound so weak. "I can't just walk out."

"Why?" This time it was Doug who pushed her. "He can't find another accountant?"

"Well, I guess." How many times had she asked that question herself? But working for her dad was all she'd ever done. She had nothing else on her resume, no other training. It seemed a little late for a career change. And she didn't fancy the idea of telling her family she wanted something else.

Clearly noticing how uncomfortable she'd become, Doug reached out and turned her face toward him. It was the third time tonight he'd touched her, and once again a tremble worked its way through her body.

"How about we talk about something else?" Doug suggested, his brown eyes soft with understanding. And then a wicked glint entered his eye as he said, "You can tell us all about your date."

She wrinkled her nose. "There isn't much to tell, really. He was just too self-involved." As Doug moved his hand from her face to her hair, her nipples tightened against the lace of her bra. "I really thought he was a nice guy," she murmured, heat zipping through her blood.

Doug wove his fingers into her hair. "You deserve better than that."

The corner of her mouth lifted in a half smile. "I just really hoped to get—" she cut off before she said *laid*. No point in sharing with Steve and Doug her extreme state of

horniness. Though from the way Doug's eyes darkened, she guessed he knew what she'd been about to say.

"How long's it been, kitten?" Steve asked from across the table, his voice a low rumble.

Her eyes snapped to his and the heat in his expression had moisture pooling between her legs. She wanted to clamp her thighs together and ease the ache but she knew Doug would see.

"Eighteen months," she forced out, her voice shaking. "More or less."

Doug let out a deep, sexy laugh. "That is way too long," he mumbled, dragging his fingers through her hair and dropping his hand to the nape of her neck. He drew circles on her skin with the tip of his finger and she almost moaned. "We'll have to do something about that."

It took a second for her to catch his drift. Her eyes widened as little bolts of desire tripped down her spine. "What do you mean?" She looked from him to Steve, and the pure lust flaming in Steve's eyes made her stomach clench in anticipation.

"Well, we're friends, right?" Doug said casually, his hand roaming from the back of her neck down over her shoulders. Instinctively, she leaned forward to give him access to the length of her back.

"Sure," she said, her voice pitchy again. "We're friends."

"And friends help each other out," Steve continued, rising to his feet. As he cleared the dishes from the table, Lucy dropped her gaze to the front of his jeans. The bulge behind his zipper made her mouth water.

"So you're going to...help me out?" she asked breathlessly, fixated on Steve's straining zipper.

"Damn right." Doug slid his hand down her spine and the heat of his palm seared through the thin satin of her dress. He stroked right down to her ass and started to caress the tops of her buttocks in slow circles. *Sweet Jesus.*

He pulled his hand away and patted his thighs. "Why don't you climb up here and we'll get started?"

She bit back a moan when she noted that Doug had a tent in his pants too. Her pussy, slick with her juices, started to throb, and when Doug grabbed her by the hips and lifted her onto his lap, she didn't object.

"Now doesn't that feel better?" Doug asked, a combination of humor and desire thickening his voice.

Silently, she nodded. Her thighs pressed against his hard ones and his cock surged upward against her crotch. It was the pressure she'd been craving for months and as another rush of moisture coated her folds, she wanted to cry, she was so aroused.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Doug soothed, rubbing his hands over her satin-covered buttocks. "Rub up against me. You'll feel better."

She gripped his shoulders, dragging her mound along his hard length, and let out a shaky moan at the contact. Her clit leaped, begging for attention, and she repeated the action, rubbing against Doug's erection, humping him like some wildcat. Unlike her to be so brazen, but she couldn't help herself.

Doug moved his chair back with a scrape, looking up at her with approval. "That's it, Luce. Does that feel good?"

"Uh-huh." She nodded, digging her nails into his shoulders as she found the right friction for her clit. And then Doug was moving his hips with her, thrusting upward and hitting her in the perfect spot. As her climax rippled through her, she let out a cry and buried her face in Doug's neck until the spasms faded. Her knees still shook when Steve moved up behind her and started to massage her back. She lifted her head and found Doug watching her, satisfaction clear in his eyes. She couldn't help but laugh.

"What's so funny?" he asked, brushing the hair from her eyes. "Do you always laugh when you come?"

She shook her head. "It's just your expression. You look so damn pleased with yourself."

Doug chuckled and Steve laughed too, the sound rumbling out of his chest and vibrating against her back. She tipped her head back and looked up into Steve's sparkling eyes then stilled as he drew his calloused thumbs along her jaw.

"You ready to do this right, kitten?" he asked huskily, staring down at her.

She didn't know what he meant by that, but she sure as hell wasn't going to say no. "Okay," she breathed as his thumbs skimmed down her neck and pressed to the base of her throat. The pulse there leaped beneath his touch.

Steve glanced quickly at Doug before moving backward. Doug rose to his feet, holding her legs at his hips, and in one smooth motion, he had her flat on the kitchen table, calves dangling over the edge. Beneath his hungry gaze she twisted on the table, squeezing her thighs together as need swamped her. His hands grasped her feet, his thumbs pushing into the soles and rubbing the ache away.

Steve moved to the other side of the table where her head rested at the edge. "Is this okay with you, kitten?" he asked, his expression suddenly filled with concern. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

Doug's hands skated up to her knees, edging closer to where she wanted him. She could hardly speak. Despite the fact she still wasn't exactly sure how this had happened, she knew she'd die if the two men she'd lusted after for the past year stopped touching her.

"I want this," she assured Steve, breathless as Doug slid his hands beneath her thighs. A sudden shyness came over her, worry that Doug would be turned off by her ample flesh—Lord knows she could stand to lose a few pounds from her thighs—but with no small amount of hunger, he grasped her thighs and pulled her ass closer to the edge of the table. He stood between her open legs. He moved in and shoved her expensive dress up to her hips with as much care as he'd give to a dress bought at a yard sale.

With only a scrap of lace covering her sex from Doug's and Steve's lust-ridden gazes, she'd never felt more wanton in her life, and when Doug ripped her panties

down her legs and uncovered her mound, she nearly came off the table at the look in his eyes. Like a starving animal, he pushed her thighs apart and buried his face in her pussy, inhaling her scent before his tongue dove inside her passage. She let out a squeal of delight as Steve growled his approval behind her, and as Doug lapped at her pussy, drinking from her core, Steve brought his hands to her breasts and squeezed. A cry caught in her throat, the hard buds of her nipples pressing into Steve's large palms. Between her legs, Doug licked a slow line from her pussy up to her clit and sucked the throbbing button between his lips. A string of sharp pleasure connected her breasts to her pussy, the tug of Doug's mouth on her sex combining with the way Steve plucked her nipples into distended peaks. The sensations rolled through her body, making her blood hum as she drank it all in. Eighteen months was a long time and maybe her memory was getting fuzzy, but she'd bet her life on it that sex had never felt this good. Maybe it was because she had two men working her body, but she had a feeling her desire for them and their skilled mouths and hands had a hell of a lot to do with it.

"Damn, you're so beautiful, kitten," Steve groaned as his mouth descended on her neck. He nipped at the sensitive skin along the curve of her shoulder then leaned over her body and closed his mouth around one aching nipple. She arched against his mouth, pressure building low in her belly as he sucked her nipple through the satin of her dress. Doug still played with her pussy, digging his tongue deep inside her passage, swirling the tip around her engorged clit. With her breath coming in sharp bursts, she sank her fingers into Steve's thick hair, tugging at it as he sucked on her breasts. And then her orgasm broke in her belly, rippling outward and setting her whole body on fire. Fiercer than the first one, her climax had her jerking and twisting against the mouths that tormented her body, and as her pussy convulsed around Doug's tongue, she cried out, shuddering on the table until the spasms gradually lessened into light waves. The heavy pant of her breathing filled her ears and all she could see were blots of color over her eyes. She blinked slowly, aware that Steve and Doug still tended to her flesh. But instead of sucking and biting, they licked and soothed, bringing her down

slowly in the aftermath of her release. She closed her eyes and savored every second of their attention. Thank God her date had been a write-off. That's all she had to say.

When Steve lifted his head from Lucy's breast, he could do nothing but stare at her beauty. Her blue eyes were now closed and each perfect eyelid was surrounded in a curve of thick black lashes that swept downward and cast the area below her eyes in shadow. Her cheeks were flushed and tendrils of her chestnut hair fell across her forehead, shading her face. He brushed them back before lowering his gaze to her mouth. Her full pink lips were soft and relaxed, slightly parted as her breath left her body in light sighs. He ached to kiss her, to claim those pliable lips and taste her mouth. But not yet, not until she had enough energy to kiss him back.

He ran his gaze down to the valley of her breasts and felt his cock lurch against the seam of his jeans. Lucy's porcelain skin glistened with sweat and the generous swells of her tits rose and fell in an unsteady rhythm as she caught her breath. Her pretty dress was bunched around her hips and Doug's face was still buried between her supple thighs. With her soft skin and sweet curves, she was the most feminine woman he'd come across in a long time.

He raised his head from Lucy's pussy, and Doug's eyes—glassy with desire—came to Steve's. "Now that's what I'm talking about," he said hoarsely, a twinkle in his eye. He tapped his finger to his lower lip, which shone with Lucy's cream. "Want a taste?"

Unable to restrain himself, Steve closed the distance between him and Doug and fused their mouths together. He thrust his tongue between Doug's lips and groaned as the sweet taste of Lucy's juices filled his mouth. When Doug's erection grazed his through the double barrier of their jeans, he pressed forward, rubbing his hips against Doug's as their tongues mated in their mouths. He felt eyes on them. He broke the kiss and glanced to his right to find Lucy watching them through hazy eyes.

"Wow," she murmured, giving her head a quick shake. "I mean, um, you guys sure know how to make friends."

Steve laughed, running a hand over the baby-soft skin of her inner thigh. Her eyes were wide with anticipation and her open excitement thrilled him to the bone. "Come here, kitten," he said, scooping her up off the table. The head of his erection grazed the curve of her ass as he swung around and strolled toward the living room. "Let's get you more comfortable."

Her throaty giggle made his balls ache, and as he sank into the oversized sofa, he took her with him, pulling her onto his lap. Doug followed them into the spacious living room with the bottle of wine and took a swig before handing it to Steve.

"You want some?" Steve asked, pressing the rim of the bottle to Lucy's luscious mouth. She curled her fingers around the bottle neck and tipped her head back to swallow some of the fruity liquid.

"That's really not the kind of wine you should drink from a bottle," she said, handing the bottle back to Doug. "That's expensive stuff."

"Well, there's more where that came from," Steve assured her, rubbing his hands up and down her bare thighs.

Her eyes narrowed in suspicion. "How come I don't think it's wine you're talking about?"

Doug chuckled behind her as he took a seat on the wooden coffee table. He brought his hands to her shoulders and pushed down the spaghetti straps of her dress. The pure satisfaction in Doug's expression drew Steve's mouth into a grin. He had to admit Doug had gotten it right. Lucy hadn't displayed an ounce of reluctance tonight. She lapped up what they had to give her like the sweet little kitten she was. And he couldn't wait to see how far she'd go with them.

"So is this better than your date?" Doug asked as he drew the straps of Lucy's dress down to her elbows.

A wicked smile tilted her lips and her eyes sparkled at Steve. "Just a tad," she said, her tone teasing as her fingertips danced along the buttons of Steve's shirt. "So do you guys do this often?"

"Only for friends in need," Steve said dryly, his cock rearing beneath Lucy's body as Doug tugged her dress down over her breasts. Her tempting flesh spilled over the cups of her bra and the lacy material did little to hide the dusky pink of her nipples.

"We should have done this months ago," Steve bit out as Doug's skilled fingers undid the front clasp of Lucy's bra. When her tits swung free, ripe and full, he had to clamp his jaw together to stop from coming.

"You mean this isn't a spur-of-the-moment thing?"

Steve swapped glances with Doug over her head. "Why?" he asked, meeting Lucy's eyes again. "Does that make a difference?"

She shrugged and the movement made her breasts bounce teasingly. His cock nearly surged out of its skin. "I wouldn't have minded breaking the eighteen-month cycle of celibacy a little earlier, that's all." She wiggled her ass in his lap and her eyes widened as his cock leaped beneath her again. "I forgot how big you are," she breathed.

Doug chuckled as he threw himself onto the sofa beside them. "How would you know how big he is?" he teased, his tone rolling with humor.

Lucy caught her bottom lip between her teeth, her cheeks flushing with color. Steve reached out and cupped her breasts in his hands. His large palms swallowed her flesh, his thumbs flicking back and forth over her nipples.

"You've been watching us," he said softly, squeezing her breasts lightly in his hands. "Why?"

The delicate muscles of her throat worked as she swallowed. "You guys are kind of fun to look at."

"Dammit, sweetheart," Doug rasped, and covered his groin with his hand, "you've gotta be the sweetest, hottest thing I've ever seen."

She appeared completely dumbfounded. "I am?"

A laugh rolled up out of Steve's chest and he leaned forward to lick one pink nipple. "You're hot as hell, kitten," he mumbled against her warm skin. "Tell me you know that."

"Well, you two sure make me feel hot," she breathed, looking from Steve to Doug. As Steve's cock jerked again in his jeans, she slid backward and rested her butt on his lower thighs. "Now I want to make *you* feel hot," she said, staring down at his bulging zipper. Wetting her lips, she glanced to Doug for help.

Doug reached out and stroked Steve through his jeans. "Unzip him, sweetheart," he instructed, his voice controlled. But Steve knew from the slight shake in his hand that Doug wasn't half as controlled as he appeared to be.

With trembling fingers, Lucy tugged the zipper of Steve's jeans over his erection. His cock pushed through the opening and thrust straight up into the air. Lucy's audible gasp of pleasure had his shaft bobbing for attention.

"Touch him, Luce," Doug said, reaching for Lucy's delicate hands. He brought them to Steve's cock, urging her to encircle the base. As her palms closed around his burning skin, Steve thrust upward and watched Lucy's eyes widen in wonder. She tightened her grip and drew her hands upward, stroking him from root to swollen tip.

"I didn't think he'd feel so smooth," Lucy breathed, eyes fixed on the task in hand. "He's burning my hand."

"You've never given a handjob before?" Doug asked, tone laden with amusement.

Lucy looked between them and blushed. "Most of the guys I've been with have been pretty conservative."

Steve jerked upward into the tight ring of her fingers and grinned. "Well, kitten, you're doing a damn good job whether you've done it before or not."

She bit her lip, eyes sparkling at the compliment.

On the cushion beside him, Doug shifted so his body faced them. As Lucy worked her grip up and down, he growled his approval. "That's it, honey. Now rub your thumb over the head. He likes that."

Lucy swiped her thumb over the bulbous head and a pearl of pre-cum seeped from the slit. She caught the droplet on her thumb and brought it to her mouth. As she darted out her tongue and licked his essence from her thumb, he and Doug let out twin groans of desperation. Her eyes fluttered closed as she tasted him, and when she looked at them again, a wide smile curved her lips.

"I like how you taste," she whispered, staring straight at Steve. Releasing his cock from her hands, she slid off his lap and dropped to her knees in front of him. His eyes bulged. No fucking way was he getting that lucky tonight.

But she proved him wrong. She curled her fingers around the base of his cock again and squeezed him lightly as if she'd been doing this her whole life. And then she leaned forward, gaze flickering to his. A question lighted her eyes, she was asking him if it was okay for her to do this. *Damn, kitten, you can do anything to me*, he wanted to say. But the words stuck in his throat and he only managed a stiff nod. Lowering her head, she shifted her focus back to his engorged cock. Her mouth opened and her pink tongue darted out to lick the flared head. She did it again. Then she spread her pretty lips wide and swallowed him whole and he said hello to heaven.

With her lips locked around Steve's thick shaft and her tongue laving the veined underside, Lucy was on the greatest power trip of her life. Going down on a man had never appealed to her in the past, but Steve's long cock made a delicious treat and she didn't want to ever stop sucking him. Her instincts led the way as she took only a few inches at first, testing herself to see how far she could take him. And then on each down stroke, she swallowed a little more until the plum-shaped head brushed the back of her throat. He filled her mouth beautifully, stretching her cheeks and rubbing along the roof

of her mouth, and she couldn't get enough of how he felt—hard as stone but smooth as silk, like satin stretched tight over burning steel.

And oh his taste!

She didn't know what she'd expected when she'd closed her mouth around his shaft, but the warm saltiness of his skin and the bitter taste of his seed had moisture pooling between her legs. As she moved her head up and down, gathering pace as she gained confidence, she inhaled the musky scent of his sex and moaned her pleasure around his tight skin. His cock seemed to vibrate in her mouth, his long fingers digging into her hair as his hips lifted off the sofa. Knowing how close he veered to losing control, little shards of excitement burst through her and she sucked him farther into her mouth, angling her head back to take him deep down her throat. Her pussy clenched and unclenched desperately, seeking the cock her mouth was locked around. She squeezed her thighs together. Her juices spread along her inner thighs. If she could just find something to rub against, anything...

Suddenly Doug was behind her, naked and on his knees. With his hands gripping her hips, he shoved one hair-dusted thigh between her legs and pressed against her swollen flesh. At the firm pressure on her clit, she lost her hold on Steve's cock and cried out.

"Easy, sweetheart," Doug soothed from behind her, leaning forward so his warm breath caressed the shell of her ear. "Keep sucking on him. I'll take care of you."

A moan choked in her throat as once again she swallowed Steve's shaft, sucking harder than before as hunger shot through her veins. Finding the rhythm took a minute to get right but soon she was rubbing along Doug's hard thigh while Steve slid between her lips in perfect harmony. The brink lay so close, she could almost taste it. Her clit pulsed heavily against Doug's leg as she squeezed the base of Steve's cock in a way that made him swell against her tongue. But then Doug pulled his leg away, leaving her painfully near the edge but not near enough.

She nearly broke away from Steve again, ready to give Doug a piece of her mind for leaving her high and dry — *who knew sex could make me so assertive?* — but as the rip of a condom wrapper sounded in the air and something warm and blunt probed the small of her back, a shudder of anticipation passed through her. Doug drew the moist head of his cock down along the seam of her buttocks before positioning it at the soaking entrance to her pussy. He slammed inside her in one smooth stroke, stretched her wide with the thickness of his cock. She tightened her lips around Steve's burning shaft, sucking him as stars burst behind her eyes. And then he came, his creamy release leaving his cock in hot spurts that splashed against the back of her throat. She swallowed thirstily, lapping up the very last drop of his cum as Doug withdrew from her body slowly and thrust inside her again. She let Steve slide from her mouth, her tongue still tingling with his taste, and she gave herself over to her own climax, crying out as her pussy convulsed around Doug's powerful shaft, rippling and squeezing while he pumped into her from behind. Her orgasm went on forever, and the unrelenting motion of Doug's hips pushed her on to a second knee-weakening climax. Her screams still rang in the air when his hips snapped against hers one last time and he came in one low shout.

With her whole body shaking, she fell forward and rested her head on the patch of sofa cushion between Steve's thighs. Doug fell against her, his wavy hair tickling her back as he caught his breath. With her pulse steadying to a human rate once again, a million thoughts raced through her mind. She'd just had sex with Steve and Doug. She'd given one man a blowjob while another fucked her from behind — and fuck was the right word, Doug had given her the ride of her life.

She'd had a threesome with her neighbors. What would Carrie say? And she'd swallowed — eagerly. And she'd loved it!

"You okay down there, kitten?" Steve drawled, cupping her chin in his hand and lifting her head until she faced him. "You gonna pass out on me?"

The glint of humor in his green eyes warmed her and she wanted to do nothing more than crawl into his lap and bury herself in his strong arms. But previous experience told her that guys weren't big into intimacy after sex.

Though Steve sure was looking at her intimately...

Behind her, Doug rose to his feet and, looking over her shoulder, she watched him stretch his arms over his head, accentuating the toned muscles of his chest and abdomen. His cock, long and uncut, was still half hard and glistened with her juices. It was crazy to see his naked body up close after admiring him through the bedroom window for so long. The close-up was better than she'd ever imagined.

"You sure know how to stare, don't you, darlin'?" Doug said, his brow arching in amusement as he removed the used condom. He bent over and picked her up off the floor then took a seat beside Steve. Doug settled her ass in his lap while Steve claimed her legs, draping them over his thighs.

This is the hottest moment of my life, she realized, gazing up at both men in wonder, then started to laugh at her own dreamy state.

"You're beautiful when you laugh," Doug told her, his cock pressing up against her buttocks. He ran his hand over her breast, circling one sensitive peak. "I love what it does to your tits."

His admiring words drew another laugh from her lips and her breasts bounced lightly. She glanced to her right, her eyes catching on the clock hanging above the mantle. "I should go soon," she said reluctantly, seeing the late time. "I have to get up at seven tomorrow. Or today now, I guess."

"Seven?" Steve let out a groan of dismay. "On a Saturday?"

She smiled. "I have to pick up my sister. My mom's expecting us for brunch at eleven and she'll want us to help out."

"Special occasion?" Doug asked, still absentmindedly tracing her areola.

"Not really. Debbie's getting married in a few weeks and this brunch is supposed to be the first meeting of the families." She rolled her eyes at that. She didn't exactly relish the thought of being stuck with her family and Debbie's fiancé's family for the whole weekend. But her mother liked to do things in style.

"And Debbie's your sister?" Steve asked.

She nodded. She wasn't about to add that Debbie was her *younger* sister. Her uncles at the firm had been sending jabs her way for weeks now. She didn't need any more reminders that she was in danger of becoming an old maid.

And for heaven's sake, at only twenty-eight years old, she had plenty of life left in her yet. Steve and Doug had just proved that.

As Steve slid his hand over her knee, she curled her toes. Tipping her head back, she looked up into Doug's handsome face. "How's your mom?" she asked, remembering his mother's accident a few months back. Her car had collided with a drunk driver and she'd been out for days. "Is she walking yet?"

"Sure is. Took some time but she's back on her feet." He hesitated before shooting her a wide grin. "Doctors said it would take at least a year for her to lose the crutches, but that's Mom."

The pride lining his tone made her ache to kiss him. So sweet and sexy at the same time. Since she'd moved in beside them, they'd treated her so well, inviting her over for barbecues and breakfast, making her laugh with their crazy antics and making her sweat with their piercing eyes. Only last week, she'd wondered if she was half in love with them and after tonight, she was in danger of falling head over heels. Suddenly, leaving now seemed like the best idea.

"Okay, I'm going home," she decided, sitting up on Doug's lap.

His arms closed around her and he shook his head. "Not yet."

"I have to. I won't be able to drive in the morning if I don't get any sleep."

Steve leaned over and dropped a kiss on her belly. "Sleep here."

"No way, I'd never be able to get up with you two beside me." She battled her way out of the tight prison of Doug's arms and stood naked before them. She drank in the sight of their sculpted bodies—Steve clothed, Doug buck-naked—and nearly launched herself at them again. But she caught herself just in time. *Be strong*, she told herself. *Desperation ain't sexy.*

"You want a drink before you go?" Steve asked, zipping up his jeans as he rose to his feet.

"Some water would be good." She slipped into her dress and spent three minutes searching for her shoes before remembering she hadn't worn any over. She turned back to the sofa and found Doug staring at her.

"Glad you came over tonight?" he asked, running a hand through his disheveled hair.

She quirked a brow. "Is that a rhetorical question?"

He grinned, standing up and striding toward her, his cock rock-hard once again. "You sure you don't want to stay awhile longer?"

The heavy erection between his legs nearly broke her, but despite the slickness in her pussy, she stood her ground. "I need sleep."

"Fine, have it your way." He took a step closer and cupped her face in his hands. "Just let me kiss you goodbye."

Her heart skipped a beat. She wouldn't say no to a kiss.

His mouth swooped down to cover hers and she melted against him, parting her lips to allow the entry of his tongue, and sighed into his mouth as their tongues tangled together. He kissed her deeply, exploring the depths of her mouth, tasting her in velvety strokes of his tongue. Abruptly he pulled away, leaving her gasping for breath.

Footsteps padded on the floor behind her and Steve handed her a glass of water. Gaze fixated on Doug's mouth, she tipped her head back and drained the glass, letting

the cold liquid ease the burn in her body. She nodded to them both as she handed the glass back to Steve.

"So, um, thanks, guys."

Steve cracked an orgasm-inducing grin. "Anytime, kitten." Throwing his arm over her shoulders, he led her toward the door. "When do you get back from your folks?"

For a second she was too lost in him to remember. "Sunday night," she said, again wishing she could skip over the next two days.

"We'll see you when you get home."

She nodded. "Okay." Not sure if she'd ever have the opportunity again, she rose on tiptoe and pressed her lips to Steve's. Then, twirling around, she raced toward her own condo, the rich sound of Steve's laughter following her until she'd closed the door behind her.

Hot damn, what a night.

* * * * *

Doug's lips still tingled from Lucy's kiss as he slid under the bed covers ten minutes later. "I want you to say it," he told Steve as the man lay down beside him. "She was into it. Admit I was right."

Steve exhaled heavily. "Fine," he said, reluctance weighing down his tone, "you were right."

"Thank you." Propping his hands behind his head, Doug stared up at the ceiling and let vivid images of Lucy's curvaceous body flash across his mind. "Don't know how we're gonna last two days without her."

Steve chuckled and trailed his calloused fingers over the line of hair on Doug's stomach that stretched from his bellybutton to his groin. Wrapping his hand around Doug's cock, he squeezed lightly. "I didn't know how much I wanted her," he admitted huskily, dragging his grip up and down Doug's length. "Not until she was on the table and open for me." He gave a low laugh and Doug's stomach tightened at the desire in

the other man's tone. "The way she looked at us — damn, I've never seen a mix like that. Lust and innocence all wrapped up in one hot little body."

Doug pushed his hips into Steve's hand and a groan of pleasure caught in his throat. "She didn't seem too sure of herself though," he said, remembering the uncertainty that had flickered in her eyes as she'd said goodbye. Almost as if she wasn't sure she'd be back.

"I saw that too."

Doug turned his head to look at Steve. In the dark, he could only make out his angular profile. "How can a girl like that have so little confidence?"

"Beats me." Steve drew his thumb over the swollen head of Doug's cock and Doug's hips jerked again. "We're just gonna have to make her realize how amazing she is."

Thinking of Lucy's warm smile, sparkling eyes, the unending list that made her the one, he laughed. "She's amazing all right." A memory of when she'd first moved in entered his mind — it had been the beginning of summer and she'd invited a few friends over for a housewarming barbecue. He and Steve had been on the list, having helped her move her stuff into the house. But the small gathering had quickly blown out of control as the entire neighborhood had swept inside Lucy's condo, drawn in by the mouthwatering smells of the pies she'd baked for the party.

From scratch, Doug had informed Steve as he'd shoveled a slice of lemon meringue into his mouth. *She baked these from scratch! She's gotta be the one.*

He'd been kidding around when that had slipped out of his mouth, but as the day had darkened to dusk and Lucy's generous nature had never slipped despite the demands of her uninvited guests, he'd started to fall in love. And, thank the lord, Steve had too.

"What kind of asshole would let Lucy slip through his fingers?" Doug wondered aloud, thinking of her disastrous date.

"Don't know," Steve said, sounding just as perplexed. "But his loss is our gain."

Rolling onto his side, Doug leaned forward and pressed his lips to Steve's. "Love you," he muttered against Steve's firm mouth. "More than the fucking world."

Steve's lips curved against his. "You too," he said quietly. He squeezed the base of Doug's cock masterfully, asking, "Are you going to come or what?"

"Give me a minute." And with their mouths still brushing together, he rocked his hips and started to pump his way to heaven.

Chapter Three

The following morning, not even her sister's constant nitpicking could bring Lucy down. She drove out of the city, the traffic congestion barely registering as her mind replayed the events of the previous night over and over again. Steve and Doug had brought her off God knows how many times, but despite her exhausted limbs, she hadn't slept a wink. She'd tossed and turned in her empty bed, wondering what Steve and Doug were up to. Were they screwing? Thinking of her? She should have accepted their invitation and spent the night. Maybe having their strong arms wrapped around her body would have lulled her to sleep.

"You're driving too fast," Debbie admonished from the passenger seat.

"I am?" She glanced at her speedometer. She was doing a steady sixty in a seventy-five-mile zone. "I think I'm okay."

Debbie gave a derisive snort, an unladylike sound she'd never produce around her fiancé Michael. "Well, I think you should slow down," she insisted haughtily. "It would hardly be convenient for me to get in an accident today of all days."

When is it ever convenient to get in an accident?

Not willing to argue and lose the daydream that was leading her right back into Doug and Steve's condo, Lucy slowed down. She conjured up Doug's lean body in her mind and felt her blood start to thrum with excitement. And then she pictured Steve's cock, plum red and hard as steel, and she breathed out a sigh.

"Christ, Lucy, would you take that ridiculous smile off your face?" Debbie snapped, breaking into her consciousness again. "What's wrong with you? You look completely out of it."

Glancing up, Lucy caught sight of her reflection in the rearview mirror and blinked. Debbie was right. With bright eyes, flushed cheeks and the satiated smile of a woman who'd been well and truly laid, she looked high.

"I'm okay," she said. She certainly wasn't going to confide in her sister about Doug and Steve. She'd only have to say the word *threesome* and Debbie would freak.

Moving on to safer territory, she brought up Debbie's favorite topic. "So has the wedding planner called you back yet?"

Debbie huffed out a breath. "No. I called her just before you picked me up and she still hasn't phoned back."

Lucy looked at the clock on her dashboard. Only her sister would expect her call to be answered at eight o'clock on a Saturday morning.

When they arrived at the Hills Estate on the outskirts of Austin, Lucy didn't get half a chance to daydream about her neighbors. As she carried plates of various cheeses out onto the terrace and served her mother's favorite champagne—meaning the most *expensive* champagne—to the hundred-or-so guests, playing hostess kept her mind too busy.

"I thought this was supposed to be an *intimate* gathering," she whispered to Debbie as her sister propped two empty glasses on the tray she held. "Just us and Michael's parents."

Debbie rolled her eyes as if this was the most stupid thing she'd ever heard. "Don't be silly, Lucy," she chastised with a lift of her delicate nose. "You can't hold a brunch like this and not invite people. That would be offensive."

"To who?"

Debbie just gave a condescending shake of her head and tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder as she rejoined the party. Lucy looked down at the tray of glasses in her hands and wondered how Doug and Steve spent their weekends. And then her mother called out, gesturing for more smoked salmon.

Oh well, maybe she'd get some quiet time later.

But that didn't happen. For the rest of Saturday and all day Sunday she was lost in the whirlwind of her family, racing around setting tables and clearing them. Pouring drinks and making conversation with the sweet but slightly pervy elderly uncle of Debbie's fiancé. She finally made her escape at eleven thirty on Sunday night, and as she climbed the steps to her front door an hour later, she cast a wistful glance at Doug and Steve's darkened house.

"Can you fit me in for lunch later?" she asked Carrie over the phone the next day.

"Sure, hon. Always." A pause before Carrie spoke again, her tone suspicious. "Why? What did you do?"

"Nothing," she cried, maybe a little too defensively. "I just want to see you. And I'm starving."

"Benny's Diner at one?"

"Sounds great."

When lunchtime rolled around, she couldn't get away from the office fast enough. The unending list of figures she needed to go through made her head spin, and so far she was having trouble getting things to add up. *Probably because you're too distracted,* her inner voice noted sternly. *You need to get sex out of your head.*

"I know," she sighed as she stepped into the diner. "Lord, don't I know."

"Are you talking to yourself now?" Carrie asked mockingly from behind her. "Please tell me you're not losing your mind."

She turned to her friend and smiled sheepishly. "I sure hope not."

"Well, let's eat first. Then we can decide."

A waitress led them to a table at the back of the restaurant and, flinging herself into a chair, Lucy grabbed a menu. "Can we order straightaway?"

Carrie folded her willowy body into another chair and her beautiful face lit up in a bemused grin. "Go ahead."

When the waitress sashayed back toward the kitchen, their orders in hand, Lucy faced her friend and smiled.

"Oh my God," Carrie said, her eyes widening, "you had sex, didn't you?"

"Um..." Damn, what did she say to that?

"Don't even try to deny it, it's written all over your face."

Putting her hands to her cheeks, Lucy felt heat rise beneath her skin. "Really?"

Carrie laughed and tossed her poker-straight black hair over her shoulder. "Don't worry, it's only because I know you so well."

She let out a sigh of relief. "Thank God for that."

Propping her elbows on the table, Carrie leaned in and rested her chin in her hands. "So who is he?"

She bit her lip. "It's not *he*. It's *they*."

Carrie's jaw dropped. "You had sex with two guys?"

Well, she'd had sex with Doug and only gone down on Steve, but she wasn't going into the technical details. "Um, yeah," she said finally and sat back to let the waitress slide their plates onto the table. As Lucy dug into her food, she felt Carrie's eyes piercing into her and could almost hear the wheels of her friend's mind spinning out of control.

"I can't believe you slept with two guys," Carrie said, slumping back in her seat. "I mean you of all people..." She trailed off, slapping her palm on the table. "Are you seeing both of them? At the same time?"

At *exactly* the same time.

"I'm not seeing them," she said instead, picking up three golden fries and popping them in her mouth. "It was a one-night stand."

"Two one-night stands over one weekend?" Carrie started to laugh again. "I didn't think you had it in you, girl."

She flushed. After telling Carrie so much, she might as well fill her in on the rest. And Lucy really wanted to confide in her friend about the feelings Doug and Steve had aroused in her. She needed to talk about it, get it out of her system, or she'd be lusting after them for the rest of her life.

"It was just *one* one-night stand," she clarified, watching Carrie's face for a reaction.

Her brow furrowed in confusion. "So there was only one guy?"

She shook her head. "Two guys." She swallowed a mouthful of burger. "One time."

Carrie's frown remained as she absorbed this piece of information. Her jaw dropped again. "Are you telling me you had a threesome?"

The sudden urge to giggle had Lucy choking on her food. "Yes," she coughed as her eyes watered. "That's what I'm telling you."

"I can't believe it. You and two guys." Carrie shook her head in disbelief, the movement making her raven hair bounce around her shoulders. "Who are they?" she asked, holding out her hand. "Don't tell me. Those next-door neighbors of yours."

Another thrill swept through her and all she could do was choke out an "Uh-huh."

"I'm so jealous. I'm so freakin' jealous." Carrie leaned forward again, her upper body practically sliding across the table. "Tell me everything."

"Not everything." Some things were too good to share. "It was hot, I'll give you that much."

Carrie rolled her eyes. "Gee, thanks." She pulled back slightly, a wicked smile curved her lips. "Just tell me how it happened."

"Remember that awful guy I went out with on Friday night?"

"Mr. Gym Fees?" Carrie gave a somber nod. "I remember."

"Well, after I got off the phone with you, Doug called and asked me over for dinner. And after we'd eaten, it came up that I hadn't had sex in a while and things kind of spiraled from there." The memory of Doug and Steve devouring her while she'd been laid flat on their kitchen table sent a shiver through her. "It won't happen again

though," she added, feeling slightly pained by the words. "They knew how long it had been for me and I guess they felt sorry for me so—"

"Oh shut up," Carrie scoffed. "They wouldn't have fucked you if they hadn't wanted to."

Lucy did a quick scan of the surrounding area to ensure no one had heard Carrie's words then looked back at her friend. "It's lunchtime, Carrie. Couldn't you at least try to keep it PG?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Finally, Carrie started to eat. "Have you seen them since that night?"

She shook her head. "I was down at Mom and Dad's for the weekend, remember?"

Carrie made a face. "That must have been rough."

"It was okay. Pretty insane but I survived. Now all that's left is the wedding, and in a few weeks I'll be free of bridesmaid duties."

"Have you got a date for the wedding yet?"

"Hadn't really thought about it."

"Well, now you have two perfect candidates." Carrie gave her a bawdy wink. "Wonder what your folks would say if you showed up with a guy on each arm. And Debbie would murder you for stealing her thunder."

Imagining for a second what it would be like to bring Doug and Steve as her dates, to have their warm bodies guarding her, she felt hope bloom inside her. Then stamping it down with a flash of reality, she reminded herself it couldn't happen again. Steve and Doug had been sweet to take her under their wing and make her feel sexy again, and maybe they'd even enjoyed it a little too, but they'd been doing it out of pity, that was obvious. If they wanted a woman, all they'd have to do was walk into a room and they'd have the most beautiful girls fawning all over them. Short and carrying too much jiggle, Lucy was not one of those girls.

Nope, she'd just have to go back to her fantasies and be glad she'd had the opportunity to taste the reality.

* * * * *

Steve had just stepped out of the shower when the phone downstairs started to jangle. Wrapping a towel around his waist, he jogged out of the bathroom and down the stairs, grabbing the phone from its cradle on the wall.

"Hello," he said, looking down at the wooden floor. He was dripping everywhere. Doug's mother's voice came on the line and he stepped onto the rug. "Hey, Mrs. McAdams, how're you doing?"

"I'm very well, Steve. How's everything there?"

"Great. It's pretty hot outside though."

"The sun always shines in Texas, honey," the woman told him, her warm voice bringing a smile to his face. His own mother had died when he'd been a kid and his grandparents had reared him. His dad had never been in the picture, having walked out on his mom when he'd been born. When he and Doug had gotten together, Mrs. McAdams had welcomed him with open arms and since then she'd mothered him just as much as her own son.

"I hope you boys are behaving yourselves," she warned before she hung up. "Doug mentioned something about a pretty girl last time I talked to him. Don't go breaking any hearts, you hear?"

Steve grinned, thinking of Lucy. He peeked out the front window, spotting her car in her drive, and watched her step out of it. In her business attire of white button-down shirt and black knee-length skirt, she looked good enough to eat. Tendrils of hair had escaped the knot at the back of her head and blew across her forehead. She pushed them out of her face, her lips moving almost imperceptibly as if she were cursing herself. A sudden tightness in his chest reminded him of why he and Doug needed her

so much. She was the one, the girl they'd been crazy about since she'd tripped over their lawnmower on the day she'd moved in. They'd never break her heart.

"I'll get Doug to call you tonight," he said into the receiver.

"Thanks, honey. Talk to you later."

As soon as he'd ended the call, he raced back up the stairs and got dressed. After grabbing a condom, he stuffed it in his pocket and he headed down again, hesitating in the kitchen before darting out the back door. He didn't need to leave a note. Doug would know where he was.

Leaping over the line of shrubbery that separated their backyard from Lucy's, he started toward her front door. But as something clattered in her garage, followed by a string of unladylike profanities, he grinned and stepped beneath the half-open door.

"Need a hand there?" he drawled, watching her petite frame struggle with a large cardboard box.

She spun on her heel and her eyes widened when she saw him. As the box nearly slid from her grasp, he lunged forward and caught it. He set it on the ground carefully.

"What have you got in there?" he asked, noting the stickers that read *fragile* pasted all over the box.

"Just picture frames and some old china." She blew a wisp of soft brown hair out of her face. "I'm storing it until Debbie gets married."

He nodded. "You sure do a lot for your family."

She shrugged and turned back to the shelf she'd been working on. Another three giant boxes needed to be lifted down.

"Let me," he said, stepping past her. In a few seconds he had the boxes sitting in a row at her feet.

"Uh, thanks," she said, staring at the boxes. "That would have taken me forever."

"You shouldn't have even tried to do it yourself," he said, suddenly annoyed that she'd put herself in danger. "One of those boxes would crush you, kitten."

She looked up at him shyly, heat rising in her cheeks. She was so adorable, so sexy. He reached out and tucked a stray hair behind her ear. At his touch, she shivered. He couldn't help himself. He moved forward and pushed her up to the garage wall, trapping her.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her voice doing that pitchy thing again. He loved it.

"What do you think I'm doing?" he asked, dipping his head to her neck and inhaling her sweet scent of vanilla.

"Um, I don't know." She wiggled against him in an attempt to escape but the movement only served to bring his cock to life. As it strained against the fly of his jeans and pushed into her stomach, she bit her lip. "We can't do it here."

He raised a brow and ground his hips against hers. "'Course we can, kitten." He glanced at the garage door. It stopped halfway down, leaving only the very front of the garage illuminated. They stood right at the back beside the shelves, drowned in darkness. Safe enough to fuck in his opinion.

He skimmed his hands down the curve of her waist to tug at her black skirt as he pinned her to the wall with his thighs.

"Stop it, Steve," Lucy hissed, though her bright eyes assured him she was weakening. "Someone will see."

He chuckled against the delicate skin of her neck then pressed his lips to the pulse in the hollow of her throat. Beneath his mouth, the beat quickened with her arousal and his cock lurched in his pants. He'd slid inside her sweet mouth, but he still hadn't experienced the pleasure of her pussy. The urge to be inside her now swept through him, and as his fingers encountered a thin layer of nylon covering her thighs, he nearly cursed. But as he reached higher, he discovered she wore stockings, not tights and he grinned.

"It's like you were waiting for me, kitten," he said, stroking his hand along the bare skin of her inner thigh. Her breath hitched and his smile widened. She wanted this as much as he did. "Can't tell you how bad I missed you this weekend."

"You did?"

The surprise in her tone drew his gaze upward to inspect her face. Her eyes were wide, watching him.

"Of course I missed you," he told her, his hand drifting even higher to the lace edge of her panties. "Doug too."

Her eyes seemed to turn into two big pools of blue, softening as she gazed up at him. And then she clamped her thighs around his wrist.

"Seriously, Steve, we can't do this here."

"No?"

Reluctance was clear in her expression as she shook her head. "No."

He hesitated, figuring out the best way to change her mind. Lowering his head, he pressed his lips to hers, and as she moaned into the back of his mouth and tangled her tongue with his, her thighs relaxed around his hand and he pushed past the barrier of her panties, sinking two fingers into her pussy.

Damn, she's wet!

He thrust his tongue alongside hers and stroked his fingers in and out of her slick cunt. His cock jutted angrily between his legs, aching to be where his fingers dug deep. As he deepened the kiss and tasted the velvety interior of Lucy's sweet mouth, he used his free hand to unbutton his fly. His cock nudged out of the opening and he dug the condom out of his pocket. After withdrawing his fingers from Lucy's body, he quickly sheathed himself and positioned the swollen head of his cock at her entrance and thrust forward. Hot, juicy pussy gripped him, the tight muscles drawing him deeper inside. As he drew back then lunged forward again, Lucy's cry disappeared into his mouth and he had to clench every muscle in his body to keep from coming. Doug had told him her

cunt felt good, but he'd never imagined this. It felt like wet, pulsing silk was wrapping around his cock and squeezing tight, so tight his balls drew up beneath his body. He'd never been so close to coming so fast, and the way her body arched against him, her full breasts flattening against his chest, he'd be damned if he'd last another second.

But he had to hold on. He couldn't finish until she did. So gathering all his restraint, he kept pumping his hips in and out until her pussy started to contract around him. Tearing his mouth from hers, he let out a low groan and her answering cry echoed in the garage as her climax took hold, ripping through her and milking his cock until he had to give in. Slamming his hips forward one last time, he followed her over the edge, coming so hard stars burst behind his eyes. He braced his hands on the wall either side of her head and dragged in breath after breath until he could see straight again. Suddenly aware of eyes on his back, he glanced around and found Doug smirking at him.

"Was that supposed to be discreet?" Doug asked, irony lacing his tone. "'Cause I think the whole damn street probably heard all that moaning and groaning."

Steve rolled his eyes but Lucy took the exaggeration seriously.

"Oh my God," she whispered breathlessly, clapping her hands to her cheeks. "Do you think Mrs. Goldman in twenty-three heard us?"

Doug cocked a brow at her and started to laugh. "No, darlin'. With her hearing, I think you're safe there." He strolled forward, his expensive suit following the easy movement of his body and making Steve hard again. "You two hungry?" Doug asked, looking from one to the other.

Steve glanced back at Lucy. "I'm starving, how about you?"

"You sure it's okay?"

The uncertainty in her eyes bit at Steve. What did she think, that they didn't want her around?

"Sure, it's okay," Doug said, stroking his hand over her face. He leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips. Steve's cock, still inside her pussy, jerked to attention as he

watched Doug's and Lucy's mouths slide together. As he withdrew from her body and zipped up, Doug broke the kiss. "I've got three steaks ready to go," he said, throwing an arm around Lucy's shoulders. "Let's eat."

Chapter Four

All through dinner, Lucy couldn't believe her luck. After a painfully long dry spell, she'd had more orgasms than she could count in just days. And here she sat at the same table she'd experienced the first of those orgasms on. Unbelievable.

"So how was your weekend?" Doug asked as he helped himself to more potatoes.

"Okay, I guess." She winced, remembering the forty-eight-hour social event. "I'm glad to be home though."

"We're glad you're home too," Steve told her. "Right?" he said, looking to Doug for agreement.

"Damn right." Leaning forward, Doug chucked her beneath the chin. "You look tired, darlin'. Are you working too hard?"

The short answer was "yes" but she expected the extra hours when it came to end-of-the-month figures. It was her job, she couldn't complain. "I'm feeling a lot better now," she said, glancing at Steve, who watched her closely from across the table.

"Well, there's more where that comes from," he assured her, throwing one arm over the back of his chair.

She smiled, though she still felt completely thrown by what he meant when he made those suggestive remarks. Was there really more? Did he want to have sex with her again? She'd thought after Friday night that was it. Just a one-night stand. Now he and Doug had thrown her mind into a spin and she couldn't figure out which way was up.

"What is it, sweetheart?" Doug asked softly, trailing the length of his finger along the side of her jaw. "You look...doubtful."

How did they know her so well? Better than she seemed to know herself. "I'm fine," she assured him. She decided now was as good a time as any to figure out what was going through their heads and bit the bullet. "So is this something you guys do regularly?" she asked, standing up to gather the plates.

"Sit down," Steve ordered, taking the plates before she had the chance. "And no, it's not a regular thing."

As Steve carried the dishes to the sink, Doug tugged her back down onto her chair. "What made you ask that?" he asked, studying her with his dark eyes.

She shrugged. "I guess I'm just not used to—" Lost for the right word, she held out her hands, and said, "This."

The grin she'd come to know so well flashed across his handsome face. "You're not used to having two guys chasing you?"

Chasing me? Is that what they're doing?

"I think what Lucy is trying to say," Steve started as he sat back down in his chair, "is where the heck is this going." He looked at her. "Am I right?"

She nodded. He read her as easily as the damn phonebook. "I thought Friday night would be a one-time thing. I didn't expect it to happen again."

Doug's eyes narrowed. "Do you want this to be a one-time thing?"

"No." She shook her head furiously, feeling a flush of embarrassment at her obvious desire. "I just want to know where you guys are coming from."

"Okay, we can tell you that." Doug leaned forward and looked her straight in the eye. "We want you, darlin'." He shot a glance in Steve's direction then focused on her again. "For keeps."

She blinked. "For keeps?"

"Uh-huh." Steve lifted her hand to his lips and she shivered as his warm breath caressed the backs of her fingers. "We've wanted you for a while now, but it wasn't

until Friday that we felt we could," he hesitated then finished with a grin, "make our move."

"You wanted me?" Her brain refused to absorb this nugget of information. "You mean Friday wasn't all about pity?"

"Pity?" Doug repeated, letting out a bark of laughter. "Hell no. We just couldn't keep our hands off. Not when you walked into the house in that dress." He released a low wolf whistle then added, "And barefoot too."

She hadn't realized they'd noticed that little detail. Who knew bare feet could turn guys on?

She glanced between them again and a sudden fear that they were kidding around rose within her. "Is this a joke?" she asked urgently. "Because if it is, you need to quit it."

The smile faded from Steve's face and he leaned in. "No, kitten," he said quietly, "it ain't a joke." He brushed the pad of his thumb over her lower lip. "Why would you think a thing like that?"

"Well..." She was at a loss for words. "Why me?" she asked eventually. "I mean I'm hardly –"

"Stop right there," Steve ordered, his tone suddenly stern. "If you say another word against yourself, I'll hit my head against the wall."

"Please don't do that."

His smile returned. "I won't. Just do as I ask."

She swallowed. "Okay."

"So we're clear?" Doug asked, drawing her attention to where he lounged in the chair beside her. "You get that we want you?"

She hesitated. She heard what they were saying, but she still couldn't be sure whether they were looking for something casual or a deeper relationship. And she

didn't want to ask. Pushing guys on a subject like that did nothing except drive them away.

"I get it," she said finally. Now that she thought about it, she was pretty sure they were looking for casual and she could handle that. Maybe after a few weeks of screwing her next-door neighbors, she'd have them out of her system for good. "And I'm in."

"You'd better be," Doug told her, getting up from the table. "Because I don't think I could handle it if you said no." Reaching for her, he pulled her out of her chair, lifting her onto the table. He pushed her thighs apart, cocking a brow. "Now time for dessert."

* * * * *

Over the following week, Lucy ate at their place every night and Doug started to wonder if he'd become addicted to the tight grip of her pussy and the hot look in her eye every time she climaxed. He and Steve had promised one another they'd take it slow, not push her too hard until they knew she could take it. But it seemed every night she wanted a little more, and after a few nights of the men leading the way, she started to get a little assertive, showing and telling them exactly what she wanted. Nothing turned Doug on more than watching her lift her skirt and climb onto his lap, or Steve's lap. She was getting so comfortable with them, he couldn't believe how lucky they were. He'd known since the day she'd moved in, she was the one for them. But he'd never expected them to fit so perfectly together, as if Lucy had been the stray piece to their three-piece puzzle.

"You coming over tomorrow?" he mumbled on Thursday after riding her long and hard with Steve jacking off in the background. She lay facedown on the rug covering the living room floor, her gorgeous curves bare and sweat-slick.

She lifted her face to look at him and shook her head. "There's a showing at Carrie's gallery. I promised I'd help out."

"What about Saturday?" Steve asked, stretching out on the floor beside her. He turned into her body and started trailing open-mouthed kisses over her bare back. "We could do something."

She giggled, still watching Doug as Steve caressed her skin with his mouth. "Something like what?"

Doug was stumped. He couldn't think of anything he'd rather do than make love to her all weekend. But they had to leave the house sometime. "Let us surprise you," he told her, lying down beside her. As Steve tugged on her hip, she rolled onto her side, ass pressing into Steve's groin as her breasts jutted temptingly at Doug. He cupped one full globe in his palm and squeezed lightly, watching her blue eyes glaze over with desire. He glanced over her body, his mouth watering at the sight of Steve positioning the head of his thick, veined cock between her legs and pushing upward, fucking her nice and slow. Their eyes met over her head and Doug knew they shared the same thought. She felt so *fucking* good.

As usual, Lucy didn't spend the night. After Doug had watched her disappear through the door of her house, he wandered back into the living room and sank into the sofa.

"We're really going to have to break her of that habit," Steve noted as he rose to his feet, cock still half hard between his legs.

Doug nodded in agreement. "I guess she doesn't want things to move too fast," he said, "I think part of her is still scared we don't want her as much as we say we do."

Steve let out a low growl of disapproval. "For a smart lady, she sure thinks some crazy things."

"Ain't that the truth."

Without Lucy around on Friday night, they headed down to their local bar to watch the game with the rest of the guys.

"We told her we'd surprise her tomorrow," he reminded Steve as they carried another round of beers back to their table. "Where the hell are we going to take her?"

"How about Old Lady's View?"

Doug glanced at the other man. "Now there's something I hadn't thought of." Old Lady's View was a secluded point on Mount Bonnell that overlooked Lake Austin. He and Steve had driven up there almost every weekend when they'd first gotten together. They'd both been living with roommates so hadn't been able to do exactly what they'd wanted with a stream of college buddies traipsing past their respective bedroom doors.

Taking Lucy up there sounded like the perfect way to spend a Saturday. Out in the fresh air with enough privacy to go where the mood took them.

* * * * *

"A picnic?" Sandwiched between Steve and Doug in the cab of Steve's truck, Lucy looked from one edible man to the other. "You're seriously taking me on a picnic?" She felt like a child who'd just been told they could spend the weekend at an amusement park. Overexcited and bubbling with energy.

"It's just a picnic, kitten," Steve chuckled, eyes on the road ahead. "Don't get too excited."

Doug draped an arm around her shoulders and she snuggled against his hard chest. "I haven't been on a picnic since grade school," she admitted, breathing in the masculine scent of soap, leather and gasoline that tinted the air.

"Well, we figured you could use some fresh air," Doug said, stroking his hand along her arm. She'd worn a sleeveless pink sundress today that stopped at her thigh. She'd been hoping the display of bare flesh would turn her men on, and damn if she'd been right. Doug hadn't stopped touching her since she'd stepped out of her house and even though Steve was driving, he kept reaching out to stroke her leg.

"Why's that?" she asked as Doug lowered his hand to her breast. Steve's gaze darted from the windshield to where Doug touched her then back again.

"Well, between that office of yours and our place, you've been cooped up for the past week. No fresh air," Doug informed her. "And we think keeping you healthy is pretty important."

She smiled. "Funny, you're not the first person to mention my health this week."

Doug looked down at her. "I'm not?"

"At the showing last night, Carrie said that before you guys came along, she'd been worried the lack of sex was going to make me sick." She laughed, remembering the approving look in her friend's eyes when she'd heard how Lucy had spent the last week wrapped between Steve and Doug. "Carrie's very impressed with you two."

Steve broke into a grin and winked at her. "Always important to impress the best friend."

She nodded. "Absolutely." As Steve took another right, she leaned forward in her seat. "So where are we going?"

"Mount Bonnell," Doug said, hand still encasing her breast. Her nipple hardened further and she knew he had to feel it against his palm. "There's a great spot up there."

"Ooh, that sounds pretty."

As Steve started up Mount Bonnell, the cab of the truck settled into an easy silence as Lucy drank in the beautiful scenery. Natural beauty surrounded the city yet she rarely took the time to notice, she rarely *had* the time to notice. Carrie told her all the time that she worked too hard and took on other people's problems. Maybe the time had come to relax a little, and from the way Steve and Doug were occupying her time these days, they were intent on helping her relax.

But for how long? A niggling voice at the back of her mind asked quietly. *How long before they lose interest?*

Her stomach twisted with anxiety and she stiffened against Doug.

"You okay, darlin'?" he asked, looking down at her with concerned eyes.

She smiled. "I'm fine." No way would she let stupid insecurities ruin the day. What had Carrie said last night? Oh yeah. *Lap it all up, honey, and accept that it's for you. Don't push those cowboys away.*

They were near the peak of the mountain when Steve turned onto a narrow trail that Lucy would have assumed led to nowhere. But after a couple of minutes on the trail, the foliage thinned and gave way to a wide, grass-covered clearing that looked out over Austin.

"Wow," Lucy breathed, scooting to the very edge of her seat and staring out at the city she'd grown up in. "This place is incredible."

Steve cut the engine and opened his door. "Come on. Time to eat."

She slid across the bench seat and let Steve catch her around the waist and set her on the ground. The grass was spongy beneath her feet, and as she wandered closer to the edge of the clearing, she saw they sat above a very steep decline, almost like a cliff's edge.

"Get back here, kitten," Steve said, taking her firmly by the arm and leading to where Doug laid out a blanket on the ground. "Don't want you falling over the edge. I know how much you like to trip over things."

She blushed. "Guess I am pretty clumsy."

Doug laughed. "Not clumsy, sweetheart, just delicate." He retrieved a basket from the truck and set it beside the blanket. "Sit down with me."

She dropped to her knees on the woolen blanket and turned her attention back to the view as Doug and Steve unpacked the food. Beneath the sun, the lake sparkled like diamonds against a bright blue background. Dozens of people surrounded the lake's edge, so small from this distance they appeared as clusters of tiny dots. It felt strange to know there were so many people around, yet they were completely alone.

"What is this place?" she asked, curling her legs beneath her body and accepting the beer Doug handed her.

"Old Lady's View," Steve said as he unveiled a container of fried chicken. "Named by this guy here," he added, nudging Doug between the ribs.

She stole a piece of chicken and brought it to her lips. "Where did you get the name?" she asked Doug after she'd swallowed a bite of the delicious chicken.

Doug grinned and swapped knowing glances with Steve. "We used to come up here all the time when we started going out," he told her. "I was in college and Steve lived with a bunch of guys so we couldn't get any privacy. We were broke too, so hotels were off the table. Coming up here was our best option."

"And one of our first times up here a group of old ladies walked by." Steve pointed to a spot a few meters below them where the decline of the mountain evened out again. "They were on some field trip and got lost from the rest of the group. They came up here to see if we could help them out."

Doug barked a laugh. "We weren't exactly admiring the view when they knocked on the window," he said, the timbre of his voice laden with humor. "But they didn't seem to realize what we were doing. They were just happy we could point them in the right direction."

Lucy choked on a laugh imagining Steve and Doug getting caught in the act by a group of elderly women. "That was a close one."

"Sure was." Steve pulled her close to him, sitting her between his open legs. She leaned back into his muscular chest and let out a sigh of pleasure. The sun beat down on them, the rays kissing the bare skin of her shoulders and legs and she welcomed the lazy atmosphere with open arms. It actually felt like a Saturday, she realized as they polished off their food. She couldn't remember the last time she'd spent a weekend just relaxing in the sun.

"I know it's not as good as yours," Steve said when he opened a store-bought apple pie. "But we couldn't really ask you to bake one."

She grinned. "I'm sure it's nice. But in future, you can always ask."

"You like baking?" Doug asked, taking a slice of the pie. "Or do you do it to please people?"

She blinked. He sure didn't beat around the bush, did he? "Why would I bake to please people?"

He looked at her and his mouth spread into a crooked grin. "Don't get mad, darlin'. I just don't like to see people taking advantage of you, that's all."

Steve slid his palms over the bare skin of her lower thighs. "Except when it's us."

"That's right," Doug agreed, humor warming his dark eyes.

"I guess I can live with that," she murmured, savoring Steve's harsh touch. "But I don't bake for other people. It's something I love to do. All the mixing and the measuring and the whipping relaxes me." She shrugged, feeling a little embarrassed at the mundane admission. "It's stupid I know but —"

Doug placed the length of one finger over her lips, silencing her. "No," he said sternly. "It's not stupid. It's you. And that's always a pretty amazing thing."

She flushed beneath the intensity of his gaze and when he removed his finger, she let out a heavy breath. "Okay, it's not stupid," she said, feeling a surge of pride. Her pies and her cakes and her pastries were delicious, so delicious even her sister had insisted she make the wedding cake. That was a big freakin' deal. "I'd love to open my own bakery some day," she said softly. It was the first time she'd admitted her childhood dream to anyone other than Carrie. "Right in the center of Austin."

"Well, what's stopping you?" Steve asked, his breath tickling her ear and sending a shiver of desire down her spine.

She hesitated. Nothing really. She was in good standing with the bank and she knew she'd be able to get a loan. She'd already figured out menus and décor and she'd even picked her ideal building just on the edge of Sixth. And she knew a market existed for good home baking. But she'd never ventured away from her father's company in the past and leaving now would anger her family even more than bringing two men home would. Her departure would be seen as a betrayal.

"You don't have an answer, do you?" Doug asked, and once again she had the instinctive feeling he saw right through her.

She offered a sheepish smile. "Not one I want to give you," she admitted.

He nodded. "That's okay, we'll back off for now." He wagged his eyebrows at her. "But it ain't over, darlin'. Not even close."

* * * * *

They spent an hour or so relaxing in the sun and Steve savored every second of having Lucy's sweet little ass pressed against his groin. When he feathered his fingertips over the silky skin of her thighs, she tipped her head back and looked up at him.

"You lookin' for something, cowboy?"

He grinned and tugged the hem of her dress farther up her thighs. "What do you think?"

She shifted between his legs until she was on her knees, facing him. "I think you should take your shirt off."

As Doug sprawled out alongside them, no doubt looking for a good view, Steve pulled his t-shirt over his head. Lucy's eyes darkened with hunger and his cock leaped in his jeans as she placed her small palms square on his chest. She leaned in and flicked the tip of her tongue over one flat nipple. He mumbled his approval, running a hand through her silky hair as she turned her attention to his other nipple and laved it with her tongue.

"Lie back," she instructed him with more authority than he'd ever detected in her soft voice before.

He did as she said, laying his head on the blanket. Her mouth roamed his chest and stomach. As she licked the sensitive dip of his bellybutton, his hips jerked upward and her lips curved against his skin.

"You know exactly what you're doing to me, kitten, don't you?" he said, meeting her eyes as she lifted her head from his skin. The wicked glint in her gaze told him he was on the money.

"Keep going, sweetheart," Doug said, his hand reaching down to cover the bulge at his groin. "I want to see what you'll do next."

Her fingers started to work on Steve's belt buckle and anticipation buzzed down his spine as she tugged on his zipper, jerking it over his erection. His cock sprang into her waiting hand and she squeezed his throbbing flesh masterfully, drawing a groan from deep in his throat. Then she released him and shifted downward to remove his shoes and socks.

"I want you naked," she said, sliding back up his body to tug on the waistband of his jeans. "Lift your hips."

He glanced at Doug and they swapped knowing grins. Their kitten had grown claws.

He raised his hips off the blanket and let her strip him naked. As the sun heated his skin, Lucy encircled the base of his shaft in her hands and lowered her head to take him in her mouth. Her lips slid over his burning skin, her tongue bathing the veined underside. She took him right to the back of her throat and angled her head back to take him deeper still. Her mouth locked around him as she sucked hard and Doug's growl of approval had Steve digging his hands in Lucy's hair and pushing her face into his groin. She whimpered around his cock, the small sound vibrating against his sensitized skin. She started to move her head up and down, sliding the tight ring of her lips up and down his shaft in an addictive rhythm. He looked to the side and the breath choked in his throat at the sight of Doug's plum red erection encased in the man's fist. He watched Doug draw his grip up and down his cock in sharp strokes then snapped his focus back to Lucy as she dragged her lips right to the tip of his cock and licked at the slit already seeping with early release.

"He tastes good, doesn't he?" Doug said huskily as Lucy raised her head.

She licked her lips and nodded. "Delicious." Her eyes dropped to Doug's bulging cock and she let out a small moan. "I'm forgetting about you," she said, sliding from Steve's body to straddle Doug's thighs. Steve stared, hypnotized, as Doug released his cock and let Lucy swallow him whole. She sucked Doug with apparent hunger and Steve had to press the heel of his hand against his balls to stop from coming. The potent sight of Lucy's sweet mouth wrapped around a cock Steve had tasted many times before set fire to his blood and as she swirled her tongue around the nugget of tender flesh that was the head of Doug's uncut cock, he rose up onto his knees. He pushed Lucy's dress up around her hips and found that, *hot damn*, she was wearing a thong. He squeezed the smooth globes of her ass, angling his head to the side to watch her suck one of Doug's balls into her mouth.

Desperately needing to be inside her tight heat, he ripped the scrap of lace away from her pussy and pressed the blunt head of his cock to her wet entrance. He lunged forward until his pubic hair brushed the lower half of her buttocks and gritted his teeth as her cunt squeezed him. He was just about to start pumping his hips when she straightened abruptly and pulled away.

"I want to try something else today," she said breathlessly, her dress falling around her thighs again. Her gaze darted from Doug's cock, glistening with her saliva to Steve's erection, shiny with her juices. "I want to watch you guys together."

Ah, she's showing her voyeuristic streak again. He loved it.

"I'm game," Steve said, and watched a crooked grin tilt Doug's lips. Steve was ready to climb on top of Doug when the other man lurched forward, knocking him onto his back.

"I'm on top," Doug said, desire and humor lacing his tone.

Steve released a low chuckle. "Have it your way." He drew up his knees and let Doug find his hole. Moisture still coated Doug's cock after Lucy's blowjob so he slid in easily, stretching Steve's passage in a way they both knew well.

"Is that good?" Doug growled as he pumped his hips in short, sharp strokes. His thick shaft rubbed over the spot deep inside Steve's body that sent shattering bolts of pleasure through his limbs.

"Yeah," he forced out, realizing Doug hadn't fucked him like this in over a week. "Damn good." He looked to the side and found Lucy watching them, lust blazing in her blue eyes. "This what you had in mind, kitten?"

Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as she nodded silently. With her pink cheeks and her nipples stabbing against the front of her dress, she looked hot as hell.

Doug clearly thought the same as he thrust deeper inside Steve's ass, and said, "Take your dress off, sweetheart."

It seemed to take a second for the order to permeate her mind. But when it did, she dragged the dress over her head then unsnapped her bra and let her breasts swing free. Naked beneath the sun's rays, she looked like a goddess with her luscious curves and beautiful face. Steve's cock nearly burst out of its skin as it strained up to his navel.

"Come over here," he rasped, barely able to speak as Doug's cock sent another spasm of burning pleasure through his body. "I want to see you."

She moved closer and he reached out a hand to caress one swollen breast. Her nipple pressed into his palm, hard and throbbing. He squeezed and pinched it as Doug slammed inside him with more force than ever and as he felt his climax close in on him, he looked up into Lucy's burning gaze.

"Climb on top of me, kitten," he told her, the muscles in his face tensing as Doug nearly pushed him over the edge. He tapped his fingers to his lips. "Let me taste you."

The color in her cheeks deepened and he nearly laughed as her old shyness bubbled to the surface again. He'd thought they'd run that off for good.

"Please, darlin'," Doug begged, and Steve choked on a groan when he saw the need in the man's tight face. "Sit on his face."

Her breasts heaved, rising up and down temptingly as she moved even closer.

"Come on, kitten," Steve mumbled, pushing a hand between her thighs. "What are you so scared of?"

His words seemed to set something off in her, something explosive. She turned so she faced Doug and straddled Steve's face. As her pussy lowered over his mouth, he licked at her slit and groaned as her sweet juices rolled over his tongue. She seemed to gain confidence at his obvious thirst for her and she started to ride his face, sinking down onto his tongue slowly, her cunt clenching around him the way his ass milked Doug. He sucked on her swollen flesh, lapping her up, and when Doug grasped Steve's cock in his hand and started to pump up and down, Steve caught Lucy's clit between his lips and tugged. She let out a scream and her pussy convulsed around his tongue. Unable to hold back any longer, he followed her over the edge, coming in thick spurts as his ass rippled around Doug's cock. And then Doug was coming too, the heat of his release burning Steve's passage as his hips jerked erratically until he'd spilled the last of his seed. Even with his body shuddering with the force of his release, Steve continued to lap at Lucy's sweet pussy and when she slid onto the blanket beside him, he held her close. Doug had collapsed between his legs, his head resting on Steve's stomach and his blond curls tickling Steve's skin. It was exactly the way it was supposed to be, he realized, the three of them wrapped around one another. Meant to be. And he wasn't a man who counted on fate.

And then his cell phone started to ring, the shrill sound cutting through the satiated atmosphere.

"Don't answer it," Doug mumbled against his stomach.

He let out a half moan, half laugh. "I have to," he said, sitting up and reaching for his jeans. "I'm on call." One of his buddies had covered his shifts this weekend, but the deal was that if anyone called in sick, he was on. Glancing at the screen, he recognized the number that scrolled across better than his own. "Hey, Dan," he said to his chief, "Guess I'm up."

"Sorry, kid, we need you."

"I'll be there in an hour." He snapped the phone shut and shot a reluctant glance in Lucy's direction. "Looks like we'll have to take a rain check, kitten."

She offered a small smile. "It's okay, you can make it up to us later."

Chapter Five

They drove home, and after Steve had changed into his uniform, a uniform that reminded Lucy of every fireman fantasy she'd ever had, he left Lucy and Doug behind.

Lucy looked at Doug and pouted, feeling as if she'd just been robbed. "You should have made him wear that uniform all day," she told him as he pulled her flush against his hard body.

"I'll try to remember next time." His eyes sparkled at her as he led her back into the sun. "Steve said you've got a few boxes that need moving."

She rolled her eyes. "The wedding's in two weeks and Debbie is insisting I get everything to her new house before she goes on her honeymoon."

"Sounds like a pretty demanding woman."

She nodded, sliding her arm around Doug's waist. "She'll cool off once the wedding's out of the way." Reaching up, she ruffled Doug's hair, loving the silky feel of his overly long curls. With his laughing eyes and delectable features, he sometimes caught her off-guard and she couldn't resist touching him.

"How about you show me what needs to be done," he suggested, nudging her toward the hedge that separated their front yards.

"No way. You're not doing manual labor on your weekend. It's not fair." Though she really wouldn't have minded watching him sweat.

"Carrying a couple of boxes to your car really doesn't count as manual labor," Doug told her, catching her around the waist and lifting her over the hedge. She let out a little squeal at the move then laughed.

"I wonder what the neighbors think," she said half to herself as Doug pulled her toward the garage.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, one minute I'm wrapped around Steve, the next you're carrying me into my garage."

"Yeah, that doesn't look too good, does it?" he asked, his tone rich with humor.

She elbowed him between the ribs. "If it makes me look so bad, what are they thinking about you?"

"I'd say they think we're two of the luckiest guys in Austin." He leaned down to grab the handle of the garage door and shoved it up. "And I'd have to agree with them."

She smiled, her heart swelling as it always did when he or Steve looked at her with so much tenderness. As if they loved her already. It didn't really make sense in her mind that their feelings could be so strong, but she was determined to enjoy it while it lasted.

After Doug had lugged the boxes from the garage to her car, the work didn't end there. Once he saw the dire state of the shelving along the back wall, he grabbed the never-before-used toolbox from a dusty corner and retrieved a hammer.

"You really don't have to do that," she said as he pulled out a jagged nail from one wooden shelf with the pointy thing on the back of the hammer.

"Sure I do, sweetheart. You start piling your stuff on this shelf and it'll fall down on top of you." He shook his head. "Can't have that."

"Well, let me get you a drink." She darted into the house and fixed them both some lemonade, but when she returned to the garage, Doug had shed his t-shirt and with her gaze fixated on the hard lines of his back, she could do nothing but sip on her drink.

"Where did you and Steve meet?" she asked later when Doug was satisfied that her garage was no longer a deathtrap. "You guys are so different, I can't imagine what brought you together."

They were sitting in Doug and Steve's backyard, knocking back lemonade as the sun dropped in the sky. Doug rested against the thick trunk of an old oak and she leaned against his bare chest.

"I was twenty-one, studying at UT Austin," Doug told her, tightening his arms around her waist. "Steve was working at an auto shop downtown—this was before he started training for the fire department."

"And what happened?"

"I had problems with my car. Steve fixed it for me. And a week later it broke down again." He snickered. "I went back down there with a major attitude and I swear Steve was ready to pop me one."

She grinned. "And did he?"

"No, he didn't." Doug dipped his head to the crook of her neck and nipped lightly with the edge of his teeth. "He taught me a lesson another way. Right up against the hood of my sports car."

A tremble of desire worked its way through Lucy's body as she imagined the scenario. Steve, the down-on-his luck mechanic who worked hard to make ends meet, and Doug, the college student who drove the expensive car his parents had bought him for his birthday. Somehow their lives had intertwined, their souls had connected and now they were two strong, independent men who'd gained success in their respective fields and for some unknown reason were interested in her.

"Did you fall in love with him straightaway?"

Doug's mouth curved against the side of her neck. "Not straightaway. I was too busy trying to ignore what I felt for him. Back then, I didn't want to believe I could be attracted to another man."

"Did you have a girlfriend?" she asked, an irritating tinge of jealousy pricking her.

"No one in particular. Actually, Steve was probably my first real relationship."

She twisted around to face him and threw her legs over his so they interlocked. "What made you change your mind about him?"

His chocolate eyes were warm as he looked down at her and she was struck again how devastatingly handsome he was. "I couldn't stop thinking about him," he said quietly, lifting one long finger to tuck a strand of her hair behind her ear. "In the end, I just had to go back down there. And lucky for me, he was waiting."

Unable to help herself, she reached up and kissed his full lips. "You guys really do love each other, don't you?"

His eyes darkened as he studied her intently. "Yes," he said eventually. "We do."

"And you've shared girls before, right?" Doug and Steve's history with other women hadn't been mentioned since the first night in the kitchen and she was still curious to know whether she was the latest addition to a long line-up of girls or something more.

"Why?" Doug asked, a teasing note entering his tone. "Would it make you jealous if I said yes?"

Her cheeks heated. Hell yeah, she'd be jealous. But she still wanted to know. "Not at all," she lied as nonchalantly as she could. "I'm just curious."

"Sure you are, darlin'." His hands skated along her sides, dipping in at the curve of her waist, heating her skin through the thin material of her dress. "Yeah, we've shared women before." He paused, making her shiver again with the intensity of his gaze. "But it's never been more than a one-night thing." He brought his face close to hers, close enough so she could smell the lemons on his breath. "This here means something, Luce. Me and Steve haven't ever felt this way about any other girl." And as if to emphasize his words, he kissed her, long and deep, slanting his mouth over hers and sliding his tongue between her parted lips. She sank against him as he explored her mouth in languorous sweeps of his tongue, tasting the soft flesh of her inner cheeks, the sensitive roof, the dark recesses of her mouth. Damn, he knew how to kiss, she thought, winding her arms around his neck. Her dress spread out over her thighs and her mound rested

on the ridge of his zipper. She felt him rise beneath the denim of his jeans, and as his mouth hardened on hers, his tongue tangling urgently with hers, she thought she'd come just like this, just with his lips playing hers.

And then the vibration of a cell phone cut through the moment. *Not again.*

Doug tore his mouth from hers and he bit out a curse. "Sorry, sweetheart," he muttered, digging into his pocket for his phone. "It might be Steve."

She nodded, breathless as he answered the phone with a curt "Hello." He listened to whoever was on the line and she watched his face tighten, his brow furrowing with concern. Whatever he was hearing, he didn't like it.

"I'm heading right down," he said, lifting her legs off his and rising to his feet. "Thanks for letting me know." He snapped his cell closed and turned his attention back to Lucy. The dark worry in his eyes had her jumping to her feet.

"What is it?" she asked, stepping closer to him, wishing she could ease whatever he felt. "What happened?"

"It's Steve." His voice cracked with fear. "There's been a fire downtown. One of the guys saw it on the news. Two firefighters in the hospital."

She stiffened, barely able to absorb his words. *Steve? Fire?* With a quick shake of her head, she ignored the nausea rising within her and took Doug's hand. "I'm coming with you."

* * * * *

The drive downtown, though only a few minutes, seemed to take forever today. Each time they hit a red light or traffic slowed down, Doug bit back the urge to slam down on his horn or yell profanities out the window. With Lucy in the passenger seat, he wanted to hold himself together. Her face had drained to porcelain white and anxiety emanated from her in heavy waves. When they'd jumped in the car, she'd grabbed the take-out napkins he had stuffed down one of the pockets and she'd shredded most of them already. He glanced at her, saw little squares of white tissue

piled high in her lap and wished he could think of something to say to help both of them out. But they wouldn't be able to relax. Not 'til they saw Steve was okay.

And he would be okay, Doug reminded himself for the millionth time since Greg had called. Steve had fought dozens of fires in his day and he always made it out with nothing more than a couple of scratches. He'd be fine.

The smell of smoke suddenly permeated the car and his grip on the steering wheel tightened. It was getting real now, they were close. He swung right at the next junction and that's when he saw it. Black clouds of smoke puffing up into the sky, more ominous than the fire itself. With bile rising in his throat, he pressed down on the accelerator, shooting along the street until they hit the police barrier. Doug cut the engine and jumped out of the car, jogging toward the corner of the street. Yep, Greg had got it right. The old Gardiner Building was on fire, and from the way the flames licked through the five-story building, it would be dust by morning.

He pushed past the crowd of spectators and darted beneath the barrier, ignoring the police officers as he moved closer to the fire. Firefighters were hosing down the building, but their efforts weren't making a dent in the flames. Doug peered through the smoke, but the swirling haze was too thick to make out whether Steve was with his colleagues or not.

"Sir, you've got to get behind the barrier," an officer said firmly from behind him.

Doug turned, looking past the officer to where Lucy was running toward him. She grabbed his hand and they both ignored the officer as they ran across the street. He heard the man call out after them and sensed a couple of officers on his tail, but he'd already spotted the man he needed to talk to.

"Mike," he shouted, making a beeline for the assistant fire chief standing by an ambulance.

The older man turned, his face somber as he recognized Doug. "Boy, you're going to get yourself arrested."

He shook his head. He didn't care about that. "Where's Steve? Is he over there?"

The man's lips pressed in a grim line. "He's at St. David's."

Doug stomach dropped to the ground. "What? Well, what the hell happened?"

"I don't know, just got here myself. The chief told me he'd been taken to St David's Medical Center, that's all I know."

Mike hadn't finished the sentence before Doug and Lucy took off again. The officers who'd followed them made a grab for Doug but he dodged them. When he glanced back, Mike had intercepted the men and they weren't following.

Neither he nor Lucy said a word as they got back in his car and drove to St. David's. He parked in a *No parking* zone outside the hospital entrance, not giving a damn what kind of fine they chose to give him.

"The firefighters who were brought in," he said to the woman behind the desk in the emergency room. "Where are they being treated?"

"Are you family?"

"Uh, sure," he blurted out. He wasn't going to let a stupid thing like blood get in the way. "Steve Winters."

She checked a list and nodded to the corridor to the right of her desk. "Take the second door on the left. He's in there."

He nodded and Lucy squeezed his hand as they walked down the corridor and stopped at the second door. Before he could grab the handle, the door swung open and a doctor strode out. Doug looked past the man and stepped inside the ward. Patients sat on the beds lining the walls, nurses at their sides as they were stitched up or had wounds cleaned. No major traumas, Doug noted. A good sign if they were in the right room.

He scanned the beds as he walked through the ward, Lucy hot on his heels. Finally, his gaze zoned in on a bed at the very end of the room. A broad-shouldered, dark-haired man sat with his bare back facing them. An older nurse stood over him, laughing at something he'd said. It was Steve all right, no doubt about it.

Breaking into a jog, Doug closed the distance between them. The nurse stepped back and Steve looked over his shoulder, a casual smile stretching his lips when he saw them coming.

"What are you guys doing here?" he asked as the nurse excused herself.

"What are we doing here?" Doug turned and closed the curtain running alongside the bed. With the welcome privacy, he moved forward, standing over Steve and glaring down at him. "You son of a bitch." The words had barely left his mouth when he covered the man's lips with his own, throwing all his pent-up emotion behind his mouth and kissed Steve so hard, their teeth jammed together. It wasn't until he heard a tiny sob behind him that he lifted his head.

"Hey," he said softly, reaching for Lucy who had her face buried in her hands. Her petite frame was trembling, tears streaming down her neck. He pulled her flush against him and glared at Steve over her head. "This is your fault, you know?"

Steve shrugged his shoulders, obviously baffled by Lucy's tears. "What the hell happened?" he asked, rubbing his hands up and down Lucy's upper arms.

"It might have something to do with the fact we both thought you were dead," Doug said, keeping his arms locked around Lucy. "Dammit, you've barely got a scratch on you."

Steve pulled Lucy to him and bundled her up in his arms, setting her on his lap. "I got a nail stuck in my arm when I stepped inside the building," he said, irritation flickering across his face as he gestured to the bandage around his biceps. "Chief made me get in the ambulance with Crowley. He fell down the stairs in the place and broke his leg."

Doug felt a grin tug at his lips, knowing how much it pissed Steve off when he missed out on the action. "Is it bad?" he asked, nodding at the fresh bandage.

Steve shook his head. "Flesh wound." He cupped his hand beneath Lucy's chin and forced her to look up from his chest. "Now what's got you so upset, kitten? I'm alive."

She swiped the tears from her cheeks. "I'm sorry, I just thought—" She looked up to where Doug stood over her and he grabbed her hand. "We were just so scared."

Feeling another rush of aggravation, Doug glared at Steve. "Jesus Christ, you could have called."

Steve's eyes widened as he lifted his hands in defense. "I did call. I've been calling for the past twenty minutes. No one picked up."

Doug hesitated then met Lucy's tear-filled eyes. He couldn't remember having his phone since Greg had called to tell him about the fire.

"I think your cell's still in your backyard," Lucy said meekly as Steve stroked the tears from her cheeks with his thumbs. "And I left mine at home."

Doug couldn't bring himself to say anything. All that chasing around town and it all would have been solved if they'd had their cell phones.

"Well damn," he said, stuffing his hands into his pockets. "*Damn.*"

And then noticing that Steve's shoulders were shaking, he looked at the man's face. He had his head lowered but it was clear he was laughing. *Son of a bitch thinks it's funny, huh?* The contained laughter became a low rumble as Steve lifted his head and laughed straight at them. Doug shook his head disapprovingly, but in the aftermath of all that stress, laughter was already working its way up from his chest. And as he let out a bark of mirth, Lucy joined in, her tears drying as her body racked with laughter. All's well that ends well, he guessed.

Chapter Six

Night had fallen by the time Steve was released from hospital. With a parking ticket in hand, Doug drove them home and Lucy didn't object as Steve led her straight to their place instead of dropping her off outside her door. She didn't want to be away from them tonight. She needed their arms around her after that day or else she'd have no chance at sleep.

As Doug locked up, she and Steve headed straight for the shower. They undressed slowly in the tiled bathroom, peeling off their clothes until they stood naked before each other.

"Doc said I can't get it wet," Steve said, pointing to his bandaged upper arm.

She nodded and stepped into the shower stall, angling the nozzle so he'd be able to step in without getting his arm soaked. Looking behind her, she reached for Steve. He followed her into the double shower and stood near the door so the shower hit only the left half of his body. She pulled her hair into a knot at the back of her head then positioned herself directly beneath the hot spray, letting it work out the tension from her shoulders. After a couple of minutes, she moved closer to Steve, resting her head on his chest as she breathed him in.

"You feeling better, kitten?" he asked over the hum of the water.

She looked up into his concerned eyes and forced a smile. "Uh-huh." Her heart weighed her down, heavy and swollen after the emotion-packed day. She couldn't believe it had only been that afternoon when she'd watched Doug and Steve together at Old Lady's View. In the space of a few hours, their whole relationship had been turned on its head. That morning she'd woken up feeling light and sexy, wanting nothing more than to spend the afternoon with her two lovers. But now she didn't just want to spend time with Steve and Doug, she *needed* it. For one god-awful half-hour, she'd been

convinced Steve was dead and she'd never felt that level of terror in her life. The fear that Steve would never touch her again or call her "kitten" had left her stricken. On autopilot, she'd chased after Doug, needing to be near him. If he hadn't been there, she would have fallen to pieces. And she liked to think she'd helped him too. Because the memory of his drawn face and his stiff stride was a memory she wanted to leave behind. She'd been terrified of losing Steve, so terrified her heart had nearly stopped beating. But she'd also been scared of what would happen to Doug if they lost Steve. She didn't want to imagine the grief he'd suffer, the pain he'd go through. She loved him too much.

A small sob caught in her throat and she tried to blink back the tears welling in her eyes. She didn't want to go to pieces again.

But Steve was having none of her "try to be strong" crap. He pulled her flush against him and she buried her head in his chest, letting the tears fall as he wrapped his arms around her. He supported her weight as she cried, and with the shower drowning out the sound, she let herself sob. Warm hands roamed down her back and Doug stepped up behind her, aligning his body with hers. He wound his arms around her waist, kissed the top of her shoulder. He held her as Steve's mouth trailed kisses over her forehead, her nose, her cheeks and chin before tasting her ears and throat. His lips were featherlight on her skin, almost as if he were kissing her better. She got the feeling he was saying sorry for making her worry, and as he dropped to his knees and brushed his lips back and forth over the soft skin of her belly, fresh tears spilled down her cheeks.

"It's okay, honey," Doug whispered in her ear, "We've got you."

She rested her head beneath his chin and closed her eyes. Steve was raining kisses along her thighs now, from the line where her thigh met her hip to the top of her knee. With every touch of his lips, the exhaustion she'd been feeling receded further, replaced by a building hum of need. And when Steve stood again and pressed his body to hers, she let out a soft sigh. He reached for the soap and created lather between his hands

before sliding his palms over her skin. Doug did the same behind her and they quickly soaped her up, soothing the stiffness in her limbs with their skilled hands. She slowly became aware of the cocks stirring at the small of her back and the center of her belly and warm moisture sluiced to the junction of her thighs, nothing to do with the soapy water.

When they were all washed clean, Steve and Doug took two fluffy towels and dried her, patting her skin gently as if afraid she'd break. Then Doug swung her up into his arms and carried her from the bathroom to the bedroom he shared with Steve. He set her down on the massive bed and she quickly scanned the room. Since she'd never spent the night before, Steve and Doug had never had reason to bring her upstairs.

Not that she hadn't seen the room in the past.

Her gaze caught on the window that looked straight into her bedroom. How many times had she sat in her room and watched Steve and Doug make love on this very bed? She'd never dreamed she'd one day be here with them, and the sudden reality of it tightened her throat with emotion. The intimacy of being in their bedroom, masculine and bare as it was from the polished wooden floor to the chocolate-colored bedcovers, tugged at her heart and the urge to cry nearly swamped her again.

"What are you thinkin' about, sweetheart?" Doug asked, sitting on the bed beside her and pulling her onto his lap.

Her gaze darted between his soft eyes to the very hard evidence of his arousal that grazed her bellybutton. "I'm thinking of how much I want you," she whispered, pressing her breasts to his chest.

His cock jerked against her stomach. "Well, I can't tell you how glad I am to hear you say that," he said huskily, shooting a glance to where Steve hovered by the door. "Because we sure want you." In one smooth motion, he flipped her onto her back and covered her with his body. For long moments he just stared down at her, his eyes dark with need. And then he grabbed a condom from the bedside table, suited up and brushed his lips over hers, kissing her softly as his cock nudged between her thighs. She

parted her lips beneath his, tasting his tongue as a throb started deep inside her pussy. She rocked her hips upward, rubbing herself against the hot steel of his shaft. He let out a choked moan as he moved his lips to her jaw and tasted the sensitive patch of skin below her ear. She caught her lip between her teeth, her gaze moving over Doug's shoulder and catching on Steve's dark expression. He watched them from the door, his hand wrapped around his swollen shaft.

"Come here," she mouthed, holding out her hand to him. He strode forward, cock heavy between his hair-dusted thighs. After slipping on a condom, he climbed onto the bed and stretched out on his side, propping his head in one hand as he slid the other between her and Doug's bodies. Doug lifted himself slightly to allow Steve better access to her flesh, and as Doug continued to rub his burning cock against her pussy, Steve caught one aching nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed.

She arched into Steve's hand and her change in position had Doug sliding tightly against her, the surface of his shaft catching on the swollen bud of her clit. She let out a soft cry as tremors of desire zipped through her veins. Doug sat back and ran his hands over her thighs.

"Open for me, darlin'."

She spread her legs wide and welcomed Doug's mouth on her pussy. He lapped up her cream as Steve leaned forward and drew her nipple between his lips. He sucked and Doug licked. Her mind started to spin. She tugged at Doug's blond curls until he lifted his head, his tongue swiping her juices from his bottom lip.

"I want you inside me," she whispered as Steve leaned back too. "Please."

Doug nodded. "I need you to turn around for me."

She scrambled onto hands and knees and faced Steve as Doug moved behind her. Steve rose up on his knees too and she straightened, clutching his wide shoulders. Once again, he dipped his head to torment her breasts. She wove her fingers into his thick black hair, shivering with the heat of Doug's cock as he settled himself at her entrance. He slid inside her slowly, the ridges of his cock caressing the walls of her pussy,

sending little bolts of pleasure through her body. He kept the pace slow as he made love to her, long and deep, his cock sinking right to the hilt before withdrawing again. Steve's mouth never let up on her breasts. He sucked her nipples, bit them lightly before soothing them with velvety strokes of his tongue. His cock pressed into her belly and she slid one hand from Steve's hair to curl around his latex-covered shaft. The veins running alongside his cock bulged with blood, and when she squeezed him lightly, he moaned against her breast. The sound seemed to spur Doug on and the pace of his thrusts suddenly shifted. He changed the angle of his hips and his cock hit her in an entirely different spot, drawing a cry from her lips. He kept the strokes short and sharp as he pumped into her and as Steve's cock burned her palm, a different level of need burst inside her. She wanted more, she wanted them both. She remembered something Carrie had said the previous night and her pussy clenched tight around Doug's cock. *Have you tried to take them both at the same time? You know, both ends?*

She'd told Carrie "No" and she'd meant it. She hadn't been able to imagine taking either Doug or Steve inside her ass. How the hell would they fit inside her tiny hole?

But now, needing to feel both of them deep inside her, she couldn't think of anything better.

"I want you both," she gasped, the force of Doug's thrusts pushing her breasts into Steve's face.

Steve lifted his head, palming her breasts and molding her flesh in his hands as he stared at her. "What did you say?" he asked, his voice a low rasp.

"I want you both." This time her words stopped Doug in his tracks too. His body stilled, his cock pulsing deep inside her. "I want to feel you both inside me." She let out a shuddering breath beneath Steve's lust-filled gaze. "I can take you."

Steve met Doug's eyes over her shoulder then looked back at her. "You sure, kitten?"

She nodded, breasts rising and falling heavily. "And don't make me wait," she begged. "I need you now."

Steve's cock lurched as he reached behind him and dug into the drawer of the bedside table. He retrieved a small tube and left the drawer open as he turned back to her.

"We can stop any time," he promised her, his voice shaking as he handed the tube to Doug. "Just say the word and we'll—"

"I know." She grasped his shoulders again, her limbs trembling with need. "I trust you."

Slowly, Doug withdrew his cock from her body and she shivered as his hand moved between her buttocks and coated the tiny bud of her ass with cold gel. When he was satisfied she was ready, he pressed the blunt head of his cock, wet and warm with her juices, to her virgin hole.

"Are you ready, darlin'?" he murmured in her ear.

Unable to form words, she could only nod. She dug her nails into Steve's shoulders, feeling the tight ring of muscles around her anus give way as Doug propelled forward. She could sense the excitement in his body. He shook the way she did. But he held himself steady, taking it slow and easy as he pushed forward an inch at a time. There was pain at first, a searing pain that flared from where he entered her and drew tears to her eyes. But as Steve flicked his thumb back and forth over her clit, the pain slowly melted into pleasure. Hot, stinging, bone-shaking pleasure. She held her breath as Doug slid in and out of her tight passage, pushing a little deeper on each stroke. Sweat rolled down her back. She gasped for breath. Doug sank deeper than ever inside her ass, his cock brushed nerve endings that had never been played with before, and a cry choked in her throat.

"Now, Steve," she begged, clutching at his shoulders. "Fuck me now."

His pupils dilated so wide, his green irises were drowned in black. His lips set in a harsh line as he grabbed her hips and lifted her slightly until the head of his cock probed the entrance of her pussy. And then he thrust upward, filling her pussy with his shaft at the exact moment Doug slid deep inside her ass. She rocked between them,

pressure building fast in the pit of her stomach. She trembled once, twice, and like a dam bursting, her climax exploded inside her, waves spreading out through her body until her limbs were on fire. Her pussy convulsed around Steve's cock, squeezing hard as if milking the seed from his body. Her ass rippled too, clutching Doug's shaft until he came with a roar and filled her with his release. Her own scream rose up her throat and echoed in the room as spasm after spasm racked her body. Her eyes rolled, her toes curled. She fell forward and bit Steve's shoulder, screaming again as his hips jerked against hers, his cock finally giving in to her clenching passage.

Long minutes later, she was still shaking and every few seconds, her body tightened in aftershock. Doug slid slowly from her ass and stroked her buttocks as Steve lay her down on the bed. Her eyes closed, she had no strength left in her limbs. Somewhere at the back of her mind, she was aware of a blanket sliding over her body. Wrapped between two hard bodies, she let go and drifted into the darkness.

* * * * *

"She's gone."

The low growl tugged Steve from his sleep. His eyes blinked open, focusing on Doug who stood beside the bed dressed in a pair of sweats, arms folded over his bare chest. The hard set of his jaw made it clear he wasn't happy.

"What?" Steve asked, waiting for his mind to clear. He looked from Doug's half-naked body to the patch of crinkled sheet where Lucy had slept the night before. "She's gone?"

"Yeah." Doug dropped his arms and uncurled his right fist, revealing a square of yellow. "Read this," he said, holding out the crumpled note.

Steve sat up and took the piece of paper. *Can't do this*, it read in swirly, feminine handwriting. *Going out of town for a while. I'm sorry.* He frowned and scanned the simple words again. Looked like their kitten was freaking out.

"I keep going over it in my head," Doug set, dropping onto the edge of the bed. "Maybe I was too rough with her last night."

Steve shook his head, remembering the pure pleasure that had twisted Lucy's face as Doug had invaded her virgin ass. "You didn't hurt her," he said. Having both of them fucking her at the same time had set her on fire, he'd seen it in her eyes. "I think it was a little intense for her, that's all."

Doug looked at him over his shoulder and a small smile quirked the corner of his mouth. "Too intense, huh? I guess that's what happens when you almost die."

Steve rolled his eyes but didn't miss the serious note underlying Doug's dry tone. "Sorry I scared you," he said, rubbing his hand over the man's bare shoulder. "Next time bring your phone."

Doug let out a low chuckle then shifted back on the bed and stretched out beside Steve. "Where do you think she is?"

"Probably at her folks." He had to wonder if family was a safety net for Lucy. She worked for her family, she felt indebted to her family, she took on their shit as if it were her problem. She didn't seem to realize how much they suffocated her, or if she did, she just didn't know how to separate herself from it. "She'll probably stay down there 'til the wedding." And that was two weeks away, right? Too darn long.

"Maybe not," Doug said, propping his hands behind his head. "She mentioned something about a benefit yesterday while you were gone. Her dad's company is holding some event at the Palace Hotel this Saturday. She said she didn't want to go but that she had to."

"Well, we can hang on 'til Saturday," Steve said, though a week without Lucy sounded like hell to him. "Maybe you could gatecrash the party."

Doug's mouth spread into a grin. "Sounds like a plan." He ran his hand up Steve's torso, cocking a brow. "She sure likes to leave her mark, doesn't she?"

Steve glanced down at his chest and the sight of the red marks marring his skin tugged between his legs. She sure liked to bite anyway. He met Doug's darkening eyes

then lowered his head to kiss the man's mouth. He nipped gently at Doug's full lower lip and felt his cock strain against the sheet.

"You don't have to go into work today?" Doug mumbled against his mouth.

"Nuh-uh. Chief told me to take the day off after yesterday." Steve brushed his lips over Doug's, sliding his hand beneath the waistband of Doug's sweatpants. As he encircled Doug's erection in his hand, the man dug his hands into Steve's hair, pulling him closer and increasing the pressure of the kiss. It would be all about hard muscles and hard cocks this week, but by Saturday they'd have Lucy back and her soft curves would complete the picture again. He was sure of it.

Chapter Seven

"I don't get it," Carrie was saying as Lucy drove along the winding road that led to her mother's favorite flower specialist.

Lucy fiddled with her headset to hear Carrie better. She wasn't a big fan of Bluetooth but if it meant she could finally get her best friend on the phone, it was worth it. She'd been trying to catch Carrie for four days but her friend had been AWOL 'til now.

"What don't you get?" she asked, reaching for her energy drink from the cupholder. She hadn't slept in three nights. Not since she'd been lulled to sleep by two male bodies.

"Well, you have the best sex of your life and then you walk away?" Carrie's tone was heavy with disapproval. "That's insane, Luce."

She shook her head. Walking away had been the only thing to do. "Falling in love with two men is not a good idea. If they dumped me, it would be a double heartbreak and I'm not up for that."

"What makes you so sure they'll dump you?" Carrie demanded. "Sounds to me they like having you around."

"But for how long?" The all-too-familiar fear twisted in her stomach. She was in way over her head with Steve and Doug. If she took it any further, letting them go would become impossible. "You've seen these guys, Carrie. They don't go for girls like me."

"And what's that supposed to mean? Lord knows you've had guys drooling over you since middle school."

"That's not true."

Carrie's disbelieving laugh shook over the line. "I'm not getting into this with you, hon. You know you're gorgeous and if you don't, you're just plain stupid. And I'm not friends with stupid people."

Not sure what to say to that, Lucy kept her mouth shut. Was she being stupid? She could see why Carrie would think so. Giving up two guys like Steve and Doug would seem crazy to anyone. But it didn't feel stupid to her. She was protecting herself. She was being strong and resisting temptation, temptation that would inevitably break her heart.

"I gotta go, Carrie," she said, pulling up outside Martha Jameson's house. "I have to do this thing for Mom and then I have to get back to work."

"You're working down there?"

"Well, I couldn't take a week off at such short notice." She let out a heavy sigh, thinking of the figures in her father's books that refused to match up. "Besides, there's too much to figure out. I'll call you this weekend."

"Okay, but just so you know, I'm not done with you yet. Not by a long shot."

As Carrie ended the call, Lucy removed her headset and drew in a deep breath. She was exhausted, sticky with the heat and pretty depressed. And now she had to talk about flowers.

"They look great, Martha," she said after she'd checked out the flowers, working up as much enthusiasm as she could. Bending down, she snapped a picture of the floral arrangements with her digital camera. Her mother didn't trust her enough to use her own judgment, she wanted to see the flowers for herself. Lucy had to wonder as she snapped the flowers from a different angle why her mother hadn't come down instead, but she'd learned years ago not to question Melinda Hills' logic.

"I'm sure my mom will call you if there are any problems," Lucy said on her way out of the house. She turned back to the kindly lady with the green fingers. "Wait here a sec, will you? I just want to grab something from the car." She jogged down to her yellow Mini and reached into the backseat for the apple pie she'd brought along. She'd

baked over two dozen pies since she'd arrived at the house on Sunday afternoon and Leila, the family's cook, would lose her mind if Lucy didn't get them shifted from her precious kitchen and fast.

As she drove away with her camera sitting on the passenger seat, she glanced at her cell. No new calls. Steve and Doug had called twice from their home phone on Sunday, but she'd heard nothing since. Maybe they were happy to let her go, maybe they'd had their fill of her.

Remembering the powerful lovemaking of Saturday night, she caught her bottom lip between her teeth. Feeling both Doug and Steve moving inside her at the same time had been awe-inspiring, so powerful it drew tears to her eyes every time she thought of it. Blinking the tears back, she tried to forget how it had felt to be possessed by two men, to feel so loved and cherished as they brought her to the most exquisite release of her life. She had to forget. Or else she'd drive herself mad.

She'd do some more baking when she got home, she decided, swiping angrily at her damp cheeks. That would make her feel better. Leila had the afternoon off so plenty of time to get everything cleaned up before she returned to prepare dinner.

And then maybe Steve and Doug will call and beg me to come home... She gave her head a quick shake. No, no, no! She would not think like that. It was better that they didn't call, they were letting her move on. It was a good thing.

And then with a loud sob, she burst into tears all over her steering wheel.

* * * * *

"You sure this is the place?" Steve asked as he pulled up outside the Palace Hotel on Saturday night.

Doug glanced at the ticket he'd bought earlier that week. Three hundred bucks. Worth every penny if Lucy showed up.

"Yeah, this is it," he said, opening the truck door. "You going to be okay waiting out here?"

"I'm a patient man." Steve shot him a wry grin. "Just don't be too long."

"I'll do my best." He jumped down from the cab and tucked his wallet into the pocket inside his suit jacket. "Where will you be?"

"There's a parking lot across the street. I'll wait there."

"Great." He fixed his jacket into place and raised a brow. "Do I look okay?"

"A million bucks. Now go get our girl."

He nodded and slammed the passenger door closed before turning to face the luxury hotel. A stream of cloaked women and suited-up men flowed into the hotel's foyer, their tickets resting in the women's designer purses. Doug had mentioned the benefit to a business acquaintance and apparently the event was the biggest night of the year. Lucy's father spared no expense in showering the guests with champagne, hors d'oeuvres and the best music the city had to offer. It was all in the name of cancer research, but Doug was under no disillusion that Mr. Frank Hills used the benefit as a promotional tool for himself and his company.

Doug strode past the doorman and into the vast lobby of the Palace Hotel. Women, dripping with diamonds, hung on the arms of their husbands and made a path to one of the function rooms at the bottom of the lobby. Doug followed, his gaze catching on the gold-plated stand, which stood by the function room door. In gilded letters, it invited the guests inside the Hills Summer Benefit, though the two security men guarding the entrance made it clear that without a ticket, there was no getting in.

Doug whipped out his ticket from inside his jacket and handed it to one of the hosts for inspection. The woman's eyes sparkled at him as she placed the ticket back in his hand.

"Enjoy the evening, sir."

"Thanks." He stepped through the door and lifted a brow. If he'd thought the foyer had been large, the room housing the benefit bordered on enormous. The expensive marble floor stretched out farther than he could see, dotted with glass-topped tables

that reflected the crystal-encrusted chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. At the top of the room, a jazz band had set up and played in the background as the guests mingled.

Doug scanned the room for Lucy but he had the distinct feeling he'd be searching through the glitz and glamour for a long while before he found her.

"Champagne, sir?" a waiter asked, sailing to a graceful halt and offering a flute glass of sparkling liquid.

"No thanks." He needed a clear head if he wanted to make it out of this place alive. He hated these events, hated the false, snooty demeanor of the guests. In his job, he had to attend a few benefits of different clients and associates from time to time, but he never enjoyed them. And from the way Lucy had described her father's benefits last week, she didn't enjoy them either.

Lucy, darlin', where the heck are you? He wove a path through the sea of glittering guests, searching the faces for big blue eyes and soft pink lips. By the time he made it to the end of the room, a half-hour had passed and no Lucy. He edged toward the dance floor that opened up into the hotel gardens. A few couples were already dancing, enjoying the romantic atmosphere of the garden-enclosed dance floor. He moved closer, his gaze darting from one woman to the next. Nothing.

Turning back to the main room, he stopped in his tracks. Lucy stood by the wall, sandwiched between her father, a man who often graced the society pages of the local newspaper, and another distinguished-looking man. She held a glass of champagne in her hand and she looked ready to fall asleep with boredom. He ran his gaze over her, drinking in the pale blue evening dress that skimmed over her curves and fell to the floor, making her look like royalty. The neckline plunged, displaying her creamy cleavage to perfection, and Doug felt his cock twitch in his pants. He'd missed those breasts, that long neck, her full lips. Her long hair was swept up into a very elaborate knot at the back of her head, giving Doug a perfect view of her face. Her skin shimmered beneath the lights, soft and pink at the apples of her cheeks. But even from a

few meters away, Doug could see how tired her eyes were. Had she been sleeping well? Did she miss them as much as they missed her?

Needing to find out, he moved forward and his approach had Lucy glancing in his direction. She blinked then her eyes widened with recognition. He grinned at her, not knowing how the hell he'd stop himself from kissing her in front of her father. And then Frank stepped in front of his daughter, obstructing Doug's view. He came to a halt, brow furrowing as Frank stuck out a hand.

"Doug McAdams," the man said clearly, "it's a pleasure to have you here."

It is? Baffled by the man's greeting, Doug could only shake the man's hand. "The pleasure is mine," he said, looking past the man's shoulder to where Lucy was staring at him. Confusion swamped her features too. "All mine."

Lucy's gaze darted between Doug and her father as she tried to piece the puzzle together. First of all, what was Doug doing at the benefit? And second, how the heck did her father know who he was?

Frank solved the mystery for all of them. "I've admired your work for years," he told Doug, releasing his hand. "We were actually discussing you only yesterday."

Doug glanced at Lucy again then back to her dad. "You were?"

"There's an old building downtown we'd like renovated," Frank explained, "a new home for our company."

Doug started to nod. "I'm sure we'll be able to figure out something."

"I hope so. Your work on the guesthouses on the edge of the city intrigued me. Genius work."

Not used to hearing her father praise anyone, Lucy wondered if he was having an episode. Looking at Doug, she supposed even her father would trip over himself to speak to a man like him. Dressed in Valentino with his hair slicked back, Doug looked as debonair as James Bond. Sexy as hell too. As he'd made his way toward them, his

smooth strides and powerful presence had nearly knocked her off her feet. If her father hadn't been standing a foot away, she would have thrown herself at him.

As Doug retrieved a business card from his wallet, he looked at her again. The mix of desire and humor in his dark eyes sent a shiver down her spine.

"You'll have to meet John Tapers, one of my colleagues," her dad said, still completely focused on Doug. "He's the man who introduced me to your work."

"Of course," Doug said with a curt nod. "But first I have to insist on a dance with this young lady." He reached for her hand and looked back at her father. "If you don't mind."

"Not at all." Frank glanced at Lucy, surprise plain on his face. "I'm sure my daughter would love to dance with you."

Her father's apparent disbelief that a man like Doug would want to dance with his shy daughter made her want to roll her eyes, but as her hand slipped inside Doug's much larger one, a bolt of lust shot through her veins and her father vanished from her mind in a quick poof.

Doug led her slowly to the dance floor and placed her hand on his shoulder before settling his own hand on her waist. He took her free hand in his and started to move her around the floor. Her feet didn't seem to touch the ground as she stared at him. In this moment, she couldn't remember what had possessed her to walk away.

"You're really so surprised to see me?" he asked, looking down at her as if she were the only woman in the world.

"I just didn't expect you to be here," she said dumbly then stepped on his toe. "Dang it, I'm so sorry."

His rich laugh warmed her blood. Lordy, she'd missed that sound. "Well, it was the only place Steve and I could be sure you'd be," he said, his hand tightening on her waist. The heat of his palm seared through the material of her dress and made her skin tingle.

"You're here for me?"

His eyes widened. "Of course I'm here for you. What else would I be doing at a place like this?"

"Um, I thought maybe you were here for work. After what my dad said –"

"I'm not here to score clients," he said, putting her mind at rest. He dropped his head to rest his forehead against hers. His tone lowered to a pained whisper as he said, "You ran away from us, sweetheart."

A sob formed in her throat and she forced it back down. No crying in front of her colleagues. "Don't do this, Doug," she hissed, her mind already spinning with the woody scent of his cologne. "It's not going to work."

"Why not?" His tone was still low and husky.

Tears filled her eyes and clogged her throat. She couldn't speak. Wordlessly, she shook her head and tried to pull away. Doug tugged her back, grasping her waist with two hands and bringing her flush against him.

"Now you listen here, darlin'," he said, voice suddenly edged with steel as his fingers dug into her flesh. "If you aren't interested anymore and you want out, that's well and good. But if you're running away because you're scared, Steve and I aren't going to sit back and watch you leave." His breath was hot on her face, and as moisture swirled somewhere beneath her navel, her nipples stiffened against the lace of her bra, pressing into his chest. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

She clamped her thighs together. "Yes," she forced out, barely able to breathe with his hard body so close to hers.

"Good." His hands slid lower to grip her ass. He pulled her forward and his erection ground into her stomach. "Now can we get the hell out of here?"

"Uh-huh." Her vision blurred as Doug took her by the forearm and led her through the dancing couples into the fresh air. "Where are we going?"

"Around the back. No one will get in our way."

She nodded then let out a squeal as Doug bundled her up in his arms.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he muttered, "but Steve's probably killing himself by now."

Burrowing her face in the crook of his neck, she breathed him in and let the tears fall. She'd missed his smell so much, Steve's too. And wrapped in Doug's arms, she felt more alive than she had for the past week.

When he set her down on the ground again, she blinked through her tears and saw they'd reached a parking lot. She spun around and the breath caught in her throat as her gaze landed on Steve. He leaned against the cab of his truck, one booted foot crossed over the other. His eyes came to hers and he straightened. For long moments he looked as if he didn't know what to do with her. Then he lunged forward, crossing the distance between them in two powerful strides. He lifted her off the ground and grabbed her to him. With his hands grasping her buttocks, his mouth descended on hers, hard and unrelenting, as he pressed his firm lips to hers. He thrust his tongue between her lips and dug deep inside her mouth, devouring her as he ground his cock against her mound. She moaned into his open mouth then felt another rush of wetness coat her pussy as Doug's hands slid beneath her dress. His palms roamed all the way up to her thighs, and as he cupped her satin-covered pussy and pressed his middle finger against her slit, she jerked in Steve's arms.

He ripped his mouth from hers. "What the hell were you trying to do to us, kitten?" he demanded, his harsh breaths caressing her chin. "You like pulling stunts like that?"

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice cracking. "I'm sorry."

"Glad to hear it." He dropped his head again and pressed hot, openmouthed kisses along her jawline and up to her ear. As he sucked her earlobe between his lips, she ground into Doug's hand.

"We need to get her in the truck," Doug muttered from behind her, "before she gets any wetter."

For a second she thought he was talking about her sex, but then she became aware of the large droplets of water falling on her skin. It was raining. In Austin. In July. That just didn't happen.

Doug withdrew his hand from beneath her dress and the sound of a door opening permeated her mind. Steve swiveled on his heel and sat Lucy on the edge of the bench seat. She slid back a little until her legs stretched out along the bench. Steve curled his hands around her ankles and dragged her back toward him. When her calves were dangling from the seat, he shoved her dress up around her hips and tugged her panties down over her legs.

"Spread for me, kitten," he ordered, his voice thick with hunger.

She opened her legs as wide as she could, watching Steve's eyes grow impossibly dark as he stared at her exposed pussy. The passenger door opened behind her and she looked back, seeing Doug's lean frame slide onto the bench. His gaze shot to her bare flesh too and as Steve gripped her thighs and buried his head between her legs, Doug let out a low moan.

She raised her upper body and sank back against Doug as Steve got his fill of her pussy. He dug his tongue deep inside her, drinking from her with the thirst of a man who'd been stranded in the desert for too long. Doug shoved the straps of her dress down her shoulders to expose the demi-cups of her lilac bra. Droplets of rain fell from his curls to her flushed skin as he slid his fingers beneath the lace edge of one cup and found her nipple. He squeezed and she screamed, her pussy clenching around Steve's tongue. Steve lifted his head, his mouth glistening with her juices, then glanced at Doug before looking back at her. His green eyes were practically black with desire.

"Turn around," he told her, stroking a hand over the bulge at the front of his jeans. The zipper was straining.

She tore her gaze from the shining metal and twisted on the seat. Doug kept one hand on her breasts and slid the other between her thighs, replacing Steve's tongue with the thickness of three fingers. Upright on her knees, she leaned into Doug's touch

and felt Steve's hand caressing the globes of her ass. And then he was pulling her dress up her body and over her head. Doug quickly unsnapped the front clasp of her bra and her breasts fell free. He fucked her with his fingers and his mouth latched on to one aching nipple. He sucked on the throbbing peak as he shifted closer to the passenger door, pulling her with him. Steve's door closed behind her and, looking over her shoulder, she saw him settle fully into the driver's seat. He twisted to face her, his hands quickly reclaiming her buttocks. He lowered his head to trace the seam of her ass with his tongue. A shudder passed through her and her eyes slammed shut as he dug his tongue deeper, finding the bud of her ass. He rimmed her hole with the tip of his tongue then lapped at her hungrily. Having his mouth there on that dark, secret part of her body had flames licking from the soles of her feet to the top of her head. Her pussy spasmed around Doug's fingers and she cried out, but Steve continued to torment her with his tongue, licking and setting her ablaze.

Opening her eyes, she glanced at the windscreen. So lost in the sensations being elicited from her body, she'd forgotten they were sitting in a very public place. But the rain fell heavier now, lashing down on the window so hard she couldn't see anything. And that meant nobody outside could see in.

She focused forward and the hefty bulge in Doug's expensive trousers caught her attention. Gripping his shoulder with one hand, she reached down to stroke him. The heat of his cock burned through the fine wool of his pants and a cry choked in her throat.

"I want you inside me," she bit out, pushing her ass back into Steve's face. "Please put it inside me."

Doug withdrew his fingers from her dripping pussy and unzipped his pants. He pulled his engorged cock out of the opening and she creamed herself again. With her juices trickling down her thighs and Steve still going to town on the sensitive skin of her ass, she dropped her head to Doug's lap and swallowed the head that swelled from his uncut cock. She licked at the slit and his salty musk thrilled her tongue. Then lowering

her head, she let his veined length rasp over her tongue until he nudged the back of her throat. She sucked him, licked him, breathed him in as Steve lapped at her hole. And when Steve finally lifted his head, she lifted hers and climbed onto Doug's lap. With a heavy sigh of relief, she sank down onto his cock, taking him all the way in, then stilled, savoring the feel of him inside her.

Steve slid along the bench until he was beside them and, lifting his hand to her breast, he squeezed her flesh with calloused fingers.

"Move, kitten," he rasped, tweaking her nipple and drawing a sharp cry from her lips. "Fuck him hard."

She nodded and started to ride Doug's cock, sliding up his hard shaft before slamming down again with all her might. When she glanced at Steve again, she saw he'd released his own cock and the sight of his thickly veined erection made her mouth water.

"Put it inside me," she begged, riding Doug harder than before. Her pussy was full of Doug's shaft, but her ass was aching empty. "Please fuck me there."

With one hand encasing the thick base of his cock, Steve brought the other to her ass. He slid his finger between her cheeks and circled the hole he'd prepped so thoroughly with his tongue. "Here?" he asked, his bulging cock belying his casual tone.

She nodded, gripping Doug's shoulders as she slammed down on him again. His eyes were glazed as he stared up at her, his jaw clamped together. "You want both of us inside you?" he ground out.

She nodded. Steve's finger still circled her hole. "Both of you," she affirmed.

"You gotta do something for us first." Doug lifted his hips, meeting her on the down stroke and making her clit leap.

"Anything," she murmured, feeling the pressure in her stomach build further. "I'll do anything."

"Promise us you won't ever run away again," Doug said, pain and desire lacing his low timbre. He shoved his cock up inside her again. "Not ever."

Her chest constricted as she absorbed his words through the haze of her mind. She didn't want to run away ever again. Being surrounded by them felt so right, she couldn't imagine being able to leave.

"I promise," she whispered, the tension straining deep within her. "I don't want to ever leave you. I swear."

Doug's eyes darkened with emotion and she felt tears rise in her throat as he stared at her with more love than she'd ever seen before. And then he twisted on the bench, angling toward Steve.

"Stay still," he told her, his cock buried deep in her pussy. "Don't move."

She nodded and kept her eyes on Doug as Steve's cock brushed her ass. She looked over her shoulder, watching him dig a small tube of lube out of his wallet. He squeezed some lube into his hand and brought his palm to her ass. When she was slick and ready, he slid his hands up to her hips and his grasp held her still as he positioned himself at her back entrance. He half kneeled with one leg on the bench and half stood with the other set on the floor of the cab. He moved one hand to grip the back of Doug's seat, holding her hip with the other as he moved forward. The swollen head of his cock pushed past her tight ring of muscles, invading her ass a couple of inches. The flaring pain was only fleeting, disappearing as he sank deeper inside her, grazing the nerve-endings of her passage that had bolts of pleasure racking her body. As she shook uncontrollably, he held himself steady, easing inside her as if she'd break. Between the tenderness in Doug's eyes and Steve's gentle movements, she couldn't hold back the tears. They spilled down her cheeks as Steve stretched her open, and when he was seated deep inside her body, his massive chest hovering over her, he hissed out a long breath. "I love you, kitten," he growled, rocking his hips against hers. "Dammit, I love you."

"Me too," Doug added, his voice husky as he continued to pulse inside her pussy.
"Love you so much."

A loud sob escaped her lips at the same time as her climax erupted within her. With Steve's and Doug's words resounding in her head, she came hard, rippling and clenching around the two cocks that filled her so beautifully. Tears poured down her cheeks as Doug and Steve gave twin roars of release and as they pumped their seed into her body, she became aware that she was crying out the same thing over and over. *I love you*. And when her orgasm had ripped the last of her strength from her limbs, she collapsed into Doug's arms, still whispering her love as she blacked out.

Chapter Eight

As Lucy descended the manmade aisle in her parents' backyard a week later, she wished she didn't look like a marshmallow. For the big day, her sister had gone above and beyond with her bridesmaids, dressing them in baby pink and insisting on curled hair. And if that wasn't bad enough, Lucy's maid-of-honor outfit had taken the biscuit. Puff sleeves, the height of frou-frou fashion, decorated her arms. She felt like the good witch from *The Wizard of Oz*, sans the magic wand.

Oh well, she thought to herself, her gaze drifting to the pews on the left. *At least I'm not dateless.* Steve's eyes met hers and his lips twitched into a mocking grin. She couldn't help but smile back. At least he wasn't puking at the sight of her pinkness, that was a good sign. Though she really wished she could look sexy on their first real date.

She took her place at the gazebo beside the other three bridesmaids, old friends of Debbie's who liked to simper rather than speak actual words. Debbie, picture-perfect in a white Vera Wang creation, continued to float up the aisle, eyes already brimming with tears. Their father passed Debbie to her future husband, and as the ceremony began, Lucy's attention danced back to Steve. Since the night he and Doug had stolen her from the benefit, she hadn't spent a second in her own house. Each day after work she headed straight to Steve and Doug's. The fear that they would grow bored with her had faded the instant they'd told her they loved her. She believed them, she felt their love in her bones. And they kept driving it home, telling her they loved her at regular intervals. She didn't think she'd ever tire of hearing it.

As the crowd erupted in applause, her gaze returned to the bride and groom, who were kissing passionately. She grinned and started to clap. After weeks of chaos and stress, her sister looked deliriously happy, thank God. It was all worth it.

"Ready?" The best man looked down at her and held out his arm. She took it and let him lead her down the aisle. Now maybe she'd get to talk to her date.

But if she'd thought the ceremony was long, the pictures nearly drove her insane. The photographer barked orders at them, and as she maneuvered into the various positions, she wondered how bored Steve was. Doug wouldn't be joining them until later in the evening so Steve was a lone wolf today. She wasn't exactly sure how she'd introduce her two dates to her parents, but she didn't really care. For the first time in a long time, her parents' opinions didn't mean the world.

When she finally escaped the photographer's clutches, she headed straight for the lawn where a gigantic pavilion had been set up. She slipped inside, smiling at the faces she recognized, though hurrying past since she couldn't remember most of the names. She found Steve at the canapés table, talking with a younger man she didn't recognize. With his hands stuffed in the pockets of his tux, Steve looked about as uncomfortable as any firefighter would look in a suit. But the cut of the jacket accentuated his broad shoulders and his butt looked real cute in those pants.

"Hey there," she said, sneaking up behind him.

He turned and slid an arm over her shoulders. "Hey, kitten." He looked back at the guy he'd been talking to. "This here is Joe Mitchell."

Joe stuck out his hand. "I work with Michael."

She nodded. "Nice to meet you, I'm Lucy."

They made polite chitchat for a while before Lucy's father interrupted the conversation.

"Hi, Dad," she said as Joe slipped into the crowd. Steve bravely stayed by her side. "Enjoying yourself?"

"Of course." Her father's eyes grew beady as they inspected Steve from head to toe. He didn't look particularly impressed when he saw the open collar and slightly askew tie. "Aren't you going to introduce us, Luce?"

"Uh, sure." She stepped even closer to Steve. "This is Steve Winters. He works for the Austin Fire Department."

"I see." Her father held out his hand. "Good to meet you, Steve."

"And you, sir. This is quite a party you have here."

"Well, my daughters always insist on the best."

Lucy rolled her eyes. If *the best* meant caviar and five hundred strangers, she'd settle for less. "We're going to get some drinks, Dad," she said, pulling Steve away. "I'll see you later."

When they were a safe distance away, she peered up at Steve. "I'm sorry about that."

His brow furrowed. "What?"

"I don't know." She gave her head a quick shake. "He can be rude sometimes, I guess."

Steve snorted. "If you want rude, you should meet Doug's dad. That bastard had me running in circles for years before he finally accepted that we were together."

Smiling, she tried to imagine Steve running circles for anyone. The image didn't come easily. "Thanks for coming today," she said when they reached the bar.

"I'm glad to be here." He chuckled her under the chin. "Doug and I were actually pretty surprised you invited us."

She quirked a brow, one that still stung after her sister's makeup artist had waxed it to perfection that morning. "You were?"

"Yeah." He took the champagne she offered him and his large palm swallowed the flute glass. "After last week, we thought it would be a while before you'd be comfortable enough to do something like this."

She put down her glass and slid her arms around his waist. "I love you and Doug," she whispered, watching his eyes soften at her words. "And I figure that's enough reason to start changing my ways."

"Your ways?"

"Yeah. No more worrying about not being good enough."

His hard-angled face broke into a wide grin. "I can't tell you how good it is to hear you say that, kitten."

She rose up on tiptoe and pressed her lips to his. Not even her damn dress could ruin the day.

Dinner and speeches had wrapped up by the time Doug joined the party. He found them at the edge of the dance floor as Debbie and Michael waltzed their way through the first dance.

"Hi, darlin'," Doug whispered, dropping a kiss to her cheek. "You look like the best damn piece of candy I've ever seen."

She giggled and reached up to tug on one blond curl. "How did the meeting go?"

"Good. We've got the interest we were hoping for. Now we just have to see if the developers can get enough money together."

"I'm crossing my fingers that they do." Doug and his firm had drawn up plans for a state-of-the-art complex to be built on the outskirts of Austin. She'd seen the designs and knew how breathtaking they were.

"You want to dance?" Doug asked, taking her hand in his.

"Hey, no fair," Steve growled from her other side. "I'm here since noon and you just sweep in and dance with her first."

Doug snickered, pulling her into his arms. "Since when do you dance, Winters?"

Steve scowled and folded his arms over his wide chest. "Fine. I'll just watch."

She and Doug were laughing as they took to the floor. Doug had spun her around the floor three times when she caught her father watching them.

"He does not look happy," Doug muttered in her ear as he pulled her closer.

She shook her head. "No he does not."

"Something to do with you bringing along two dates?"

She gave a small smile. "Probably. He's an old-fashioned guy."

"I'd bet." Doug jerked his head toward her father. "Why don't you go dance with him?"

She nodded. Not only did she have to explain the two new men in her life, she also needed to talk to her dad about work.

"I'll catch you later," she said, sliding from Doug's grasp. "If Steve doesn't dance, you're going to have to fill up my dance card."

"I can do that, darlin'."

With a smile on her face, she left Doug behind and wove a path toward her father. When she met his disapproving eyes, the smile quickly faded from her face. Maybe now wasn't the right time to do this. Explaining that she was now in a relationship of three, a ménage, would not go over easy and her sister's wedding wouldn't be the place to cause a scene.

"Can we dance, Dad?" she asked when she'd reached his side.

The disapproving frown never left his face as he took her offered hand and started to guide her around the floor.

"Was that Doug McAdams I saw you dancing with?" he asked, his sharp voice cutting through the music.

She nodded. "You met him at the benefit, remember?"

"I remember. And who invited him?"

"I did." Her palms started to sweat. She knew where the conversation was headed and it looked as if she wouldn't be able to avoid the topic of her new, untraditional relationship.

Her father gave a stiff nod. "And what about that firefighter? Who invited him?"

"That firefighter has a name, Dad," she reminded him. "It's Steve. And, um, I invited him."

"You invited two men to your sister's wedding?"

She swallowed. "Uh, yes."

"I see." He breathed out a gusty sigh. "I think I understand what you're saying."

He did? "You do?" Her voice was pitchy with nerves.

"Yes." He lowered his chin, giving her the condescending look he gave her almost every day at work. "I know you've always been jealous of your sister, Lucy. But going out of your way to cause a scene on her special day is a bit much, even for you."

She blinked. *Huh?* "Um, what do you mean, Dad?"

"Inviting two men to the wedding?" Her father shook his head in exasperation. "Now that's something that will get folks talking. And if those men realize that they're one another's competition, you can bet there'll be a fistfight before the end of the party."

"But—" She wanted to say that Steve and Doug weren't in competition for her and there would certainly be no violence at this wedding, but she could barely get the words out. Her father thought she was jealous of Debbie? Did he really think so little of her?

"Trying to get attention this way will do you no favors," her father continued sternly. "And I don't want you giving this family a bad name. I've worked too hard to build a solid reputation. I won't let you tear it apart."

She couldn't make sense of her father's words. They replayed over and over in her mind, like a bad CD on repeat. In a desperate bid to get off the subject, she blurted out the first thing that came into her head. "Money!"

"What?"

She drew in a breath to steady herself. "I mean the accounts. I can't get them to add up."

Her father stared at her as if she'd lost her mind. "What are you talking about, Lucy?"

"I've been working on the same figures for weeks, Dad." She shook her head. "Something's missing." She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I think someone's playing with your money."

Her father continued to stare at her, his expression blank. And then he lifted his head as if dismissing her. "You're being ridiculous, Lucy."

"I'm not." If she had any skill, it was accounting. "I really think there should be an investigation."

"That's enough." Her father's voice was razor-sharp. "I pay you to do a job and I expect you to do it. If things aren't adding up, make them add up."

Trying to shake off the feeling of being a scolded child, she pressed on. "You don't understand, Dad. This is very serious."

"That's enough, Lucy. You need to know your place." He stopped in the middle of the dance floor and released her hand. "If there's a problem, do whatever it is you accountants do to fix it. But make sure you never mention this to me again."

She stared at him. Her mouth hung open but she didn't care if she looked like a fish. She was baffled. Astounded. Amazed.

Her father didn't care that one of his employees could be stealing from him? Or at least playing around with his finances? It didn't make sense that he would ignore this.

And then it hit her. Her eyes widened as she looked at her father's lined face, the horrible truth rising up within her and threatening to choke the life out of her.

"It's you," she said on a gasp. "You're stealing from the company."

His eyes blazed. He moved so close to her, he nearly knocked her over. "I won't listen to such nonsense, Lucy," he hissed, venom thickening his voice and making it almost unrecognizable. "And if you want to keep your job, you'll keep that mouth of yours shut."

She blinked up at him stupidly. Her father was stealing from the company he'd spent years building. And he was threatening her, terrified that she'd reveal his dirty little secret.

This was the man she'd spent her whole life trying to impress. This was the man who accused her of making the family look bad. This was the man she'd been so worried about introducing to Steve and Doug.

What a joke!

"I'm opening a bakery, Dad." Her voice was clear as she uttered the words and as her father drew back, she felt the urge to laugh at the shock in his face.

"What the hell are you talking about, Lucy?" he demanded, his face turning purple with rage.

"I quit the company." As if a string pulled her up, she straightened and faced her father head-on. "I'm going to open my own store."

Her father's eyes narrowed. "And how exactly are you going to do that?" His mouth twisted into an ugly sneer. He obviously thought she was in way over her head.

Not even close.

"I have the money," she said, amazed that her voice remained steady. "And I have a plan that's been approved by every bank in town."

It was his turn to blink in surprise. "You've thought about this before?"

"Absolutely. I can't believe I waited so long." She set her hands on her hips and fixed him with her gaze. "You're stealing, Dad," she said, wishing he'd show just a smidgen of remorse. "I don't work for corrupt people."

"Frank? What's the matter, dear?" Melinda, coiffed to perfection, appeared at her husband's side. She shot an accusing glance in Lucy's direction. "Did you say something to upset your father, Lucy?"

"Not at all, it was quite the opposite actually." She met her father's eyes and his pleading expression nearly made her vomit. An hour ago, she'd considered him one of

the strongest, most intelligent men she knew. Now she could barely stand to look at him. "I think I'll go now."

"Already?" Her mother's face lit with temper. "It's your sister's wedding, Lucy. Please don't spoil her day."

"Oh I won't. She'll never notice I'm gone."

Her mother paused then started to nod. "I suppose you're right. And please make sure to bring those dates of yours along with you." She gave a shudder of disgust. "I don't know what you were thinking bringing two men here. I thought I'd raised you better than that. With a few more beers in them, they'll tear the place down."

"Actually, Mom, they have more class than you or any of this family will ever have." She spun on her heel and started to walk away before turning back again. In for a penny, in for a pound. "And by the way, I suppose I should tell you that those two men are my boyfriends. Both of them. And we all sleep together in the same bed."

As her mother's face went ashen, Lucy became aware that they were drawing stares. Part of her wanted to run and hide, but a much larger part beamed with pride. She'd just shown her parents more of herself than she had in twenty-eight years. And whether they liked it or not, she was in love with her life and didn't care who knew it.

She swiveled again and this time she kept walking until she reached Steve and Doug. Both men stared at her with a mixture of pride and astonishment.

"You can pick your jaw off the floor now, Doug," she said dryly, slipping one arm through his and the other through Steve's. She could feel her mother's and father's eyes piercing into her back like four laser beams. "Um, guys, can we go home now?"

Steve chuckled and tugged her against him. "Thought you'd never ask."

Epilogue

"What do you think of yellow?" Lucy asked one night as she, Doug and Steve prepared for bed. Doug lay flat on the bed, buck-naked and rock-hard. She straddled his thighs and stared dreamily at his washboard stomach as she tried to decide on a color to paint her new store.

"I like yellow," Doug said calmly, propping his hands behind his head. "And lemon meringue is your specialty so it all ties in."

She nodded, sliding her palms over his stomach and savoring the feel of rippling muscles beneath her touch. "I was kind of thinking about lilac too," she said, eyes fixed on the veined cock jerking up toward Doug's navel. "But maybe that's overdone."

"Definitely overdone," Steve muttered as he climbed onto the bed behind her. His hands quickly found the hem of her satin nightdress and he whipped it over her head. "Why do you even bother with these things?"

"They make me feel pretty."

Doug chuckled, his dark eyes glinting with humor. "You're always pretty, darlin'. Especially when you've got nothing on."

She leaned over him to stroke one blond curl. His hair had grown longer and fell in a shaggy mane around his shoulders. It really turned her on. As a matter of fact, everything about her two lovers turned her on. Three months had passed since Debbie's wedding, since the night she'd claimed her freedom from her parents. She felt strong, she felt independent and even though Steve and Doug stood by her through all the decision-making for her new business, holding her hands through the nerve-racking parts, she still felt as if the bakery was her own accomplishment. And every time she looked at her store, the unit on Sixth that she'd been lusting after for five years, a burst of pride filled her veins and sent her on a high. She was the same woman she'd always

been, but now she had a backbone. And at the end of the week, she was actually going to her parents' house for brunch. After two and a half months of silence, they'd given in and called her. And she'd accepted their invitation because no matter what happened at brunch, they couldn't hurt her anymore.

The blunt probe of Steve's cock brushed her buttocks and her mind shot right back to the bedroom. As he dragged the head of his cock along the seam of her ass, a small shudder of desire passed through her. She'd been practically living with Steve and Doug for the past couple of months, but the raging desire hadn't faded with time. She still wanted them as badly as she had when she'd only been a voyeur from her bedroom window. Actually, she probably wanted them even more now that she knew how good it felt to be with them.

And she loved them. Boy, did she love them. And they loved her. That was why she'd decided to agree to their proposition. She was going to move in with them. But she was saving the news for next week. It would be Steve's birthday present.

Her nipples peaked and jutted out as Steve coated her back entrance with lube, making her slick and ready for his girth. As his hands curved around her hips and he positioned himself, she grabbed a condom from the bedside table and slid it over Doug's erection, guiding it to her pussy. With great care, Steve pressed forward, invading her tight passage with as much tenderness as he'd shown her the first time. She sucked in a breath and held it until her passage adjusted to his thickness and as he brushed the sensitized nerve-endings along her channel, the first frissons of pleasure bolted through her.

When he was seated deep inside her, she lifted her hips and sank down onto Doug's cock, her wet pussy swallowing him whole. His face contorted with pleasure, and as Steve started to rock his hips back and forth, they settled into the rhythm they'd perfected over the past few months. In perfect unison, they rode and they thrust, and with two cocks hitting her in all the right spots, Lucy wondered for about the millionth time if she'd die this way. Locked between two men was a fantasy that she'd never

thought would come true, yet here she was. Steve's lips grazed the back of her neck and she let out a soft sigh and then Doug sat up and his cock hit her at a different angle. She cried out as he drew one engorged nipple between his lips and sucked. The sharp pleasure resonated deep inside her pussy and her clit leaped.

"Touch me there," she whispered as Steve surged his hips forward, giving his thrusts an edge that turned her limbs to jelly.

"Here?" Doug pushed his hand between her legs and quickly sought out the swollen bud of her clit. He rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, drawing a rush of moisture to her core.

"That's it, kitten," Steve murmured, his voice a low rumble of approval. He snapped his hips against her again and her pussy started to quake. "Does that feel good?"

She let out a keening moan. "Yes," she gasped, her whole body tightening. "You feel—" And then she was gone, coming in waves that rolled through her body and set her blood on fire. Steve and Doug thrust into her spasms, sending her on to a second orgasm and a third. She begged for mercy, crying their names as her climax ripped everything she had from her limbs. And then Steve and Doug were coming too, spurting deep inside her body, jerking their hips against hers until they were spent. She collapsed onto Doug's chest and inhaled his masculine scent as she caught her breath. Steve fell alongside them and threw one arm over his eyes. Beneath her cheek, she felt Doug's heartbeat pounding against his breastbone, and reaching out, she placed her palm over Steve's heart and felt his too.

"So are you going to move in with us, darlin'?" Doug muttered as he stroked a hand through his hair.

She pressed her lips together. *Tell them now or wait 'til the birthday?*

"Come on," Steve urged, covering her hand with his. "Say you'll move in."

In her satiated state, she couldn't hold back. "Fine," she said, a laugh in her voice, "I'll move in. On one condition."

Steve cocked a brow then met Doug's eyes over her head. "And what's that?"

She smirked. "You have to make love to me every single night."

Doug's chest vibrated with laughter. "I think we can manage that, darlin'."

Steve nodded his agreement. "Every night for the rest of our lives."

A sudden rush of emotion tightened her throat and she swallowed. "Promise?"

"Promise." Doug tugged at her hair for her to lift her head. She looked up and the emotion she saw in his eyes wrapped around her heart and squeezed.

"We love you, kitten," Steve said huskily, drawing her attention to him. "Always."

She gave a wavering smile and looked from one to the other. "I love you too." And as Doug turned on his side and tumbled her between his body and Steve's, she knew she was the luckiest woman in Texas.

About the Author

Ava Rose Johnson first delved into the pool of erotic romance during the very lazy summer of 2003 and hasn't looked back since. By day she works in an office, and spends most of her time day-dreaming about her characters and possible plot twists. Her hobbies include photography, yoga and reading (of course!).

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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