

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

FRAN LEE

*Her Own Set
of Rules*

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Fran Lee

Bored with her sex life with a husband she still loves, but who has the Saturday-night, three-minute orgasm—his—down to a fine art, Haley takes the first step on a journey of sexual discovery when Josh, younger brother of her closest friend, expresses a decidedly carnal interest in her. The result is more than she imagined in her raunchiest fantasies.

Josh has had a crush on Haley since he was a kid, gangly and too damn tall for his weight. But he isn't a kid anymore, and he grew into his six foot five inches, plus some. He's come back home for one thing only—for a shot at the girl he fell for when he was too damn young to do much about it.

But Harry's not done with his wife—not when he finds out that inside that prim, repressed shell, she's been hiding the sexual temptress he's always hungered for. Now all Haley has to do is ask, and two men are ready to give her everything she wants.

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Her Own Set of Rules

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Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower

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Chapter One

"Have you ever thought about finding yourself a boyfriend, Hale?" Krissa's tone was muffled as she poked her head inside the cabinet to search out a box of crackers.

Haley Gregory lifted her brows and stared at her dearest school chum and oldest pal. Now where the hell had that come from? They'd been sitting in Krissa's comfy kitchen talking about trivialities, and wham! Haley drew a deep breath and shook her head, frowning at her pal. "I'm married, Kris. I don't need a boyfriend."

"Sure you do, as far as I'm concerned." Krissa popped back out of the cupboard with the sought-after box and turned to grin at her. "You know that one out of every three women state that extramarital sex enhances their love life at home?"

Haley shook her head. "You've been reading too damn many of those sex quizzes in *Cosmo*. Harry is great in bed. I don't need another man to satisfy me that way. I love having sex with him. He's well-built and handsome and..."

"Bo-ring!" Krissa laughed. "You say he's great, but you only have sex once a week, and only on Saturday nights. How boring can sex get?" Krissa shoved her hair back from her face and laughed. "Sex should be spontaneous, hot, exciting—on the kitchen table, on the living room carpet!" The pert blonde tossed her the box of crackers as she turned back to dig for a can of chicken soup. Haley barely caught it before it smacked her in the face.

She shook her head. "I'm not bored. And it's *me* who doesn't want to have sex every night, not Harry. If it were up to him, we'd have it three times a day and twice on Sunday! I just...don't think sex is that important in a good, solid marriage like Harry and I have." She plucked at one corner of the battered box in her hands. "We're good friends. We enjoy other things besides sex."

Her friend glanced back over her shoulder. "Then I guess he's bored as bad as you. If he really wants sex that often, and you don't, he'd *have* to be bored! So that leaves the 'why' of it. What's his damage? Doesn't like to nibble pussy? Wants to be 'heap big macho man on top' all the time?"

Haley blushed warmly and hid her face behind a curtain of dark blonde hair, setting the cracker box on the table and pretending to reach for something in her bag on the floor at her feet. "I don't expect oral sex, Kris—I don't ask him for it. Too...messy."

Krissa laughed and tossed her a box of herbal teabags. "Heads up!"

She barely caught it, and then set it on the table beside the crackers as she gave her friend a repressive stare. "Does Jim know you talk about stuff like this?"

Krissa giggled and shrugged. "Jim and I enjoy experimenting. We like an occasional threesome. Sometimes even a swap." She glanced at Haley's shocked face and chewed her lower lip. "In fact, he was asking me to find out if you and Harry might want to join us on our camping trip next month." Her expression was one of barely suppressed hope. "I know Jim really wants to get into your pants. And I think Harry has a great body, and I think he could be persuaded to loosen up a bit if he had the right incentive."

Haley stared at her friend in open-mouthed horror. "Did I really just hear you say...?"

Krissa flushed slightly but continued to gaze at her. "Yep. You heard right. But don't get too bent out of shape, girl—it was only a *suggestion*. If the swap thing doesn't turn you on, maybe we could find you a hot third just for you and Harry. In fact, my little brother's coming into town next weekend, and he's truly, totally hot. You'd love him!"

Haley blinked numbly. "Excuse me? What have you done with my friend? Where did you hide the body?" She couldn't believe she was hearing all this from her best buddy. Where the hell had she been that she hadn't known this was happening before now? In la-la-land?

She knew her face was crimson, she could feel the heat in her cheeks. Had all this been going on right under her nose? For how long? Jim and Krissa seemed to be so...satisfied with each other. In fact, she sort of envied them in a way.

She'd always envied the way Krissa seemed so free and funny and ambitious, while Haley felt just the opposite at times. Krissa cracked jokes at parties, while Haley sat on the sofa that was pushed up against the wall and smiled, drink untouched in her hand. And Jim? Good grief! *Harry's best buddy and close confidant had asked to swap?* She wondered suddenly why Harry had never mentioned that. Not that she thought Jim was special or handsome. He was her best friend's husband, for Christ's sake! She gave a shudder of revulsion just thinking about that.

Fucking your best pal's husband, while she was screwing yours? No way. The image that went through her mind was enough to make her hopping mad. Harry and Krissa? No way! She shook off the impossible idea and cleared her throat. She must have looked as upset as she felt, because her friend was looking worried.

Krissa sank onto the chair across from hers and seemed to be uncertain of how to say something important. "Look...Hale...you really need to loosen up. I've watched you shrivel into an old prune these last couple of years, and I know it, because I was exactly like you up until three years ago. No—let me finish before you tell me to go to hell!" Krissa paused and took a deep breath.

"You go to a boring job day after day. You don't go out and have fun anymore. You sit at home and watch TV while Harry goes to his den and reads men's magazines and jacks off."

Haley sat up stiffly and opened her mouth to protest but stopped. Krissa was right. But how the hell did she know? "We've been married for ten years, Kris. We have...different interests. Sex isn't *everything* in our marriage."

"You married the school's quarterback hottie. *You* were the damn prom queen, for Pete's sake! You're *gorgeous*. He's a damn sexy man. What the hell stopped the fun for

the two of you?" Krissa gazed at her, expecting an answer of some sort. But could Haley give her an honest answer?

Haley swallowed hard and counted to ten slowly. What if you'd never actually had the "fun" from the beginning? How could you miss something you'd never experienced? Her ten-year marriage to Harry might look on the outside like the ideal marriage, but there had never been sparks, at least, not for her. She'd been a bumbling virgin, and Harry had been sexually active since...forever! He told her what he liked, and she simply did it. And he liked plain, ordinary fucking—after he got himself worked up reading *Hustler*.

Haley chewed her bottom lip and stared at her nails. "Look, Kris, I know you mean well, but...Harry and I are just fine. Marriage doesn't have to be day and night fireworks, you know. Harry just isn't into the romance stuff. He works hard. He comes home tired. I don't expect him to play Romeo every night! He loves me. I love him. Just let it drop—okay?"

Krissa made a wry face. "Sounds like he's screwing around on you, honey."

Haley's face warmed, and she frowned at her friend. "I think I would know if my husband was seeing another woman, Krissa! I trust Harry. He would never sleep around. He loves me too much to do something like that!"

The moment she said it, she almost winced. Shit! How the hell would she know if her husband slept around or not? Wishful thinking, maybe? She really had no idea what he did on those long nights out with the guys. Harry seemed so *distant* at times.

There had been a time, months back, when she'd thought maybe—she shook off the sudden doubt—that her husband was slipping away from her. But of course that was just her imagination. Or was it? Once or twice she'd caught the scent of perfume on his shirts. But, as always, buried in her little la-la land, she had dismissed it. It was far safer not to think on it too much.

She chewed her lip again. How the hell could a man as hot and sexy as Harry had always been really have lost interest in sex? Or maybe he'd lost interest in sex with her? Maybe she just wasn't exciting enough for him anymore.

No. She couldn't go there. Wouldn't. Harry loved her. If she let herself think he was being unfaithful, she'd never be able to go on this way. Krissa was frowning at her as she sat there deep in her uncertain thoughts. She drew a deep breath and shrugged. "Just let it drop."

Krissa sighed and pursed her lips, tapping her nails on the hardwood table. "Okay, I'll shut up—for now. But don't forget my offer, Hale. Josh will be in town next Friday, and he always did think you were the hottest thing he'd ever seen. He's always had the worst crush on you. Just think about it? I promised him I'd put in a word for him."

* * * * *

Haley stared at the steering wheel, unable to get out of her car in her driveway. Well, that had sure as hell been one eye-opener of a lunch date with an old buddy! She shoved her hair out of her face and sighed heavily. Krissa had said a lot of things that had a ring of truth to them. Especially about the boring thing. And the screwing around thing. She almost laughed hysterically at that thought. How the hell could she be so damn blind? Of course he'd been with another woman those times she'd smelled perfume on his shirts! Haley Gregory just liked to keep her damn head buried in the sand. So much safer than seeing what was happening to her marriage. What was happening to her once ebullient self-confidence.

She sighed and ran her hands through her tousled hair. How had it come down to this? Was it her fault Harry didn't want sex very often? Hell! How would she know? She simply followed his lead in everything they did in bed. And he had never seemed to want anything but the uninspired, everyday kind of sex. She really loved Harry. But Harry was a meat-and-potatoes-type lover, and he liked to be in control.

She closed her eyes and exhaled slowly to calm her panic. The first time she'd asked him to experiment and try something different, he'd flipped her onto her back and shoved his cock deep, telling her she talked too damn much. He seemed to like making love to his wife the same old way—year after year. But she had seen some of the magazines he bought, and the women in those pictures weren't being fucked in the missionary position!

And that thing Kris had joked about—about Harry not nibbling pussy? Haley would have given anything to know what it felt like for Harry to try oral sex on her. The idea left her in a lather. He seemed to enjoy it when she sucked him off but he never offered to do it to her. Of course, she had always been too damn embarrassed to ask him to.

Oh, how shocked her husband would likely be if he knew some of the things she'd thought of doing to him. Good old staid Harry would likely die of a heart attack if she revealed her fantasies. She had a slim, vibrating dildo hidden away in her drawer under her lingerie, which she used for anal stimulation while she masturbated with her fingers. Harry would have a cow about that if he ever found it. And all the while, she hid her cravings—her “perversions”—from Harry. And she fantasized—boy, how she fantasized! She would think of all the ways she wanted him to take her—all the ways she wanted to take him! *Oh yeah...*

She'd bought a few magazines of her own at an adult toy shop, and after blushing furiously as she read them, had finally managed to get past her own naïveté. Some of the magazines had shown couples, sometimes threesomes, doing the most amazingly sexy things to each other. She had learned about things like bondage and spanking, and even anal sex. Hence the little butt-plug of a dildo.

The pleasure that little toy had brought was desperately needed. At times she would lie in bed while Harry was bowling, and she'd fantasize about amazingly sinful things. Like one man using his mouth and tongue on her pussy, while another paid

detailed attention to her breasts—something Harry did very little of. And she would use her fingers and her little silver dildo to get some pretty gnarly orgasms.

She squirmed a bit in the leather bucket seat, thinking of the many fantasies she'd indulged in while he was away bowling. Fantasies she had never dared to enact on her husband's hot, delicious body. It was far easier to get herself off during a fantasy than to ask her husband of ten years to indulge her.

Her thoughts strayed to the young teenager she'd always had just a bit of a silly crush on. Not as big a crush as she'd always had on Harry, of course, but just a little one. She nibbled on her lower lip as she thought about Josh Barnes...

After talking so openly this afternoon with Krissa, once she'd gotten past her initial shock and embarrassment, she'd grudgingly agreed to meet Joshua at Krissa's place on Friday night. She shook her head at the thought of making a movie date with a man three years younger. But the idea that Krissa's kid brother had nursed a serious crush on her for all these years had given her a jolt of pleasure. She'd have gone out with him back then, if he hadn't been so much younger. In fact, she had wanted to ask him to the Sadie Hawkins dance in her senior year, but her friends had laughed at her for wanting to ask a freshman, no matter how tall or cute he was. She'd chosen Harry instead.

Josh Barnes had always been a damn good-looking kid, with intense blue eyes and a shock of flyaway blond hair that was always hanging in his eyes, making his furtive, hungry looks sort of adorable. She'd always enjoyed it when he followed Krissa and her around like a drooling puppy. She'd once even flashed him wickedly at a sleepover when she'd seen him peeping at her from the top of the stairs. He'd been hanging over the rail, and she had seen him from the corner of her eye. And when Krissa was spelunking in the fridge for the inevitable snacks, Haley had walked into the foyer and had lifted her nightie up to flash him with her bare breasts.

She had felt amazingly daring and naughty as the kid had blushed beet-red and his mouth had dropped as wide as his eyes. She'd felt wildly wicked as she tweaked her

erect nipples while he stared dumbly down at her, and then she had dropped her nightie back over her body and whirled to race into the kitchen.

She had never forgotten that moment of exhibitionism, and she was pretty damn sure Josh hadn't either, from what Krissa had told her. She sighed and licked her lips. Josh wanted to see a lot more of her than her breasts! *He always had.*

She had wanted so damn badly to let him catch her alone, to feel his hot eyes on her naked body again. To feel those large, man-sized hands on her body. It had been a wicked, childish fantasy that had never come to fruition. Harry was older, more self-assured. Josh was just a kid.

Except that he wasn't a kid anymore. He was twenty-six. The last time she'd seen him, he was only sixteen and still a bit gangly and lanky. Too thin for that growth spurt to six-foot-four he'd taken that summer.

From what Krissa had said, Josh had always been hot for her — was still hot for her. He still wanted her. Made no bones about what he wanted to do to her when he met her again. Those thoughts sent a shiver of anticipation scudding through her. She inhaled deeply and unfastened her seat belt to climb from her car. Maybe she wouldn't feel so damn guilty about asking Josh Barnes to indulge her hot little fantasies...

Nope. She would not go there. She had agreed to go over and meet Josh and just talk. Talk and watch a rental movie with him. Make the kid feel better. Yeah. Just sitting and watching a movie and talking over old times. No fantasies. No getting naked and sweaty and... She shivered as those thoughts slithered through her mind.

She licked her lips and tried not to think of meeting Josh as cheating on Harry. After all—they were just going to sit and watch a damn movie and talk over old times. Nothing to be guilty over. And it would feel so damn good to have a man around for a while who thought she was hot and sexy! And then she reluctantly admitted to herself that she was terribly curious about what it would be like to make love to someone other than Harry. Whether Josh Barnes would just roll over and play dead without bringing her to orgasm. Somehow, she doubted that.

The minute she admitted that possibility, her mind and body tensed, and her panties grew increasingly wetter. She closed her eyes and wriggled on the seat, enjoying the pressure of the seat pressing against her sensitive, puffy clit and mons. And then she opened her eyes with a groan and opened her door. She had to stop fantasizing over a kid she hadn't seen in ten years. She shoved the car door open and slid out, regretting the loss of the pressure against her pussy.

It was Saturday and she wanted a shower before her weekly lovemaking session with Harry. And she didn't want to let her raging libido spoil that elusive, pleasant feeling of joining with the man she had loved since she had let him take her virginity on the backseat of his Camaro after the homecoming dance. He had been so sweetly gentle, yet so hot for her, she had been swept away, despite the pain and the fears. But even as she thought about that night, she found herself wondering how it might have been had it been Josh Barnes fucking her on that backseat that night...

Chapter Two

Harry was already sprawled out across the bed when she stepped out of the bathroom at half past eight. He wore the usual flannel PJs over that still-hot body, toning down her appreciation of his looks. She wore the usual pair of lace bikini panties and a loose sleep shirt that hung to midthigh. Her hair was still damp and clung in curls to her cheeks and neck.

He glanced up and tossed his magazine aside. The glimpse she got told her it was a hot one. He rolled onto his side and patted the mattress beside him. "You smell great. I like that flowery shampoo."

Romantic—not! But he was smiling that sexy little crooked smile he had, and that bought him instant forgiveness. Haley slid onto the comforter and moved close for their usual pleasant but not-too-horny-yet kiss, and as he furtively slipped a hand up her ribs under her sleep shirt, she began to unbutton his PJ top.

It was like a well-rehearsed script. He gently petted and squeezed her boobs, and she shoved his PJ top open so she could run her hands over his ribs and chest. He kissed her throat and told her he loved how fresh she smelled after her shower, and she reached into his PJ bottoms to search for his hot, ready cock. Once she'd grabbed and begun to stroke it, he kissed her hungrily and told her how he loved to feel her hands on his cock.

He started breathing raggedly, and after a couple of minutes, he shoved her onto her back, dragging off her panties and spreading her legs as he checked how wet she was with his fingers, before he shoved deep with a groan and started pounding away. His mouth sought hers to deepen the kiss—he was a great kisser—but hardly what she'd call a daring or erotic lover. She desperately wanted him to use that hot mouth on others parts of her anatomy—like her aching nipples...or her hard little clit.

Haley arched into his thrusts, praying that he wouldn't get off too quickly and that she might actually get to have a mind-blowing climax too. He filled her to the stretching point with each hot, perfect thrust of his hips. He was so big, so thick, and she was so ready! She tried to guide his searching mouth to her breasts, but he sucked a hickey on the top of her shoulder, as usual, and finished with a final groaning thrust and a growl of pleasure, before he slumped over her and whispered, "That was great, honey, thanks," as he kissed her shoulder.

And then he simply rolled over to fall asleep. She lay there gathering her thoughts, trying not to feel the same old weekly disappointment. She ran her fingertips over his muscular back, but he didn't stir. Damn! She had almost been there...*almost*...

Haley sighed and slipped off the bed, and went to the bathroom to clean herself up, before pulling her little personal vibrator out of her lingerie drawer and walking into the spare bedroom to get a great orgasm all by her lonesome. Harry certainly knew how to start a fire, but he wasn't a great finisher. At least, not for her. His idea of foreplay was a hot, sexy kiss, a little bit of tongue, a titty squeeze or two, and a good hard fuck that lasted about three minutes. He had a nice, perfect cock—he had great penetration and depth—but he was too quick on the ejaculation and subsequent pull-out. Thank God she knew how to help herself finish. All in all, their Saturday night sex was satisfying—but only thanks to her little ass plug, her own fingers and her fertile imagination!

She found herself looking forward to Friday and wondering what Joshua Barnes looked like at twenty-six. Krissa had raved on and on about how hot he was and how gorgeous. But then, he was her little brother, and she would obviously be prejudiced. But the thought of a man still having the hots for her after ten long years was amazing. Amazing and frankly titillating. She did her best to quell the sudden clenching of her pussy.

What would it feel like to have a man who stayed awake after sex, instead of rolling over and dropping off to sleep?

* * * * *

Josh dropped his gym bag with a thump and reached for her. Krissa wrapped her arms enthusiastically around her little brother as he swung her off her feet then set her back down on the doorstep. "I missed you, Krissie! When's supper?"

He was always hungry. Had something to do with the size of him, he figured. Standing six foot six inches, and weighing in at a clean, lean two hundred and fifty pounds, he had a hard body because he worked hard for a living. He grinned down at his sister and laughed as she swatted at his hands and flushed prettily.

God, how he had always loved to watch Krissa and Haley giggle like that and put their pretty blonde heads together, thinking he couldn't hear them if they whispered. Shit, he'd heard every damn word. But he never let on. He learned too much information to want to tip them off to the fact his hearing was excellent, even across the room.

"Haley here yet?" he asked casually, and Krissa grinned up at him conspiratorially.

"Be patient! You know I had to damn near threaten to break off our friendship if she didn't agree to come. You know Haley...she'll be here if she promised."

He'd switched jobs to come back to Spring City and be closer to family – *and Haley Grant*. No, Haley Gregory now. But what the fuck? Getting around a husband wasn't the hardest thing he'd ever done. And from what Krissa had told him, Harry Gregory was a fairly inattentive husband. So much the better for him. He'd waited twelve years for a piece of Haley, and a husband wasn't about to stand in his way now. He'd fallen hard for her when he was a gangly ninth grader and she was the Junior Prom Queen.

He had wanted her from the day she flashed her hot little breasts at him. He'd only been fourteen, but when he'd seen those delightful morsels bared for his delectation, and her fingers pinching them to tease him, he'd decided she wouldn't be averse to letting him touch them. If she hadn't hooked up with Harry Gregory, and if Harry hadn't been so fucking possessive of her, Josh would definitely have sampled those nipples.

Over the twelve years that had passed since she'd dared him to taste her, he'd savored that memory. He had compared those lush, youthful breasts to every other set he'd tasted and licked, and all the rest had faded from his thoughts once he'd enjoyed them. Oh, he loved fucking and sucking. He'd gotten damn good at it over the years. But it had all been practice...practice for the next time she bared those amazing round globes to him...and he planned to see them again—soon.

As Krissa led him into the kitchen, he waved at Jim, who'd poked his head out of the living room and yelled a welcome. Talking with Krissie and Jim was appealing, but right now food was his objective. Food then a hot shower. Krissie had invited Haley over tonight, and he wanted to be clean and sweet-smelling for her. Oh yeah. For what he planned with Haley tonight, he wanted to be sweet and clean all over.

Josh had always had it bad for her. But Harold Gregory was the jock-stud-promking dude who had stolen her away after graduation before anyone less almighty got a shot at her. And Haley wasn't one to take on some gangly kid three years behind her in school and dump Mr. Hotstuff.

When Haley had married after graduation, Josh hadn't gone to her wedding, even though he'd been included in the invitation. He'd spent that whole day walking by the stream that bordered the pasture a couple of miles from his house. He'd walked there with Krissa and Haley many times. He'd imagined her smiling up into his face, tucking her slim arm around his waist as he bent to catch those lush lips in a hungry kiss. He'd gone home and jacked off pathetically as he thought of that prick Harry Gregory taking her to bed when it should have been him, Josh Barnes, in that bed with her, fucking her blind.

Josh Barnes had been a gangly, awkward and fairly shy kid back then. And that wasn't what a girl like Haley wanted. But he wasn't a gangly kid anymore, and he'd had enough experience with women to know that what he had to offer was not something a woman would stick her nose up at. Oh yeah. He had big plans for tonight.

* * * * *

Haley was nervous. She checked her hair and her makeup three times before sliding out of her car and making her way to the wooden front porch of Krissa and Jim's home. Hesitantly, she climbed the three steps to the front porch and pressed the doorbell button.

She almost lost her nerve and was debating on making a run for it when the door swung open, and she found Joshua Barnes standing there.

Filling the whole damn doorway.

Her eyes must have shown her shock, because his crookedly sexy smile was enough to blow her away. "Hi! Um, is Krissa here?" Her voice sounded breathless even to her. My God! She was acting like a teenybopper on her first blind date.

She almost lost her courage as he stood aside to allow her to step inside the house. He was so tall. And so gorgeous. *Oh...my...God!* He was all prime, succulent male. Leaning in slightly as she scooted past him, she couldn't hide her telltale blush as she didn't *quite* manage to keep her breast from brushing his chest. She heard the quick inhalation of his breath and knew he wasn't immune to her either.

Her nipple tingled as if she'd leaned into an electric wire fence. Fighting down her glandular reaction to his appearance and his proximity, she stepped into the familiar foyer and wrapped her arms around her body as if that might insulate her from his potent presence. The experimental contact told her what she had wanted to know—he was very much aware of her sexually. What she hadn't counted on was her own reaction to the little brush of tight nipple to hard, delicious muscle! Holy shit. Was she nuts to be here? Had she been kidding herself? Deluding herself that all she wanted was to regain an old acquaintance with the neighbor's kid?

Haley bit the corner of her lip as she turned to face him in the tight confines of the tiny foyer, waiting for Josh to make the next tentative move. He moved slowly, and she watched as he closed the door and shot the lock home. A trickle of anticipation flooded

her body, pooling between her thighs as the gorgeous apparition turned and seemed to be contemplating his next move.

Josh found himself almost unable to breathe. Haley looked fucking great! And when she'd asked so shyly if his sister was home, he could do nothing but grin stupidly down at her like some brain-dead fool. But then he managed to find his voice and cleared his throat. "Come on in. She and Jim just went to a movie, but she told me you were coming, so I fixed us some popcorn. I was just putting a movie into the DVD player." *Liar!*

Josh thought his fucking cock was gonna bust loose and dance a tango when she shimmied that firm, round breast across his chest, but he managed to tamp down his raging libido and close the door quietly behind her. He twisted the lock covertly, just in case Kris and Jim showed up early. And when she paused and glanced from him to the lock, he couldn't help but lick his lower lip at the wide, blue gaze she hung on him.

"Want some popcorn?" he asked lamely. What the fuck was wrong with him? He was acting and talking like a fucking horny teenager again!

She wet her lips and shook her head, just staring up at him as if she'd never seen him before. He shook his thoughts back to order and said quickly, "Um...you remember me, don't you? I'm Josh. Krissa's brother?"

He sounded so uncertain. She must be thinking he was an idiot. *Come on, man! Where's that panache and ballsy attitude?* Shit! It had gone out the door as she had sashayed that hot little delicious body in. She didn't have to be nervous. He was nervous enough for the both of them!

She smiled slowly and said, "I know who you are. You were just a...shock. You've changed. Last I saw, you were nearly as tall, but about seventy pounds lighter."

His breathing was turning into deep gasps for air as he stared numbly down into that beautiful, sweet face from all those years of dreaming. "You haven't changed at all." His low voice was rough, and she was close, so very close, and before she could

react or hightail it, he had her in his arms, pulled hard against his chest. She lifted her head to stare into his eyes, and his mouth came down on hers hard, hot, demanding.

Sweet Christ! He'd always imagined how she would taste. Sweet...hot...heady. But imagining it was nothing like finally kissing her. He ran his hands down the curve of her spine to cup and squeeze her delicious ass. God, he loved Haley's sweetly curved, lush ass! He realized he was going a bit faster here than he'd planned, but she sure as hell wasn't fighting him off either. He lifted her off the floor and pulled her legs around his hips to drag her sweet pussy firmly against his stiffening cock.

He reached between their tightly clamped bodies to unbutton his jeans and drag the zipper down. Then he popped the button on hers and unzipped hers as well. He didn't stop kissing her to ask her if she wanted to have sex with him. It was pretty obvious both of them had planned on enjoying each other tonight, and when he walked into the living room and lowered her to the rug in front of the TV and dragged her jeans off, she actually lifted her ass to let him pull them down. Second base.

"What are you doing?" she whispered huskily as he stood back up and dragged off his own jeans.

"Not me. Us. We're going to fuck. Unless you want something else first." He waited for her to say something. His chaotic thoughts made it impossible to calm himself. Her next words were like adding gasoline to flame.

"Take everything off—please?" Her voice was a throaty whisper. "I want to see every inch of you! Just to make sure I haven't dreamed you." Josh was out of the rest of his clothes in two seconds flat. He watched her wide eyes slide downward over his naked flesh with a hot, electrifying intensity that sent every drop of blood in his body to his already raging cock. Her next whispered words sent him over the top.

"I always knew you would be beautiful, Josh. God, I want you..."

Haley opened her mouth on a groan as he drove his hot tongue between her lips, allowing him to deepen the kiss as she wrapped her arms around his neck and wrapped

her legs around him tightly. *Moving waaay too fast here, Hale!* But Josh wasn't exactly shoving her off him either. In fact, he was running his hands over her ass as if he owned it—and it felt soo damn good. "I always wanted to know what you felt like, Josh..." Her whispered words were cut off by his fierce kiss. When he lifted his lips from hers, she stared at him in awed silence, her words lost in her chaotic emotions. He was magnificent! And he had a hard-on that brought drool to her mouth. Oh, that looked so fucking good! She struggled to sit up, and dragged her top off, then her bra, and reached for his cock. He groaned and lay back on the carpet as she shoved him down and took him into her mouth like a hungry tigress. That delicious, thick cock bumped the back of her throat and he gave a helpless groan.

Whatever happened to *"Hi, my name is Haley and I'll be going down on you any moment now"*?

"Shit! That feels so fucking good, Hale!" he groaned as she took him in, her hands circling his shaft and then running over his balls. His fingers dug into her thick, soft hair, and he lifted her mouth from him. "But could I have some too? Please?"

Haley managed to stop her voracious feast, then let go and fell back onto the carpet, opening her knees and holding out her arms. "Yes, please," she panted as he rolled up from the floor and straddled her head, bending to spread her already slick pussy lips with his thumbs, and devour her alive. Her arms wrapped around his hips as she gave a whimper of shocked pleasure, and then sucked him in, stroking his cock with her tongue and gently fondling his balls with one hand while he licked, swirled, nibbled and sucked her clit and drove her to a heady, quick climax. But he didn't stop when he felt her come. He kept teasing, tantalizing, driving his hot tongue deep into her pussy as she arched up to his mouth.

Josh Barnes sure as hell didn't have any problems with going down on a woman!

Josh continued his sweet assault on her pussy until she climaxed again, and he felt like shouting out loud with delirious joy as she rolled him onto his back and went down

on him like a nympho hooker. He'd given Haley two hot, intense climaxes, and now she was going to return the favor. His balls felt as if they would tie into knots as she massaged and teased them gently.

He threaded his fingers into her long hair and flexed his hips with each downward stroke of her mouth and hand. "Jesus, Hale...that...feels...so...fucking...good." *Oh yes!* She was sweet. She was hot.

And he was coming!

He gave a muffled shout and dragged her back from his cock just as he blew. His ejaculation spurted hard and hot, and she kept stroking him tight and sweet until he was milked dry, and he gently peeled her fist from his shaft.

He lay there, breathing like a steam engine taking a hill, and she leaned over him and bent to kiss him, slow, hot, open-mouthed and hungry. He dragged her down into the mess he'd made all over his abs and chest and whispered raggedly into her mouth, "You're better than I dreamed you'd be, Haley Grant."

Chapter Three

Haley lay back on the floor, panting and trying to recall the last time she had ever had such an intense orgasm. And now she definitely knew what it felt like to have a man's mouth give her wild, heady, mind-blowing pleasure. She turned her head to stare at Josh, who was staring at her from where he lay, his chest heaving with his attempt to calm down. His blue eyes were glowing with enjoyment, and she laughed jerkily. "Pleased to meet you again after all these years, Josh."

She watched as he rolled up from the carpet and grabbed his shirt, mopping himself up, then turned to her as he slowly wiped off his cum. He rolled the shirt up and tucked it into his discarded jeans, and then he bent to catch her smiling lips with a hot, sensual kiss. She sucked his tongue into her mouth, a whimper of need coming from deep in her throat as he took over, capturing her mouth and devouring it hungrily, sucking her tongue, nibbling her lips, biting gently on her puffy lower lip as she licked his upper lip.

Oh, he was so fucking delicious! She didn't even mind that her pussy cream was in his mouth as she kissed him. She had dreamed of taking him all these years, and it was better than even her wildest wet dreams of him.

And she intended to do everything she'd done in her dreams, before Krissa and Jim came home from their movie.

She moaned and arched as he shifted his hot mouth from her lips to her breasts, to her aching, swollen nipples. His big hands cupped her aching breasts, gently crushed them, while his mouth devoured them, one after the other, then back again. Harry usually ignored her nipples completely, but Josh seemed to want to eat them right off her chest! She threaded her fingers through his thick blond hair and whispered huskily, "Ooooh thank you, Josh."

He lifted his mouth from her breast and smiled into her eyes. “Don’t thank me yet, baby, I haven’t even gotten started...” And his hands slipped down her ribs to mold her hips, moving slowly lower until he found the nut-brown bush that covered her pussy. “I want to shave this off – you mind?”

In Krissa’s shower, she felt wicked and wanton as she allowed him to lift one leg over his broad shoulder while he knelt before her and carefully, gently removed the pubic hair from her body, leaving her pussy naked and pink to his gaze. He growled as he bent to lave her clit and then he whispered hoarsely, “Much better, now that I can see my dinner,” and Haley yelped and gasped as he took her into his mouth and savored her smooth, sweet folds.

He lifted her other leg up to his other shoulder, propping her against the corner of the shower as he drove his tongue into her quivering pussy. She clutched his head and gave a cry of release, her orgasm bringing her hips up hard against his mouth. The delicious warm spray massaged her skin, heightening her orgasmic pleasure. He kept sucking and licking until she begged him to stop before he killed her.

He lowered her feet back to the floor of the shower and rose to stand in front of her, his cock hot and ready, and braced in his lean hand so that it pushed into the now smooth folds of her pussy. “I want to put this inside you, Hale. I haven’t had a vas, I’m free of STDs, and I hate rubbers. It’s up to you – yes or no. You protected?” He ran his tongue along her throat and shoulder.

Haley nodded. She had an implant. No sweat there. He lifted her as if she weighed ounces, and she wrapped her legs around his wet hips as he fed his delectable cock into her slowly, wickedly, until he was flush against her pussy with his own neatly trimmed groin. His blue gaze locked with hers, and he squeezed her butt cheeks as he drew back out slowly, watching her face, then plunging deep, driving into her like a madman, flexing his hips in a way that made her gasp and arch and cry out.

He watched her beautiful face change with each thrust. He knew she liked what he could do for her so he picked up the pace, driving himself into her channel faster, watching her close her eyes and savor the feel of him buried inside her. God, but she was as fucking horny as he was, able to take his oversized, thick cock without gasping in pain like other women had. He stopped holding back and fucked her hard and fast—his muscles flexing quickly with each driving plunge. She was tight and soo wet with her hot cream, just for him! He felt her arch and clench wildly around his cock with her mind-splintering climax.

He pounded in a few more strokes before he gave a shout of victory and came so hard inside her, his eyes nearly rolled back in his head. He jabbed his cock in and pressed his body to hers and let his cum fill her, felt it washing down his legs with the shower spray. He almost lost the ability to stand, his knees trembling from the pleasure. He clasped her tight against him, kissing her throat, her shoulder, her ear. And then he hefted her slightly higher to suck her nipple into his mouth, savoring it for several minutes as she gently milked his cock with sexy little squeezes of her inner muscles.

He lowered her slowly to the shower floor once more and caught her lips in another hot, sweet kiss before he drew back and whispered hoarsely, “You were *soo* fucking worth the wait!”

Her voice was shaky as she whispered, “So were you. Except I didn’t wait...did I?”

He ran his palms down her wet skin with slow enjoyment. “No. You didn’t.” His lips trailed over her temple. “But you just made up for your lack of judgment.”

Haley ran her tongue over his stubbly chin and sighed. God, but she wanted this to go on forever. His hands felt so good on her body as he caressed her slowly. “I always thought you were hot. You didn’t know that, did you?”

“You sure had a damn funny way of showing it.” His voice was muffled against her sopping hair, and she shivered as he dragged his lips across her cheek to capture her mouth, effectively stopping her words for several minutes.

She laughed against his mouth, and he lifted his lips, smiling questioningly down into her upturned face. "What?"

"Krissa and Jim will be home shortly, and we were supposed to be watching a movie..."

"Spoilsport..." he whispered huskily against her throat as he dragged out the wonder of the moment, clinging to it before letting her slide from his arms to leave the shower.

* * * * *

Josh brought in the freshly popped corn from the kitchen and sank onto the carpet beside the sofa, casually wrapping one long arm around Haley's back and dragging her closer against his body. She sighed and snuggled a bit closer, hiding her face in her damp hair. He could sense her confusion. He picked up the remote and lowered the sound on the movie, and when she glanced up into his face with eyes that tore at his guts, he whispered, "What are we gonna do, Hale?"

A soft pink flush suffused her cheeks, and her lashes fluttered to half mast, her gaze focusing on his mouth in a way that left him aching to pull her clothes off again and make love on the damn floor once more. "What are we gonna do about what?" Her voice was husky. Was she being deliberately obtuse?

"About us...you know...you and me?" His lips brushed her forehead, and he felt the tremor go through her. He knew she felt the same way he did, but she was fighting it. He watched her tongue trace her upper lips nervously. "I can't let you go now. I think you know that."

Haley drew a shivery breath and swallowed the lump that had risen in her throat since they had dressed and turned on the movie. "There is no 'you and me'. There can't be, Josh. What we did here tonight was...totally breathtaking...but this can go nowhere.

Please don't talk. Just hold me. Hold me while we're here, and don't ask me to think any further ahead than right now."

"You know I'm crazy about you. Can Harry say that to you after ten years?" Josh's voice was rough, and she closed her eyes and fought tears.

"Please...don't..." But he dragged her around to lie across his thighs, and his lips cut off her protest, his tongue stabbing hungrily into her mouth as he pulled her so tight to his chest, it should have hurt. But it didn't. It felt right. It felt safe and warm and oh so fucking right!

He lifted his mouth from hers after a breathless moment, and his eyes searched her face for some sign that she returned his feelings. She sobbed and clung to him, pressing her face against his shoulder, breathing in the hot, delicious scent of him. "Say it," he whispered against her hair. "Say it. You want to say it. Let me start it for you... 'I love...'" his voice was rough as he paused to let her finish his sentence.

She shoved away and climbed to her feet, shaking her head. "It's impossible, Josh! It's impossible to love two men. It just isn't...normal..."

He reached for her hand, but she moved away, forcing him to rise to his feet to pull her back against his chest, wrapping his arms about her and pressing his lips into the side of her throat from behind. "Okay...I know you love Harry. I know you still care about him. But for Christ's sake, Hale, isn't there some small bit of love in your heart for me too?"

A sob tore from her throat as she twisted around in his embrace and wrapped her arms around his lean, hard ribs, her tears wetting his shirt. "God, Josh...I must be sick to feel this! I must be some sort of sick woman to want both of you! It's wrong!" she wailed.

"Shhh...no it isn't, Hale..." His whispered words warmed her forehead as he gathered her closer. "It's not as unusual as you think, and you aren't sick. You need both of us. Harry gives you things I can't. But I give you things Harry can't. Has he ever given you what I just gave you tonight, Hale? Honestly? Tell me..."

She stood in the warm, safe circle of strong arms, and knew he was right. Harry was a beautiful, sexy man, but their lovemaking over the duration of their marriage had been sadly lacking. For the first time in ten years, Haley felt like a woman, a completely satisfied, fulfilled woman.

But it had been as much her fault as it had been Harry's. She could see that now. If she'd been as open with Harry as she'd been with Josh tonight, they might have been better together. She had to give Harry the chance to be what she had always dreamed he was.

The thought of Harry learning about tonight was like a knife digging into her heart. Yet the thought of leaving Josh was the same. She cried herself out against Josh's delicious chest, and when she was drained, she just leaned into him and let him hold her. For just a few minutes more. Before she had to walk out that door and tell him she was choosing Harry – again.

* * * * *

Haley climbed out of her car a little after midnight, feeling tired, sore and unbelievably sated from her time with Josh. Sated and wondering if it had really happened. Had she really just spent three hot hours in the arms of a man who had made her feel cherished...adored...and more satisfied than she'd been in her entire life? He'd made her feel things she'd never felt. With exquisite skill, Josh had given her more orgasms than she normally had in a month – and she had walked away from him. She couldn't admit that she cared so much for another man. *It just wasn't right.*

Had she failed Harry by not being able to relax and respond the way she had tonight with Josh? Had she created the situation she was in with her marriage because she'd been cold toward the man who adored her? Oh yes...she knew Harry had adored her. Had. Maybe he still would. Maybe she could give him more encouragement. Oh what the fuck? She loved Harry! You didn't just give up on a man you loved.

Josh had shown her things about herself that she would never have believed. He'd shown her how a man made love to a woman with no reservations...no fears...and no embarrassment. She had enjoyed things with Josh she had never even considered with Harry. But what if she could tempt her staid husband into trying some of the marvelous things Josh had done with her? Would she be able to rekindle the fire that had almost died out? She swallowed hard. God, she wanted Harry to love her like that! It was too fucking bad that a woman couldn't have two men in her life. One for cuddling and talking and understanding why you were crying, and one to fuck your brains out and keep you hot and happy.

She could see that Harry wasn't home from bowling yet. He wouldn't get home until after one. She bit her lip and hurried into the house, feeling guilty for cheating on her husband. There was no excuse for what she'd done tonight. She ignored the little voice in the back of her mind that screamed at her, "Yes there is an excuse, lamebrain, and you deserve better than Harry is giving you!" It was too dangerous to listen.

She moved around the house mechanically, cleaning up the mess he'd left in the kitchen from the meal he'd fixed himself before leaving for the bowling alley, keeping her mind occupied to avoid thinking of the hurt in his eyes if he ever found out. She had to make certain he never did. Her thoughts returned to those last moments in Josh's strong arms. How right it had felt.

How damn wrong it had been!

Krissa and Jim had come home at half past eleven, and the way her friend had grinned at her had made her blush. She and Josh had been casually sitting on the sofa, eating popcorn and pretending to watch the rented movie when Jim opened the front door, making unnecessarily loud noises, just in case. They'd all talked in a friendly, casual way for half an hour, and then Josh had walked her out to her car.

"Jim is waiting for a play-by-play. You want me to tell him nothing happened?" Josh's eyes held hers.

"What do you mean, a 'play-by-play'?" she'd asked breathlessly.

"You know he's had the hots for you since before he married Krissa? They did tell you they swap and do three-ways sometimes, didn't they?" His lips brushed her temple, sending a shiver through her.

"Yeah. Kris told me. I was pretty shocked." Haley inhaled slowly.

"I'm glad. If I thought you were hot for Jim, I think I would make my sister a widow..."

Haley had drawn a shaky breath, not knowing exactly what she'd wanted to say. "You know, Josh," she'd chewed her lower lip hesitantly for a long moment, "I don't *do* stuff like this. I mean—I have never once in my ten years of being married *ever* done something so—so..." She'd faltered to a halt, her cheeks red in the moonlight.

"Are you trying to say goodbye?" he'd rasped, his eyes intense.

She had nodded jerkily, and he had dragged her close, burying his face in her hair. He'd held her for a long time, before he loosened his grip and kissed her hungrily. "This doesn't have to be goodbye, Hale. We can make this work. I don't begrudge Harry a damn thing, but I can't let you just walk away."

Josh had swallowed hard. He'd drawn a deep breath and said carefully, "I won't tell Jim anything. Okay? Nothing happened. We had fun talking and watching old movies. That's it. But please—*please—please* don't say I can't see you again. Because I've wanted this—you—for so fucking long. I don't think I can keep breathing without seeing you just once more—just once?"

And she had stared up into those gorgeous blue eyes and agreed to meet him—*just one more time*.

She had promised to meet Josh on Sunday night. But instead of meeting at Krissa's place she would meet him at the hotel room he'd rented when he got into town. It was small, he'd said, but private. And they could spend some quality time without worrying about his sister and brother-in-law interrupting them. Yes, she had agreed to do that, but could she follow through with it?

* * * * *

She was in bed by the time Harry got home, and she listened to him creeping quietly through the house, not wanting to wake her, believing her to have been asleep for hours. She shifted into a comfortable position and watched him undress, baring that beautiful body of his by the light of the half-closed bathroom door. He was so gorgeous. He still made her knees weak when she looked at him.

His body flexed and rippled in the shadows as he stepped inside the bathroom, closed the door and brushed his teeth. She shifted. Her clit was throbbing. Shit! How the hell could she still be interested in sex after what she'd done with Josh? Had Josh released a beast from inside her mind and body? Her breathing began to change from calm and easy to rapid and ragged. Good Lord! Had three hours with Josh turned her into a rampant nympho?

She watched Harry as he moved furtively to avoid disturbing her. When he moved back into the bedroom and reached to pull his PJs out of the drawer, she sighed shakily and whispered softly, "Why do you wear those to bed? You used to sleep in the nude. And I loved feeling you next to me naked." Had Haley Gregory just said that? And why was she not shocked at her own temerity?

Harry jerked his head around to see Hale lying there watching him. He saw her eyes move down his body to rest on his cock, and he felt life flaring back into it. Shit! Was this his wife talking? Or had some doppelganger replaced her in their bed? He squared his shoulders and turned to where she could get a better look at his aroused state in the light from the bathroom. Shit! Let her look her fill. It was kind of exciting.

"Sorry if I woke you." His voice sounded gruff even to him.

Hale smiled up at him and shook her head. "I was awake. Thinking about you."

Harry inhaled deeply. He watched as Hale threw back the covers and rolled up to sit cross-legged on the bed—and his breath caught in his throat. *Sweet Jesus – she isn't*

wearing panties! He stared at the pink, glistening pussy peeping out at him from under her sleep shirt, and he realized that...she'd shaved it!

Fucking A!

He dragged his eyes from that mouthwatering sight back to her face and wondered what the hell had gotten into her. She never waited up for him. And she never went to bed without underwear – at least, not for the last eight years or so. He closed the drawer containing his PJs and walked hesitantly across the carpet to stand beside the bed.

"You okay, Hale? You feeling all right?"

Haley wet her lips and reached out to run a slender finger over his cock. "Harry, why do we only have sex on Saturday nights?" His cock jumped and stiffened into a steel pole. He watched her eyes soften as she let them devour his shaft. "God, Harry...I love the way you feel..."

He stared down at her beautifully expressive face in the shadowy illumination from the bathroom. His voice was raspy in his dry throat as he fought to reply without croaking. "I thought that was the night we both agreed on a long time ago. Easier. Nothing to distract us..." He shrugged, trying for the life of him to remember the exact reasoning behind the Saturday night thing.

Hale sighed and suddenly dragged her sleep shirt off over her head, and his thoughts deserted him. How the fuck long had it been since she'd let him see her naked, no panties, no covering over that hot body of hers? Let him stare at her perfect, beautiful breasts? Then memory kicked in. She hated having her breasts handled. Hated having him suck on her nipples. Christ, he barely ever got to even touch them, and only on sex nights. He felt his mouth grow wet, and his jaw sagged.

"You sure you didn't take something, Hale?" *Like Spanish fly?* He braced his legs and waited for her to come to her senses and accuse him of trying to get down her pants or something!

She rose from the bed and took one step to stand in front of him and did something she hadn't ever done to him before in the entire time he'd known her—she slid her

hands over his chest and bent to lick his nipple! He almost whimpered. He clenched his fists to keep from grabbing her and hauling her into bed. "What makes you think I took drugs?" she whispered.

"Because you've never acted like this before," he breathed raggedly as she ran her fingertips over his other nipple and then ran her tongue down the muscle of his shoulder. His voice was tight and it took every ounce of control he possessed to not pick her up and fuck her where she stood.

"What if I said I wanted you to make love to me, right here, right now?" she whispered. He couldn't do more than stare dumbly. How many years had he dreamed of Haley saying that to him? He was stricken utterly speechless. She *had* to be on something!

When Harry didn't respond, didn't move, she reached for his cock again. Haley swallowed her disappointment as he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her a step away and stared down into her face searchingly. Damn. She'd wanted to seduce him, and she'd only succeeded in disgusting him! Tears sprang to her eyes and she felt dirty somehow.

She tried to shrug his hands off and dislodged one of them, causing it to drag across her bare breast. She closed her eyes and shivered with reaction, and he swore violently, turning to pad back to his dresser and his damn PJ drawer.

His voice was rough with frustration. "Sorry, I didn't mean to upset you, Hale. Just let me go the fuck to bed. Okay?"

As he dragged his PJ bottoms on, then reached for his top, she came out of her miserable stupor and hissed angrily, "Look, Harry, you may not want to make love to me, and *you* may hate licking pussy, but I'm about ready to fucking blow up here, and if you don't take those fucking pajamas back off, I swear I'm gonna take the scissors to them!"

He stopped as if she'd just kicked him in the balls, and he swung his eyes to her angry face, looking totally dumbfounded. She shivered at the anger blazing in his eyes. "I don't want to make love to *you*? Look, Hale, it's you who hates me to 'paw you' – isn't that what you told me every time I tried to touch your breasts? And it isn't me who only wants to have sex every Saturday – you were the one who made that goddamned rule! In fact, every goddamned thing about our sex life has been according to your own set of rules! You actually think I don't want to throw you down right now and fuck you 'til I can't think anymore? Because if you do, you've got another fucking think coming!"

His vehemence and anger made her take a step back, lifting her hands defensively. She backed up and her knees hit the edge of the bed, tumbling her back onto the mattress with a yelp of shock. And before she could think, Harry was there, hovering over her worriedly, his hands carefully holding her shoulders as he asked shakily, "You okay, baby? I'm sorry if I scared you, but..."

Fear...anger...lust, all hit her at the same time and Hale reached up and grabbed him, tumbling him down on top of her on the bed. His hard, heavy mass of muscles pinned her deliciously to the mattress, and she twined her legs tightly around his hips. She had never wanted him more than she did right now, and damn the man, he wasn't going to get away with telling her to go to hell! He was gonna make love to her properly, or she was gonna castrate the bastard!

Harry was dumbfounded as he tried to shove up onto his hands. Hale was clamping his cock tight against her pussy, and he knew she'd go ballistic if he tried to fuck her now.

Or would she?

What the hell was she saying to him? His mind was whirling. Her mouth was on his throat. She was raking her nails over his nipples. She was moving her pussy against his aching cock as if she'd love nothing more than have him fill her. He caught his

breath and gasped hoarsely, “Are you telling me that...you’re mad at me because *I won’t fuck you?*”

Hale ground her pussy against him. “Yes! So put up or get the hell out of my bedroom and make up the sofa!” She bit his shoulder, and a white-hot bolt of pure lust ran through him. She reached between them and circled his shaft and whispered huskily, “Please make love to me—*please...*”

Harry had trouble getting a breath—and then he did what he’d wanted to do for a long, long time. He reached between their fused bodies and cupped her breast with one shaking hand while the other slid down to feel how wet she was. He whispered hoarsely, “I want you so fucking badly, Hale! I want to ride that sweet naked pussy of yours into the fucking floor! But first I want to suck these. Will you let me?”

Haley blinked up into his shadowy face, highlighted softly on one side by the light from the bathroom, and she nodded wordlessly. She heard his groan of pleasure, felt him slip down her body a few inches, and felt his mouth take her nipple hungrily. The feel of his hot mouth on her nearly made her lose her ability to breathe! She whimpered with pleasure, arching up to give him full access, clutching his head to her breast. His other hand slipped back up to cup her other breast, holding it ready for his mouth until he shifted from one wet, puffy, swollen nipple to repeat his delicious assault on the other.

It felt so fucking good having his mouth on her, laving, licking, suckling so passionately. His large hands cupping her full breasts, his hoarse murmurs of pleasure making her *sooo* hot. She cried out with the force of an orgasm that shook her to her core, just from his adoration of her nipples. She returned to sanity and gasped for breath as he continued his hungry exploration of each quivering breast with that hot, delicious mouth.

She wrapped her thighs around his body and arched her pussy up to rub over his delicious abs. Harry ran both hands down from her breasts to her ass, cupping her

cheeks and shifting until he was centered over her pussy, then plunging in, clutching her ass to him as he buried his cock to its thick root.

Haley gave a cry of delight and flexed her hips upward to meet every delicious thrust. Her breasts felt tight and swollen beneath his wildly devouring mouth as he rode her, and the three-minute thing was definitely out as she splintered into her second shuddering orgasm. He seemed to find even more staying power as he kept fucking her like he couldn't get enough, until he lifted his mouth from her and gave a shout of release, exploding with wrenching, hot bursts of pleasure that bathed her pussy with hot cum.

Haley clung to his body, feeling the shudders of pleasure reverberate through him, hearing his ragged groan of release and thrilling to his obvious enjoyment of their lovemaking as she subsided from the most intense orgasm he had ever given her.

He collapsed over her body and buried his face in the curve of her neck, her sweat-damp hair tickling his lips and nose as he fought for breath. "Sweet Jesus, Hale — that — was — so — fucking — hot!"

Haley almost felt like purring with satisfaction as she wriggled beneath his hips, wanting to keep him buried inside her for a while longer. "Mmm, you were absolutely marvelous, Harry," she whispered huskily against his sweat-slick shoulder. "Don't get off — please? Stay with me for a few minutes more?"

Harry swallowed hard and lifted his head to stare down into his wife's flushed, beautiful face. He hadn't seen that look in her eyes for — forever. What the hell had happened to her? Hell, he wasn't complaining — he was overjoyed! He slipped a hand down between their wet chests to cup and fondle her breast almost reverently, and heard her little sigh of pleasure.

"I love your breasts, baby. God, I love to suck your nipples, but you never — I mean..." he stopped, unable to finish.

Hale kissed his chin and smiled. "If I ever gave you the impression I didn't want you to touch them, I'm sorry. I love your mouth on me. I love the feel of you sucking me. It drives me crazy."

"Mind if I get some quality time with these before you change your mind?" he whispered wickedly, sliding a couple of inches down her wet body to catch a nipple again for a long, luxuriant tug. He gave full, loving attention to one then shifted to the other, wanting to suck those luscious nipples until he died. Or maybe he had already died, and this was heaven...

His cock slid partially out of her, and she moaned in protest, reaching down to circle him and keep him inside her. "Isn't there a way we can let you do that without you pulling out?" Her voice was needy and breathy.

Harry rolled onto his back, taking her with him, and she gasped as he sat up and again tugged a sweet, tight nipple into his mouth, with her sitting, holding his cock inside her tight pussy.

"Oooh—that works nicely," she murmured, flexing her pelvis as his cock grew solid and thick once more.

Harry groaned and reached to part her folds and find her hard nub. His fingers circled and teased gently, and Haley gave a cry of pleasure and exploded with another orgasm, while he kept moving his fingers against her clit.

Harry was beside himself with joy. Whatever the hell had happened to his frigid little wife, it was a miracle! She was like a different woman in his arms and in his bed. She...was...sensational! Had his prayers been answered at last? There would be no looking this gift horse in the mouth. He pumped his hips like a steam piston, wanting to burrow his way into her body and stay there until hell froze over. But when he couldn't hold his climax off any longer, he gave a shout of exultation and surrendered helplessly to the shattering pleasure as she fell across his body and he stroked her back with trembling hands for some time while he returned from outer space.

He fell asleep buried in her sweet, possessive little pussy – and he never wanted back out.

Chapter Four

Josh glanced at his watch for the hundredth time. Hale was late. He had told her he would be here at six, and it was past seven thirty. He swore softly, palming his cock as it rose again at the thought of her in his bed. With a hiss of frustration, he reached for his cell phone and dialed her number. Had something happened to change her mind? Or had Harry somehow found out about them and wasn't letting her leave the house? It didn't matter. He wasn't going to let her go. Even if he had to take the beating of his life, he was not letting Haley go. He had waited so fucking long for her. No other woman had ever held a candle to Haley. He'd been hooked for one hell of a long time, and come hell or high water, she was his...

* * * * *

Haley bit her lip and hesitated, not wanting to answer the phone. It was Josh—and she had decided not to go meet him tonight. Not after the last two days she'd spent making hot, earth-shaking love to Harry. She couldn't risk losing what she had barely found after ten long years of making stupid mistakes. The man she'd married had come to life as she opened up to his needs and her own. Just last night, Harry had stripped her and dragged her into the shower. He had kissed her senseless, his thick, delicious cock pressed hard into her soft belly as he ran his hands over every inch of skin he could reach.

She had reached for his cock, planning to enjoy giving him pleasure with her mouth and hands, but he had whispered against her temple that he thought it was about time he returned the favor, and had slipped to his knees before her, lifting her so that she was settled astride his powerful shoulders, his mouth pressed to her aching pussy while he had painstakingly given her the most shockingly orgasmic ten minutes of her life!

She had leaned back into the corner of the tiled shower, her head thrown back against the cool tiles, her hands threaded tightly in his dark hair, her screams of delight egging him on as he fucked her with his strong tongue, sucking her throbbing clit and bringing her to so many shattering orgasms she had lost count.

And afterward, he had murmured into her hair that he had wanted to try that for a while. And he did it again as she lay naked on their queen-sized bed, her shoulders on the pillows and her legs over his broad shoulders as he sucked and nibbled and tongued her until she begged him to stop before he killed her with sheer pleasure.

Oh yeah...things had changed. And she knew exactly what had brought the change about. Joshua Barnes had taught her what it was like to give herself, unreservedly, to a man. He had taught her that her body was something that a man could worship...treasure...devour. And he had taught her how to make a man feel just as much pleasure as he gave her. Josh had given her a gift so precious, it would forever change her life, and Harry's. And now she faced the fear of losing what she had found.

Josh had been the heady, marvelous catalyst, but she still loved Harry and didn't want to chance losing him if he ever found out she'd taken a lover for a night. So she let the phone ring, and when she let it go to voice mail, she figured it would let him know she had changed her mind. But when the phone rang again a minute later, then again and again, she hissed out a curse and answered. Covering the phone with one hand to muffle her voice, she rasped, "I can't come over."

Josh's deep voice grated, "Then I'm coming there."

She stiffened. "You can't! Harry is here! Please—I can't do this again."

"I'm on my way." He hung up, and she gasped and dialed back instantly.

Josh picked up after one ring. "You coming here, or am I coming there?"

"Please, Josh, I can't hurt Harry. I love him too much to hurt him." Her voice was barely a whisper.

She heard Josh take a deep breath, and then he ground out, "Okay, he's your husband, and I know you love him...but does that mean I can't love you too? Because I

do, Hale. I fucking do! I can't just let this go! Not after Friday night. You want me too. I know you do, Hale!"

Haley couldn't get a breath. *Dear God!* Josh was saying that he...loved her? Shock washed through her. What was she going to do? She was about to answer when Harry's quiet voice came from the door behind her.

"Tell him to come on over."

Haley turned her gaze to Harry's handsome face, and she went pale. "Harry, I—"

Harry shook his head and startled her by smiling slowly. "If that's the man who gave me my wife back, I want to meet him."

Hale bit her lower lip. "Look, it was only a one-time thing, and it won't ever happen again, but I desperately..." And then his words kicked in, and her eyes widened in shock. "*What?* You mean...you're not angry about this?" Her voice was a shaky squeak. She stared at him foolishly for a moment, almost losing her hold on the phone. Josh's deep voice came through the receiver, but she couldn't focus on his words. She started to lift the phone back to her ear, but Harry reached for the phone, taking it from her numb fingers.

He drew a deep breath and said quietly, "This is Haley's husband—Harry Gregory. I know this may sound pretty fucking weird, but would you please come over?"

Haley could hear Josh's deep voice coming through the phone. "Look, Harry...this wasn't Haley's fault. It was all mine. If you have a bone to pick with anyone, let it be with me."

She watched tensely as Harry lifted a calloused hand and ran it through his hair. He sounded amazingly calm about the whole thing. Was this the jealous, dangerous man who had nearly beaten Greg Haworth senseless just for asking her to dance at the junior prom? He glanced at her pale face and smiled slightly.

"Thanks for that, but this isn't about me being pissed at you or Haley. It's about what Haley needs. Will you come over?"

When he handed her back the phone a minute later, Haley took it and stared up at him, shocked—and not a little confused. “Why, Harry? I was never going to see him again. I made my choice. I don’t need another man. I only want you.” Her eyes were wide with fear—whether for Josh, for Harry or for herself, she wasn’t certain. She had seen Harry nearly kill someone in rage. But Josh was bigger, and he might hurt Harry in a fight. And if either one of them got hurt, she would just want to die! She shook her head at that confusing thought. How the hell could she be worried about both men at the same time?

Harry sank onto the chair opposite hers and reached out to run one long finger down her cheek to her mouth, watching her flushed face. “Up until last Friday night, I was thinking about asking you for a divorce, Haley.”

Haley stiffened. He lifted his hand to halt her reply and shook his head slowly. “But then, some miracle awakened in you the things I didn’t seem to be able to. Brought my beautiful, sexy, hot wife out of her cocoon, let her spread her wings and let her fly.” He shook his head and drew a shaky breath. “I wondered a bit after that night. I wondered what had happened to change your mind. I guess I realized from the first that it had to have been a man. My ego felt the blow...but you were suddenly everything I had ever dreamed you would be. You let me inside that shell you’d built around your heart, Hale. And I figured, what the hell? If this is the man who did that, then I owe him. I owe him big time. If you could only imagine how long I waited for you to make love to me like you did that night—even knowing he’d had you first—I knew I would rather share you than lose you.”

Haley couldn’t believe her ears. She couldn’t believe what Harry was saying to her. She shivered with reaction and then whispered, “I desperately needed him, Harry, making love to me, doing the things you never wanted to do to me, giving me so much intense...pleasure.” She closed her eyes at the memories. “But when I came home and saw you getting ready for bed, I knew that I also wanted you. I realized how much I needed you, Harry—*you!*” She lifted her eyes to his face. “I know that sounds

so...wrong. I felt so...guilty! You're my husband, and I cheated on you. I want Josh...but I want you. What's wrong with me?" She ran both hands through her hair.

Harry smiled crookedly at her pained expression. "I know you love me, baby, but I love you just as much, and if this man can give you something I can't, then I want you to have that."

"But—" she started to protest, and his mouth came down hard on hers, cutting off her words, stopping her protest, making her forget her own name. His kiss set her afire. His soft but firm lips teased, nibbled, opened to invite her tongue to invade his heat. And she took his offer, exploring his mouth hungrily as her hands burrowed under his shirt to slip hungrily over his hair-roughened chest. Here he was, telling her he had planned to ask for a divorce, and she was practically molesting him? She struggled to control her need.

When he lifted his mouth from hers, he whispered hoarsely, "I'm pretty fucking pathetic, baby. I got to the point where I wasn't even trying. I let a few things you said stop me from wanting you. So I found someone—a temp from the office—and I fucked her a few times." He shook his head when she started to speak. "I did things with her that I would never do with you. It made me...realize...understand a lot more about what a woman wants. What *you* wanted. What I wanted from you. After Sheila, I knew that I was doing everything wrong, baby! But by the time I got my head screwed back on, you were moving away from me and I was losing you." He rubbed his temple with his fingers. "And no, I don't see her anymore. I haven't seen her in two years. But she opened my eyes wide and clear to what women need in bed. I just didn't think you wanted that. Maybe I should have tried harder. Worked at trying to please the woman I love. But I let my ego and my pride stop me. Well, never again, Hale. Never again."

Haley bit her lip and breathed softly, "I was afraid you'd found someone else. I guess I halfway expected it. I had closed you out. And after that, you just stopped asking. And so did I. We both screwed up royally. But now we both have our heads screwed on straight—so what are we gonna do about it?" She gazed at him and realized

that she was almost holding her breath. He pursed his lips and reached for her hand, playing with her fingers as he seemed to be considering her question. When his answer came, she could hardly believe her ears.

"He loves you too."

"What?" Now she was totally confused.

"The man you were with—he loves you too."

"How on earth can you know that?" She frowned at him. "He enjoyed some mind-blowing sex with me—nothing more. He doesn't love me." She shook her head. But she knew better. Josh had admitted how he felt just minutes ago. Why was it so hard for her to believe that two men wanted Haley Gregory? Harry's voice cut into her thoughts.

"He wanted me to know this wasn't your fault. He took the entire blame for it. I don't know many men in his position who would risk getting their head blown off by a jealous husband just to protect a woman's reputation." Harry's lips twisted wryly at her astonished look.

She nodded slowly. "Yeah...I can believe he might have done something stupid like that."

"Yeah. He sure did. And that makes him someone I know would never try to hurt you. So if he shows up—and if you still think he's hot—I'm gonna make you both an offer you can't refuse."

Haley swallowed hard and bit her lip nervously. He had that look in his eyes...the look that told her Harry was about to do something drastic. She prayed to God that he wasn't going to put a bullet through both their heads and bury them in the basement!

* * * * *

Josh climbed the steps to the porch with a wary stride. Was he fucking nuts? What the hell was he doing, walking right into a jealous husband's trap? The bastard might be waiting to blow his fucking brains out! Or worse, castrate him! He winced at that

unpleasant thought. But as he jabbed the doorbell and stood back to wait, he realized that he would rather take a bullet through the brain than never see Hale again.

He waited, wondering if he should have worn a flak jacket to this meeting. From what he remembered of Harry Gregory, he was gonna end up with a couple of broken bones, no matter how good he was with his fists and feet. He just hoped one of them wasn't his fucking neck!

The bastard had been the fastest son of a bitch on two legs in high school and had the thick head of a mule. He'd seen the man almost go down under half a dozen linemen and tackles in that last homecoming game in Haley's senior year, and he'd shrugged them off like they were ants, then finished with a fantastic touchdown run of sixty-five yards.

Harry Gregory was one mean, nasty, junkyard dog of an SOB, and he didn't doubt that this was gonna hurt...a lot! He sure as hell wasn't gonna get many return shots in, so he steeled his resolve and rolled his head on his neck, loosening up for the first hard punch.

The door swung inward, and he found himself warily staring nearly eye-to-eye with the man who'd up and married Haley ten years ago. At six foot six inches, Josh had met few men who could meet him at eye level, but Harry Gregory was a good six foot four inches or better, and it was pretty close to even. And the man carried an attitude with him everywhere he went, the kind of attitude that screamed "don't fuck with me". He waited for the violent reaction to his presence and nearly stumbled over his own feet when the man stuck a hand out and said, "You're Josh Barnes, aren't you?"

Harry stared at the kid who used to trail Hale around like a drooling puppy, and his gut clenched with a clawing jealousy. The son of a bitch wasn't a gangly kid anymore, and he could see exactly what his wife had seen when she'd fallen into bed with the younger man. But he could also see clear, honest eyes, a firm, strong grip, and

the power that this man exuded. The kid nodded and said quietly, "Been a long time, Harry. Sorry it had to be a meeting like this. I always sorta idolized you."

Harry twisted his lips into a wry, tight smile. "Come on in. I'm not packing my .45."

The kid stepped through the door. Haley stood in the hallway arch, twisting her hands together and biting her lip uncertainly. Josh hesitated, then asked tightly, "You okay, Hale? He hasn't..."

"Down, boy—she's fine. No beatings. No stonings. I happen to love my wife very much. That's why you're here and not lying on your sorry ass in the street with all your teeth missing." Harry's voice was taut.

Haley raised her hands and stepped quickly between them, her hands resting on their broad, hard chests. "Stop it! I don't want either of you to get hurt. I...love you...*both*."

Josh blinked and stared down at her, then lifted his eyes to stare at Harry. Harry lifted one dark brow and twisted his lips. "You heard right, kid. And that's why you're here. There's coffee in the kitchen. Come on in—you too, Hale. Move it."

Haley poured three cups of coffee and sank into a chair between them at her white-painted wooden table, her mind whirling and her body shivering. Here she sat, sandwiched between two big, menacing, sexy-as-hell males who both were looking each other over like they were taking each other's measure. She had half expected Harry to challenge Josh to a duel at noon, but her husband just took a sip of coffee and looked up, asking softly, "Are you in love with my wife, Josh?"

Josh swallowed his mouthful of coffee and raised his gaze to Harry's. "I've loved Hale since before you married her, big guy."

"That why you came back here?" Harry's question startled her. She glanced at Josh curiously. Could Josh actually have come back here just for her? She shivered at that thought. A girl could get a fat head over this conversation!

"Yes." The answer almost floored her.

"You ever been married?" Where the hell was Harry going with this conversation?

"Came close once. But I couldn't get Hale out of my mind, and I didn't figure it would be fair to Helen to marry her when I could never really love her." Josh's quiet admission made Haley almost fall off her chair, and Harry twisted his lips.

Harry's eyes moved quietly from Josh to her, then back. "You know I'm never gonna give her up, don't you?"

Josh nodded slowly. "You'd be a fucking fool if you did."

Harry nodded. "So that leaves us in a difficult position, don't you agree?"

At that moment, Haley said in frustration, "Look, you two, I'm sitting right here! Stop talking as if I'm not in the fucking room!"

Both men shifted their eyes to her and waited. She swallowed hard to ease the tightness in her throat. She turned to look at Josh. "Look, I'm married to Harry. I love Harry very much. And I love you too—but I don't believe in sleeping around. What happened—happened." Her eyes moved back to Harry. "It doesn't ever have to happen again."

Josh clenched his teeth. "Like hell. I can't walk away. I did that ten years ago, and I won't do it again. Not when I know you love me too."

Harry nodded. "And I have no intention of walking away, so let's get a deal on the table, shall we?"

Josh lifted one brow and shifted his glance from Harry to Haley, then back. "What kind of 'deal'?"

Harry reached across the table and caught her hand, lifting it to his lips. Not to be outdone, Josh caught her other hand and ran his lips and tongue over her fingertips. Haley gave a yelp and jerked her hands back from them, her face bright red.

"What the hell are you two doing? Are you *both* insane? Am I up for fucking bids now?" She glared from one to the other.

Harry smiled quietly. "No. But since neither one of us wants to give you up, and you don't want to be realistic about Josh's need to be around you, I'm gonna take the initiative." He shifted his gaze back to Josh.

"We have a spare bedroom, kid. As long as you don't interfere with my time with my wife, you're welcome to move in—and when she...needs to be with you, I'll clear the hell out for the night. Sound fair to you?"

"Now wait just one fucking minute here!" Haley's shrill voice cut in as she made the signal for time-out. "Why the hell don't we all just share one big bed? One of you in back, one in front—all I have to do is roll over to switch partners, and we can all have fun!" she growled sarcastically, jumping up from the chair and glaring down at both men.

Harry twitched his lips and smirked at Josh. "Did she just offer what I think she's offering, kid?"

Josh whistled softly and grinned back. "Sounds like it to me. I'm never shy."

Two pairs of male hands wrapped around her. She was dragged back into their arms, and she felt as if she were surrounded. Josh was pressed against her back, and Harry was pressed against her front, and she thought she would melt into total sexual oblivion between them. Complete nuclear meltdown was imminent.

Josh's mouth pressed against her neck, and he whispered huskily, "I love you, Hale, and I don't care what I have to do, even share you with another man, to keep you."

Harry's lips moved over her cheek and forehead. He murmured huskily, "I want you so fucking much, I don't care if I have to wait in line, baby. I just don't want to see you unhappy. So which one of us do you want tonight?" His question left her breathless, her heart throbbing madly in her chest. Was she fucking dreaming?

Josh's hands cupped her ass cheeks while Harry's cupped her pussy. The heady feel of both men's hands caressing her so intimately left her reeling from the very thought of what they were offering her. It was sooo fucking wicked just to think of it! Josh licked the nape of her neck. Harry nibbled her lips seductively, and her hands moved slowly,

of their own volition, to cup Josh's cock behind her, and Harry's in front, making both men inhale and groan. A silly little fantasy she'd nurtured from time to time began to insinuate itself with silky little nudges into her mind, and she closed her eyes and let it build – grow – until she sighed and whispered, "I want both of you – *now*."

In unspoken agreement, Josh reached around to unbutton her jeans, and Harry dragged her tank top over her head, bending to kiss and tug on her nipples. As Josh dragged her jeans down and off, Harry stripped to the skin and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his body to savor her.

Josh stripped in record time and wrapped his arms around her from behind, his hands and forearms slipping between Harry's rippling abs and her ribs, as Josh's cock nudged taut and hard against her butt. Hale sighed and kissed Harry deeply, thrilling to the feel of both men embracing her. Josh's tongue ran along the nape of her neck.

Harry lifted his lips from hers and asked roughly, "So how do you want us?"

Haley turned and ran her palms slowly down their totally hot, deliciously muscular chests, shivering with the sudden white-hot shot of lust that engulfed her. She chewed her lower lip thoughtfully, and then she replied huskily, "I'm not sure how this will work, but I've always had this fantasy..."

Haley glanced at the table, and Josh hurriedly removed the coffee cups and spread his T-shirt over the cold wood as Haley eased back over the tabletop and Harry moved the chairs from the sides. It was a cozy, little round table, just big enough for four chairs, one on each side. Haley bit her lower lip then said softly to Harry, "I want you inside me – and Josh, I want you right here, at the head of the table." She arched and let her head fall back off the edge of the table, level with Josh's thick cock. "And I want your mouths on my nipples...I want you to suck me...hard..."

Harry pulled her gently down to where he could drive his cock slowly into her pussy, his hands on her waist to hold her firm, and Josh stepped up to the head of the table, his thick, distended cock bobbing next to her head. She arched, lifting her legs up

over Harry's shoulders, while she reached to circle Josh with her hands and pull him into her hot mouth.

Harry hissed in pleasure as the shift of leg position put a decadent, mind-blowing torque to their coupling, and he bent to take one nipple into his hungry mouth, while Josh reached for her other heavy, aching breast, pinching her nipple gently as she cupped his balls and circled his shaft to stroke with every deep suck.

Josh's blue eyes blazed as she took him into her mouth, and Harry watched her mouth and hands pleasuring the man, and realized with a jolt of shock that watching his wife sucking on Josh's thick cock made him hotter than hell. He fought to believe that it wasn't the cock that got him hot—it was the sight of his wife taking it into her mouth, watching her hands stroke and cup and tease the kid's balls and shaft. Harry was shocked that he was getting so fucking hot watching the kid's big dick fucking his wife's sweet mouth!

He'd never thought much about a threesome, even though Jim had suggested it once or twice—that prick wanted into Hale's pants so fucking bad it nearly killed him when she walked by—but Hale needed men who loved her, not just lusted for her. And Harry was damn willing to share, when the other man was as crazy about her as he was.

He watched Josh close his eyes and bite his lip to keep from shouting with so much intense pleasure, and then his eyes moved over his wife's flushed, ecstatic face as she thrilled to both of them so eagerly. And he knew he'd made the right decision. He loved Hale more than his own life, and he knew she would never leave now, not when she had two men hot for her, loving her, taking care of her every need.

Hale arched as she orgasmed, thrilling to Harry's thick, lush cock moving so wickedly in and out, feeling Harry's hot mouth and Josh's strong fingers teasing her nipples, and Harry's talented fingertips working her clit as she whimpered and tightened around his shaft. Both of her lovers gave deep shouts of pleasure and

exploded. Josh pulled his cock away, keeping up the rhythmic strokes with his own shaking hand as jets of hot pearly cum wet her breasts and belly. Harry shoved hard and deep and convulsed, filling her to overflowing with his own heated, tingling ejaculation.

Yes...she *had* just died and gone to Heaven...

Chapter Five

Haley could barely believe what had just happened on her kitchen table. Hot, amazingly delicious tandem sex had just occurred, and she wasn't anywhere near ready to end anything. Her eyes slid over her husband's sweat-slicked chest, and she smiled wickedly up at him. "You aren't too tired to try something else, are you?" Her eyes lifted to Josh's flushed face and still-erect cock. The men glanced at each other, and a slow grin curved Josh's lips upward. Her gaze slid back to Harry, who lifted one brow and grinned.

"What did you have in mind, baby?" he asked in a husky drawl.

"I want everything. I want to feel both of you inside me at the same time. I want to feel both of you sucking on me. I want...oh hell...we'll figure it out as we go, but don't stop now!"

Josh laughed out loud and shook his head. "You know, you might want to be careful what you ask for, Hale. You just might get it!"

Harry slid his still-firm cock from her with a soft slurping sound, and Josh bent to tug one hard nipple into his mouth, while Harry moved instantly to give his full attention to her other breast. She closed her eyes and gasped with pleasure as a lean hand slid into the cum-wet folds of her pussy and began to tease her still-aroused clit.

"Oh. My. God! That feels so good!" she gasped, twining her hands into their thick hair to hold them to her breasts. Was it really possible for a woman to orgasm just from being sucked on? It had happened once – could she pray that it happened again?

Her pussy began to clench as their mouths devoured her aching nipples. The hand that tantalized her clit dipped inside her folds and began a slow, seductive assault on her G-spot.

Josh's voice whispered against her breast, "Ever been fucked in the ass, Hale?"

She felt a shiver of delicious anticipation thread through her body as the hand moved from her slick folds to circle her anal rosette. Her voice caught in her throat. The words wouldn't come.

"Some women like it." His tongue laved the curve of her breast. "But I won't touch you there unless you say yes."

Finding her voice, Haley gasped, "You're both so big! Will it hurt?"

Harry answered her timid question. "Not if we work you up to it."

The very thought of Harry taking her ass while Josh rammed hot and hard into her pussy made her moan with need. How delicious would it feel, having one thick, lush cock buried deep inside her pussy while her husband rode her ass? She shivered as the finger circled her rosette then gently dipped inside.

"It's up to you, Hale. We're here to do whatever it takes to satisfy you. But you have to say the words, sweetheart." Josh's warm breath brushed her nipple.

Harry's mouth returned to her other stiff nipple, and she whimpered at the pleasure. The wicked thought of what they were offering her left her breathless. And then she heard her own voice whisper, "Please...both of you...make love to me together..."

Josh chuckled softly and nipped her breast. "How big is your shower, Harry?"

Harry's lips gave one last hard tug on her swollen nipple, and he grinned down into her pink face. "Big enough for three..."

* * * * *

Her body was deliciously sandwiched between both naked, wet men, Josh's stiff cock nestled into the soft curve of her ass, and Harry's pressed firmly into the soft mound of her belly. Four hands soaped and caressed, teased and tantalized, while her own hands roamed over their soap-slick skin in a pretense of washing away the sweat of their earlier orgy on the kitchen table. Harry growled and murmured, "If you keep jacking me off like that, Josh will have to do it all, baby."

"Hell, she's got her hand wrapped around mine too, big guy. If she isn't careful, she'll get us both off and go without." His deep chuckle made her shiver with delight.

The idea of two hot, nude males nestled into her at the same time made her incredibly horny. She slid her hands over Harry's hard, deeply sculpted chest, and she whispered softly, "Have I died and gone to heaven?"

Josh's warm lips tugged at her earlobe. "You want me inside you, Hale?"

Harry's kiss stopped her answer as he drove his hot tongue deep into her mouth, and so she gave Josh his answer by reaching behind her and gently squeezing his thick, lush cock. As Harry devoured her lips and rocked his hips to tease her with his incredibly stiff shaft, Josh slipped a hand down to find her pussy and drag some of her own cream to lubricate her anal rosette. She shivered and gasped against Harry's mouth as Josh's long, calloused fingers inserted gently into her, working their way carefully past her tight sphincter muscle, until two long fingers were seated completely inside her anus. This was sooo fucking much better than her silver butt plug!

"That feel good, sweetheart?" Josh's mouth moved over her throat and nibbled her wet shoulder. Harry lifted his mouth from hers, his eyes glazed with passion. She barely managed to groan that it felt like heaven, before Harry lifted her bodily from the shower floor and dragged her thighs around his hips, fitting his cock into her dripping cleft. As he slid slowly into her pussy, she gave a little cry of delight and arched into him, opening her body to both men.

Josh groaned as she squeezed his fingers with her taut muscles. "You are so damn hot, sweetheart. I'm putting another finger inside you to stretch it more."

As she felt his fingers scissoring to open her, she reached behind her and clasped his cock in her palm. "Please...I want you inside me too..." she moaned.

"Anything you say, baby..." he rasped against her shoulder as he removed his fingers and rubbed the wide plum-shaped glans of his thick cock over her cleft, and Harry groaned.

“Sweet Christ! Whatever the hell you’re doing, kid, it’s driving me up the fucking wall!”

Josh laughed softly into her wet hair and growled back, “That’s my cock. I need to get it wet to get inside...so you mind if I get some cream in there?”

Haley inhaled sharply as Harry eased his cock back out, and a moment later, Josh’s hard, delicious shaft was deep inside her pussy, and Harry’s was rubbing over her engorged clit. She slid her hand down to touch Josh’s cock as it slipped in and out until it was slick with her cream, and before he managed to pull back out, she said huskily, “Harry, I want your cock in here with Josh’s...while he’s still in me...”

Harry stiffened for a split second, and then he was slowly pressing the tip of his cock into her body, sliding against Josh’s, and the painful pressure was amazingly erotic. Josh gave a shuddering groan and his hands wrapped around her body to clamp onto Harry’s shoulders. “We can’t get any more in there, love...too tight!”

Harry reached down to circle his cock to keep it from slipping back out, and his hand caught both cocks, holding them firm inside her as she gasped and moaned and orgasmed wildly, her pussy clenching tight around both.

“God, this is tight! We’re gonna tear her apart, Harry!” Josh groaned as she rocked furiously on them.

“You take her ass...I’m staying put...” Harry hissed as Josh withdrew from her overfilled pussy and slowly pressed his cock into her ass, past the tight muscle until she relaxed and gave a deep shudder of pleasure. Harry’s cock slid the rest of the way in, while his palm remained wrapped around Josh’s hard cock until it was buried to its root deep inside her tight, hot ass.

Haley drew a deep breath and closed her eyes as Josh slid deep into her, and Harry coordinated his thrust to be pulling back out as Josh drove deep. The result was the feeling that she was sitting on a child’s teeter-totter, as one channel was filled while the other slid out, only to plunge back in as the other eased out.

Josh's lean hands clamped Harry's hard buttocks and kept her husband locked inside her cunt while Josh rode her ass. Haley threw her head back against Josh's hard shoulder and turned her mouth to seek his. He obliged her with a hot, hungry kiss that was just the exact amount of erotic stimulus to nudge her over the edge of the abyss, and as she spiraled down into the overwhelming depths of orgasmic delirium, she heard Harry's shout of deep joy as he exploded inside her with a wash of hot cum that intensified her already marvelous orgasm.

"Oh...oh...oh. My. God!" she screamed in soul-shattering, orgasmic delight as Josh drove his cock deep and with a hoarse cry of release, flooded her with his own throbbing ejaculation.

She rocked her pelvis, wanting more...wanting them to remain buried deep inside her body forever. Josh's hot mouth caressed her back while Harry ran his mouth over her shoulder. And suddenly Haley realized with a sense of amazement that Josh was kissing Harry hard...deep...and both men's cocks were becoming rock-hard inside her once more.

Clamped between their thrusting hips, Haley thrilled to the heady delight...to the naughty pleasure...and to the amazingly erotic sight of her lover kissing her husband with open-mouthed lust as both men fucked her in the throes of their mutual moment of abandon.

Their movements were swift and hard, and then she heard Harry's muffled, "Sweet Jesus!" mingled with Josh's "What a fucking rush!" as they both stiffened, slamming their cocks deep as they both experienced what seemed to her to be earth-moving climaxes buried to their roots inside her body, as she gave a scream of pleasure and joined them once more.

Sore, but totally sated, she clung to Harry's muscular neck, feeling his pulse pounding erratically beneath her lips, and she felt Josh slide slowly, almost reluctantly out of her body with a groan of pleasure. Then Harry lifted her gently off his cock, setting her back on her feet between them in the pounding spray.

She almost collapsed into a puddle of bliss at their feet, and she felt both pairs of hands lifting her gently back to an erect position. Completely boneless with the intense pleasure, Haley whispered sleepily, "You were my dream come true...my marvelous hot dream come true..."

Her hands cupped and gently squeezed Harry's cock in front and Josh's in back, and she yawned capaciously. And she barely suppressed a giggle as Harry's muffled gruff voice came from somewhere above her head, "Next time you put your fucking tongue in my mouth, kid, expect it to get bitten off..."

Josh's deep, warm laughter shook her as he wrapped his arms around her tightly and whispered against her ear, "You were sooo fucking worth the wait..."

About the Author

Fran Lee began writing romance novels at the age of 14. Life intruded on a budding writing career—namely, paying the bills, raising a family and the usual run-of-the-mill things that leave a writer no time to pursue a career as frivolous as authoring romance books. Or so everyone told her. But she never gave up on her childhood dreams of writing.

Other things caught her fancy over the years—horses, eBay, martial arts, not necessarily in that order. Over the years, her childish dreams were set on the back burner over and over again. But the things that caught her fancy blossomed into self-confidence—she achieved her black belt in her chosen martial art, spent a fortune on eBay and had the great pleasure of owning a number of wonderful equine friends.

Now she concentrates on her various fancies by collecting horse statues and figurines, teaching karate to kids, and spending time dragging out those old romance novels and bringing them up to snuff for the 21st century. The dream has come true—and it was well worth the wait.

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

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