

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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Her *Three-Way*  
Merger

ELLORA'S CAVE  
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## **Her Three-Way Merger**

*Cerise DeLand*

Sexy exec Sienna Galvan never mixes business with pleasure, until she calls a meeting with the two hunky football stars who used to be her next-door neighbors and her teenage fantasies.

But Cord and Tate Ryder take one look at how sweet little Sienna has grown into an irresistibly luscious lady and they make her an offer she can't refuse—three-way negotiations on their sofa, their yacht and their bed.

Thrilling to their risqué explorations of her body, she revels in having them both at her command, together and separately. But when they drive a harder bargain than she imagined, she must find a way to do what's right for her business *and* what's best for her heart.

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Her Three-Way Merger

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# *HER THREE-WAY MERGER*

Cerise DeLand

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BMW: Bayerische Motoren Werke AG Corporation

## Chapter One

Sienna Galvan pulled into the circular drive of Cord and Tate Ryders' sprawling Texas Gulf Coast hacienda and promised herself for the hundredth time she would cement this deal *fast*. Then she'd get the hell out of the brothers' infamous lair with her contract signed. "No matter what," she vowed, and flicked off the ignition to her new little red BMW.

Dropping the keys in her briefcase, she snatched up her suit coat from the passenger seat and stretched up to check herself out in her rearview mirror.

Golden eyes twinkled back at her in gleeful anticipation of meeting the two men whom she'd last seen twelve years ago. She pressed her full lips together, loving the satin feel of the new cherry lipstick that added zing to her little white blouse and body-hugging black suit. She glanced at her bright red fingernails and wiggled her toes peaking out of the pricey stiletto black pumps. Going for the classy look, she'd even pulled up her cinnamon hair in a French twist.

No detail spared for the boys who used to live next door.

She swung her long legs out of the car and stood to don her coat. Eyes on the Ryders' umber wooden front door, she ran her palms down the lightweight cotton skirt that fitted her curves to a tailored T and grabbed her briefcase.

The rambling ochre-and-emerald-trimmed house hugged the sandy Gulf shore of the Ryder brothers' one-hundred-acre private beach. For two men who had grown up in a blue-collar neighborhood and made themselves into two of the richest bachelors in Texas, Cord and Tate had done well. They had done it with their bodies as linemen for two national football teams.

*I did it with my body too.*

But not by blocking passes from boys. *Oh no.* That hadn't happened to her until she lost her baby fat at eighteen doing hot yoga and earning her way and saving every penny she could to buy her own salon and spa in Houston. That success, built on her instinctive abilities to read men's intentions, now led her to the doorstep of the thrill-me-with-one-look Ryder brothers.

She pulled herself up to her full five foot ten then walked toward the beautifully carved door. Yes, she definitely felt confident with her plans to play up the CEO image on a toned body the Ryder brothers couldn't remember.

"But after we negotiate this, you boys will never forget me." She lifted the brass knocker and let it fall once with a resounding thud. Inhaling the fragrance of the purple bougainvilleas climbing the porch, she let their aroma infuse her with serenity about this carefully planned meeting.

For more than a month she'd prepared her logic and her paperwork for this encounter with the brothers who had been her childhood friends and her adolescent fantasy lovers.

*But that's changed now.*

Now they were men she was going to buy land from. Period.

Impatient to make that happen, she knocked again. This time, she heard a bass voice say a few words to another and she held her breath.

But she lost it when the door swung wide and the man standing there was so much better than her memories or her wet dreams.

Cord Ryder blocked out all else. He was the pale blond older giant of the duo, big, buff and golden tan. But she had forgotten how even at her height he dwarfed her, towering over her with his sharp, winged brows and his wide, lush mouth. The Viking, everyone called him for his ability to overpower his quarry. With muscles so massive, he looked like he wore armor beneath his clothes.

His crystal blue eyes blinked in surprise. "Sienna? Is that you?"

She nodded, grinning at how luscious he looked. *Damn, I've gotta stop eating him up with my eyes. Where is that cool exec I vowed to be?*

She put out her hand to shake his. "Cord, wonderful to see you." *May I see you without the navy polo and khakis?*

He grasped her hand and drew her forward. "Not as much as I am delighted to see you, honey." He grinned, flashing his white teeth and the darling dimple in his left cheek. She wanted to kiss him there, just like she had when she'd been sixteen and horny to have him feel her up. "What a sight," he crooned as he lifted her arm in the air and had her turn in a three-sixty. "Your real estate agent told us you were a beauty but he didn't do you justice. I need a hug." He dragged her into his demanding embrace.

Overwhelmed, she dropped her briefcase to the floor as she opened her arms to the undeniable attraction this man held for her. He pressed his six foot six honed wall of muscle against her, his warm hands spanning her back and molding her flesh to his. This close she felt the steely ridge of his cock and her pussy dampened in creamy delight.

"Let me see those eyes, honey. I always loved the gold." Cord lifted her chin. His gaze, the translucent blue of the Caribbean, flowed into hers with hot intent. "Wait 'til Tate sees you." Cord winked. "We'll wish we'd invited you sooner to come visit."

She laughed. She knew that the reason they had lost touch in the last twelve years was because they all left the old neighborhood after high school graduation. The Ryders had gone on to Texas college football stardom and the pros. She'd gone on to beauty school. Meanwhile, the Ryder brothers had become famous, rich and, according to the tabloids, devoted to putting notches on their belts. Together. With the same woman. And then moving on to another when their appetite for her died.

"I'm happy to be here now." She strained back from his embrace, her hips pushing against his impressive erection against her tummy. In her damn frilly thong, she felt her channel gush with desire and cursed herself for wearing the skimpy lace. *Should have*



*worn an iron girdle with a lock and thrown away the key. How the hell can I keep from jumping his bones?*

"Is it possible?" came a similar but gruffer bass voice from behind Cord. "This cannot be Sienna!"

Cord swung to one side, one arm still curled around Sienna, as his brother came up and enfolded her in another bear hug.

Tate crushed her close, his body more wiry, if not quite as tall. She pulled back to note how his navy blue eyes absorbed hers, how his auburn hair dipped over his broad brow. Big Red Ryder. The fast one who moved in on objectives and captured them before they ever knew what hit them.

"You guys are even more handsome than your pictures," she told them.

"Newspapers," Tate mourned. "Bad black-and-white pics."

"Color does you boys more justice," she teased.

"But you are the beauty," Tate said, lifting her chin, just as Cord had done. "All that hair and that bee-stung mouth."

Cord agreed. "You always did look like a hot summer day."

"Well named," Tate offered. "Turn around, baby." He made a spinning motion with his index finger.

She chuckled at the affirmation that they loved her looks and spun. "You guys are not going to charm me into more favorable sales conditions, you know."

"No?" Tate swung her up off her feet. "Give us a chance, baby." He planted a torrid kiss on her lips. "Soft mouth." He dived in for another mating of lips, rubbing his against hers and then plunging his tongue between her teeth. His thorough invasion had her squirming against him, pushing at his chest but rejoicing at his steely cock against her belly. But the fact that she'd lost the welcome warmth of Cord's arm around her made her pull backward, looking for him, needing him too.

She arched away, collecting some objectivity. "Great welcome, boys. But gee," she sparred with Tate as her gaze strayed back to Cord's sweet one, "can a girl have a cool drink in this August heat?"

"Sure." Tate slid her down his torso, letting her feel his stiff shaft as she went. "What's your pleasure?"

*Cord. I'd like a taste of Cord. Her tongue licked her lower lip. What the hell is wrong with me? I want only his signature on the bill of sale. "How about a margarita?"*

Tate snapped his fingers. "Comin' up! Salt? Rocks?"

"Sounds good," she told Tate as Cord stepped to her side and put a hand to her back to lead her forward. His power was so insistent, she felt swept away. Cared for. Enchanted. Like she had when she was a teenager and he had advised her on who to date and always took the first dance with her at high school socials.

But suddenly she paused at the sight of the expansive living room filled with white leather sectional couches and two huge chaise lounges. A room for seduction. *Great. How strong am I?*

"Come on in," Cord urged her in a velvet tone. "How are your parents?" He indicated the sofa with the sunny view of the iridescent blue sky and ivory shore.

"Both gone," she replied, having put behind her the grief of losing her beloved parents. "My mother last year, my dad five years ago." She sank into the sumptuous leather and inhaled the salty smell of the sea wafting in through the sliding glass doors. She didn't want to linger on small talk. She wanted to get down to business. *Now.* Before she lost focus and began to feel any more craving for their hunky bodies. She crossed her legs, erasing her adolescent dreams of having one kiss her while the other filled her cunt with his cock.

Yanking down the hem of her skirt, she smiled at Cord who settled himself next to her. But his long leg pressing along the length of hers sent sparks radiating up her thigh to her tummy. She cleared her throat and her head. "And how are your mother and father?"

"Our mom lives in The Woodlands now," Tate told her, referring to the upscale suburban area of Houston, while he strode around the bar, mixing their drinks.

Cord flung an arm around Sienna's shoulders to rest on the back of the sofa. "After Dad died, we bought her a new house two years ago."

Tate chuckled. "She hates it."

Tate's loose-hipped walk had her wondering what he looked like without his neatly pressed chinos. But then she felt a shiver up her spine as Cord stroked her shoulder with one languid finger. She shook her head and tried to keep on topic. "Ah, let me guess why she doesn't like it. The house is too big?"

Both men laughed.

Sienna smiled. "I bought a new one for my mom too and she couldn't wait to get in. Then, once she got there, she couldn't stop telling me about how tough it was to keep clean!"

"What did you do?" Tate asked.

"I got her a maid."

"Us too!" Cord crowed.

They all had a good laugh as Tate sauntered forward with three large green-tinted glasses, trimmed in salt and limes. He handed her one, another to Cord. "Our best white tequila, baby. Straight from Mexico, by boat. Ours. We'll take you out later."

"Oh, I don't think I should."

"Don't think." Cord gave her a little hug and her nipples pebbled, yearning to be played with. "Let's enjoy the reunion."

*Can we do that in a bed?* Sienna gulped at her raw desire while her traitorous pussy pulsed. "Sure."

"To the three of us." Tate led them all to raise their drinks in a toast. His gaze drifted down from her mouth to her pointed breasts and her bare legs then checked

Cord's eyes and nodded to him. Finally, he winked at Sienna. "Long overdue to have you here, baby."

She shifted at the very idea that she could have them. Have them both. Now. Here. After all these years of wanting and needing their bodies inside hers. Envyng other girls who had. *No!*

She trembled and sat straighter. She was *not* going to be had here. She was going to buy their land, cut their check, get their signatures on the deed and get back on the road to Houston. *And sanity.*

"Thanks," she managed, lifted her glass and took a long, welcome drink. She let the cool liquor slide down her throat and closed her eyes. She had to cool off here before she melted from desire. She took another sip, licked the salt from the rim and let her tongue whisk it from her lower lip. But when she looked up, both men watched her every move.

Tate crouched down in front of her, putting his drink to one side and wrapping his cool fingers around her ankles. Then she noted how a huge bulge peaked his trousers.

She wriggled beside Cord, who placed his drink on the side table.

"How was the drive down from Houston?" Cord asked, two of his fingers now making patterns on her shoulder.

She clenched her thighs together to please her demanding pussy. Damn, what did she have to do here for relief? Excuse herself and go tickle her clit in the bathroom?

"Hey, honey?" Cord flowed closer, his fingers trailing down her shoulder toward one of her breasts. "The drive here?" His kiss-me blue eyes smiled down into hers. "From Houston?"

"Right. The ride." She blinked. "I loved it. It's about time they finished that piece of highway. I needed some time to think about this reunion." She let her eyes dance from Tate's into Cord's.

He peered into her eyes. "Why's that, honey? Surely you know how you have changed from the chubby whiz kid who tutored us in math."

"Calculus and algebra," she refined his statement in a rush to douse the raging need for him between her swelling labia.

"Whatever." Cord grinned so broadly that his dimple appeared and he flowed closer. Now with his chest flush to her side, she felt her skin prickle with a sheen of desire. "We never forgot you."

"Wow," she whispered as his endearment made her press her knees together in another pitiful attempt at self-denial. But her nipples were so needy now they abraded her lacy bra. She squirmed in her seat as more thick cream soaked her thong. "Wonderful to know."

Cord's lambent gaze darkened to a stormy blue. "Did you ever forget us?"

"No, how could I?" *How could I stop dreaming of having you both? Even one was too much to hope for!* But she smiled broadly, instructing herself to be coy, cool, play their game. Play them off. Get what she wanted. So she looked from Cord to Tate, who was sitting now at her feet. "You are both famous."

"And with a few more bucks than when we all lived in south Houston, thank god," Cord added.

Sienna's mind raced from the niceties of old friendship to the necessities of her negotiation here today.

But she noticed how Tate looked at her with hunger in his eyes and Cord examined her mouth like he would devour it. To save herself and her deal, she had to lead them away from anything that didn't look, smell or taste like business.

"Look, guys," she sat forward and realized she missed Cord's little finger strokes, "I am here to buy your land. All one hundred acres of it. And you already turned down my first two offers."

"For good reasons." Cord ran his flat palm down her spine, warming her in the air-conditioned room. "So let's talk hard facts."

Startled at his change in tone, she glanced at him and a movement in his lap had her eyes traveling to his fly where a giant hard-on stretched his chinos. "Okay, I'm ready," she whispered, her mouth watering with the knowledge she was being seduced here whether she liked it or not. But she did like it. And she shouldn't. Not until she got what she wanted. She cleared her throat. "Let's hear why you aren't signing."

Tate chuckled. "Cord insisted we see you."

She spun to Cord, whose mellow blue eyes were burning down every barrier between business and sex. She had to halt that meltdown with a firm stance. "You know who I am. What I was offering. Nothing has changed. Or will."

Cord whispered, "I wanted to talk here at home. Just the three of us."

"He's right," Tate affirmed. "Take your suit coat off, baby," Tate instructed her, no room to maneuver in his tone. "We're hot but you must be sweltering in that. Let's get down to business."

Cord peeled the cloth down her arms.

And she let him, her whole body quivering at the mere idea of being naked with him and Tate. "How long can it take to get two signatures?" *How long could it take to make love to these two men whom I've wanted since I was a teenager?* "I think this should be quick and easy."

"Not quick. But very easy to give you what you want, honey." Cord lifted her chin up toward him. "And in the end, Tate and I know it will feel great to give you what we need too."

She began to jump up, afraid she wasn't knowledgeable enough to handle two men at once. But she halted. How did a woman do that, anyway? And not die of ecstasy? The girl in her had wanted both of them at once. Did the woman?

Her pussy throbbed and she knew her answer was *Yes, oh yes, I want you both. Just like I always had. Any way you want me.* In a small but determined voice, she laid ground rules for whatever came next. "But you have to know that whatever happens here my offer is the same as my real estate agent's."

"Fun first." Tate inched closer, his tone all business but his gaze lush with desire as he removed her shoes. "Business later."

Cord put his mouth to her ear, and whispered, "We have to taste you." And in her surprise, she dissolved in his hands as he lowered his demanding mouth on hers and probed her inner recesses with a spearing tongue. "Every inch of you." He splayed his fingers in her hair, sent a few of her hairpins flying, then claimed her lips again while one hand covered her breast.

"Give me this," Tate commanded and took her glass. "I want to show you where this margarita really tastes good." And in a second, she felt his cold kiss on her kneecap while his cool fingers parted her legs and stroked up her thigh. He went a few inches more and threaded his fingers around the crotch of her thong. She bucked, trying hard to hang on to her sanity and not just come right now like a frustrated nun.

"Oh Christ, bro," Tate groaned as his knuckles grazed her slit and she moaned at his tantalizing nudge. "She's sopping wet for us."

"Open for him, honey," Cord crooned to her, one hand cupping her head, his other undoing the buttons of her blouse. "Do it and I am going to kiss your pretty mouth again while he gets his fingers all juicy with you."

She eagerly widened her legs but the damn tight skirt was such a hindrance that she whimpered in frustration. She undulated while Cord slipped his palm into her bra and lifted out a swollen nipple. She arched into his caress. "You both have a reputation. Worse than in high school. Ah, god, that's great, Cord."

Cord rolled her nipple between two fingers. "Did you pebble like this for me in high school?"

"Yes, yes! Kiss me there!" she ordered, shocked but proud of her demand.

"Should have told us, baby," Tate said as he delved beneath her thong and caught a few curls of her bush to gently tug at her heavy lips. "We would have done you."

She squirmed at how Tate's pull made her give off a succulent sound and damn, if she didn't want to hear it again. On a shaky breath, she argued, "No, you would not." *I was your fat little next-door neighbor.* "I was your tutor."

"We could have been yours," Cord murmured. "I would have loved to initiate you."

"Oh Cord." *I'd have given you anything you wanted.*

Tate grunted. "Ever had two guys before?" His mouth moved up on the tender skin of her upper thigh and made her flex her buttocks in torment.

"Never."

"Want us now though, yes?" Cord was nipping at her tender skin.

"Oh yes." She trembled as Cord peeled her bra away and she let her big breasts sway forward in bold invitation.

The two men sucked in their breaths.

"Gorgeous," Tate ground out. "Enough for us both."

She sat straighter, wildly free and loving it, pushing out her round, firm globes for them to feast on. This was what she had craved for years. Both of them wanting her. Just her. For one day, one night, however long they wanted. "But the question is," she preened, thrilled that her boldness here matched what she had in her boardroom, "are you boys enough for me?"

She stood and the two of them held their breaths. She smiled, the cat in her coming out. "Don't move, boys," she commanded them as she reached for her skirt and pulled it above her thong. "Want to see what's under this?"

Tate steadied her with two hands to her hips, fingers hooking on her skimpy lingerie. "I want to eat what's under this."



Cord stood, cupped her face and turned her head. "I want to fuck what's under it. Just like I wanted to years ago."

"Oh god." She spoke on Cord's mouth and pushed her mound against Tate's seeking hands. "I wish you had told me."

"Why?" Cord nipped her earlobe. "Did you dream of us?"

"You both were my fantasy." *For too long. And now here I am loving this. Doing this. Whatever the cost.* "I taught myself how to masturbate thinking all the while it was the two of you I had doing me."

"That's what we hoped you were doing," Tate murmured.

"We did our own masturbating, thinking we were pleasing you," Cord said, giving her tiny kisses and little tugs on her nipples. But we didn't say or do anything because we respected your virginity. And the three of us were good friends."

"Now, baby, we're living the dream." Tate pressed his face to her silk-covered bush. "God, you do smell good. Let's get the rest of your clothes off."

"Oh yes, we have years to make up for." Eager, she shook out the remaining pins in her hair to let her long waves fall around her shoulders as Cord unbuttoned her skirt. She circled her hips in a seductive swirl and let the little thing fall to her feet.

Tate groaned. "What a pretty shave job, baby. A heart?"

"I just had it done yesterday," she blurted out. *Did I do it because I planned to seduce one of you?*

"I need to see." Cord bent and moaned then drove two blunt fingers in her slit and swirled them in her cunt as he looked his fill. After long delicious moments of his caresses, he extracted his fingers and nestled her backward into his arms, offering her to Tate. "Lean on me while I get two nice handfuls of your luscious breasts and Tate tames your cute little kitty."

Tate's hands steadied her and pushed open her labia that she knew was hot and slick with want. Lolling her head on Cord's shoulder, she felt the air conditioning cool

her greedy little channel and drive her mad with longing. "You have the prettiest cat, baby. Let me lap up your cream." And he dived into her with his hot tongue and sucked her from clit all down along the length of one lip and back up to her tender bud.

She trembled as his fingers circled her hot swollen clit in deliberate torment. "Wonderful. Don't *stop*. Um. Who knew you liked me. Wanted me."

"Loved your big breasts," Tate declared between generous swathes of his tongue.

"And we just bet that your kitty needed kisses," Cord declared as he pinched her nipple, "and lots of petting."

"From you, yes. I wanted to have you both," she got out, breathless.

"We gave you lots of compliments while we walked to school each morning," Cord said, nudging his brother's mouth aside as his own fingers dived to her pussy once more, rubbed a fingernail across her clit and made her shiver.

"Oh guys," she crooned as Tate removed his brother's fingers and nibbled at her tender labia. She bent to watch this wonderful possession. "I thought you were talking about my brains!"

Cord kissed her shoulder. "You were so sweet, so different from all the other girls. You meant a lot to us." And beneath his breath, he said, "*To me.*"

She kissed him, madly sending her tongue inside his mouth.

He pulled away to add, "We never found anyone to compare."

"And we tried a lot of women, baby." Tate pumped his fingers slowly in and out of her, making her grind her hips. "Now we know you've got it all. Better than years ago. Curvy body. Creamy cunt."

"And the smoothest, firmest breasts," Cord whispered, biting her ear.

"Mmm, love the compliments." She swayed in Cord's arms as Tate pulled out of her to spread her folds open wider.

"Oh Cord," Tate told his brother, "you are going to love how red she is. The plumpest lips I've ever seen." He leaned forward and she felt his searing tongue lave one lip then the other and around and around her sensitive bundle of nerves.

She shuddered, wobbling on her feet.

"A swollen clit too. Huge hard-on for us."

She wilted against Cord. "Unless you guys want to see me waste my cream by dripping it on the floor, you'd better let me lie down!"

"Soon," Cord growled, his lips on her ear. "You need to hear how we're gonna love you, honey. It'll make you wetter for us both."

"Couldn't happen." She felt Cord remove one arm from her and fiddle with his trousers. Then she heard the slide of his zipper and she pleaded with him, "Cord, let me see that, feel that inside me."

"Everything you want, honey. First, I'm going to give you my cock from behind." Cord trembled and she could hear him rip open a condom and lightly snap it on his cock.

"Ohhh yes," she agreed to any way Cord would give it to her. She'd had all her fucks with men in the missionary position and damn, that had grown pretty boring. But to have Cord—and Tate? She strained to get her footing as Cord pushed between her cheeks, so devilishly warm and big. She spread her legs wider to receive him. "More, more," she demanded.

He slid his cock along her wet seam and made her groan at the bliss. "For now, just feel."

Then like an intricate dance they had choreographed, Tate bent and put his strong tongue to her clit to circle it while Cord plunged between her thighs from behind. She whimpered in approval.

"She likes it, bro." Cord teased her nipples with quick tweaks. "Eat her more."

Tate withdrew and blew cool air on her clit. "Makes a man creative in his fucking when he sees a tight body like yours, baby. Best of all, you taste like candy."

Cord grunted and pushed between her lips in a sinuous rhythm. He nipped her shoulder, and declared, "You were our friend and you made Tate and me hungry for women. For years we couldn't understand why women didn't have hips or big breasts like you."

"I haven't had any man who really appreciated them," she confessed.

Tate tapped her clit. "Now you've got two men."

Cord's voice melted her. "But first we're going to satisfy you and us with a hot, juicy piece of your cunt."

"*Oh please,*" she agreed, thrusting back against Cord as Tate followed her forward then plumped up her labia so that he could scrape his teeth over her bud. "You're making me crazy." She reached down to touch Tate's cheek. "Stop eating me."

"Why, baby?" He kissed her tender pussy. "You hate this?"

"No! I've never been eaten so well! I just need to have you inside me! One of you inside me!"

"Never been eaten this well? Good. Tate and I will show you the best time."

Tate licked her clit again. "What do you say to having both of us, baby. One at a time and then both at once. Sound good?"

At the very idea, she felt her cunt pulse and she bucked to be free. To be sated. "Oh, my favorite dream."

"Easy, sugar pop." Tate grunted as he pinched her clit and made her grind her teeth. "We're gonna do you proud." Then he stood, released his trousers, let them drop and she gaped at the size of him. The beauty of him. From the looks of him, though, he could not be as big as Cord. *And if he's not as big as Cord, how huge could the penis be between my thighs?*

"Tate," she got out on a rasp, delirious with want and past caring which one possessed her first, "I want that inside me. One of you inside me. Please."

"Tate!" Cord grumbled and held her up as she began to melt to the floor. "I am first."

Sienna saw Tate's eyes rise above her head to look at his brother. Whatever passed between them, she could not define or even care. At the moment, she only craved one of them to fuck her and to fuck her now.

"One of you needs to fill my pussy or I'm gonna die here," she insisted.

"Right! And that's me!" Cord swirled her up into his arms. In two strides, he had her in front of a chaise. "Kneel down here, sweetheart."

She sank to the floor, eager to put Cord inside her. She pressed her torso to the chaise. The slick hide was a cool shock to her searing desire as Cord lifted her ass higher.

"I'm so ready," she whimpered. "I'm swimming in cream."

"Okay, honey, I'm gonna use your lube," Cord whispered to her ear. His fingers plunged inside her and she pumped back against him as he swirled his fingers in her juice. "Love the sound of that. Ever been so hot for a man?"

"No, only you," she cried, wild with need. "Do me."

"Darlin', I am gonna fuck you hard." Then he pushed his rod between her thighs, stretching her deliciously wider and nestling himself deeper with each ram of his cock. She gasped with delirious joy and shot back to get more of him. "Cannot believe how happy you are to feel me, honey," he muttered, and jerked her ass tightly to him with one steel arm to her waist. Then he sent himself deeply inside her cunt with a searing thrust and held.

"Ah god!" she shouted, unable to believe the size of him, the heat, the heft, spearing her with a reality that surpassed all her silly dreams. She arched back, straining one arm

to touch his cock at his base and pet him. She whimpered, a question in her mind. "Is that all of you?"

"Not quite." He pushed her forward, one hand drifting up her back to her hair and driving her down over the chaise. "Let's work you a bit to make sure you get all of me in that luscious cunt." He bent over her, his moist, mammoth body searing her in white heat as he primed her with smooth, full probes of his cock, and gave her a sweet hard ride as she howled in pleasure. "Hard and wild."

"Yes," she cried. "Give it to me! I've needed you. Oh god. For years."

At that, he slammed into her from behind with a powerful rhythm that made her clutch and scratch the chaise. The world died. In her mind, blazing red passion burned everything inside her except the fires of his cock. She'd never had any man ride her like that. With such force. Such care. At the thought of his sweetness, she could feel her labia swell with raging need, her cunt moisten with enough cream for two fucks, three, who knew. She built toward a ferocious orgasm that had her baring her teeth and digging her fists into the leather, shouting how she needed him.

"Enjoy, honey. Let go for me." And he pounded her, as one big hand came around to her waist and his fingers sank down into her slick folds, found her clit and rolled her to a screaming madness that left her wet and shaking in one huge orgasm after another.

Cord bent over her, pushed her damp hair from her cheek. "Want more?"

"Oh yes," she crooned, eager as a teenager to have the lover of her fantasies.

"Good. Sit up." One of his hands circled round to lift her chest back against him so that she sank down on him and he thrust his shaft inside her once more. She thrashed her head in delight as Cord's rod went right up inside her and she felt fulfilled. She looked straight ahead and smiled at the sight in front of her.

Standing before her was Tate, his cock rigid, his hand stroking himself to a bursting red. "My turn, baby."

She licked her lips while Cord stroked her pussy with his shaft deep inside her. Almost sitting on his immense thighs, she nodded. "Come here, Tate. Now."

He sank forward, knees to the chaise, his beautiful blue-veined penis at just the right height to take him into her mouth.

"You do need me," she said with pride at the sight of his slit offering her drops of pre-cum in invitation. "Let me lick that for you."

Both men moaned.

Cord shot up higher inside her and she wiggled her ass down so that he knew she had claimed him for herself.

The taste of Tate was sexier than any man she'd ever had this way. The tang of the sea mixed with an aroma of lime aftershave he'd put on hours before had her rolling her tongue over her lips. "Tate, darlin', you taste like sunshine." And she reached out to cup his shaft in her hand and steady him.

Cord groaned.

Tate's head fell back and she bent to take him in her mouth from tip to impossibly long root.

"Oh hell," Tate cried. "You are talented, baby."

Cord said something beneath his breath and twisted his cock higher inside her.

She flowed around Cord like a woman well loved and squeezed his penis with her swollen, demanding muscles. "I love your salty cum. Can I have more?" she asked Tate like a kitten needing another bowl of cream.

"Anything you want, baby. Tongue me again."

And she did. She put her mouth around him and sank over and over again with a precision she didn't know she had. She licked him and caressed his base so that he ground his teeth and threw back his head to groan. She kissed his tip, and said, "Hold yourself steady, Tate, or I can't get you off." And he did as he was told, so stoic and so straight that she silently praised his control.

Until she made him come with such a force, he shouted and pulled away from her. She swallowed in triumph.

Inside her, Cord began to move like forged steel. She gripped the chaise with desperate fingers. Cord pumped her, grinding her to frenzied aching delight that made her whimper. She came all around him while he burst inside her with a fierce shout. Moments later, the two of them collapsed together, she flat against the white leather, now wet with her perspiration and he atop her like a second skin of hot liquid glass.

And still, he didn't move.

In a minute, Tate murmured his approval of their coupling and ran soft fingers through her hair. Then she heard him rise and push away. She raised her head and watched him walk to the back of the house. At the sight of him, she squeezed her vagina in hard admiration of Tate's tight ass.

Cord groaned with the pressure of her muscles then fingered her clit so that it was her turn to moan in approval.

"Cord," Sienna whispered, thrilled at his newest response, "how can you be ready so soon?" She glanced over her shoulder and she knew she sounded sated and sultry as she asked, "Oh, can we do this again?"

He pulled out of her so quickly, her head spun. The emptiness had her clutching her abandoned little pussy.

"Don't go, Cord."

"Not a chance I'm leaving you now, Sienna." He hauled her up from her knees and caught her up in his arms. "We're gonna use a bed."

He marched out of the living room and down a long hall into a huge bedroom. She vaguely realized the room had floor-to-ceiling mirrors and the biggest damn bed she had ever seen. Cord set her down on the mattress as if she were a pirate's precious prize. But his muscles were taut with tension and his eyes were blue stormy pools. He combed her hair back from her brow. "Need anything before we party, just you and me?"

"Yes, yes," she managed to regain a bit of sense amid the passion. "Let me do a few things."



She pushed him back, running one hand along the beautiful big shaft that had possessed her and amazingly was still semi-erect. "I promise to make you come again, Cord."

Murmuring senseless words, he stood and rolled down the condom, his seed filling the reservoir to overflowing.

She got to her feet but swayed, almost falling from the strength she'd sapped with the power of her orgasms.

He caught her up. "Want me to carry you?"

"No, no," she murmured. "I need to freshen up." She ran a hand down his massively beautiful chest, abs and long hard cock. Her heart stopped with the memory of how many years she'd yearned for him. How much she'd loved him as a teenager. How thrilled she was to have him now, as a woman. All to herself. Finally. She pressed her mouth to his and told him her biggest secret. "Oh Cord, I have wanted you for years."

Suddenly, the tempest that had swirled in his gaze since she'd arrived lifted. He gripped her upper arms. "Have you, honey?"

"No one else ever came close. You were kind, polite, a gentleman."

"You were sweet, smart and a good girl I knew I should treasure." His blue eyes absorbed her, devouring every inch he saw. Then he tipped his head toward the bathroom and winked. "You better get in there fast then because I am about to gobble you up right here and now, Sienna Galvan."

She wanted to shout her success, but in joy she twirled around for him, arms in the air. And when he grabbed for her, she darted away. "No following me. I promise to be back as soon as I can."

"Half a minute, that's it." He narrowed his gaze on her breasts and her pussy. "Or I'm gonna come in and take you wherever you stand."

His insistence touched her, and she whispered, "Oh, I'm pulsing just thinking of that," and then she narrowly escaped him reaching for her.

She went to the bathroom, rinsed with mouthwash, ran fingers through her hair to let the curls drape down around her shoulders and her pouting nipples. Thrilled with the prospect that she was about to make love solely to Cord Ryder, she pinched her hard little nipples in glee, blew a kiss at herself in the mirror and made certain to stroll into the bedroom like a reigning princess.

And what she saw had her halt in her tracks.

He lay in the center of that disarmingly big bed, propped up on huge pillows, his bulging arms curled behind his head, his broad, tanned chest glistening in the pale light, his legs splayed out. And between them stood the longest, thickest piece of steel she had ever seen. Naked, red and ready.

"For me?" she asked.

He swept a hand down. "None other."

She sauntered forward, circling the foot of the bed. The sight of his shaft had her mouth watering. She wondered if she had really held all of him, if she could do it again but wow, was she going to try. And she had an idea just how. "I want to see if I can make that hard tool bigger."

And before he could respond, she undulated before him, her hands cupping the undersides of her breasts and swirling to some soft music in her head. She closed her eyes and shimmied so her breasts bobbed.

He groaned. "Sienna."

"Shh," she told him, and began to croon a love song she knew asked something about "How long has this been going on?" And as she danced, she thumbed her tender nipples, pointed them toward him and then lifted each in turn to her mouth. Letting her tongue dart out, she titillated the tip of one then went for the other.

"Sienna, honey." Cord crawled to the end of the bed like a lion, his cock and balls dangling as he reached for her.

She eluded him. "No, no, sweetie. My show." And she stood before him, her hands wending their way down her ribs to her waist and tangling in her wet pussy hair, pulling wide her slick labia, spreading her thighs and letting him see her hungry little cat. "My kitty needs a strong man to stroke her."

He cursed as she found her own clit.

Fingers of steel clamped around her wrist. "I," Cord growled, "own this cat."

Loving his barbaric demand, she widened her eyes at him but danced away from his grasp.

He was on his feet before her.

His face was flushed, his mouth taut with need. "I warn you, honey," he said as he squeezed his dripping red cock, "if you don't climb up there in two seconds, you are going to be spanked."

"Oh," she cooed, and brushed her tingling breasts against his torso, "do!"

He caught her up and set her sprawling, her breasts sliding over the silken sheets, her hips lifting to his touch. "Naughty baby," he crooned, straddling her thighs while his hands massaged her buttocks in deep muscular strokes. "You have such a toned ass." He pinched one cheek and she bucked. He slapped the other cheek.

She *tsked*. "Cord, that's no spank."

"No?" He slapped her other cheek. This time only fractionally harder.

She reared under him.

He slithered along her body and nipped her ass cheek in a soft bite. She writhed. He tilted up her hips and slapped her pussy so that she purred. "Can't hurt you, honey, but you taunt me," he complained, and he bit her on the other ass cheek, harder this time, dissolving her in joy.

"Let me make it all up to you," she offered, looking over her shoulder at him and down at his oh so appealing shaft. "I need to suck you."

If she had doubted his power before, she couldn't now as he picked her up as if she were a sack of flour and flipped her over. The breath left her lungs.

He hauled her up to a sitting position. With the fingers of one hand plunging into her juicy cunt, he palmed himself with the other. "Come on, honey, put your mouth around me. Do it. Before I explode. Take a taste and let's get to me fucking you."

She rearranged her legs, grinned up at him and took his cock into her hand.

He sighed, threw his head back and steadied himself as she squatted before him.

She bent to her task and he was definitely so much bigger than his brother. His cock felt longer and wider. She had to go much more slowly to take him all into her mouth, let him slide down her throat and then stroke him. Lick his length. Suck on his tip. Feel the silken iron of his rod, knowing this was hers, meant for her and had been for years. She serviced him with a reverence she knew was natural. She laved him with a care she knew was reserved for the man she had adored since she'd been a teenager and wanted the handsome boy next door. And when she would have brought him to completion, he shouted and withdrew.

"I need to fuck you," he groaned, "because you're mine!"

"Yes," she agreed as she tried to kiss his tip once more. But he drew back and cupped her head.

"You," he grunted as he splayed his fingers in her hair and spoke on her mouth, "always have been mine." He pressed her to the mattress. "Let me show you."

She grinned at him, wiggling to get her hungry pussy near his cock. "Hurry."

He took her chin and kissed her instead. Plundering her mouth with a demanding tongue that ravished all of her—teeth, tongue, lips—leaving her wet and panting for more. "I want the taste of you I've needed for years. A taste I've never taken of anyone else because the girl next door was my ideal."

She ran her tongue around her lips, thinking he meant his kiss.

But he slid down her body and pushed her thighs open, spreading her wide to his view. "Christ. You are so pretty in red and cream." He dipped a finger inside her cunt, scooped out some juice and licked his finger dry. "Try some, baby." Then he reached inside her to extract more and held his finger in front of her mouth.

She licked him, loving her savory musk and marveling at how much she had for him.

He outlined her labia with gentle fingertips as he told her, "Tate is the one who likes to eat pussy. His specialty." Cord bent to her labia and gave her one long lave of his tongue. "But with you, I'm gonna become an expert."

She whimpered in pride as Cord spread open her folds and sucked on her lips like a man in a trance. Breathless, she took the chance to stake her claim on him and murmured, "I need to be the only one you practice on."

He gazed up into her eyes. "You can count on me, baby."

*I know that. Have always known it.* She undulated in joy as he bent to his task.

And as if to prove his words, he feasted on her with singular devotion. He sucked her wet petals, laved her from the bottom of her cunt to the hood of her clit and kissed her heart-shaped pussy hair like a man who had been starved for her taste and her flesh for centuries.

Frantic to move but loathe to break his concentration, she grabbed handfuls of the sheets and bit her lip to keep from rising right up off the bed. She came like a mad woman with thunderous convulsions that had her keening. "Oh god, Cord, do me, fuck me, have me!" she screamed at him, one of her hands seeking out her clit.

He swatted her hand away as he sat back and brought her legs up over his thighs. Then he parted her and played with her pussy with one hand while the other grabbed a condom from the bedside table. With his teeth, he tore it open, smiling at her like a warlock.

"Let me do that," she told him, shaking in want and wildly hoping that her meager experience rolling one on would serve her well with the man she'd always wanted to impress.

"Hurry, honey." He handed the packet over and put his hands on his hips.

The tip of him wept in want of her and she smiled, her hands shaking while she tenderly covered him with the sheath.

"Good fit," he whispered, and loomed over her. "Let's see how I fit inside your lovely cunt." And in one sure stroke, he drove deep.

*Ah, yes.* She had had men before. She had come before. She had rocked and pounded against a man before and thought she knew what there was to know about sex and orgasms. But she hadn't known how she could flow with a man as his cock caressed her and she hadn't learned that she could go on, vibrating this time in tiny torrid ripples of delight over and over and over again. And as she drifted down and he collapsed above her, she knew she'd never find another man who could thrill her to the quick.

"You are," he whispered minutes later, "spectacular."

She smiled with lazy delight. "Not bad yourself."

He ran a hand down her arm. "Come for a boat ride?"

"Now?" she stretched like a sinuous cat and loved the decadence of it.

A wicked grin widened his lush mouth. "After a shower and some lunch?"

"Sounds good. Where?"

"Part of the deal. What we want to show you before we sign any papers."

She frowned, wary of a gimmick. She was a shrewd businesswoman, not prone to mindless seduction of any kind in a boardroom and never before in a bedroom. Could she have been fooled here? Seduced here beyond her own comprehension? Cord and Tate Ryder had been her friends and making love to them both had been a fantasy. But the one she craved had always been Cord. Kind, caring Cord. Had she misjudged him?

Let her body overrule her mind? Cord was not calculating. Had never been. But she could not, would not assume he remained the same as he was twelve years ago, despite his statement here in bed that she could trust him. Count on him. She had to count on herself, and so she replied, "I'm not certain I know where you're going with all this."

"Tate and I have planned this meeting with you for a long time."

Now she scowled, pushed him away and struggled to get up.

But he pulled her back. "I did not mean that we planned to seduce you. That just happened."

"What do you mean then? I'm not getting a good feeling about this." *And I'm trying hard not to break into tears that I seduced myself into believing this might have been something more than a glorious fuck.*

"Come out in to the living room. Let me get Tate and we can tell you what we've been thinking."

She lifted the sheet to cover herself. "Tell me now."

"All right, honey," Cord drawled, and leaned over to suck her nipple through the linen.

"Not fair," she objected, and shivered in delight at the tenderness of his lips.

"Let me get you my bathrobe and come join Tate and me in the living room." Cord stood, his body red where she had marked him with her lips and teeth and fingernails. "Both of us want to take care of you. Me, especially. Give us a chance to talk to you."

She stood and tugged on the sheet, wrapping it more securely to her. "I want to talk now."

He reached out to offer her a hand. "Let's go."

Marching out to the living room, she took a seat on the edge of one sofa and tucked the sheet demurely around her.

"Tell me what your plans are for the land," she said when Tate had joined them, khakis back on, just like Cord.

Cord stood in front of her. "Sienna, Tate and I want to sell you the land you want here on the shore. We listened to other buyers, heard their offers and were about to bargain with one but when we learned you were interested, we wanted you to buy it."

"So sell it to me and we'll be done."

He shook his head. "We have other things we want too."

"Like what?"

Tate smiled and nodded. "Hard cookie. Okay. We heard that about you. Come out for a boat ride with us." He nodded toward their dock.

She gazed out at the boat. Silly term. The thing was a gorgeous monster, three tiers tall and had to be long as a city block. *It's big enough to have a bed for three. Damn, what a temptation!* "Can't hurt, I suppose."

She knew too she didn't have to buy anything she didn't want. They couldn't force her and she didn't really believe they would try to persuade her only with sex. They weren't unfair. Never had been. As friends. As football players. And definitely not as lovers. So a boat ride wouldn't hurt and she did enjoy their company. She rose to get dressed. "How long a trip? I have to let my assistant know that I'm going to be delayed returning to Houston today." Declaring boundaries of time might help her control herself so that she wouldn't fall into any compromising positions with the scrumptious Ryder brothers. "I can't be gone long."

"We'll have you back here tonight about eight," Tate assured her.

Cord's eyes took a leisurely waltz down her body. "I promise not to make you do anything you don't want."

Tate opened his hands. "Me either, baby. Cord and I have a great interest in making you happy."

"Yeah, I get that," she chuckled ruefully, feeling more in control. *But I'll remember to make myself happy first.*



## Chapter Two

Sienna had always loved the sun and the wind in her hair. Racing along the Texas coastline south toward Mexico, she relaxed on the back deck of *The Long Hard Drive* and grinned to herself at its apt name. Cord's and Tate's toy, as they both called it, had a full galley and bar, a bridge where Tate captained and Cord assisted, plus a master bedroom with a bed that spread the boat's entire thirty-foot width. Just looking at it made her heart pound and her pussy cream. She wanted them again and frowned at her body's desire but adored the idea that she once more might have the two men whom she'd wanted most of her life.

But they were busy and she couldn't have them. *Not now.*

Attired in one of Cord's t-shirts and drawstring boxers, no bra or thong, she rubbed her thighs together in small compensation. Sitting on the luxurious deck chair, she almost resented the attention they had to give the boat.

She worked hard and long and might never have another chance to enjoy herself like this. She'd go back to being the hard-nosed businesswoman all of Houston praised. Chances were that after she bought the land, her relationship with the Ryders would end. Though she certainly enjoyed the hell out of sex with them both, she couldn't go on with that indefinitely. That wasn't who she was. Besides, she cared for Cord more than Tate and she'd been brought up to be fair. Fair and honest. With others and herself. So a three-way affair was not in the cards. For the long haul. But for now? She stood, ready to make them an offer for a bit of afternoon delight when she heard them cut the engine.

Sienna smiled to herself, flung off the t-shirt and dropped the boxers then marched up the stairs to the bridge.

At the top of the stairs, the two men were talking technicalities of their course and anchor. But when they saw her, they slowly turned. And when their eyes traveled down her nude body, they grinned.

"I need a little refreshment," she cooed, licking her lips. "Think you could leave the boat to do her own thing while we got down to preliminary talks?"

Cord glanced at his brother, pain lining his mouth. "You two begin while I drop anchor." But he didn't move.

Tate walked toward Sienna. "I'd be happy to oblige. How might the lady like to begin?"

She put one hand on her hip and eyed a sumptuous captain's chair. She sashayed over, hips swaying naughtily and sat down, thighs open. "My pussy needs some of your special attention, Tate." She spread her legs wider and tilted up her hips so that, she was certain, he could view all of her needy cunt, open and slick with desire. "Nice and creamy, I think, don't you?"

Both men nodded.

Tate stared at her pussy. "Drop anchor, Cord. I'm gonna get her ready for our negotiation." He unsnapped his swim trunks and they dropped to the floor.

Sienna loved the look of his long, red cock. "Bring that over here, baby. Let me taste that and then you can have a taste of me."

He took his sweet time approaching. Took forever to touch her as he examined every inch of her skin, mouth, throat, nipples and belly. He refused to let her lick him before he had plunged his thick fingers inside her and swirled them against her swollen walls. When she was panting, digging her nails into his sculpted shoulders, he sank to his knees and pulled her forward on her chair. As she keened in approval, he sent his tongue all along the seam of her outer lips.

Cord had not left but watched his brother, mesmerized.

Tate sensed him and paused. "Get out of here, bro. She's mine 'til you return."

Cord's glance locked on hers. Desire swam in his eyes and jealousy too as he departed in a huff.

Tate parted her to pinch her clit. "He'll be fine. And I won't claim his rights, baby. Christ, you are adorable," he murmured, and sucked on her nub with such force she cried out.

"Tell me," she fought for sanity amid his dexterous onslaught of her pussy, "what you boys want to offer me."

"Ah, did you notice the landscape when we stopped?" he asked, while he nuzzled her little heart-shaped pouf of hair.

"Mmm," she moaned, "not really on my mind at that point."

He chuckled against her lower belly, a welcome sound as she rocked against his hand. "We'll take you out on the deck again and while we all have a great time together, look at that land, baby. It's prime real estate." He bent down to circle her clit with flicks of his tongue. "Like you."

She laughed, a choked and happy sound as she began to come for him.

And then Cord reappeared. "She's mine now, Tate."

"No!" Sienna grabbed Tate's hair. *What am I afraid of? That I'm too attached to Cord for my own good?*

"Shh, baby," Tate soothed her, the flat of his hand to her cunt. "Cord wants to give you a big orgasm. And I want to watch." He rammed his fingers in her and she bucked.

"I want to come!" she demanded.

"Great!" both men said as they moved in symphony. Tate withdrew and Cord came forward to take his blue-veined shaft in hand, condom already on and drive it right inside her. In one long, hard ram.

Grinning at how well they made love, she clamped her pussy walls around Cord. She gasped at the size and heat of him, loving his arms pulling her up onto his mighty hips. "Oh god, Cord. Fuck me, sweetie." *As only you can. Only you should!*

He gave her a ride that pummeled her insides with striking force. He rode her fast and furious while he kissed her mouth and murmured how he needed her, only her. "I've never fucked," he said between slow strokes of her cunt with his long rod, "anyone like you, you know. You get so damn wet for me. What an angel you are."

"Heavenly," she panted in time with his claim, "is not what I feel at this moment."

"To me, you are." And he picked up his tempo to pump her in endless strokes to a delight that had her arching up and back in his arms.

How the hell he ever held her, she had no idea. But when she came to and realized she had lost her mind, lost her consciousness in his loving, she rubbed her breasts against him. He brushed her hair back from her face. "I want to see you again, after today." He traced her lips with one fingertip. "I want to see you often. Without Tate. Sound good?"

Her heart skipped a beat. His tenderness was what had drawn her to him years ago. It's what thrilled her now. She owed it to herself to spend more time with him. No matter what happened with their negotiation. Then she'd have more reasons to develop a relationship or end it.

So she nodded. "Sounds wonderful. Right now," she tried to sound more rational, "I want to see the shore." She looked over his shoulder, glad to see that Tate had disappeared and hadn't watched them at all.

Cord hugged her. "Tate told you about the land?"

"Not really. You tell me, Cord."

He gave her a few big hard twists up inside her cunt. "Hate to leave your pussy, honey. But I've got to get another condom on before we play outside on deck."

"Sure." She ran a finger down his cheek. "I want to fuck you again. Shall we let Tate watch us this time?" If she requested that, then maybe she could infuse some objectivity into the coming discussion. She wasn't sure yet that being captivated by Cord alone was in her best interests.

Cord smiled but it was strained. "Whatever you want, honey."

She walked out on deck, the sun and wind a caress that made her nipples blossom and her pussy lips swell in heat. Tate was still naked and though his cock was flaccid when she arrived, she watched it rise to greet her. Cord's never flagged and in the new condom, his shaft was a beauty she yearned to slide inside her again soon.

She walked over to Tate and ran her hand down his torso. "Come on over here, Cord." When he complied, she filled her other palm with his cock. She tipped her head toward shore as she began to prime both men. "Tell me about that land over there."

She saw them look at each other and nod.

"Shall we tell you while we treat you to a new delight?" Tate asked.

"Sure, I do want more." More great fucks. More info on that land—and what you boys are thinking.

Tate began to finger her pussy. "Damn, you are wet. Never had a woman so eager to have us both."

Cord brushed her hair from her cheek. "Are you sore?"

She squeezed her throbbing cunt walls together. "Not at all. What do you have in mind?"

"I want to fuck you in your pretty ass," he said upon her mouth. "Can I, honey?"

He sounded like a little boy but she felt so decadent, creaming at the wicked idea. So she nestled close to him. "As long as Tate takes care of my breasts." She teased Tate with a lick of her lips. "Are you as good with nipples as you are with pussy, honey?"

"You bet. One request though," he whispered. "Gotta taste your lube first. Then Cord can have all the sweet juice you can make, baby."

She spread her legs wide in invitation. "Come on, have me, both of you." And she felt Tate sink to open her, suck her until she thought she was dry and then come back up to coat her nipples with her cream on his tongue.

"Now," Cord said as he sent a hand between her buttocks to collect juice from her cunt with quick fingers. "You belong to me here too."

Cord massaged her oh so tender clit until she went as limp as a rag doll in his arms. Tate worked her breasts with the artful talent of his tongue and teeth while Cord took her cream and bathed her tight little hole with his fingers. He sank one finger inside then another and worked her gently until she moaned.

"Like that?"

"I do." Swift and hard, his fingers sent zings of delight from her ass to her pussy but she said, "You're too damn big."

"Hold her, bro, so I can fix that," Cord said as he pulled away and she was left hanging in Tate's arms.

When Cord came back, he had something thick and cool on his fingers that he rubbed all over her ass. "I've got gel on my cock too, baby, and we'll do this just a little at a time, okay?"

"Anything you do, I love," she agreed, marveling at her total surrender to this man. "I've never done this." She was squealing in joy.

"I know, baby. You are a virgin in so many ways." He kissed her nape and made her gasp. Then he inserted two fingers again to caress her and stretch her. "Let's get you loosened up. No better way than to come again like a banshee for me."

"Oh yes, oh yes. Do me there." She demanded, one of her hands going to her cunt.

"Ah, no, can't do that," Tate said. "Mine to work, honey."

"Right you are, Tate. Prep her." As Cord massaged her ass, Tate inserted fingers in her cunt to massage her heavy lips. The pressure, the pleasure made her throw back her head and keen. Then Tate's fingers left her as Cord gripped her hips and put his hot tip at her opening. In one small glide, Cord sent his cock inside her, stretching her a fraction, twisting up inside her until the pain became mad delight.

Stunned at her enjoyment, she flowed with Cord. Enthralled with his power, she loved the possession. Surrendered to it. Shook her hair back and let him ride her, more and yet a little more until she was crying for release.

He took her higher, deeper. Unbelieving she could do this, want this, need this, she pushed back against Cord. Dazed, she saw Tate step back to observe with fevered eyes how she and Cord loved each other with a harsh and beautiful rhythm. Her body caught fire, pounding with the flames Cord ignited. Her pussy convulsed, her tummy rolled and she felt her whole body heave with fulfillment. She screamed as shudders of ecstasy ripped through her and she came with the overpowering fullness of being so damnably well fucked.

Minutes later, they set her down on the chaise lounge she'd left before and she spread her sated body out in the sun. Cord removed his full condom and disposed of it while Tate came forward, bent over her and licked her breasts to cool her down. When Cord returned, he bent to finger-fuck her pussy. She was so tender and, amazingly, so needy that she orgasmed at his first stroke.

Dying to keep him, she clenched her vaginal walls around his fingers as she came in rippling successions. He grunted and she felt triumphant and powerful. "Tell me about that land," she demanded in a voice so husky she didn't recognize it as her own.

Cord glanced toward shore. "It's ours."

"One thousand acres, all shore," Tate said.

"You bought it?" she asked, coming up on her elbows to view the expanse of lush palm trees and endless white sands.

"No, we inherited it. From our grandfather."

She smiled at them both. "Your fair coloring is Catalan."

"Right. And our mother married an Anglo named Ryder. No hint she was Mexican."

"And all of this to bring me out here is because of what?" She led them on to their point.

"We want to use this land," Tate said.

"Make money with it," Cord added.

"And so you want to sell it to me?"

"Lease it," Cord offered.

She shook her head. "I only want to buy not lease. Leases are limited and I need the power total ownership gives me. Sorry," she smiled sadly, "my lawyers' advice."

"We can only lease it to you," Tate said.

"We can't sell it," Cord told her. "Ever."

"What amount do you want to lease it for?" she pursued the logic, even though she knew she had no collateral to fund a lease on such a huge property.

When Cord told her, she whistled and sat straighter. "Beautiful offer, guys, but I just don't want to lease it. Can't afford it at this point, maybe ever. Plus, over the long term, I don't want to be concerned with paying taxes to a foreign government. Too complicated."

Cord narrowed his gaze toward shore. "We want to leave the football team in five years. And we've got to think of how we'll invest our money now so that we never run out." He looked at her. "We want to partner with you to make a future."

"We don't trust others. We had offers. We refused them. Now that we know you again, know of your reputation and success, we know we want to do business with you," Tate said. "We trust you. We've always have trusted you. And now, after today, we have so much more in common." He reached out to lift one of her breasts and stroke the nipple. "You are a beautiful baby and we can see ourselves working with you."

She laughed. "And having a few side benefits too."

Cord chuckled and came forward to kiss her with languid ease. "I'll stake my claim now and tell you you'll be fucking only me, honey."



*And will you be fucking only me?*

She swallowed at the delicious idea of having Cord all to herself. Could he want only one woman for the rest of his days? *If he loves her*, her instinct told her. Biting her lower lip, she knew she had to go home and think long and hard about that.

She shook her head. "Why can't you sell me this land?" she persisted.

"Mexican law," Cord said. "This land can only be inherited from parent to child."

"So unless one of you has children, this land cannot be bought or sold." She got up and walked toward the rail. The land was, no doubt about it, a devilish temptation. "I can't lease it. Won't. I like control." She spun when she heard them chuckle.

"We know," Cord came to stand beside her. "We've learned that quickly!"

"Think it over," Tate said as he came to stand beside them. "Talk to your lawyer and your banker."

"We'll give you time," Cord said against her temple.

"Hmm," she grew saucy. "What else will you give me?" she taunted, and they both grinned at her.

"What would the lady like?" Cord asked.

"Ah." She pursed her lips, driven to have both men until she had time to figure out what to do about their proposition. And her love for Cord. "I'd like to try that bed in the master suite."

Two weeks later, the merest memory of how she had enjoyed herself with them on that magnificent bed had her pussy pulsing. Even in her office. Now. As she looked out over the skyline of Houston, said goodbye to her lawyer and hung up the phone.

His advice had been the same two weeks ago as it was now. "You like control, Sienna, and you have the bank's offer to fund your purchase for the Ryders' Texas property. Stop tormenting yourself. Unless you can think of a way to change the law on

the land inheritance, forget the Mexican property. Get the deal over for the Texas land. Make them an offer they can't refuse."

*Easier said than done!* Her hand covered her mound and she pressed her finger against her pussy. Since that day with Tate and Cord, she had given up wearing panties. And she had spent so many of her hours here in her penthouse office masturbating herself to creamy but lonely unfulfilling orgasms. Thinking of Cord, wanting Cord. Refusing his repeated telephone calls because she didn't want to be seduced by him until she was emotionally prepared to win what she wanted. And she knew one conversation with him and she'd run to him, fall into bed with him and might never have sanity enough to reason her way out of her dilemma.

Yes, in two weeks, she had concluded she wanted Cord. Only Cord. For his kindness, his sweetness and his luscious hot body. She'd never found a man she liked better. Never found a man she loved more. True, she liked Tate. Yes, she appreciated the two Ryder brothers' charming choreography of seduction. But in the end, she wanted only Cord.

So here she was, left with two desires.

Wanting that Mexican land as well as the Texan. And a future with Cord.

But how to get both?

## **Chapter Three**

Five days later, she parked her car outside Tate's and Cord's Texas house and knocked on their door. "Surprise." She grinned up at Cord when he answered and hauled her up into his arms for a searing kiss.

"Sweetheart," he said, stunned, hollow-eyed, his hair ruffled. "Terrific to see you here. But why not call me? Let me know you were coming? What the hell's going on?"

He was angry. She'd never seen him in the least bit irritated but he was not smiling at her now. Unnerved, she gathered all her resources, shook her head and her hair fell around her shoulders. "I wanted to take you off-guard," she told him honestly, brushing her fingertips over his stern mouth. "Kiss me hello again?"

"Sienna, honey." He cupped her head in one big palm and branded her mouth with his avid possession. "I missed you. You know I did."

"Me too." She told him and kissed him back.

"Why not take my calls?" He set her away from him, his blue eyes stormy, his lips harsh.

"I needed time to think, Cord." She smiled at him.

He didn't smile back.

She would not lose her nerve here! "Um, is Tate here?"

"Yes, come on in." He let her precede him inside and shut the door behind her. Then he crossed his arms as he called back into the house for his brother.

Tate appeared in a minute, brows high. "Sienna! What are you doing here?"

His greeting sounded more welcoming than Cord's but he didn't come to hug or kiss her. So something had occurred between them and that meant she shouldn't bet on any good outcomes now. She knew from years ago and from their time together here,

that Cord led Tate in most things. Subtly. But nonetheless, if Cord was mad at her, she might never get to square one in her negotiations. She whirled away as she unbuttoned her suit coat. "I came to strike a three-way deal, guys."

She let her coat fall to the floor and worked on the tiny buttons of her silk blouse. Both men caught a breath and advanced toward her. "I would like to open the discussion with a few hard points." She shrugged out of her blouse to reveal nothing but bare skin and diamondlike nipples.

"Sienna." Cord breathed harshly, his eyes clouding even as they caressed her body. "I like your points already, honey."

Tate shook his head, glancing at Cord and then her. "I'm not sure of this. What's your pleasure, baby?"

She inhaled, aggressive as she always was in business but now relishing the power of her nearly naked body on these two men. So she whisked a hand over the button to her skirt and let it drop to the floor. She stood naked and proud. True, she'd rehearsed this encounter in her head. Could she pull it off and drive the bargain she wanted?

"I'd like to have you come lick my pussy, Tate." She fingered the seam of her plump sleek cunt where yesterday she'd let her best aesthetician give her a complete wax. She was hungry for good loving. "I need your mouth on me."

Cord's jaw flexed. "And then?" he challenged her.

"After Tate does the preliminaries, Cord, I want you to fill me up with that long, hard rod of yours, sweetie." She shot a glance at Tate but he wasn't moving. Instead he was frowning at his brother. And she rejoiced she might be going where she wanted here.

"Cord?" Tate rasped. "Talk to me. You've said so often lately you didn't want me to be involved with her."

Ignoring his brother, Cord growled at her, "What if I don't want him in on my action?"

Thrilled that Cord was angry about Tate's participation in any sex among them, she was more delighted that she saw in Cord's behavior the answer to her question about how much he really cared for her. Plus, she now knew that their ménage had been a point of discussion and perhaps even a point of contention between them recently. "Tell me why."

Tate spread his hands wide. "He's possessive, baby."

Cord strode toward her and grabbed her arms. "I want you. Clear?"

She was so giddy with joy she almost melted and blew the whole deal right there. "Really? How badly?"

"What?" Cord asked, fury burning his cheeks.

She'd have to remember never to upset him again. She swallowed, and asked, "How often do you want me?"

"As often as I can get you naked and spread out on a bed or a floor or that sofa over there."

She grinned and let her breasts brush against him. She licked her lips and put her fingers to his firm mouth. "I want you too." She glanced at Tate. "But in certain ways and with my rules."

Cord shook his head. "No. If you've come here to ask for both of us to fuck you, my answer is no. You are mine." He dared his brother with fierce eyes. "She belongs to me. I've told you that these past few days. From now on, only I fuck her."

"Cord," Sienna cautioned while inside she jumped with joy at his words. "Let me make my offer to you and then you tell me if we can do business. Okay?"

"Business?" Cord asked, confused and now wild. "Forget business! I want to talk about you and me."

"Yes, me too." Oh boy, was she really squeaking? She plastered a smile on her face as she looked up at him. "So let me begin." She backed away but the sight of them had her hungering for some kind of satisfaction, even if at the moment it could only be her

own. So because they had taught her by example to allow herself all types of great pleasure, she reached one hand to one breast and the other to fondle her swollen labia. "I have an offer for you. So do listen closely."

"No," Cord objected. "What you're doing there is making juicy noises with your cunt. I can't listen to business if you're doing yourself. You smell too good. You sound too good. Besides, I told you, that pussy is mine to pet."

"Okay," she agreed, thrilled with his declaration but pouting because her needy cat throbbed in wet denial. Promising herself she'd have pleasure in a few minutes, she walked to the sofa where she sat and demurely crossed her legs, hands at her sides. "This better?"

"Barely," Tate smiled, crossing his arms. "Go on. Let's hear it."

She took a big breath. "I don't want to buy this Texas land from you."

"What?" Tate froze, stunned.

"Why not?" Cord scowled.

"We thought that was the deal you wanted," Tate objected.

"Mmm, it was. Until I came up with this other offer." She smiled serenely.

"Go on," Cord urged.

Tate shook his head.

"I want to form a new corporation. Just the three of us. We'll use this Texas land to build my new spa and whatever else you both approve of."

"I don't understand," Tate said. "Cord?"

Cord narrowed his eyes at her. Hands on his hips, he surveyed her and licked his lips. "If you're not buying this land, what's the hitch?"

"Well," she tilted her head, "I know you wanted to lease me the Mexican land. And I have a way to develop both. You see, I want a unique three-way merger."

"I told you, Tate is not making love to you in any way shape or form ever again."

"I hear you, Cord. My offer excludes Tate from that," she declared, her heart racing. Then she looked at Tate, "Sorry but I had to make a choice. I had to make this deal the best it could be. For all of us."

Cord stepped forward, his anger less bitter but his body stiff with skepticism. "A good deal? That includes what?"

At the hurt and outrage on Cord's face, her remaining courage left her in a rush and she told him the crux of her deal. "Cord, I want you to marry me."

Cord blinked. "Say that again."

She gulped. "Will you marry me, Cord?" *Please, sweetie. I love you.*

He growled. "*Why?*"

She twisted her fingers in her lap and looked up into his handsome face as he so fiercely questioned her motives. "Why? Because I love you, Cord. I have loved you, oh all my life. And I want you to marry me."

"Not for any other reason?" he persisted.

She knew he meant to acquire the land. "You know me better than to think I'd be so mercenary. You know who I am at heart. And because I figured that if I don't tell you now how I love you, you might wait another twelve years before you see that there is no other woman who loves you more." *Before you realize that there is no other woman you could love more.*

His eyes danced in mirth. "Is that so?"

"Mmm, uh-huh." Damn she was losing her cool here. So she straightened and her nipples pebbled, doing quite a bit to attract his appreciative, amused gaze. So she told him what her instinct said was true. "And because I think you love me, I know we'd be so good together. So there. That's my offer. Refuse me, if you want." *Oh but you'll kill me if you do.*

He stood there, reared back, hands on his hips and laughed up at the ceiling.

Her heart fell to her feet.

Abruptly, he stopped. And then he closed the distance between them in two strides, hauled her up into his arms and crushed her to him. "Hell yes, honey. I'll marry you. Say when! I love you too. Always have. Damn, until we all got together here, I wondered why I never could get interested in any other woman. Then it hit me out on the boat. I had always loved you. Thought you were some teenage crush I should get over. But on the boat, I knew you were nothing as simple as a teenage boy's fantasy. I had to have you. That's why I kept calling. Wanting to meet, talk, tell you. But I do want you, honey. Loved you badly since we were kids."

"You do?" she asked, breathless, relieved.

"Yeah." He planted his hot lips on hers and made her heart stop with the blazing possession of his hands on her back, her waist, her ass as he molded her to him. "I want you and I want you wearing my name. *My* name." He clamped her close to his side as he twisted and looked at his brother. "What do you think, man?"

Tate grinned. "Like I said the past few days, Cord, if you love her and she loves you, then you have got to have her. I sure as hell won't stand in your way. This three-way was fun for me but some good things do end. Who knows? Maybe there's a woman out there I can love too. Besides, I think you both have found the best deal for the two of you. And I'll offer my congratulations but only after I hear the rest of Sienna's land deal." His gaze ran down her body. "You have a helluva sweet woman here, Cord and I'll envy you the hot loving. Though anytime, you know, if you want me in on the happenings, you can just call me." He wiggled his brows.

"No way, Tate," Cord snapped. "Our three-way romps are over for me. I told you that last week. We had our fun, you and I. But this is different. Sienna is different."

Tate nodded. "I always knew she was special to you, Cord." He grinned at Sienna. "I think he's been hooked on you for ages, Sienna and no other woman ever came close to interesting him. Maybe I led him down a garden path these past few years. But he's got this new idea that he's hot for only a one-on-one relationship with you. Ever since you walked out of here a few weeks ago, he told me to leave him out of any new



conquests. In fact, since you've been gone," Tate put his hands on his hips, "he's been a pain in the ass, moaning like a wounded lion that you wouldn't give him the time of day."

"Thanks, Tate." She was grateful for all his comforting words. They made the rest of this discussion much less stressful for her. Even though she was naked and in front of both of them and felt very naughty, she remained a savvy businesswoman whose objective had always been to get everything she wanted. "Shall I tell you the rest of the deal?" She glanced from Tate to Cord.

Cord nodded.

Tate sobered. "Spill."

She pulled out of Cord's embrace. This whole merger could still go south. So to keep their interest, she used the assets she had and strutted across the room. Her breasts bounced and her hips undulated. She faced the men and they both were open-mouthed and almost drooling.

"The reason I'm not leasing the Mexican land, is because when I'm Cord's wife, I won't have to. You both want that land developed and if you like my idea for a casino or spa or whatever, then I will get the loan to build it. If you want to put money down on the construction, good too. If not, your donation of the land is enough for me. We can work on the details later."

A wide grin brightened Cord's features. "Hot idea. No purchase of the Texas land and no lease necessary to develop the Mexican property."

"Okay, Cord," Tate said, "you know more about business than I do. Always have. If this sounds good to you, then I'm in."

Cord pressed Sienna to his side. "Sienna will be part of the family. She won't have to pay us anything and the fact that we're forming a corporation means we will share the profits evenly. Every one of us wins."

Tate scratched his head. "Well, I disagree, bro. I'm losing the right to have a piece of a terrific woman."

Sienna smiled at the man who would be her new brother-in-law. "I have a few very good-looking friends, Tate."

"Do they look like you?" His eyes met hers in a way that was more objective, less seductive.

She chuckled. "No, Tate, they're much hotter."

Cord pulled her close. "When would you like to meet them, buddy?"

"Oh brother. You two are gonna be insufferable, I can tell!" Tate turned and waved goodbye over his shoulder. "As soon as you two seal this deal, you can show me a few pictures of your friends, Sienna. Make it quick too. I'll be lonely in here, you know."

Sienna called to him as he left. "So you agree to this merger?"

"In every way," he called back.

"And you," she turned in Cord's embrace "you like it too?"

He put a hand to her mound. "Let me get inside this creamy pussy to show you how much I like this deal."

She tugged him toward the bedroom. "I need you, Cord. I've needed you for years and years."

"Honey," he said as he caught her up in his arms to stride toward the back of the house. "I was working the same idea of proposing marriage when you knocked on the front door."

"You were?" she gasped as he laid her on the bed, grabbed a condom from the bedside stand and stepped out of his trousers. He wasted no time claiming her as he shot his long hot shaft up inside her. "Oh Cord," she whimpered as she began to pump her hips in time with his, "I love talking business with you."

"Never had such a good merger, right?"

She nodded.

"And I," he kissed her lips, "have never had such a hot acquisition."

## About the Author

An award-winning author of more than two dozen romances and mysteries, Cerise DeLand creates heroes readers crave. Cerise has met many men in her worldwide travels and created the best of the best from all the wonderful places she's lived and visited. Today, she lives – and writes – in wild west Texas, where a never-ending stream of cowboys, vaqueros, para-military types and diplomats stroll into town and fuel her imagination for red hot affairs.

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