



*naughty*  
neighbors

CARA NORTH

# *Naughty Neighbors*

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## Chapter One

Thank God, it was Friday.

I really couldn't wait to get home. I had a date tonight. Not an actual date, but close enough. Lincoln Foxx, my next-door neighbor invited himself over for pizza and movies. Lincoln normally had a date on Friday nights, and, though we've known each other for six months, we haven't moved beyond the friend zone. Of course, I figure that's because we were neighbors and I'm, well, plain. The girls Lincoln brought around were a little more, well, blonde.

"Hey, Hanna, what's on the play list tonight?" Macy Dawson, my co-worker and best friend for the last ten years, asked as she clocked out. We're both secretaries at this oh-so-fabulous advertising agency. Whatever. If it were so fabulous, it would be in New York and not North Carolina. At least, that's the way Macy and I saw things. Both of us were born and raised here, but we didn't meet until we started working at Webster Advertising Incorporated.

"I'm doing some laundry, cleaning up the house. Nothing big."

I wasn't about to invite Macy over. Lincoln would spend his time making eyes at her and not hanging out with me. She's the quintessential woman: petite, blonde and perfect in every way a man would love to know.

"Tell Link I said hello." Macy smiled and bit her lower lip. Her lips had to be permanently stained by the red lipstick she wore. My cherry-flavored lip gloss wouldn't stain a white blouse, much less my lips "You know, I still can't figure out why you haven't made a move on that man."

"We live right next to each other. It would be too weird." I lied to us both, again. I was a chicken shit. That's the reason I hadn't made a play for him. And for all his rugged appearance and bad-boy lifestyle, Lincoln Foxx was a nice guy, a gentleman even. Sometimes I wished he would just step out of line and do the things to me I heard him doing to women through my walls.

"You chicken shit." Macy laughed and shook her head at me—she knows me all too well. "If you don't do something soon, next time I come over, *I'm* making a move. I don't live anywhere near you guys."

I took her warning to heart and flipped her off with a smile on my way out the door. Her boss happened to walk by as she returned the gesture, and the embarrassment on her face was priceless. Old man Perkins just smiled. At least, there was one nice thing about this company; it's fairly informal and everyone gets along.

All I could think of on the way home was Macy's warning. Great! Macy wanted to make a move on Lincoln. Hell, every woman who saw him wanted him. How could they not? He had muscles on top of muscles. Working at a construction site tended to do that for a man in his prime. And Lincoln was definitely a man in his prime.

I contemplated the last five years of my existence on the drive home. A year ago, Jerrod the jerk—who got a promotion over me—dumped me. We got along all right, but with every task asked of me as his secretary came the same condescending tone he used when we were dating.

Six months ago, Lincoln Foxx moved in next door and, within weeks, he was hanging out with me. I don't really know what brought him or his hot friends to my neck of the woods, but I was damn sure grateful. Too grateful to mess up my nice quiet apartment like I had messed up things at work with Jerrod. When I transferred to the second floor to be near Macy, I wasn't expecting Jerrod to follow. No matter how well we handled ourselves, it was still uncomfortable taking orders from a man I thought I would marry one day. No way was I giving up my peace at home. The apartment complex I lived in was one of several in a neighborhood about fifteen minutes from the beach. During the summer, people actually left so the landlords could rent out their homes to tourists. Thank God, my uncle owned mine. I had that security at least. I hadn't had a neighbor for months until Link moved in.

This thought brought a smile to my lips. Oh, what a joy moving day was for me. Four hot and sweaty guys unloaded his furniture and carried it inside. Too bad, it happened in February—they had shirts and pants on, if he moved in today he may have worn shorts and flip flops. The thought of Link in shorts and flip flops made a little damp spot soak through my panties... Christ, I wanted Link!

I liked him, and sometimes I thought he liked me, too. I mean, I wasn't a complete hag, and I hung out with the fellas like I was one of the boys, or at least I tried to. Hmmm. Maybe I'd been acting too much like one of the guys.

Once I got home, I took a long shower and changed into something more casual, and, by design, more revealing. My new strategy—Be a little more feminine around him.

Lincoln often hung out with me during the week, but weekends were a different story altogether. How I managed to get a Friday night with him was still a mystery, but a chance I couldn't pass up. The fact that he didn't want to go out and paint the town made me worry. Maybe he needed some friendly advice on a woman, although he never talked about other girls around me. In six months, I couldn't put a name to one banshee I'd heard screaming and moaning through the walls. They called his name all right, but I never heard him call out any of theirs.

I pulled on a peach tank top and black shorts to show off my tan. Looking in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, I decided I wasn't a small woman by any means. Size twelve shorts. Large top. But I wasn't out of proportion either. I liked to think that my body was womanly, but, the truth was, the whole *J-Lo* thing really boosted my self-confidence. My C-cup boobs rounded out the tank, and, though I could stand to lose a couple of pounds, I felt pretty good in my skin. I smoothed the top down and decided right then to make some kind of move on Link tonight—before Macy and her perky little boobs, and size three ass could get to him!

\* \* \*

I had just hung up the phone when the knock on the door sounded. His knock. The knob turned and in he strolled like he owned the place. Lincoln was all of six foot two inches of muscle and raw man. His brown hair dropped rakishly over his brow, and when those big brown eyes of his looked at me, my stomach flipped. Then he smiled.

"Hey, Baby J." Lincoln liked to tease me.

"You know I hate that." I scowled then laughed. My middle name was Jay, after an uncle. He saw my mail once and, ever since then, has called me Baby J.

"I know you *say* you hate it." Lincoln slapped the DVDs on the counter. "You order the pizza yet?"

"Yeah." I looked him over. He had on jeans; nice soft jeans that looked more like a second light blue skin than clothing. I swallowed and continued my perusal in a more obvious manner than I normally would. Up, up, over the worn fly that didn't hide the heavy imprint of his cock much. I could have sworn it twitched so I jerked my gaze past his shoulders and to his face before he caught me.

Too late. His head tilted to the side, and his arms crossed over his massive chest. The warm smile on his lips looked a little too cocky.

"Look your fill, Baby J. Hell, I'm here to please you." He threw his arms out and turned so I could get the full three hundred-sixty degree view. It was a move of arrogance, but one I enjoyed. "What's with you today anyways?"

"I don't know. I just... forget it." I bit my lower lip. I needed to get laid, and I really needed it to be with him. Six months of looking at the man, dirty and sweaty from work if I caught him on his way home, or clean shaven and comfortable like he was now, had all but set me on fire. I had never ogled him so openly though. Normally I just stole peeks.

"Oh, no, you don't. Don't go getting all super-chick on me. You always tell it to me straight, so let me have it." Link moved to the couch and motioned for me to sit down. I swore the man had a gravitational pull. Sitting on the couch next to him, I indulged in my favorite bad habit and worried my lower lip.

"Macy said she might make a move on you next time she sees you." I decided to test the waters first. See what he thought about Macy before revealing what I thought about him.

"So?" Lincoln stared at me as if he expected me to say more.

"So, do you like her?" I tried not to sound too interested. I tried to sound like one friend asking another a simple question. It must have worked.

"If I had nothing better to do, I'd fuck her. But no, Macy's too..."

“Short, too tall, too skinny, not too fat—that would be me...” I started rambling out some of the comments he’d made about other women he’d seen. Lincoln never had the same woman over twice that I could remember. Whenever we were in public and I pointed a woman out to him, he always countered any compliment I gave the woman with an excuse as to why she wasn’t his type. He had pretty much shut down all types of women, yet he still brought them home and made them wail. Or at least he used to.

“You’re not too fat. Why would you say that?” Lincoln looked sincere, but I really couldn’t picture him looking at me with an unbiased eye. We were friends now, and he always stroked my ego with compliments. He worked wonders on my battered self-esteem, and yet I hadn’t really noticed that before.

“So what’s wrong with Macy?” I wasn’t sure why I had to know. I just did.

“She’s just not relationship material.” Link shrugged then tugged on a lock of my chocolate-brown hair.

His hair was light brown with highlights from the sun, but my own mess is dark and thick. I wished I were blonde like Macy. Hell, I generally wished I were Macy sometimes. Macy was more outgoing, more demanding. I could be outgoing. I could be demanding. At least, I could try to be.

“And you want a relationship?” I snorted. It wasn’t ladylike, but, after six months of hanging out with Link, I didn’t have to be. We had already broken that barrier one late night with beer and burritos. I was too drunk to care then, and he thought it was funny, and though I haven’t farted in front of him since, I lived with the comfort that he knew I was real.

Besides, it was partly his fault. He had made me laugh so hard it slipped out. Jerrod would have counseled me on ladylike behavior and probably held back sex as punishment. But I’m not having sex with Link, though whenever he gets near I want to. The denial was a form of sweet torture. And the noise that came from his bedroom sometimes was a torture all its own.

“Hell, no. Not with just anyone.” Link raised a brow. “You?”

“Please. I barely have time to screw around with you, much less make a man a permanent fixture.” Lie. Lie. Lie. What I really wanted was to settle down soon. I was thirty, for crying out loud, and my biological clock was ticking. The two guys I’d brought over in the last six months just couldn’t measure up to the man next door. I didn’t even have sex with them. They were just like Jerrod, business types, all buttoned down and closed up. Lincoln was far from buttoned down. In the six months I had known him, I’d never seen the man in anything other than jeans and T-shirts.

“I’ve seen the riff raff you’ve dragged in here. It’s insulting.” Link stood, stretched and headed to my refrigerator for a beer. I wasn’t much for beer, but I keep it stocked for the man who was in my fridge right now. He twisted off the cap and looked at me. “Besides, you don’t screw me. We hang out, and we have plenty of time for that since we are *always* hanging out. Unless one of us is screwing someone else.”

“Well, maybe next time I screw someone else, I’ll let you watch.”

Beer sprayed across the small kitchenette as Link choked.

“Did you just spit beer on my counter top?” I had to laugh at him. I had no idea I could pull such a reaction from this man. With more confidence, I went to the kitchen, grabbed a towel and started wiping up the mess.

Lincoln took a minute to regain his composure, but, when he did, he grabbed both of my shoulders with only a slight amount of pressure and spun me around to face him. His hands were large, and his fingers callused from the work he did. He could probably snap my bones in two with just his fingers. But instead, he was melting them.

“I assure you I wouldn’t be here watching. If you were naked, Baby J, I’d be all over you. And if another man was in there...”

“You’d what?” Why did I cut him off?

“Well, there wouldn’t be.” Link shook his head. “That’s ridiculous.”

“Oh, so it’s ridiculous for a woman to fantasize about two men, is it?” I felt affronted for all womankind. It was a common fantasy, to have all the attention, four hands stroking, not just two. It

would never happen so I didn't see the problem in fantasizing. "But guys talk about having two women all the time."

"Well, it's an entirely different scenario." Lincoln looked at me as if I should see the difference. But I didn't.

"How?" I started to tap my foot.

"Well, for starters..." A knock sounded on the door. "Let me get that."

"Go ahead." I turned back to the counter and toweled up the rest of the spewed beer. I could see in his face that he was relieved to get out of the conversation, but this explanation of his I just had to hear. Why would it be better for two women and one guy to have sex and not for two men and one woman?

I approached as he took the pizza from the woman at my door. He handed her the money and frowned.

"Thanks," he said flatly.

"What?" the woman asked, with a hand now on her hip.

"Nothing." Lincoln kicked up a smile. He had a way of smiling at women that melted them on the spot. This one was no different. Her cheeks flushed, and she swayed a bit. "We were having a debate. I was hoping you were someone else."

I stepped closer to take the pizza box from his hands. It wasn't the regular seventeen-year-old delivery guy. So, just for fun, I told him to ask her.

"No." Lincoln looked too serious. "You don't ask a lady a question like that."

"But you were going to ask Jamie?"

The woman really looked put out now. She seemed offended he would let the seventeen-year-old pizza guy in on a personal question and not her. I could hardly blame her.

I enlightened our new friend. "He thinks having two men is gross but having two women is perfectly acceptable."

"Well, he's right." She looked at Lincoln.

I turned to look at her. Why would she betray another woman? Clearly, it was a joke. Then I saw her looking at Lincoln again, and, though she could easily be his mother, she still smiled and winked.

"See." Lincoln smiled in triumph.

"Absolutely." The woman laughed. "Two men would be a waste of this man's body, but, two women, now I think he might enjoy that."

"What!" Lincoln looked horrified, and I tried not to laugh. "Not two men for me—for her!"

"Oh, well, in that case... You go, girl!" The woman nodded and walked off.

"Ha!" I smiled with triumph now.

"So, you really think about that?" He followed me to the counter.

"I don't know." I shrugged and pulled two slices out for me and four for him.

The whole time I wondered how this became the direction of conversation. I was supposed to be making a move on him, not delving into my deepest darkest fantasy files. Had six months of no dick really fried my brain? I used a vibrator, did that count? I guessed not because it had been harder to get off using a vibrator lately, too. The only way I could orgasm now was by picturing Link's face between my thighs, lapping up my juices...

Shit! I felt the wetness dampen my panties for the second time today.

"Yes, you do." Lincoln grabbed his beer and plate and headed to the couch. I admired his back and his ass in those second-skin jeans he wore. I chewed on my inner cheek a moment and decided—what the hell.

"Well, I've read about it, and I have to admit it sounds very... erotic, you know?" I sat down quickly and took a bite off the pizza, all the while hoping I wasn't biting off more than I could chew with Lincoln.

"Two dudes?" Link shook his head. "No."

"Well, if it were women..." I started, but he cut me off.

"Now, two women..." He kissed his fingers like he just cooked the world's best dessert. "That, my friend, is erotic."

“You’re so full of shit, Link.” I laughed and sat my plate down in exchange for the remote control. He hadn’t grabbed it yet, and normally we fought over it.

“Give me that.” He reached for the remote. I jerked it out of reach. “Baby J, you don’t want me to come after it.”

“I’m not scared of you.” I put the remote behind my back and started tucking it into the cushion.

“That’s it.”

I managed a little squeal of delight like always when we played around. It was far less often than I liked. I felt his arms come around me, warm, hard and fast. Yep, that was Lincoln. He fought for the remote, for a moment, as I giggled and wiggled beneath him.

Then it happened. Just like that, the air changed, something sparked and suddenly I was more aware of him. Not the playful act of finding the remote, but the man on top of me. His strength, his smell. He always smelled good. But now, it was like he belted me in waves with his warm, spicy scent.

Without warning, his arms moved around me, pinning my hands back as his lips brushed across my neck.

God, they were smooth. My crotch felt like fire instantly.

“Link?”

“Mmm?” He groaned and settled another soft kiss on my neck. I was afraid of combustion, at this point.

“What are you doing?” It was a whisper of a question. Barely audible to my own ears. He plunged his hand past the couch cushion and grabbed the remote.

“Nothing.”

Just that fast, he was sitting in front of me, smiling a wolfish smile and dangling the remote. Was he teasing me? Just playing around or was he softening that line between us?

“Jerk.”

God, I could still feel his lips though they were a whole body length away now. I had to know what he was up to. “Why did you do that?”

“I felt like it.” He raised a shoulder then leaned back against the couch and started hunting for something to watch on television. “You need to get laid.”

“Apparently, so do you.” I figured he must. He must be deprived. Come to think of it, I hadn’t seen or heard any women in the last few months. When he first moved in, I could hear them at least three times a week. His bedroom was right next to mine. Sometimes the lucky lady would be so loud I would have to go sleep on the couch. Worse were days I silently joined them in my own bed with my vibrator. I took to using it in the bathroom at other times afraid he would hear it.

“So call Macy, tell her to come on over, and we’ll have a grand time.” Link winked. I could have scratched his eyes out for suggesting it, but it worked, created a little fever that I wasn’t expecting, so I turned it around on him instead.

“Call Abe and invite him over, and I’ll have a grand ole time.” This time, I smiled and winked.

If this was a game of chicken, he just met his match. I could talk a big talk. I had been telling everyone I was fine for the last five years. I told them that Jerrod meant nothing and that I didn’t mind working with him now. I told them that I was a big girl and could take care of myself. If I kept telling them this, I might just believe it myself.

“Abraham?” Link looked shocked. “Abraham, really?”

“Well, I can always say I fucked Abe Lincoln that way.” I laughed at my own joke, but Link looked at me sternly. Not a trace of humor crossed his gorgeous face. “It’s a joke.”

“Not funny.” Lincoln settled back on the couch.

We sat there with an uncomfortable silence growing between us. In the last six months, we had found a road of openness and friendship like I had never known before. I wasn’t just attracted to Lincoln; I liked him. He worked hard, he played hard, and he made time for me, something Jerrod never did.

“Since when do you like Abe?” Lincoln finally broke the silence. If I wasn’t mistaken, it sounded like he was jealous. That delighted me—and my wet pussy.

“I didn’t say I liked him.”



Abe was a good-looking guy. Not as big as Lincoln but muscular and very attractive. He played poker on Saturday nights when they held their monthly game. I knew he was Link's best friend and had been since high school. I could have chosen anyone at that poker table. They were all pretty hot. But Link was the hottest, and Abe simmered in at second. And it was my fantasy, so why not go for the two hottest men in town?

"Sat right?" Link looked at me with new eyes. His shock wasn't masked one bit. We had talked about sex before, but in general and familiar ways. Not about fantasies and deep dark secret desires.

"What?" I had a feeling I was digging the hole deeper, but I couldn't seem to stop it. Suggestively, I licked my lips and asked, "You think he might go for it? Think he'd come on over and make a Hanna sandwich?"

"Is that really what you want?" Lincoln cracked his neck to the left then right. I thought he looked pained for a moment. "We'd have to have some ground rules."

*Oh, shit!* "What kind of ground rules?" I asked.

"If, and it's still a big 'if' so don't go soaking your panties tonight..." My spine stiffened because my panties were already soaked, and now my nipples had drawn into two tight little buds against the tank top. He continued on, in a diplomatic tone. "I will have control of the situation. I don't want Abe's bean bag anywhere near me."

"Well, if you both pick a zone..." I suggested as I swallowed the lump now forming in my throat. I couldn't believe he was willing to go through with this. Jerrod would have called me a whore just for mentioning it. Lincoln was actually considering it. I felt relief, excitement, and fear all at once.

"But, if I do this, then you get *your* best friend, and I get my own turn." I knew there had to be a catch. But what he didn't know is that I'm not a chicken shit anymore. If he wanted to do this, fine. I'd ask Macy, and if she said no, well, I'd ask someone else.

"Fine. You ask Abe, I'll ask Macy."

"I'll let you know tomorrow night." Link sent me a heated glance. I could have jumped on him right then. I should have jumped on him then, but I didn't. "When will you find out?"

"Tomorrow." I waved my hand flippantly and tried to act as though this was all no big deal. Like it wasn't the most outrageous thing I'd ever talked about, much less done in my life.

"You ready to watch the movies now?"

I nodded and ignored the heat between my thighs. Link stood up, and I noticed his erection right away. That sent another throb down below. He loaded in *Sin City* and sat back down. The movie title was appropriate for the moment.

I had embarked into strange new territory, and Link was going along for the ride. What did that mean? That he would be willing to share me with Abe, or that I was okay with Macy touching him? I wasn't okay with Macy touching him. The thought sent my head spinning with jealousy.

But, the thought of those two beautiful men giving my body the royal treatment, now that I could fantasize about for a while.

*Abraham, with his soft, curly hair and lean build, kissing my thighs while Lincoln lapped at my nipples. Both of them intent on bringing me pleasure. Both of them hell-bent on making me come. They would switch, and Lincoln would settle between my thighs and slide his tongue over my clitoris the way he had licked at my nipples. Abraham would take over that position. He would suck and tug at the nubs with his mouth while simultaneously rolling and...*

"Why are you all bunched up over there?" Lincoln's voice broke my daydream. Had he noticed how hard I was breathing? If so, he didn't act on it.

"No reason." I barely squeaked out. Good grief, I was soaked. I had to stop thinking about it. It was a fantasy, and it probably wasn't going to happen. Lincoln lifted his arm and I snuggled under it, resting my head on his shoulder and pressing my back along his side as he brought his arm back around me. Cuddling up with him curbed my lust for a few seconds and replaced it with longing. I wanted him to hold me like this forever.

In those moments, I was his.

My mind wandered back to that cold night in February when it snowed so bad the whole town had closed down. We spent the day watching television under blankets on the couch. We snuggled up

together for warmth though Link generated most of the heat. Since then, he always allowed me to cuddle up to him when we watched movies. I never tried it any other time. Occasionally, I would loop my arm through his if we were walking around town, but I never held his hands or kissed him. “Link?”

“Yes, Baby J?” His breath was right at my temple. My stomach tightened in response.

“I’m glad we’re moving forward with this.” I didn’t know what to say. I wanted to tell him that I wanted to go forward, with or without the others. I wanted to tell him I was grateful for the fact he hadn’t judged me or made me feel like a whore for wanting two guys.

“I’ve been dying to move forward with you.” He kissed my temple this time. It set me in such a haze I wasn’t sure I’d heard him correctly.

“Good. Then it’s all settled.” I was going to make a big move—tip my head up and kiss him, but the television caught my attention, and I don’t believe I will ever think of Frodo Baggins the same. The character Elijah Wood played was hopping around like he had springs in his feet, and he was creepy. It sent chills down my spine, and I cringed.

“I got you,” Link whispered and tightened his hold. His large fingers stirred on my rib cage close to the underwire of my bra, but he didn’t push it. I hated scary movies so he always brought at least one. This time he brought two.

By the end of the movie *Saw*, I was all but in his lap and under the thin blanket I had pulled from the back of the couch at some point. No way in hell was I sleeping tonight. I might not sleep for a week. Why did he do this to me?

Better yet, why did I always tell him I wasn’t afraid of scary movies?

“I have to go pee.” I finally had to go bad enough that I couldn’t hold it anymore. The problem was that the lights were all out.

“So, go.” Link laughed, and I imagined it was because I sat there peeking out of the small hole I made around my eyeball to look through.

“There are no lights on down the hall.” Someday, my pride was going to get me in a lot of trouble.

“You scared?” Link teased. “I thought you weren’t afraid of these movies.”

“I’m not afraid of anything.” Faking a backbone, I stood up, tossed the blanket at him and started down the hall though I could have sworn I saw creepy crawling things on the wall. My flesh felt cool and my hair prickly all along my arms.

“Watch out.” Lincoln moved past me and flipped on the switch, illuminating the hall and the two butterflies I had hung there last week.

Duh! How could I have forgotten them? I mentally scolded myself and let out the breath I was holding.

He made his way into the bathroom, and, moments later, I heard him washing his hands.

“Are you leaving?” I had to go bad, but I didn’t want him to leave yet.

“I’ll wait till you come out.” Link smiled.

“Good.” I ran into the bathroom.

Link had turned off the television and put the dishes in the dishwasher when I came back out. I knew he kept a neat home for a bachelor, but it still surprised me at how ready and willing he was to pick things up. Jerrod wouldn’t have bothered. Of course, Jerrod thought I was his maid, not his girlfriend. And now, I was Jerrod’s secretary, and he continued to think I was his maid.

“Hey.” I smiled and tried not to appear as desperate as I felt. “You didn’t have to clean up.”

“I don’t mind. Besides, I’m beat. The house we’re building right now got last minute changes so I had to take out a whole section and reframe a wall.” Lincoln stretched to add emphasis to his point. He was leaving, and I didn’t want him to go. “You can come over to my place if you want. I plan to lie in bed and watch TV.”

“You don’t mind?” It was the first time he’d invited me over after a movie. I wouldn’t be able to sleep for a while, not until I got all the gore out of my mind. “I mean, I’m not really sleepy, so I could watch some *Comedy Central* with you.”

“Come on.” Link motioned toward the door.

Like a lovesick puppy, I followed him out my door, locked it and then walked the few paces between our doors and into his apartment. “Future home of Links Fantasies Incorporated,” I said with a giggle.

“Well, you and Macy maybe but I’m not letting Abe into my bed.” He stretched again, a long, languid stretch that brought the T-shirt above his jeans, showing a sliver of tanned skin.

“He’s been here before.” I traced my finger along his countertop. Thinking about the fantasies got rid of the scary images left from the movies.

“Drunk, passed out and on the couch.” Link nodded. “Macy sleeps in your bed?”

“If she stays over. I mean, I only have one bed and, when we are both drunk and passed out, there’s no point making her sleep on that hard-ass couch.” I never thought anything of it. It wasn’t like we made out. It had happened twice in ten years. Once for our twenty-first birthdays and the second time was after a bachelorette party for a co-worker.

“Did you touch each other?” His left brow arched, and he bit his lower lip. That question must have put images into his mind. It sure made me flash a few, but it felt strange and unnatural.

“No.” I laughed, trying for a measure of indifference I obviously didn’t possess at the time. “I mean Macy’s pretty. She’s been my best friend for the last ten years, but I have no desire to feel her up.”

“So you’re not attracted to Macy?”

“Not really. Why?” I had never thought about it that way. I guessed, on some level, I was attracted to Macy, her hair, her eyes, those perfect red lips.

“That could complicate things.”

“How?” I looked up at him. Started tapping my foot like a challenge was coming and I needed to be prepared for it.

“Well, you have a few places two men could occupy themselves with. I only have one cock.” Link watched as my face flushed and my jaw about unhinged. Flashing me that killer smile, he nodded toward the hallway. “Come on, I want to lie down.”

“Lincoln Foxx, you’ve done this before!” I followed him to his bedroom and watched him strip out of his T-shirt. He started for his jeans, and I turned away. I didn’t know why I turned away. I just did. Seeing him in the buff would undo me. I wanted to know what all he had done now. If I looked at him naked, I’d be on my knees crawling toward his cock.

“Yeah, so?” He spoke to my back, and I could hear the clothes coming off of him. It took all of my might to stay where I was.

“Two girls or two guys?” I turned after I heard him slide under his sheets. Oh, what a tempting picture this was. He had sage green sheets, crisp and clean, a hunter green blanket over them, but only the sheet was over Link now. Determined to find out all he had done, I stalked to the bed and sat on the edge to frown at him. He did look tired.

He shrugged. “Both.”

“What?” I meant to shout it, but it came out a hoarse whisper.

“When Abe and I were in Vegas a few years ago, we were in the elevator, and this woman just reached back and grabbed us both. She said she’d been dumped, and she was looking for the time of her life. She wanted something to fill her up because the last six years had left her empty.” He said it the same as if he simply placed an order for take-out.

“So you and Abe *have* done this before!” There went the jealousy monster creeping up my back again. Only now, I was jealous over both of them. I hated that some other woman had lived my fantasy already. Not just two guys either. It wasn’t just Link or Abe with someone else, but my guys, Link and Abe together. That bitch!

“Yeah. But we were very cautious. I mean, we didn’t know her.” Lincoln situated his pillow and sighed, making a long masculine sound. “And the two girls, well, they were lesbians and wanted to try a man on together.”

“So they were...?”

“Doing most of the work, giving me one hell of a show? Absolutely.” Lincoln patted the mattress next to him. “Lie down. You’re making me nervous, hovering over me like you might stab me or something.”

“I can’t believe this. I mean what haven’t you done?” I lay next to him, facing him. I would never have guessed this about Link. He seemed rough and experienced but not porn star experienced. My conservative side started pulling up every sex education lecture I had ever received. But this new side of me, the one that was not a chicken shit, was intrigued and wanted to know more.

“Lots of stuff.” Link smiled. “Like you, for example. I haven’t done you.”

“And unless Abe and Macy both agree to this, you won’t.” I wanted to take the words back as soon as they slipped out, but it was too late. Lincoln frowned at me then smiled again.

“They will.” He reached for the remote on the nightstand and flipped on the television. “If you leave me, make sure you turn this off and lock my door.”

“You’re really tired, aren’t you?” I could see his red eyes and the darkness under them. I propped up two pillows and lay back. There I was, in his bed. The smell of him surrounded me like a warm blanket. I wanted him close to me for a while longer. He was too tired for sex, and he didn’t seem to be making any moves on me. So, I offered up a soft place for him to lie with an added treat. “Snuggle up, and I’ll rub you.”

Lincoln immediately took me up on the offer. Instead of resting his head on my stomach, he placed it between my full breasts. I was sure he heard my heart galloping. I ignored that fact, and he did too. My hands came around, and one played with his soft hair as the other stroked his hard back. The contrast was like silk versus steel. I felt his cock grow hard against my leg through the sheet but he didn’t move. I didn’t move either, and I didn’t stop stroking him. His breath grew long and heavy. Within minutes, he was asleep.

I continued to indulge in a fantasy. One in which we were husband and wife and this was routine. After a while, I struggled to keep my own eyes open. It had been a long day at the office and, being secretary to a man I thought I was once going to marry, was a tough job all on its own. Jerrod had a new woman in his life, the senior partner’s daughter. I pretended not to know, and Jerrod seemed grateful. If the boss found out, it would be ugly for all involved. As much as I dreamed of working for a big company, I needed my job to survive. If the truth be told, I was comfortable there.

I continued to rehash the day and stroke Link. I didn’t want to give up one second of this. I never realized my eyes had closed. The constant feel of Lincoln across me was so soothing. The soft feel of his hair between my fingers lulled me, with each stroke, into darkness.

## Chapter Two

“Lower.” I asked him. God, this was a good dream, one I didn’t want to wake up from. “There, yes, there.”

“Baby J.”

“Mmmm. Lincoln, that’s good.” He was calling me by that pet name but I wanted him to keep licking.

“What’s good?”

“Just like that.” God, doesn’t he know what he’s doing to me here? My thighs clenched tight, and my breasts pushed forward. It was weird how he seemed to be in two places at once. His tongue licked me between my thighs and also at my breasts, stroking the tender nipples.

“More, Lincoln, please.” I moaned. Good grief! This was the best dream ever!

I knew I woke up when he unfastened my shorts but I was still caught between the haze of the dream, and the fact that Lincoln was actually doing what I had moments before urged him to do in my mind. If I let him know I was awake, would he stop? Shouldn’t I feel violated by the man now pulling my shorts down because, for all he knew, I was still sleeping?

Once his hands trailed up my thighs parting them, I decided to feign sleep a while longer. Rolling to my back to allow him better access, I tried in vain to keep my breathing slow and shallow. My heart thundered as if a pack of wild thoroughbreds ran through it.

Lincoln groaned, causing another surge of wetness to wash over my swollen lips.

I bucked.

I wasn’t expecting it to be so damn good when he finally touched me. He slid one slow, thorough lick up to my clit, and I couldn’t help it. I lifted to help him get there faster. He tried to pull back, but I was definitely awake. He was nuts to think he could go this far and turn back. Through the mind-blowing sensations of pleasure, I was also becoming aware of the pain in my neck.

“Lincoln?” I rarely called him Lincoln, only if he was in trouble. “Link?”

“Yes, Baby J?” Well, this was it.

He looked up to find me looking right at him. His head was lodged between my thighs, his fingers drenched in my juices and still holding me open. If I was going to have a problem with him fondling me in my sleep, this was the moment to say something.

“Don’t stop.” I collapsed back against the pillows and closed my eyes. My neck felt as if someone had beaten it with a crow bar, but what I was feeling everywhere else drowned out the pain.

Link went at it in earnest this time. His low growl sent tingles all over me. He nipped at my outer lips, sucking them, teasing them with his tongue. My scent filled the air. My hand landed and held a firm grip on his head as my hips moved at his pace. He set a nice, slow rhythm as he slid his index finger inside me. Then he played with the spot above the ridge at the back of my clitoris deep inside, circling, stroking, pushing, it and me to the edge of sanity. It was like he’d found a liquid button.

And here I thought I was already wetter and hotter than I had ever been, yet he was getting more.

I wanted more.

I wanted all of him buried deep inside me and pumping hard. He suckled my clit again. I felt my orgasm coming, rising, then he stopped and changed his movement. He kept doing that. Bringing me to the edge then letting go.

If he did that one more time, I might have smacked him.

“Please!” The plea escaped without my permission.

“I’m enjoying it too much. You taste so sweet,” Lincoln said through labored breaths.

He closed in on my clitoris and suckled while pushing a second finger into my pussy.

“You’re so tight. So damn tight I might just die from the pressure.” He pumped both fingers in and out. I could feel the walls tighten right before I broke into pulsing waves.

I was dying. I had to have been. There was no way that it really felt this good. Like all of my muscles were pulled too tight then suddenly let go.

It was over too soon.

His fingers pumped me again at a rough rhythm until I couldn't take it anymore. His tongue stroked out and circled the clit over and over until I broke, again.

And I was indeed broken. My body convulsed, and the noises coming from my throat were as foreign to me as another language.

I had barely caught my breath when he came over me, his mouth coming down on mine so fast and hard I thought my lips would bruise. It was our first real kiss, and it was far from the slow, passionate kiss I had imagined.

He was covered in my juices. When he pulled back, I stared at him in wonder and licked myself from my lips.

"Did I hurt you?" Link looked at me with concern I didn't understand.

"No." I wasn't processing yet. I had experienced orgasms before, but nothing mind-shattering and body-breaking like that had been.

"You're crying." He frowned and wiped a tear from my cheek.

"No, I'm not." I hadn't even realized it.

"You want me to stop?" The seriousness of the question sobered me. I could feel him now. One knee supporting his weight, keeping him from touching me. I could feel the tears, but it was just an emotional release. Certainly, it was not pain.

"No." I trailed my hand down his spine and around his hip. He was gloriously naked. Since I didn't crawl under the sheet last night, I didn't know that. It made me smile, and his face relaxed. He was actually going to stop because he thought he hurt me. The consideration alone made me want him even more.

In a bold move, I gripped his erection, and his eyes closed on a moan. He was already between my legs, and it took little effort to guide the head of his cock to my eager hole.

"Are you sure?" He let out the breath he was holding. I smiled and licked my lips; tasting him, tasting me.

I nodded.

His hips pushed forward, and the head slid in.

"God, yes." I closed my eyes and grabbed his firm round butt cheeks. He slid into me with one solid thrust that had me gasping and struggling to fit around him, but when I did, it was good.

Jerrod had never hit the back of my cervix, and Link was rubbing it with the head of his cock already. He had to be at least eight inches, maybe more. And thick. I could definitely feel my vagina stretching to let him in. The walls gripped his cock tightly, trying to keep it there.

He started an unrushed rhythm, but I had a hold of his ass and kept pulling him back faster. My legs wrapped around him, and I lifted to meet his thrusts driving him deeper.

"Hanna, I can't hold it."

"Don't hold back." I dug my nails into his ass cheeks and pulled him even faster. I've wanted this for too long. I wanted to feel him come. I want to soak up every drop.

On a broken moan, he spilled himself into me. My hot pussy clenched around him, again milking his orgasm with my own.

"God, I'm sorry," he said as he collapsed.

"For what? Taking advantage of me in my sleep?" I kissed his neck as I tried to regain my breath.

"No. For lasting two minutes." Link let all of his weight rest on me. The man weighed over two hundred, I was now sure. But I loved it. I wrapped my arms around him and stroked his sweat-soaked hair and back. His bedroom smelled like us now. The spicy scent of our lovemaking.

Correction, of fucking—we didn't make love. I had to be in love to make love. I was not in love with Lincoln Foxx, I told myself. Definitely not! I had to fight the urge to lick his neck and taste his sweat.

"I think it was more like five, but I forgive you." I slapped a firm cheek. I had to get it together before I let my brain think that this morning was anything other than what it really was, a moment of lapsed sanity. If I started getting all girly and emotional, it would change everything. "After all, you'll make it up to me soon enough."

"Indeed." He punctuated the word with a loud smooch on my neck.

I pushed him up and looked at him. “This doesn’t change anything, right? We’re still friends and still...”

“I’m not going anywhere.” He frowned at that. “What are you doing today?”

“Going shopping with Macy.” I bit my lower lip in thought. I could get Macy to fulfill my end of the bargain tonight if I played my cards right. “You?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I’ll go over to Abe’s.” He touched my bottom lip with his thumb then kissed it. Link snuggled his nose next to my cheek and closed his eyes. I was way too comfortable there. The kind of comfort that lured a girl into thinking maybe this guy would want more than sex.

The wrong kind of comfort for this particular man.

I was also surprised at how soft the kiss was. It was so tender and intimate. It made me burn for him but also made me want to get up and get the hell out of there before I couldn’t turn the feelings off. “I gotta go.”

“Now?” He opened his eyes and smiled.

I smiled right back at him.

“Yes. I have to shower, get dressed, and go to the bank...”

“Whoa, whoa. All right, woman.” Link pulled out of the warmth of my sheath and sat on the side of the bed. I sat up next, my head tilted to one side. “Neck?”

“Yes,” I hissed and tried to straighten it.

“Let me rub it.” Link started working the tender muscles, but I had to get out of there. I was feeling too trapped. I was feeling too much. So, I did what I always did. I ran like the chicken shit I was.

“What?” He looked disappointed, and that sent another wave of emotions through me.

“Nothing.” I stepped into my shorts. Of course, I couldn’t find my underwear and, at that point, I was not trying to look for them either. I could feel the lump in my throat as I pulled my shirt back in place. “I don’t want to hold you up.”

“Back at ya.” I felt the wash of coolness in that statement but ignored it. He’s not a relationship kind of guy, I reminded myself. I was a relationship kind of girl. This was just two friends scratching an itch; nothing else.

My internal dialogue was killing me.

“Ha, ha.” It was that fake laugh I used at work. It was all closing in on me, and I needed to get out of there before I said or did something stupid. Like, cry for real. Or tell him how desperate I felt. I wanted to tell him how much he really meant to me.

I didn’t, though I would have saved us both the heartache if I had.

My crooked neck was officially killing me. His willingness to comfort me again hit me bone deep. I couldn’t, I wouldn’t let this fuck up our friendship.

“I’ll see you later,” I said and felt so plastic.

“I’ll see you tonight, Baby J.” Lincoln watched over his shoulder as I stumbled down his hallway. I knew this because I could feel his eyes burrowing into my back.

Of course he wanted me. He wanted to fuck me, but when it wasn’t exciting anymore, he would dump me. Just like Jerrod did. I won’t let that happen. Not this time, not with Lincoln. He was a bad boy— he had the Harley to prove it—and I could be a bad girl.

Yes, I could be very bad.

## Chapter Three

“So...” Macy took a bite of her salad.

I sat across from a woman who looked perfect as always. The damn muscles in my neck were still tight from sleeping at a weird angle on those two pillows. My pussy, on the other hand, was tight from a whole different ache. Even now, I wanted him. Looking at Macy made me think of the three of us in the bed.

“Well, I sorta got myself into a compromising situation last night.” I sipped my soda and then set it back down.

“Is that what’s wrong with your neck?” Macy tilted her head in the same direction.

“No, that was another compromising situation. I was quite full of stupid ideas last night.” I shook my head, and it hurt. I smelled like sports cream because it was on my neck. I wanted to enjoy this lunch, but I just didn’t see how it could happen. What I did know was that I wanted Macy to say yes. I also knew that I wanted to get it over with tonight.

“Well, spill it. I’m dying to hear the details.” Macy’s blue eyes lit up with interest.

“I sorta told Link that I wanted to have a threesome with him and Abe.” I folded my napkin and creased it with a finger, as I tried not to look at my friend.

“What did he say?” Macy whispered. Obviously, she was scandalized.

“He said he would if I could arrange a threesome for him, and that’s where you come in.” I watched Macy turn bright pink while opening and closing her mouth over and over again. “It was a joke. I didn’t think he would be serious but...”

“Would we have to... you know, touch each other?” Macy asked as she pointed back and forth between us, as if I didn’t know who was involved.

“No.” Then I realized what she was saying. “You mean you would?”

“I mean I wouldn’t mind seeing what it was like. After all, he’s gorgeous.” Macy shrugged. Her face still pink but forging on.

“Macy!” I too was blushing now.

“I have to tell you something, and you can’t be mad, especially after telling me this.” Macy gulped a big drink of soda as if wetting her chops. I knew this was going to be good.

“Go on.” I raised my brow. I was on pins and needles really.

“I had sex with my college roommate. We were bored one night, watching television, and one thing led to another and, well... the rest is history.” Macy shrugged and sipped her soda, avoiding eye contact.

Now it was my turn to open and close my mouth.

“Macy Dawson, why didn’t you tell me?” I was shocked, but also intrigued. “So you had sex with a girl? What was it like?”

“Different but nice.” Macy laughed nervously. I got wetter and more curious, but I wasn’t going to push her for details in the restaurant.

“Well, I’m shocked. You should have told me, I wouldn’t judge you,” I reassured her.

“I know that now, but after ten years... When do you break out that skeleton bone?” Macy motioned for the waitress. “I mean really, Hanna, you know everything about me now. That was my deep dark secret.”

“That’s not so bad.” In fact, I didn’t think it was bad, at all. I thought it was fascinating. “So, you’re saying you’ll do it?”

“Why not? I haven’t had sex in a while, you’re my best friend, and, when we’re eighty, we’ll have one hell of a story to tell!”

“You’re right. I wouldn’t do this with anyone else.” I was feeling more confident by the minute. Now if my neck would only loosen up!

“I know you like him, Hanna. Is it going to bother you?” Macy was quiet and serious when she asked. It meant a lot to me that she cared enough about me to ask. I knew she thought Link was hot. But I knew now she would never betray our friendship over a guy.



“Of course not. It’s why I’m asking,” I lied. I was still a little nervous about being naked next to Macy in front of the man of my dreams. But I was still willing to do it.

“What about Abe? You sure you want both of them?”

“Have you ever...”

“No.” Macy shook her head and waved her hands. “Never. I can’t say I never thought about it, but I never had the balls to actually do it.”

“I think it will be fine.” I waved off any other notions. It had to be fine. It had to be a one-time thing that would bring Link and me closer in the end. By sharing him, I was actually saving myself the relationship attachment I feared he would never want while at the same time forging a bond that couldn’t be overlooked. At least that’s what I had come up with as the rationale behind this temporary lapse of sanity.

“You have to tell me everything that happens.” Macy lit up with curiosity as she said it.

“Of course. It’s so *Sex and the City*, right?” *Please say I’m right.* I needed confirmation I hadn’t driven myself off the deep end.

Macy nodded. “Very Samantha.”

“Let’s shop.” I understood now why Macy was my best friend. She got me. She didn’t judge me, and she didn’t have a problem exploring. I knew she had to be shocked to the core. I mean, she had known me for ten years and five of those were with Jerrod. Before that, I was wallflower central. Macy had offered to carpool to a new hire training session after knowing me ten minutes. Ten years later, there we were, making plans to have a three-way.

“Ooh. Let’s go get something sexy and some new toys!” Macy chirped.

How could I say no when she looked as if someone had thrown on an electric switch and lit her all up. She beamed at the possibilities, absolutely radiant with naughtiness. I wasn’t sure, at that moment, just who was going to enjoy Lincoln’s fantasy more, him or me!

## Chapter Four

By the time we got to my apartment, we were feeling pretty good. We didn't drink, but, with two bags of naughty supplies in hand, we sure felt tipsy. Lincoln would either saddle up or run when he got a load of all this. I didn't expect him to be home any time soon so we cranked up the stereo and started setting up the bedroom.

Macy tied four long silk scarves to the headboard and footboard of my bed. I stripped my favorite comforter away and put fresh silk sheets on instead.

"These are slippery." I said as I slid my hand across the sheet, smoothing it.

"I know." Macy's foot slipped as she tied the last scarf. We both giggled. "I'll set up the candles next."

"Okay," I said. "Do you want something to drink?" She nodded, and I headed off to retrieve the drinks.

I heard the knock as soon as I got to the kitchen. Link's knock. My heart began to gallop. My hands shook. Then the knob turned, and he walked in. Alone, thank goodness.

"Hey, Baby J. You having a party over here or what?" Lincoln closed the door, sniffed the air and smiled. It was like he could smell us. Me and Macy, both turned on, both worked up over the possibilities.

"No. You are." I tried for low and sultry.

"Me?" He looked a bit shocked. His brown eyes widened, and he pointed to himself.

"Macy's in the bedroom." I sauntered over to him. Forcing myself to move slowly, I placed a hand on his chest and tiptoed up to kiss his chin. His breath hitched, and his heart picked up the pace under my palm.

"You mean, you want to do this tonight?" He looked down at me. A series of emotions crossed his features, but I couldn't read them.

"Come on." In a bold move, I pulled him by his hand toward the hallway. He grabbed my belt loop and halted me.

"Just one thing," he said.

When I turned, his lips came down over mine in a wave of heat. His arms crushed me close to his chest, and his right hand slid down to my butt cheek and pulled me into direct contact with his cock. Oh, how achingly large that bulge was. I couldn't hold off the moan. When his lips pulled back, he let out a long breath.

"I like to play by my rules." Link still held my ass. He kneaded it with his fingers.

"We know what we are willing to do, or not do. You get to make the requests and see how far we will go for you." I knew he wasn't expecting that. His lust was now a visible aura. I turned and walked down the hall toward my bedroom, our love lair for the next... well, I didn't know how long it would take.

Upon seeing him, Macy quivered. She actually shook.

"I didn't realize you were getting me a tall drink of man." Macy fluttered her lashes at him then looked at me and smiled.

"Me, either, but I'm ready to quench my thirst. How about you?" It was so cheesy, but we had rehearsed it several times already. So far, our performance was flawless.

Link left my side and took in the bed. Macy was in the middle of it, arranging pillows when we walked in. She sat there on her knees, and damned if I didn't want to push her out of the middle. Her blonde hair and blue eyes sparkled in the candle light, and her red lips matched the sheets. It looked like her seduction, not mine.

"Get up there, Hanna." Lincoln spoke, but he didn't look at either of us. I knew because I was watching his every move. So was Macy. I could see her out of my peripheral vision.

Instead, he played with the silk scarf and studied it way too intently.

"Oh, no. You have to choose the outfits first," Macy said.

Link looked at me with both eyebrows lifted. I shrugged with as much innocence as I could muster.

“Well, let me see the outfits.” He sounded amused.

Macy jumped off the bed and grabbed two bags. “Mine and Hanna’s.”

Link looked through Macy’s bag first. That pissed me off, though I didn’t know why. My toe started tapping, and he smiled. I didn’t know if he was smiling because he knew that’s what I do when I get upset or because of what he saw in her bag.

“You choose, Macy.” He handed the bag back to her, and Macy quickly fished out a red corset and crotchless panties.

“Be right back.” Macy headed toward the bathroom. I reached for my bag, but he snatched it up.

“I’ll pick,” I told him.

“No, *I’ll* choose.” He sorted through the bag, and my heart jumped. My face burned with embarrassment. Lincoln took his time, displaying three different naughty outfits on the bed. I really hoped he wouldn’t choose the tacky lace number that Macy insisted on me buying. He looked them over carefully and reached for the lace number. My heart jumped into my throat as he picked it up. *No way am I wearing that!* He placed it back in the bag. I let out a sigh of relief. He stroked the soft material of the blue one-piece contraption before putting it back in the bag as well. Finally, he handed me a green teddy and matching thong. “Here, put this on.”

I started to leave, but he grabbed my belt loop.

“Dress here.” His breath brushed past my temple, and his hands ran down my hips.

“But Macy is dressing in the bathroom.” I felt like a child tattling.

Link pulled the hem of my shirt up and over my head. Before I could say anything else, he unsnapped my bra. The cups fell forward, and the weight of my breasts rested on my rib cage. “Take off your skirt, Baby J.”

Oh, how thick and rich his voice was. I felt the pool of heat between my thighs and obeyed him. I unsnapped the buttons, and let the denim skirt fall to my ankles.

“Panties too, babe.” His lips tickled my neck, and his hands moved around to cup each breast, weighing them. I let out a little moan as I did as he asked.

I had barely pulled the thong and teddy on when Macy stepped back in the room. It was then that our differences stood out the most. Macy wasn’t just smaller than me—she was tiny. The corset pushed her perky boobs up and the crotchless panties revealed a shaved pussy.

I, of course, have never shaved my pussy. It wasn’t wild and unruly. I mean, I groomed, but waxing or cutting that region just never had appealed to me.

Until now, when it stood out like a beacon of modern woman versus me and my traditional bush...

“What do you think?” Macy turned slowly with her bottom lip between her top teeth.

“Very nice,” I said as Link said, “Get on the bed.”

Macy quirked an eyebrow, but she went to the bed.

“You, too.” And a solid hand smacked my left butt cheek.

I yelped. It didn’t hurt; it just shocked the hell out of me.

I scrambled to the center of the bed with Macy, and we both stared at him in anticipation. Macy must have been nervous because she slipped her hand into mine. Her palm was wet and soft and smaller than mine.

Link moved to the foot of the bed. He hadn’t taken one stitch of clothing off, and he looked at us both for long, agonizing minutes. His scrutiny was almost a form of foreplay all its own. Macy broke first, she moaned under the heat of his gaze, and her hand squeezed mine. I felt the same intensity. Moisture soaked through my thong, but I wasn’t going to break.

“You need relief, Macy?” Link looked at her and cocked his head.

“Yes.” Macy nodded.

I wished I had broken first now.

“What do you need, Macy?” He stared at her, his eyes sizing her up.

“Anything. Just touch me.” Macy squeezed my hand tighter.

“You heard the lady.” Link looked at me now. I blinked in rapid succession. What did he mean? “Touch her.”

Well, that cleared it up. Macy looked at me like she didn't care about our earlier agreement not to touch each other, except maybe a three-way kiss. She looked at me like she needed to be touched, someway somehow and right now.

"Where?" I whispered the word. I knew I did. But I had never touched a woman before.

"Anywhere, Hanna. Please," Macy whimpered. I'm sure her sex was weeping on the satin sheets below her.

"Touch her breasts," Link commanded.

Macy's hand left mine. I raised both of my palms and planted them on her breasts. This must be how a teenage boy feels, I decided, as I tried to figure out what placement was best.

Macy's head went back on a moan, and she arched her chest into my hands. I didn't move them anymore. I didn't have to. Macy made short time of rotating her chest, so that her nipples moved beneath my palms. The soft points hardened. Like a scientist making a new discovery, I was fascinated by it all.

"Suck them," Link said.

I looked at him, not Macy, and saw the challenge in his eyes. He was trying me. He wanted me to chicken out. He didn't want me to have him and Abe. That set a fire through me a mile wide.

Fuck it.

I had already gone this far. If he really wanted to watch me touch my best friend then fine. I'd give him a show. I'd go as far as Macy would let me.

I looked back at Macy who licked her lips and waited. The silent communication between us was like nothing I had known before. She wanted me to do it. She was practically begging me, with her eyes, to do it all.

I did it.

I bent towards her breast and removed my palm. With one finger, I peeled down the corset and licked her nipple. Macy jerked. Link spoke encouraging words. And deep down inside, some hedonist jumped out and took over my body. I licked again then I sucked at the tender skin while my free hand rolled Macy's other tiny nipple between thumb and finger.

She writhed beneath my touch, and I grew hungrier, greedier with my movements. Was this how a man felt? Was this what it felt like to have control over someone's body?

"More!" Macy cried out. Her left hand was now in my hair and her other hand, I realized, was now on my breast. Her thumb was stroking gently, teasingly.

"No more," Link interrupted.

We both looked at him like he'd grown a second head on his shoulders. Macy and I were both panting. "Turn over, both of you. On your hands and knees."

"But..." Macy tried protesting.

"Turn." Link fisted his shirt and pulled it over his head. It was all the incentive we needed.

Macy and I were both on our hands and knees waiting. It seemed like forever before the weight of his body shifted the bed. I didn't hear a zipper, and when I felt his jeans-clad thigh against my naked thigh I understood why—he still had them on. I sneaked a peek backwards and saw he was on his knees. One of his legs between Macy's legs, the other between mine.

His hands started moving along our outer thighs. I wanted to be jealous, but it felt so good I couldn't concentrate on what he did to Macy. I could only focus on what he did to me. His hand reached the firm round cheek of my ass, and simultaneously he swatted us both. I gasped. Macy moaned. Link rotated his hips forward, and his thigh pressed along my thigh again. Another swat came down, this one on the other cheek. I pressed back into him this time, and he rewarded me with a finger.

Fleeting as it was, the caress of that single digit down the lips of my sex over the soaked thong was magic. It sent flares throughout my body. I wanted him to shove it inside me. I wondered if Macy was being rewarded, too. I looked at her face and knew she was.

"Kiss." Link swatted us both again, like slaves to a harsh master. Macy and I locked lips without question or hesitation.

It was the first time I'd kissed a girl. Her lips were softer and fuller than I expected. Her tongue was smaller and wetter than a man's tongue. Macy moaned into my mouth, and I had the overwhelming urge to try and ease her pain. I felt it too, but it seemed more difficult for her to hold back. This kiss I was sharing with Macy was hotter than most kisses I had shared with men.

That scared me a little, so I just pushed it out of my mind and stayed with the moment.

Our tongues swirled again, and I pressed back against Link's thigh, moving closer to Macy so I could rub my pussy against him. She must have had the same idea because we were hip-to-hip in no time, both of us pressing back and grinding against his thighs.

Another swat came down, and my eyes jerked open. Macy didn't care. She still kissed me with the same vigor. We still rubbed against his thighs like cats, begging to be scratched. I moaned on purpose and felt the tip of his finger pull the thong aside. Was Macy already getting this treatment for moaning? Apparently not because her breath hitched at the same time mine did. Then Link pushed one single finger inside the folds.

"Oh, yes." Macy left my kiss and rocked mindlessly against him.

I looked over my shoulder and locked eyes with Link. Macy was moving on him, but he was looking at me.

Oh, and he made sure to move slowly. It was killing me, but I didn't want him to think he had bested me.

"Do you like that, Macy?" he asked while staring at me.

"Oh, yes, more please," Macy begged.

Had she no dignity?

"Give her more, Hanna." Link licked his lips.

I could see the head of his cock over the top of his jeans. The top button was undone, but it looked painfully strained. I reached back in defiance and stroked the top of his dick. He closed one eye then threatened to withdraw his finger. I immediately moved my hand to slide along Macy's ass until I met his hand and pushed two of my own fingers into her alongside his one.

"She wants to be full," I told him.

"What do you want, Hanna?" Link rocked his hips forward causing my fingers to slip deeper into Macy's wet cunt. And it was wet—and hot. I could feel everything in there, including his finger.

I mouthed the word *you*. His eyes closed and squeezed tight. He added a second finger inside me, and I about died.

"I want to come." I couldn't keep the words back. I ached to come now. Macy nodded in mindless agreement. She wanted to come, too. Jesus, what had I gotten her into? And what did Link want?

"You want Hanna to lick your pussy, Macy?" Link watched my eyes round, but he mouthed two words. *One cock*. That meant that one or the other of us would get it, but he certainly couldn't split it in half like he had the rest of the attention.

"Yes." Macy nodded. "Get the dildo. I need a cock inside me."

"You heard her." Link smacked my ass and let me loose. He turned all of his attention on Macy while I climbed out of the bed and grabbed Macy's bag.

I watched him for a moment. His hips pressed full against her, and she arched back. His fingers dipped further inside, two of them now.

"Lube, too," Macy cried.

What did she need lube for? I'd felt her pussy, and it was well lubricated.

"You want her to fuck you in the ass?" Link smiled over his shoulder at me.

"If you won't," Macy said. I was shocked, and it showed. He swung his shoulder forward as if gesturing me to get back on the bed.

"No, sweetheart, I won't. But Hanna's going to take care of you just right."

He sounded awfully confident in my ability to fuck my best friend in the ass.

"Hurry." Macy was in another zone by now. She had to be, like the Twilight Zone. But I had unlocked that door for her, and I wouldn't turn back. Especially with Lincoln Foxx looking at me like he was going to win this.

“I’m coming Macy don’t worry.” I don’t know where the words came from, but I grabbed her dildo and tube of lube and made my way back to the bed.

“Scoot up, Macy, and turn over so we can see you.” Link swatted her one good time, and she scrambled to obey him. Her panties were soaked all around, and her pussy was so swollen I wasn’t sure a cock could go in it.

“Put it in her pussy first.” Link got off the bed as I got on it. I crawled up between Macy’s legs and squirted a bit of lube on it anyway. I spread her lips wide and put the head of the dildo at her entrance. After I’d circled it a few times, Macy let out a sensual moan and arched forward trying to get the head inside.

I wasn’t trying to tease her. I really didn’t know how much pressure to use.

“Give her a lick when you put it in,” Link dared me.

It was at that moment I realized he had taken off his jeans and was behind me. As my face went toward Macy’s pussy, his fingers spread me apart. I pushed the dildo into Macy and licked her clit one time as Link pushed his thick cock into me.

All three of us moaned.

“Eat me, Hanna.” The words were quiet and pleading from Macy’s lips. Link seated himself fully into my tight sheath, and I had to wait a minute to get my breath. His hand came up my back and pushed my head forward into Macy’s pussy.

I had my hair tied back, but it was beginning to fall loose, thanks to Macy earlier and now him. I licked and lapped and pushed the dildo in and out with the same rhythm Link pushed in and out of me. She tasted salty, different from me, but not bad or strong. It was a surreal experience, yet here I was, trying to do to her what I would want done to me.

The better Link made me feel, the better I wanted to make Macy feel. I twirled my tongue around her clit the way Link had done mine that morning. Macy moaned and bucked.

Link reached around me and pulled her legs farther apart. Spreading her wider.

“Take it out,” he whispered in my ear. “She wants to be fucked in the ass, remember?”

I lifted my lips and pulled the dildo from Macy’s pussy. Link slowed his motion in mine, but he didn’t pull out. His lips kissed my shoulder, my back, and then he gently nipped the skin there. I straightened up so I could kiss him. I tasted like Macy.

He wanted to kiss me longer, I could feel it, but he pulled back. He looked at Macy, still squirming in her heightened state.

“Squirt the lube there.” He pulled her butt cheeks apart so far I thought she might split in two. I grabbed the lube and dabbed. He laughed, and I felt it vibrate all along my back and throughout my womb. “No, sweetheart, she’ll need more than that.”

I gave a good squeeze, and a big glob of cold lube hit Macy’s tight little asshole. She jerked. Link had her lifted and separated so she didn’t get far. “Now, put the head of that thing right there.”

“Don’t you think it’s too big?” I asked, but they both shook their heads no.

“Do it, Hanna,” Macy urged and tried to lift closer to the stiff dildo.

“All right.” I shrugged and rubbed the tip of the dildo over the puckered hole. Macy pushed forward, but it didn’t go in. I couldn’t seem to bring myself to push hard enough against her. I knew it was going to hurt. It had to.

Link let go of one cheek, and Macy grabbed it, holding herself open. He didn’t take the thing from me like I hoped he would. Instead, he put his hand around mine and pushed the head inside her. Macy let out a deep, satisfied groan, and I marveled at what I was witnessing. After a moment, Link pushed my hand and the dildo forward.

Macy held her thighs open now, and Link had moved his other hand back to my waist. He whispered in my ear. “Look, we’re fucking her together.”

It was too much, and my pussy exploded in a surge of wetness around his cock.

“You like that?” His hand started pushing and pulling the dildo and my hand again. Macy was so far gone, at that point, we could have done anything to her.

“Yes,” I admitted. It was wild. So many things I had never done. Now, with this man, I was doing everything.

“Put your fingers inside her and feel the back wall.” I did as he instructed, and he let go of my hand and put both of his hands on my waist. “Now fuck her at this rhythm.”

I could actually feel the dildo inside her ass. I imagined Macy could feel the added pressure of my finger, by her reaction. I slipped two more inside and stretched her full. She moaned her approval and tweaked her own nipples. Link started moving again, and I didn’t realize how accustomed I had been to him resting inside me until then. He slid out slowly at first, making me moan. Macy arched against me faster. She wanted more, and so did I.

“Fuck me, please,” Macy whispered. I could take more, but Macy was dying for it—I could see the pleading in her eyes. But I didn’t dare move faster than he directed. It was strange how much control he had over me.

Another gentle swat came down on my ass, and I responded for her sake. “Yes, fuck me.”

I looked over my shoulder to see his expression. He shook his head at me. Then he smiled and picked up the pace. I mouthed, “Thank you,” and got another swat on the other cheek.

I turned back to face Macy for as long as I could hold my eyes open. I tried to measure the thrust of the dildo, not wanting to hurt her, but she rocked and lifted till it was almost all the way inside her ass. I was amazed, to say the least. But my fascination for the depths of Macy’s ass ended as Link pulled my own cheeks wide apart.

For one heart-stopping moment, I pictured him leaving one hole and driving into the other. But then I realized he was just getting deeper into my pussy.

“She’s going to come.” Link slammed into me, and I pounded into Macy.

Macy’s face contorted into something terrible and red. Her neck turned red, too, as she bowed her back. Then she climaxed. Her body jerked, over and over, as she screamed out her orgasm. Her pussy drenched my fingers and left quite a wet spot on my bed. Her walls clamped around my fingers, sucking them so tight I could barely pull against the pressure. I couldn’t imagine how tight that made it in her ass—the dildo was impossible to move now.

Watching Macy take her pleasure tipped my own over the scales.

“Mmmm. You ready for that?” Link growled.

I nodded. I couldn’t talk.

He reached his right hand around and stroked my clit once, twice, and then I was there. Forgetting about Macy, I pulled my hands free and braced myself against his weight, slamming into me. He drove in deep and hard.

“Lincoln.” I called like it was only the two of us in the room. And through the fuzz, I could have sworn he called out “Hanna.” But my hearing, as well as everything else, was shut down by the spasms that rocked my body. I could barely feel his sperm shooting into me, hot and long.

Good thing I was on the pill. He knew that already. He also knew I wanted kids some day. So weird to think about having a kid with Link when my best friend was sprawled out in front of me with a fake dick up her ass.

Yet there I was.

His hands slid up and down my back. His cock still twitched inside me. “You better get that out of there before she comes to.”

“What?” I asked, and he motioned toward Macy.

She had passed out. She was breathing, yes, but conscious, no. I pulled the red dildo from her ass and let it dangle in my hand, as appealing as a dead fish. What else was I supposed to do with the thing?

Link got a laugh out of that.

“Come on, Baby J.” He lifted me up and disengaged himself. I wanted him again already.

“Where are we going?” I asked as he blew out the candles around my bedroom. My legs were shaking, weak from the orgasm. I almost wanted to crawl up next to Macy and sleep.

“To the shower.” Link wiped my face. I held the red dildo behind me, away from my body and his. “I want to get her scent off of you and pour mine on.”

Then it occurred to me that he hadn’t fucked Macy. He made sure she got what she needed, but he hadn’t put more than just his fingers inside her.

What did that mean? Did it mean anything?

“Why didn’t you want to fuck Macy?” I asked as I trailed behind him to the bathroom.

“She wanted you,” Link said. “Besides, I wanted you, too.”

“But she’s blonde and beautiful.” I dropped the dildo in the sink and ran hot water on it while I pointed out Macy’s qualities though I wasn’t sure why.

“I told you, Macy’s not for me.” Link started the water and, as he bent over the tub, I got an awesome view of his ass. It looked so firm I wanted to bite it. His butt was pale white compared to the rest of his body. He had a tan line that ran around his waist and then to his mid-thigh. Odd, I thought, since I always saw him in jeans. I guess he had more time off to lie around and soak up rays than I thought.

“Come on.” He stepped under the spray, and I stepped in behind him.

“God, you’re beautiful.” Link said it as the water hit my face, and I almost choked. “Careful.”

He pulled me toward him. If I wore makeup, like Macy, it would surely have been running all over my face. But I didn’t, so standing there with him just felt nice. His big hand grabbed the shampoo bottle and squeezed more than I would normally use into his other palm. He proceeded to lather up my hair, working his fingers down to my scalp in a rough manner. Hell, he could work at a salon with those hands. I’d tip him.

“I wondered why your hair always smelled so good, not just clean, but good.”

I couldn’t help but smile. The man talked to me as though he had been paying attention to my details for a while. I liked the sound of it.

“You won’t believe how many times I’ve been tempted to snoop in your bathroom to find out the source of this smell.”

“It’s lavender.” I let my head fall back under the water as he rinsed my hair. He was gentler than I thought possible for a man his size. His thumbs wiped away water droplets before they could reach my eyes, and, when he finally finished, he repeated the process with my conditioner. “You’re spoiling me.”

He smiled at that. I realized then this was supposed to be his night. His treat. I had offered up my best friend, and he only took me. And now he was washing my hair. I should have been the one washing his hair.

“Lincoln.” I opened my eyes and tapped my foot.

“Did I do something wrong?” He looked thoroughly confused at my change of attitude.

“Yes. This is supposed to be your night, all about you. And here you are washing my hair.” I crossed my arms under my breasts. “What would you like me to do?”

“Let me wash you.” Link pulled at my crossed arms. “I like to tend to you.”

“Tend to me?” I let him have an arm, and he began washing it with the washcloth he had soaped up while I was protesting.

“You know, wash your hair, and wash your body.” I knew what it meant. I wanted to know why.

“Why?” I gave him the other arm and continued to feel guilty because it really felt good.

“It turns me on.” Link looked down. I looked down too and watched his erection bump up another notch.

“Oh.” And here I had thought it was about me. It was really just about him. I should have known better. This was just one more aspect of his game tonight.

He bent down and washed my feet, gently and thoroughly. I had no idea my feet were so sensitive.

I also had no idea how erotic it was to watch a man twice my size kneel before me and bathe me. He definitely liked it. By the time he faced me again, his cock was rock hard and swaying to its own rhythm between us.

The water beat down on my back, and Link closed in on my front. My hands acted independent of my brain and reached out to grab his prick. He moaned and stood motionless for a long moment. I continued to explore that bobbing muscle and bent to my knees to get a better look at it.

“Oh, baby.” Link pushed both hands through my hair and looked down at me. “Open your mouth, and let me in.”



I did. Because I wanted to. Not because he told me to. Though I couldn't help notice the feel of heat between my thighs at his command. I licked the length of him twice before returning to suck again. My hands traced the sack below. The skin had puckered and tightened as his balls climbed upward.

"Pull them back down." Link strained out. I looked up to see him staring at me. His face was red. I could have sworn steam rolled off of him. I gently tugged the sack to pull the balls down. They only stayed for a minute, and then they sucked right back up to his cock.

I varied the pressure and motion. I sucked hard, then soft, fast then slow. I twirled my tongue around the fat head and then flicked at his shaft. This was the best blow job I had ever given anyone. My jaw ached, but he was still holding on.

"Oh, baby." Link pumped into my mouth. I had to fist his cock to keep him from choking me. I watched his face in between wiping the water from my eyes that had sprayed off his chest and down onto me. "Oh, Hanna. God, I love your mouth, baby. I'm going to come, Hanna. Take me, baby. Swallow me whole."

I pumped his cock and sucked without mercy. I was dying to come again myself, but this was his night. I felt proud of the state I had him in. He had called my name, something I had never heard through that wall. I had heard enough slurping and directions to know he was getting a blow job some of those times.

When he came, I almost choked from the force. His cum shot out and filled my throat before I had a chance to swallow, but I managed to get it all down. I knew what would happen, but I had never allowed anyone to come in my mouth before, so it was a shock.

His legs shook.

I continued to pump, gently, and licked slow, soft circles. Then he pulled back. I kissed the head and licked the hole, letting the tip of my tongue penetrate the opening the tiniest bit. I looked up at him. Now he looked like Macy, ready to pass out. He was dead on his feet, and his body still trembled.

"I didn't mean for that to happen," he said. "You challenge my control, Baby J, and bust right through. I miss that."

I didn't understand what he was talking about. "What did you want to happen?"

Link reached behind me and turned off the shower. "I wanted to clean you up and carry you to my place and play. But now, hell, I'm not sure how I'm still standing."

Neither was I. His legs trembled visibly. I silently cheered in triumph.

"Macy staying the night?" Link asked as he wrapped a towel around his waist.

"Looks like it." I pulled a towel from the closet since he had just taken my towel off the bar. Wrapped one around me and then pulled another one out for Macy.

"Go get her ass up and tell her to take a shower. I'm not sleeping with her all funky up." Link smiled to let me know he was kidding. "Besides, we need fresh sheets. She soaked them.

I couldn't argue with that. But I wanted to snuggle with him. If he was staying the night, it was fine by me. Macy would have to deal with it or go home.

I woke her up, and with a bit of embarrassment, she headed for the shower. Link helped me change the sheets. He crawled in the middle and I joined him on one side. Macy returned and settled with her back to us on the other.

"Don't be embarrassed, Macy." Link pulled at her covers until she playfully swatted at him and turned to face us.

"I got a little carried away," Macy said in a small voice. She wore a T-shirt which made her the only person in bed with clothes on.

"Come here." Link looped his arm around her and pulled her to his chest opposite me.

We lay there. Facing each other, I could see the start of a tear, and I couldn't have that. Macy had done this for me, and I didn't want her to think I thought less of her for what had happened between us. I wiped it before it fell to her cheek, and she smiled. "Don't worry," I mouthed and watched Link's hand run up and down her back as I felt it run up and down mine. He was trying to reassure us both.

His hand stilled on Macy's shoulders and my ass. I guessed he made his preference clear that way. Somehow, he had chosen my size twelve over her size three.

## Chapter Five

Some things you just don't expect to happen in life.

Like the situation I was in right now. I was awake, my head on Link's shoulder. He had his arm wrapped around me. He was sleeping, with a lazy smile across his sumptuous mouth.

My best friend was cuddled up to his bicep on his other side. Macy had her back pressed all along his rib cage and side, but she faced away from him, away from me.

Last night hit me like a hangover. What drunken state of lust was I in?

Did I really do all those things to her?

Why didn't he?

When I imagined a three-way with two chicks and one dude, I certainly didn't see myself doing more than kissing Macy. Though I had done a lot more than just kiss Macy.

God, what had I done?

"Hey." His voice rumbled over my head, and his hand stroked my back.

"Hi." I closed my eyes then opened them. It was all still there.

We hadn't gotten drunk so it wasn't like I could say, "Oh, we were drunk—ha, ha."

No. We'd been stone-cold sober. The only intoxication last night was Link.

"What's wrong, Baby J?" he whispered. He hadn't let go of me or Macy. Though I doubted he could pry her boa constrictor grip off of his arm.

I looked up and into those whisky brown eyes and forgot what I was worried about. Link looked good in the morning. His chin was fresh with beard stubble. His voice sounded deeper, richer. "She looks like a little girl."

He shifted his head to look at Macy. I regretted the comment immediately. I wanted his attention. Yet, every time he tried to give it to me, I pushed him away. I needed to stop doing that.

"Kinda like Goldilocks," he said and chuckled. His thumb stretched the blonde curl wrapped around it. I felt the jealousy monster inside me growing. "She'll make some dominating man a good woman one day."

What the hell was he talking about? "Really?"

Link rolled his head back to my direction, and I was happy again. He had a very seductive smile going. I hoped it was because of me and not Macy. "Yeah, really."

"Are you hungry?" I changed the subject for two reasons; first, because we were talking about Macy and second, because I didn't know what he was actually talking about.

"Starving." I could feel the length of his cock under my thigh. Last night was his three-way, not this morning.

I couldn't do it again.

Macy stirred at this point and rolled over. As soon as she woke up, her face turned bright red. I thought for a moment that she might cry.

"Goldilocks, you're awake." Link tugged at her curls. I wanted to die because she was mortified, and here I was being jealous.

Macy tried to roll out of the bed, but Link latched an arm around her and hauled her up on his chest. We were face-to-face, just like we were last night when it ended.

"Are you hungry?" I asked her with a big smile because I didn't want to lose my best friend over this. I could forget what we did. Or, at least, ignore it.

Macy nodded with a half smile. Link rolled his eyes though he thought I didn't see him. I'm sure we were very melodramatic to him. I'm sure his lesbian lovers weren't embarrassed the morning after. They probably left his ass during the night. It almost made me want to pinch him for being so insensitive. But then, he offered to cook breakfast so I decided not to.

"All right, ladies, up." He gave us both a playful swat. I could feel the whole situation begin to lighten up. As Link headed down the hall, I pulled the sheet around me and talked to Macy. She, too, was being modest, already reaching for her clothes.

"Macy?"

"Yes?" So much was in that little response.

“I won’t tell anyone about last night. I know you won’t. And Link won’t tell anyone either.” I spoke for him as if I knew that were true, but I had no idea if Link would tell anyone or not.

“I really had no idea how carried away I would get.” I could tell that was a lie. Macy liked being carried away and reckless in the moment. I was the one freaked out. I wasn’t about to cave under Link’s pressure that had pushed her farther than we agreed to go.

“It’s no big deal. I got pretty carried away myself. We had a good time.” I tried for a diplomatic approach, and it worked. She lightened up immediately.

“God, Hanna. I thought you would hate me this morning.” Macy’s whole body relaxed and she leaned against the wall. “I didn’t know what to expect, but I didn’t expect him to lead like that. He is so good at being the boss in the bedroom.”

“So you’re into that?” I asked because I had no idea what she was talking about.

“Yeah, I guess if we were talking about BDSM I would be a bottom and he would be a top.” She winked. “I like a take-charge kind of guy.”

If Link was an excellent top, and Macy was a good bottom, what was I?

The middle. Am I the cheese to this sandwich? Doesn’t cheese hold the bread together? Before I went nuts, I had to ask a stupid question. “What the hell are you talking about? What’s a top?”

Macy laughed. “He’s dominant in the bedroom; well, he seems to be dominant in all aspects of his life, but he likes a submissive woman. I’m a bottom. Nothing makes me crazier than a man who takes control in the bedroom.”

Now I was the one getting nervous. What if Link liked Macy’s submissiveness so much he tried to play with her again... without me?

They didn’t need me anymore. The only hold I had was that I still got a turn with Link and Abe.

He wanted a submissive? Well, no, that’s not going to work. I wasn’t submitting to anyone! I had to make sure this whole thing was right. I’d have to ask him about it later. When Macy was gone...

Macy frowned at me. “You’ve never heard these terms before?”

“No. I dated Jerrod for five years. The kinkiest he ever got was letting me give him a blow job.”

“Well, I guess I have to take you out.” Macy had that gleam in her eye again. I knew, regardless of what Link said, Macy was on top. She was the confident one in this arena, not me.

“Out where?” Link reentered my bedroom like he lived in my apartment. He looked at me while he asked the question. I didn’t want to leave the two of them alone for a second. “Breakfast is ready. Are you getting dressed?”

He had only pulled on jeans. His bare feet stuck out of the bottom, and I suddenly realized I was attracted to the man’s feet. What was it about Lincoln that made me want to touch him everywhere? “Of course, I am.”

I wanted to stay in my sheet so the top and bottom couldn’t find time alone. I grabbed a T-shirt and shorts from my dresser as they headed back down the hall. I heard Macy telling him she needed to take me out shopping again, bless her.

When I finished dressing, I crept down the hallway and heard them talking, about me.

“I think she’s beautiful, I mean, when you look at Hanna, you just see woman.” It was the way Macy said *woman* that made me think big woman-overweight woman, but she didn’t mean it that way. She continued on. “I love the way her eyes contrast with her hair, the deep brown with the light blue. If she dyed it black, I bet she would look so hot.”

“I like it how it is now,” Lincoln interjected. Well, it was good to know my best friend and my next-door neighbor liked my hair. “So, what did you have planned for today?”

Oh, no. This was not what I wanted to hear. I couldn’t move my feet forward, couldn’t interrupt.

“Nothing really. What about you?” Bitch! How could she be so blatant?

Of course, I was the fool who left her alone with him.

“I was hoping to get some alone time with Hanna. But I imagine you two want alone time also.” My head almost snapped off my neck I jerked it so hard. Had he just told her he wanted time alone with me? The middle? But he also pointed out that Macy might want that time, too.

“Well, I can catch up tomorrow at work. I need to get going, anyways.” Macy sounded disappointed. Apparently, Lincoln wasn’t the man to take charge of her. Although he wasn’t going to dominate me, either.

“Where are you going?” I finally unglued my tongue from the roof of my mouth and staggered forward. My emotions were all out of whack now. I loved and hated Macy. I lusted for and despised Link. I needed to get a grip on things and fast. This was my home, my place of peace. The place I promised would not turn into another swarm of bad memories.

“Home.” Macy pouted her bottom lip and looked at Link. When I looked at him, he was looking at me. My ego swelled a little and I had to smile.

“Finish breakfast first.” Link waved the box of cereal in front of her.

“No, no,” Macy said, as she looked around for her purse. After finding it, she made quick time of leaving. She headed for the door and waved. “It was... fun.”

The look on her face didn’t say fun but she was out the door before either of us could say anything.

“What do you want for breakfast, Baby J?” Link asked from the kitchen.

“I thought we were having cereal?” I looked at him, and he was grinning.

“I said that to get rid of Macy. I had to sleep with her all night. Wasn’t that enough?” I was elated on my behalf but a little offended on hers. Of course, I took the offense.

“What does that mean? You don’t like Macy?” I don’t want him to like her but I just couldn’t quit throwing her in his face.

“I like her fine. A little more now, actually. Truth be told, she’s a fun lady.” He put his hands on his hips and looked at me, ready to fight.

“Well, I hope Abe’s a fun guy.” I mimicked his stance. His face heated, and the vein in his neck started pulsing.

I realized I might have overdone it, at that point.

“Oh, don’t you worry. Abe has all sorts of plans.” Lincoln didn’t bother with breakfast anymore. He snatched up his keys from the counter and left. Just as he was, barefoot, with no shirt on.

I felt my mouth open, but nothing was coming out. I finally got it together and headed out after him. No one stomped out of my house without an explanation.

I didn’t bother knocking, and the door wasn’t locked. He was standing at his sink, drinking a glass of tap water. He sat the glass down and looked at me like he could kill me, at any moment. I wasn’t afraid of him. Well, maybe a little, but I knew he would never hit me or anything.

“Why did you barge out?” I put my hands back on my hips and tapped my toe.

This meant business, buster.

“This is all just a game to you, isn’t it?” His eyes were so intense. I didn’t think he was even blinking anymore.

“It’s an adventure. One I thought I was taking with a friend.” See, I could be free and accept how this had to be between us. Link wasn’t a relationship kind of guy. He never was. That’s why he came back here. To get away from a bad relationship. Or, at least, that was the explanation I got.

“You want an adventure, Baby J?” And the way he asked that question made my insides burn. It was loaded with danger and something else I couldn’t quite name.

“Of course, I do.” Not one to back down, not now. Chicken shit Hanna was long gone—especially after all I did last night.

“Fine. Call into work. You won’t be there in the morning.” Link raised the glass again. He took a long drink before setting it down. I could feel the challenge. I never called in sick. I had sick days I lost every year because I never took them.

“Fine.” I picked up his phone so he could witness my determination.

After I called Jerrod and told him I wouldn’t be in, I spent twenty minutes reassuring him I was fine. Not that I thought he really cared, but he was shocked I was calling in sick.

Link picked the phone right back up. “Abe. Tonight, five o’clock.”

I watched his bottom lip disappear under his top teeth, and I wanted to hear what Abraham was telling him, but I couldn’t. Link nodded. Made a few comments in what I could only imagine was a secret code. Then I really started to get nervous.

“Well.” I put on a brave face and kept tapping that toe.

“Be ready. Abe will be here at five.” Link turned and poured more water.

“What should I wear?” Hopefully, knowing how to dress would give me a little more insight into his plans.

“Nothing you wouldn’t want to lose.” Link winked and headed toward his hallway.

“Lincoln, tell me!” I really wanted to throw a tantrum, but I didn’t.

“Go home, Baby J. I’ll be over at four with dinner.” He waved me off.

I wanted to choke him! I stormed down his hallway but the bedroom door was locked. I pounded on it, but he just laughed at me. After cursing a few words I didn’t know I owned in my vocabulary, I marched out his door, slamming it, and went back into my apartment.

I had to wait alone for six hours. Macy was gone, Link was avoiding me and my bedroom was set up like a whorehouse. Well, that gave me something to do for the next six hours—clean up the place.

## Chapter Six

Cleaning my house took about an hour and a half. The sheets were in the dryer, and I had dusted everything. I tried to watch television, but nothing held my attention. I turned on the stereo, but I wanted to hear any signs of life from Link's apartment so I turned it back off.

I couldn't really eat. I had a banana and some milk.

I couldn't sleep. I was too wired up about what was going to happen tonight.

So, I paced my apartment and started looking for cracks in the walls.

Armed with a caulk gun and wearing cut-off jean shorts and a tank top, I began to caulk things. I caulked my baseboards, my windows and anything else I could remotely find a crack in. The physical movement and rich concentration helped me to take my mind off what I was getting myself into.

This all started with me wanting Lincoln.

I'd had him, twice, not including the shower. But it wasn't enough. I needed him to know I didn't scare easily. I could do anything those blondes could do—and better!

Before I knew it, I had resealed almost everything in my house. The last spot was kinda tricky; it was under the desk.

Of course, that was how he found me.

"Is that what you're wearing?" Lincoln's voice boomed behind me. I jumped so fast I banged my head on the desk above me. The last thing I wanted him to see was me, looking like this.

"No. I don't know."

He smiled as I rubbed my head. I took the hand he offered and pulled myself up. I picked nervously at a dried piece of caulk on my arm.

"You should wear something sexy, don't you think?" Lincoln lifted a shoulder, and his smile was gone. He was back to being all business again.

"Then you pick out something for me to wear." I crossed my arms and let him know, with a look, how disgusted I was at being ignored.

"All right, dinner is on the table. Go eat, I'll bring something out." Lincoln headed to my dresser and opened the top drawer. It was my underwear drawer. I was certain he would close it, but he started searching through it instead.

"That's just underwear," I pointed out as if he hadn't already figured this out. He happened to be dressed rather nicely with a pair of dress pants I didn't know he owned and a polo shirt.

"Go eat." He didn't even turn around.

It was my house and my room, but I stomped out of there like it was his house. When I got to the kitchen, there was a Happy Meal on my table. I could feel the anger boil over inside me. Lincoln had never treated me like a child before. He had never played games with me like this, and I didn't like it one little bit. I turned to go tell him exactly what I thought and ran right into his chest.

"Jesus." He said and grabbed both of my arms.

"A Happy Meal?" I was so mad my eyes were crossed. I could feel it.

"You're nervous, and you won't eat when you're nervous so I got you a cheeseburger Happy Meal. What?" Lincoln lifted his left eyebrow and waited for me to respond. So, I normally got myself a cheeseburger Happy Meal when I get nervous. It was my own little ritual and not something for him to take the liberty of doing for me.

"Yeah, well," I stammered out. I didn't have a response, and he was still waiting. I turned my attention to what he had in his hands. A teddy with its matching pair of underwear. "You expect me to wear that to where?"

"Where we're going tonight." Link smiled. "Unless you changed your mind and don't want a new adventure."

"You expect me to walk out the front door in just that?" I snorted. He had lost his mind.

"This and your ladybug raincoat so no one here can see you." Link handed me the outfit. "Your choice but Abe will be here any minute. If you're not dressed and ready, we're leaving without you."

“I don’t like you right now.” I snatched the outfit out of his hands and stormed down my hall. In the bathroom, I showered quickly, double-checked that my underarms and legs were still shaved clean and that I didn’t have any wild hairs anywhere, and changed into the clothes.

I didn’t know why I blamed all this on Lincoln. I could stop at anytime, but I didn’t want him to think he had gotten the best of me. I didn’t know why it was important I let him know he couldn’t rule my life or my body, but I was hell-bent on proving it.

I headed out to the kitchen and found him nibbling on my fries. He didn’t bother to look up at me. Before I could say anything, a knock sounded at the door.

“It’s open,” Lincoln called, and my jaw unhinged and dropped to the floor. I was standing in the kitchen with a pink teddy on, for crying out loud.

The door swung open and in walked Abe. He mirrored Link, dressed in khakis and a polo shirt; only his was green.

Damn them both!

“Ready?” Abe bit his lower lip and looked at me. “Damn, Hanna. That’s hot.”

“I...I...uh...” I couldn’t put two words together.

“Come on, Hanna, let’s go.” Lincoln held up my ladybug rain coat, and I slipped into it.

Now that Abe was there, I knew I needed to get a grip on myself. I had to show Link how brave I was. I had to let him know I wasn’t afraid of his little games. Prove to him I really wanted to have him and Abe both. I had to admit the decision was easier now Abe was there and obviously willing and ready. He looked good enough to eat. But, the fact Lincoln now called me Hanna, and not Baby J, had not gone unnoticed.

I slid into a pair of pink flip-flops and tied the belt to my jacket. Link grabbed my cheeseburger and handed it to me on our way out while warning me this was my last chance to eat for a while. I rolled my eyes but hung onto my burger.

“So, just where are we going, gentlemen?” At this point, the sun was starting to set and, though it was too hot for a jacket, I was not about to remove mine.

Abe looked at Link. “You didn’t tell her?”

“No, and she doesn’t need to know until we get there.” Link helped me into Abe’s truck. This meant that I was riding bitch, right between the two of them.

“I can drive, or one of you can drive my car,” I offered so I could get more space.

They both laughed.

“What?” I asked, but both doors shut, leaving me between the two hulking men.

“Nothing.” Abe licked his lips. “I can’t believe you really want me.”

The blatant admission let me know this was not the same as it had been last night. Men were not about the seduction scene. I had offered a threesome, and, apparently, that was exactly what I was going to get. No romance or pretending.

“I...I...” Of course, I was tongue-tied again.

“She doesn’t *want* you. I already told you she just wants to have a threesome.” Link shook his head at Abe and looked down at me. “He has quite an ego. You may not have known that before, but you will definitely see it now.”

No, I hadn’t known it before. Abe was always a gentleman around me. He never cracked a dirty joke or made a pass at me. None of Lincoln’s friends did. They all treated me with the utmost respect.

“She wants me.” Abe nodded as he backed out of the parking space. “She requested me.”

“So,” I said regaining some ounce of composure.

“So? So, you want me. I’ve been telling that to Link since I met you,” Abe stated and shifted into drive. “Now, you’re going to see what you’ve been missing.”

I slid closer to Link. Somehow, I felt like I should have picked José or Shepard. I chose the blond Adonis. Abe really did look fine. His golden surfer locks were soft and curly like a mini Afro, all around his head. His blue eyes were bright and intense. His skin such a golden brown from all the time he spent on the water or in it. He worked at the aquarium and, when he wasn’t working, he bummed around on the beach. Abe knew the meaning of leisure time.

“What does he mean?” I looked at Link who rolled his eyes at Abe’s comment.

“I mean that I am really looking forward to this.” Abe glanced at me, realizing I had scooted away from him. His face screwed up in offense. “You’re not afraid of me are you? Hell, Hanna, I’ve wanted to ask you out from the first time I saw you. I’m not going to hurt you, if anything I hope you won’t be able to get enough of me.”

Lincoln sighed, and I could feel it against his ribs. He was either upset or put out by Abe. My eyes widened because I was shocked at Abe’s admission. I never knew.

“Why didn’t you ask me out?” I asked.

Link shrugged his shoulder. The motion removed me from leaning on it. I scooted back to the center of the seat and gave him a questioning look. He glanced out the window, away from me. Abe was watching the road, and I was watching both of them. Like a hawk, I sat studying them with my peripheral vision so I knew who to respond to or look at.

“Complicated story but we’ll see how it turns out tonight,” Abe said.

“You never told me Abe was interested in me.” I looked at Lincoln. He didn’t turn his head one inch.

“You never asked,” was all he said. The ice between us was getting thicker, and it just made me madder. I mouthed the words back to him, and he smirked. He must have seen my reflection in the mirror.

The ride was longer than I expected, and after about fifteen minutes in pure silence, I ate my cold cheeseburger and tried to fight a case of the giggles.

The nervous sort. The ones that sneak up on you at a funeral and won’t go away. I mean really, I was in a car with two men, twice my size, on my way to an unknown destination, in my underwear and a rain coat. They could put me out on the side of the road, and I wouldn’t even have my purse or phone to save me. Stupid of me to have left it behind, I know. I would have forgotten my keys if Lincoln hadn’t picked them up off the counter and locked my door for me.

“Can we listen to the radio?” I swallowed the giggle about to escape.

“What kind of music do you like?” Abe asked, and I thought about what I heard Link listen to. He liked rock and alternative. I heard a lot of *Blink-182* when he listened to his music. Since Link was being a pain in the ass about all this, I decided to return the favor.

“Country.” I smiled. Abe turned on the radio and punched a button.

A woman sang loudly about Jose Cuervo.

To my amazement, the two grown men, who had not said a word to each other since leaving my place, now start singing like old buds.

Link and Abe sang in unison with the woman on the radio. I had never heard the song before, but, from this point on, I knew I would never forget it. It was just the beginning. They knew most of the songs being played, and, me not being much for country western, I soon grew annoyed at how much fun they were having.

“Okay, so you like country, I get it.” My arms crossed, and they both spared me a glance.

“Why are you being so bitchy?” Lincoln asked, point blank.

“Because! I set up a whole romantic evening for you, and you know what happened then. And here I am, in my underwear, on my way to God only knows where for you two to do God only knows what to me.” There. I’d said it!

“I thought we were going to make you come until you passed out.” Abe grinned and bit his lip. Damn, I couldn’t wait to kiss that lower lip. His words resonated through me, and I was afraid I might need the raincoat to keep his seat dry.

“And I thought you wanted an adventure.” Link stretched out his legs as much as he could and folded his arms across his chest. “If you want out, or if you want something other than what we’ve already planned, you need to say it now.”

“I don’t.”

“You don’t want what we planned, or you don’t want out?” Link asked, and Abe audibly took a breath and held it.



“I don’t want out,” I confessed. I really only wanted Link’s attention. Abe let out his breath, and Link, who seemed hopeful that I was chickening out, sighed again. “I do want some attention, though. You have been ignoring me, and I feel awkward sitting here in my underwear.”

“Oh, poor baby.” Abe automatically responded and reached for my left hand. He pulled it into his lap and began stroking my fingers. Not to be outdone, Link took my other hand and stroked a lot less gentle. It was almost like he was irritated that he had to go along with this. But, after all, I did it with Macy for him; he could do a little sucking up to keep up with Abe.

“Is that better, Hanna?” asked Abe.

“Much.” I decided right then and there Hanna Jacobs would be in control of this threesome and, unlike Link, I had no intentions of shorting myself the pleasure of two men. “So, do I get to tell you what to do when we get there?”

“Yes,” Abe said at the same time Link said, “No.”

“Well, which is it? Yes or no?” I smiled because, if they couldn’t agree, I might just get more of them competing. It would be the first time in my life two men competed over me.

The answers remained the same. “It’s *my* fantasy,” I said.

“And I’m not kissing Abe,” Link announced.

“You’re not what?” Abe stopped stroking my hand. I thought I might have just lost his support.

“You don’t have to kiss him.” I squeezed both of their hands. “You don’t have to touch each other at all.”

Abe lifted my hand and kissed the back of it. God, his lips were soft.

Lincoln grumbled something under his breath. I cleared my throat, and he peered at me. He lifted my hand as though he was going to kiss it but bit it instead. Not hard, but a definite nip. The soft touch of Abe’s lips had been pleasing and reassuring. The nip from Link’s teeth let me know that, for at least part of this night, I was going to be in for a rough ride.

For the first time since getting into the truck, I felt excited. Up until this point, I was nervous and unsure. Knowing I had full control over them was all I needed to relax.

## Chapter Seven

When Abe finally pulled into the driveway, I realized we were at a house somewhere. The long back roads to get to this house had taken two hours. There were no neighbors, not another house in sight. The land was full of old fat trees whose branches were heavy with leaves. Cars were parked along the side in a single row.

“This place is beautiful.” I couldn’t hold my awe in. I let go of both of their hands just to hold my own heart.

“Thank you,” they said in unison.

“You both own it?” My suspicion was that they both knew the owner.

“No, but we know the guy who does,” Lincoln confessed.

“I’ve been helping him refinish it.” Abe smiled and winked. “We have been working on it for two years now.”

I looked at Lincoln. “Is this some kind of brothel or sex club?”

“Something like that.” He opened the door to the truck and got out. So did Abe.

They both stood outside the door, waiting for me to choose who I was going to let help me out of the truck. Since Lincoln helped me in, I thought it only fair for Abraham to help me out. As I scooted to Abe’s side, Link slammed the door hard enough to rock the truck. I gasped and froze because I wasn’t expecting that reaction.

“It’s all right. He’s just jealous.” Abe waggled his eyebrows playfully at me.

I took his hand. Once I got out, I realized Link was heading toward the house without us.

No way.

“Lincoln Foxx, you get right back over here.” I stomped my foot for emphasis, but that was stupid since I had on thin flip-flops and the road was gravel. “Shit!”

“Are you all right?” Abe looked down. Link was beside me in a flash, asking the same thing.

“I’m fine. I just hurt my foot.” I looked at Link and scowled to let him know it was his fault. No one had ever called me a Diva before, but I suddenly felt like one. My head swelled from all the attention.

I realized how starved I had been.

Link glared at Abe, like it was his fault I got hurt. I didn’t want them fighting over me physically. I only wanted a healthy dose of competition in the sack. I realized how awful I sounded—even to myself.

“Let’s all go together. I don’t want one of you without the other.” I needed to make that clear because it was very unclear to me. I liked them both, but I’d had a crush on Lincoln for the last six months. I thought Abe was a cutie, but I never imagined he had feelings for me. Now that I knew this, I was a little nervous again.

“You mean not tonight,” Abe clarified.

“I mean not at all.” I made it crystal clear.

“Welcome to my world.” Link actually smiled and looped his arm through mine. “Let’s go, Hanna honey. Daylight will be here before we know it.”

\* \* \*

Inside, the house was nothing like the outside. The walls were dark, and only candlelight was used to show the passageway. I heard what sounded like moans and groans of pleasure. Then what sounded like whips and chains. I realized that someone was heading for us, and I sandwiched myself between Link and Abe as the man approached with a woman behind him. The woman was completely nude, except for a dog collar, and the man led her with a leash.

“Gentlemen, can I offer you a trade?” The pot-bellied old man, wearing a wife beater and jeans, smiled.

“You wouldn’t want her. She’s not broken in yet.” Lincoln laughed.

I wanted to kick him, punch him in the spleen, something. But I was afraid to move. Abe stroked my arm, and Link held my hand and caressed it with his thumb.

“Third door on the right. Good to see you again, Surfer.” The old man winked at Abe.

We moved down the dark hallway and up a set of wide stairs. You would’ve thought there’d be more lighting at the stairs, but there wasn’t. I guessed the owner wasn’t afraid of being sued. The cries, moans, slaps and chain rattling grew louder as we reached the top of the stairs. I couldn’t see anyone else. All the doors were closed yet people were obviously in the rooms, doing great and terrible things to each other.

“Where are we going?” I asked as if I didn’t already know. My hand gripped Lincoln’s, like he was my lifeline. Abe walked casually behind us.

“To the bedroom.” Link said as he opened the third door on the right.

It was a small room with a four poster bed in the middle. The mattress didn’t look comfortable, but it did look clean. Amazing since this room was obviously used for sex a lot. The air smelled like a light floral bouquet.

“You two bring women here often?” I stepped free of them and walked to the bed. On the nightstand sat a box of condoms and a tube of lubricant. Both brand new.

“No,” they both answered

“I’ve been here a couple times over the years as a customer,” Abe admitted as he stepped closer to the bed. “But we mostly help him out with repairs and restoration to the place. It’s an old plantation. This house is one of many.”

“I see.” So, the owner turned an old plantation into a brothel.

“If you want out at any time, Hanna, just say...” Link trailed off as if in thought.

“Stop?” I offered.

“No, that won’t work. It’s a reflex to say ‘stop’, sometimes.” Abe grabbed my hand and tugged me around to face them. Lincoln was at the door, tapping his finger along his chin. Abe looked at me with his lower lip tucked under his front teeth. The man might just chew it right off.

“Not for me.” I clarified.

“How about Purple Monkey?” Link asked.

“Purple Monkey?” I laughed.

“Sounds good. You won’t say it as a reflex to something new.” Abe nodded to Link in agreement. “I always use Pink Elephant.”

Then I realized they were serious. “What are you talking about?”

“It’s your safe word. If we do anything, and I mean *anything*, that you don’t want to happen, you just say it, and we will stop.” Link’s expression was entirely too serious, making me nervous.

Purple Monkey was now my safe word. If they did something I didn’t like or didn’t want them to do—though I couldn’t imagine what that would be—I had to remember to say Purple Monkey.

“Whatever.” I tried for an indifference I didn’t feel. The house looked so warm and welcoming on the outside, and it felt so cold and dark on the inside. Or maybe I felt cold on the inside. This whole set-up seemed so strange and unfamiliar. I was excited, yes. But I was also nervous and unsure. This wasn’t, at all, like what Macy and I shared with Link. This seemed impersonal, and Link was like a totally different man here.

“So, are you ready?” Abe asked as he wrapped his arms around me from behind. He was watching Lincoln, and so was I. Link’s lip moved to a snarl then settled begrudgingly into a flat line. That possessive look in his eye made my heart thunder and my hands shake. He wanted me, and he didn’t want Abe to have me. Abe, on the other hand, seemed determined to prove something.

“Yes.” It was a whisper.

“Good.” Abe nuzzled into my neck and kissed the soft skin there. He stroked those silky lips back and forth. Lincoln moved toward me with the look of a savage man.

His lips came down on mine possessively. His tongue surged into my mouth and dueled with my own. There was nothing nice about the way he was touching me. It was hot and rough. His hands came down over my breasts just as Abe’s came up to untie my ladybug belt.

With the tie out of the way, Abe pulled the coat off my shoulders and began kissing one side of my neck. Lincoln let go of one breast as Abe's hand covered it. Then Link pulled back from the assaulting kiss and looked at me for a long moment. His jaw flexed several times.

It was as if he wanted me to say something, but I didn't know what. Finally, he moved his lips to the other side of my neck and began the same exploration, but in a less tender manner than Abraham.

The dual assault was enough to make my legs tremble and my knees weak. They must have sensed as much because, in no time, I could feel the edge of the bed.

"Come on up here," Abe cooed in my ear.

I hadn't taken in everything in the damn room, and I was already half naked and getting onto the bed. I tried to comply, but my limbs were like jelly. Link lifted me to the bed and remained facing me, standing next to it.

"Where are you going?" I reached for him as he walked away.

"Be right back." He had his expressionless face on.

"I'll keep you company," Abe whispered in my right ear. The feel of his warm breath against my skin was almost as intoxicating as Link's.

I turned to look at him, and Abe caught my lips with his. Those full soft lips were just as enjoyable to kiss, as they were to chew. I couldn't help nibbling on them. That sent him groaning and repositioning himself in a hurry. Now, when Link came back, if Link came back, he would be behind me.

"Give me one," I heard Lincoln say, and Abe lifted my right arm. The leather strap encircled my wrist, and my eyes flew open in a panic. Abe held me close with his right arm, and his eyes smiled at me. Yes, they were smiling.

"Lincoln?" I gasped as I pulled back from Abe's kiss.

"Other hand." Link motioned to me as he walked to the other side of the bed. My right arm hung suspended in air. I was on my knees, and now I could only stay in that position or stand. I imagined myself on my back, with the two of them licking and kissing me all over. I did not imagine myself tied up with the damn straps. Maybe he thought the ones on my bedpost were mine.

I was going to kill Macy!

I gave my other hand over freely. He wouldn't hurt me. I didn't know what he was going to do to me, but he wouldn't hurt me.

Abe sat back on his heels and admired my position. "She looks like a virgin being sacrificed."

I laughed at the thought.

"How are we going to get the teddy off now?" Abe pondered aloud.

"Just tear it at the seam," Link said as if it weren't the only scrap of clothes besides my coat I had with me.

"But not yet right?" Abe stared at me.

"You are *not* tearing this up!" I ordered.

Link laughed. "It still had the tag on it, Hanna. If it was something you cared about, it would have been worn by now."

"It was a gift." I shrugged and realized the ties were very loose. I wondered if they had any real binding power so I gave them a good tug.

"You'll tighten those." Link fisted his shirt and pulled it over his head.

I realized then the ties were not just for show. They would hold me, but they also gave me a range of motion. I felt the need to remind them this was my experience, and I was the one in control, even if I was tied up. "I'm the one in charge here."

Abraham joined the mutiny and removed his shirt. He slid off the bed and unfastened his pants. It was, at this moment, I realized there was about to be two very naked men in the room with me.

With *me!*

And I was tied to a bed. I realized, right then, I was definitely not in charge anymore.

"Um... What did you have in mind here, fellas?"

"Do you want the left or right?" Abraham asked around me.

“I’m already on this side.” Link toed out of his shoes and started removing his pants at the same time. I looked back to Abraham, and my lungs failed.

He was naked.

Gloriously nude.

His surfer body was much leaner than Link’s but no less defined. He didn’t have a stitch of hair on him other than the blond curls on top of his head. I never noticed that before now. I continued to look down his chest over his abs and realized the man didn’t have any hair around his cock either. Maybe that’s why it looked so thick.

“It won’t hurt. I promise.” Abe laughed. I realized I must have been gawking, so I snap my head to Lincoln’s side. He was waiting cross-armed for me to say something. I just knew it.

“You’re bigger.” I squeaked out.

“Longer. He’s thicker.” Lincoln shrugged. He obviously didn’t care about the differences.

“Oh.” I realized I was pulling on the bindings again, making them tighter. I had to relax. “So, now what?”

As they had before, one of them had me distracted, and the other decided to make a move. Abe tied the blindfold around my eyes, and there was nothing I could do.

“I don’t know about this,” I said with labored breaths.

“You don’t trust us?” Abe whispered in my ear, and it sent chills down my spine. It was like everything inside me was on hyper-alert.

“I can’t see what you’re doing.”

At that moment, I felt four hands on my body, soothing strokes along my back and stomach, alternating positions.

“But you can feel it, right?” Now Lincoln whispered in my ear.

Two sets of lips pressed to either side of my neck and began the exploration. Abe took his time and rubbed his nose in circles before he kissed. Lincoln dove right in with teeth and all. Two hands cupped my breasts. Abe again stroked me gently, and Lincoln kneaded the tissue and tugged at the nipple.

“It’s too much.” I moaned. It really was difficult to process all of the sensations and the contrast between the two men.

“It’s not enough,” Abe growled and ripped the strap off the pink teddy Jerrod had given me but I’d never worn.

The sound of material ripping was louder and faster on the other side. Instead of just the strap, Lincoln had torn the entire side. Now all I had on was the thong.

“Do you like it, Hanna?” Lincoln asked.

“I don’t know.” How could I process all this?

“Tell us you like it.” Abe kissed the inside of my elbow and then massaged my arm. I really did like that.

“You want more?” Lincoln asked. I could feel his hands raking up my thighs. He had shifted in front of me, and Abe had shifted behind me again.

“I can’t think.”

That got two male rumbles of laughter.

“Maybe we should stop, and let her think a moment.” Abe kissed the small of my back, and I jerked forward, not expecting it.

“Yes. We should definitely let her decide if she likes it or not.” Lincoln sucked my left nipple into his mouth, and I moaned. They were taking full advantage of me not being able to see them.

I could feel the weight lift from the bed, and I imagined they both had gotten off it. “Where are you going?”

Panic. Panic set in, at the thought of being left alone like this.

“We’re right here.” Abe stroked his fingers down my left side.

“Waiting.” Lincoln did the same to the right.

“Okay. I like it. I do. Just don’t leave me, okay?” They had won. But really, what was I losing?

## Chapter Eight-

“How many times do you think we can make her come?” Abraham asked as he got back onto the bed.

“Let’s find out,” Lincoln answered.

And, just like that, it was a whole new game we were playing. Two sets of lips began devouring my body. The gentle Abraham became as rough and aggressive as Lincoln. Teeth nipped my skin. Hands gripped and kneaded my flesh.

“Stand up.” Lincoln commanded from the front, and Abe helped lift me to my feet from the back.

My thong came down to my ankles and, as I stepped out of it, Lincoln braced my legs apart. “Stay open like that.”

“I’ll try.” My legs were shaking, and my pussy was dripping wet.

“She smells sweet.” I could feel Abe’s lips against my butt cheeks, and I thought surely he was not about to kiss my ass.

“She tastes sweet.” Lincoln growled, and fingers parted the swollen lips of my vagina.

Two hands held me open. One tongue began to dance over my clit, and another hand slid from behind. Two fingers dipped inside me.

“Oh, my God,” I cried.

Abraham not only kissed my ass, but his tongue snaked down the center as he withdrew his fingers from my fold. I knew he tasted them when his lips left my skin. Then his hands spread my ass cheeks wide, and I couldn’t tell where Lincoln’s tongue ended and Abe’s began as they moved from my cunt to my clit to my asshole.

I tried not to be shocked. I tried to keep my knees from buckling. “Too much, too much. I can’t ... stand...”

When the orgasm ripped through me, it strangled me. I couldn’t scream, couldn’t moan. It was a silent plea to be untied and laid on the bed.

They didn’t hear it.

“One.” Abe nipped my ass cheek.

“Get on your knees, Hanna” Lincoln spoke. Abe helped adjust my thighs as I moved into position. I soon discovered I was straddling his face.

My mouth opened to speak, but Lincoln kissed me, and all I could do was respond. I could taste myself and feel his hands on my aching nipples as they strained against his palms. Abe began suckling my clit and, in no time, I was moaning into Lincoln’s mouth.

“Two.” He sucked on my lower lip.

“Lincoln,” I panted. “Let me loose, I’m going to pass out here.”

“No way, not yet.” Abe dislodged himself from my thighs. He stood and released the blindfold.

Good grief! The lights were fully on. They could see every single thing. I felt the heat creeping up to my neck and the embarrassment flooding over me.

“You want out of the ties?” Lincoln asked, but he moved to release me anyway.

“She needs those hands free now.” Abe released the other. They both kissed and soothed my wrists. I hadn’t realized how hard I’d pulled on the ties during the two orgasms.

“For what?” I asked naively.

“Lie on your back,” Lincoln directed, and Abe settled at my head. His hands, immediately, stroked my nipples, and I could feel the relief of being on my back wash over me.

But only for a moment. Lincoln spread the lips of my sex with one hand and began finger-fucking me with the other.

“Easy. We want to build this one up.” Abe said, as he circled my nipples with his fingers.

“Can I touch, too?” I asked, and Abe nodded. He was the closest. I reached my arm back over my head and traced the silky smooth skin of his hairless balls. His eyes closed.

“Don’t you dare come, Abraham,” Lincoln growled.

“I won’t.” Abe sucked in his lower lip. “Forget easy. Get her off.”

I stroked my hand over his fat cock and palmed the big purple bulb. Moisture seeped out, and I groaned. Lincoln nipped my inner thigh, and I shifted my attention to the man between my legs.

He looked jealous again. That let me know that I could shift the balance of power to my favor. I stroked Abraham and licked my lips as Lincoln watched me through narrowed eyes. He must have had enough because, as soon as he lowered his lips to my clit, he went right for the pressure that sent me into convulsions.

I let go of Abe and cried out long and hard. Abe tugged at my nipples and encouraged me. "Damn, she's beautiful when she comes."

"Three. You're not out of the game already, are you?" Lincoln rubbed my inner thighs briskly then I felt him turning me over.

My body was limp. Three orgasms and I was ready to go to sleep. It hadn't occurred to me that neither of the men had gotten off. The thought came as Abe sheathed himself with a condom from the box.

"It doesn't taste like latex," he reassured me, and I knew then what he expected. "God, Hanna, I can't wait to feel those lips on my cock."

Lincoln pushed into my pussy, without warning, and a small cry escaped. Abe was on his knees in front of me. He took advantage of an open mouth and slid the head of his cock right in. Like a wild woman, I accepted the offer. Lincoln was fucking me from behind, and I was sucking Abe. My jaws barely opened wide enough to get him in.

"You like that, Hanna?" Lincoln asked.

"Mmmm," was all I could manage.

"Oh, sweet Hanna." Abe pushed his fingers through my hair. I was grateful he didn't shove too far in. I needed my hands on the mattress to hold myself up and take Link's thrusts. Abe slid one of his hands around his cock as I sucked harder.

The sensations were building. Lincoln reached around and rubbed my clit, sending me over the edge yet again. I tried to breathe around Abe's cock. The broken cries seemed to fire his blood.

"One more, Lincoln. Make her come again," Abe pleaded. His body glistened with a sheen of sweat. He was ready to come, but he was begging for me to.

"One more, Hanna?" Lincoln asked, but then he pressed his finger and rubbed my overly sensitized clit, sending me right back into a jerking fit and moaning mantra on Abe's cock.

Abe lost it, and I could feel the throbbing of his cock in my mouth as the condom filled with come. I let him loose when he finished. But Lincoln wasn't done with me yet.

"Lincoln?" I asked on shaking arms. Abraham massaged my shoulders, and I laid my head on his thigh. It was soft and smooth. A little damp with sweat but I was too exhausted to mind.

"One more, just for me." Lincoln moved slower this time. Letting it build. But it was already too late for me. "That's it, Hanna. Just let go."

I could feel the orgasm from a distance. Like it wasn't really happening to me. My eyes closed, and I could feel him throbbing. I could hear him crying out. But I was gone.

## Chapter Nine

I awoke with a start. The room was dark, and there was one man in bed with me. Abraham.

“What time is it?”

Abraham stretched. “Almost midnight. Why?”

I realized, at this moment, I should feel like hell. I should feel all sticky and gross. But I didn’t.

“I need a shower.” I lifted my arm to my nose and realized I was already clean. “Did you guys wash me while I was sleeping?”

“Yeah. We weren’t getting in bed with you all sexed up and slobbered on, that’s for sure.” Abe laughed. “Link should be back in a minute.”

“Where did he go?” I couldn’t believe he left me alone here.

“To grab some water.” Abe stroked my arm, and, immediately, I knew what he had in mind. He planned on getting started without Lincoln. Abe figured he’d steal a few moments for just the two of us. “I never knew you had this wild streak in you.”

“I hide it well.” I turned to face him. His blue eyes are almost glowing in the darkness, thanks to the candle on the far wall providing just a hint of light.

“Kiss me, Hanna.” Abe wasn’t going to make the first move, apparently. I felt torn between the surge of heat between my legs and the tug on my heart, telling me it was wrong.

The heat won. I leaned into Abraham and stroked my tongue across his upper lip. He moaned against my kiss and sucked my tongue inside his mouth. The kiss turned heated rather rapidly, and, before either of us could say, “jump,” he was on top of me.

“I want to be inside you so bad, Hanna.”

“Lincoln will be back any time. Won’t he be mad?” I asked, surprised I had the ability to think half clear. If I’d returned to my bedroom yesterday to find Lincoln and Macy making out, I would’ve been devastated. But Lincoln wasn’t in love with me. This was just a game, an adventure.

“I’ll tell him we’re just warming up.” Abe licked the shell of my ear and reached for the box on the nightstand. “I’ve wanted you for six months, Hanna.”

Abe continued to unwrap the condom and suited his cock. The thought of that thick dick in my pussy was a little frightening. “You barely fit in my mouth.”

“I’ll fit.” Abe assured me as he rubbed the thick head against my opening.

As he slid in, the door swung open.

The feeling of discomfort, pleasure and fear all hit me at once. Lincoln looked ready to murder us both. He shut the door. With only candlelight, I could no longer read his expression. Abe stilled inside me, and I could tell he felt the same things.

“We were only warming up,” Abe said evenly.

Lincoln removed his clothing without a word. He placed the bottles of water next to the lube.

Confusion.

I was so confused; it was like watching a traffic accident I couldn’t stop.

Lincoln stood next to us at the edge of the bed. “You have fucked me for the last time, Abraham.”

I wondered if he meant it literally.

“This is as close as I can get to getting what I want,” Abe whispered.

Link snorted. Sucked in a breath and let it out. “Suck it.”

I was sure he was talking to me, so imagine my surprise, when Abraham’s lips bumped mine at the tip of Lincoln’s cock.

I began licking Lincoln’s shaft as Abraham did the same. He made sure to touch my tongue with his and, after a few moments, I realized what was happening. Abraham wanted Lincoln. Just like Macy had wanted me. Lincoln gave her what she wanted.

My gut clenched.

My pussy throbbed. Abraham responded by rolling his hips forward. I gasped and that was it, my sensitized body fluttered a barely-there orgasm throughout.

Lincoln stalked to the foot of the bed, pulled the sheet off of us. I watched over Abe’s shoulder, and Link never broke eye contact with me. He was angry. I could read betrayal all over his face.



My eyes remained fixed on Lincoln. The words that escaped his lips ripped the air from my lungs and the blood from my heart.

"I fucking hate you both for this." We had both broken his heart.

"Lincoln, please." I pushed at Abe and tried to reach Link, but he was in his pants and out the door with his shoes and shirt in his hands.

"Lincoln!" I yelled.

"Let him go." Abe whispered.

"What?" I turned on the blond devil and saw that he was speaking through unshed tears.

"You can't reason with him right now." Abe swiped at his eyes before the tears could fall.

"Are you lovers?" I asked, and my heart broke an impossible bit more.

Abe shook his head. "No. But I've loved him all my life, I guess. He's not into men. Never has been."

"Why did you say you were into me if you like guys?" I asked as I got out of the bed. It is then that I remembered that I didn't have any clothes to wear. I pulled on my ladybug raincoat and started to cry.

God, this was the worst night of my life! And it had gone from fun and exciting to nightmare in no time.

"I like both, but I love Link." Abe looked at me with a menacing eye. "The fact that you could share him told me you would break his heart. I would never share him if he were mine. I had to prove to him that you weren't just exploring. Hell, do you even know why he was in love with you to begin with?"

"In love with me?" I sobbed. My head was spinning. Did he say Link was in love with me?

"Hanna, you're not stupid. He moved here six months after his divorce. He caught his wife cheating on him with his brother. She was a sexpot, fucked anything with two legs. He sowed some wild oats in Vegas and when he first moved here. But he met you, and that was it." Abe stood, grabbed his slacks and pulled them on. "All I heard about was Baby J. How you were such a nice woman, a one-man kind of woman."

Abe stopped and looked at me. "There is no such thing."

"Bullshit! I am a one-man kind of woman. I have never done anything like this before! I swear I thought he wanted a wild woman. I thought I could get his attention like this." I grabbed my stomach and sank to the floor. My sobs were uncontrollable now.

"Come on. I'll take you home." Abe offered me his hand.

"Fuck you!" I screamed at him. He did this. He did this to me.

"Hanna, you can hate me all you want, but there are people here that will hurt you if you're alone. Come on." Abe pulled me up by my arm.

People had already hurt me here. He had hurt me. I thought he actually liked me. He only wanted to prove I was no good. The bad part was I let him do just that.

In silence, or as much as I could hide the tears and sobs, I followed Abe through the house. The creepy stairwell now crawled with people. They were openly having sex all around. It reminded me of Caligula and the height of Rome. As much as I hated to do it, I held onto Abe for safety. People reached out and stroked our legs as we walked by, inviting us to join them.

The entrance came into view, and, like the perfect ending to this scary movie, it started raining the moment we got outside. I tried to run in my flip-flops but ended up kicking mud and rocks onto my calves instead. Abe lengthened his stride and walked faster, but he did open the truck door for me and try to help me inside.

I had a long ride home. I prayed Lincoln had found a way home, and that we wouldn't see him on the side of the road walking in this storm. As soon as the thought hit me, lightning stuck, and thunder roared around us.

"I hope he's all right," I whispered and wiped the last tears from my cheek.

"I'm sure he got a ride home." Abe cleared his throat, and I knew he was praying the same thing.

"So how did this happen to us, Hanna?" Abe asked.

"What?" I asked as he pulled out of the temple of sin and headed us back toward salvation. Home.

“How did this whole thing start? When he asked me, he said you wanted it, and he needed to do this. That if he could do this with you then maybe you wouldn’t cheat behind his back.” Abe spoke softly and focused on the road.

“It was a joke.” Fresh tears sprung to my eyes. “I was kidding. But he took it seriously, and I know that he is more experienced, and the women he brought home were all blonde and beautiful. And I could hear them screaming in ecstasy. I felt so...”

“Inadequate?” Abe glanced quickly. He made a slight grunt of a laugh. “I can’t believe I did this.”

“What?” I asked. I didn’t want to spend the entire ride in the dark. Talking to my enemy was one way of learning his motivation. Because, right now, Abe was still my enemy.

“I am just as stupid as Shania.” Abe shook his head. “The woman started sleeping around as a means of making him jealous. Problem was, Link was building a business, so he didn’t notice the clues. After a year, she came to me and told me. Confessed it all.”

“So you told Link?” I asked.

“No.” Abe shook his head. “They were visiting me for the weekend. I couldn’t. I was enjoying having him around again. I wasn’t going to ruin my weekend to make it easier for her. And I didn’t want to be the one to hurt him. She was a real dominating bitch by then, and I wasn’t going to let her control me.”

“When did you tell him you knew?” I now understood why Link thought Abe had fucked him before. Keeping that kind of secret was a deal breaker for any friendship.

“Vegas.” Abe slowed the truck down as the rain picked up.

“Did you try to get him then?”

“No. I have never made a pass at him. Lincoln never let my sexuality stop him from being my friend. He may look like a grizzly bear, but he is a big softy at heart. He has traditional family values: a wife, two point five kids, the white picket fence, dog, you name it. Shania was his high school sweetheart. Too much money too fast. She just lost sight of him as they got older.”

The sadness in his voice made it hard to hate Abe. If I knew a man was going to use Macy, I would do just about anything to get rid of him for her. I wouldn’t try to seduce him. Of course, until this weekend, I wouldn’t have had a clue how to seduce a man.

By the time Abe pulled into the parking lot, I had forgiven him. The question for both of us now was if Lincoln could do the same.

I didn’t know if he was home. I didn’t try the door. I went into my own apartment and took a long hot shower, trying to erase the night.

## Chapter Ten

It was already morning when Abe dropped me off, but now the sun was out. The rain had passed, and the birds were singing. It would have been a magical feeling if I had actually gotten a minute of sleep. I hadn't. I tossed and turned and replayed my decisions over and over, like a broken record.

Lincoln had dropped every hint, and I had missed them all. Because of my own stupid self-preservation, I might have lost the only man I ever truly loved. Yes. I loved Lincoln Foxx. I wanted a house, and a dog, and two point five kids with him. I wanted to be there with dinner on the table and a smile on my face when he walked in the door at night. I have always wanted that. I just never believed it was possible. Now, I might have blown my only chance at it.

With a lot of determination and the realization I would not only have to be forceful, but also understanding, I got out of bed and marched right out my front door. To my surprise, I found a woman standing on his front doorstep.

She wasn't stopping me, either.

I walked up beside her and realized Link was on the other side of the door, talking to her.

"It was a mistake," he said simply.

The woman looked me over briefly then turned back to the door. "I didn't come all this way to have you turn me away now."

"Who are you?" I asked, as if I had the right to know. The woman was taller than me, jet black hair, piercing blue eyes, thin, with a set of boobs that had to have been purchased.

"I'm Shania, his wife." She quirked a brow and gave me a slower look from head to toe. "And you would be?"

"Hanna." Lincoln opened the door and clenched his jaw as he said my name.

I ignored the woman on the stoop with me. "Lincoln, I have to talk to you."

"Lincoln, you need to get on your knees and beg me for forgiveness." Shania crossed her arms and tapped a long black boot with impatience.

My mouth dropped open at her command. I could not believe she was talking to him like that.

"He doesn't have to do a damn thing you say!" I physically turned the woman to look at me and not him.

"Why not?" Lincoln sounded defeated, and one look at him told me it was true. "Why shouldn't I? I mean, at least, with Shania I know where I stand. I lived under her for years."

Then it hit me. He wasn't always the so-called 'top'. Shania was the dominant one in their relationship—no wonder I never saw this side of him before. Sure, he was always confident and strong, but nothing like last night, cold and withdrawn.

I watched as his left knee started to bend. I was afraid he might just drop to his knees and give up. I needed to stop it. The only thing that came to mind was ridiculous.

"Purple Monkey!"

"What?" He looked at me, and continued to cross his left leg over his right. His arms crossed next as he made himself more comfortable in the doorjamb.

"What the fuck?" Shania now looked at me, too.

"You heard me, Lincoln. Purple Monkey. You have to stop. You're about to do something that I don't like. That I don't want. I don't want you to go back to her." Tears began to fall, and I knew it was my only chance. "I'm sorry. I swear I was just confused. I thought this was what you wanted. I thought you wanted someone wild. I swear I only wanted you."

Then I did something I never thought I would do in my life. *My* knees buckled, and my hands gripped his thighs, and I begged him. "Please, Lincoln, please. I swear I love you. I promise I will never look at another man."

His chest expanded and released visibly. The woman beside me finally spoke up. "You've got to be kidding right?"

I turned from my kneeling position and looked up at the insensitive and insane question.

"I told you it was a mistake. I didn't mean to call you." Lincoln said as he put his hand on the top of my head.

“Well if you think I would buckle to my knees, you’re right. It was a big mistake.” She threw up her hands and stalked away.

“Come in.” He bent enough to help lift me off the ground.

He was still mad and hurt. I could feel it. I understood it.

“So...” He turned and waited.

“I didn’t know how to let go. I was so caught up, trying to keep myself from getting hurt. I never realized that I could hurt you. I never knew I had that ability. No one has ever really loved me, Lincoln. I didn’t know.”

He straightened a bit and crossed his arms. “And what happened with Abe?”

“I don’t know what happened with Abe. I was half awake, half asleep. I was torn between knowing it was wrong and thinking you didn’t care, so why not let it happen?” I could feel the urge to throw myself at his mercy again, but I didn’t.

“What about me?”

“I love you. I...” I started to explain more.

“No. I mean, what about what I let Abe do. How do you feel about that?” Lincoln swallowed and shifted his neck from side to side.

“I don’t care about that. It was a moment of raw emotion. Unless you care about Abe, you don’t...”

“God, no. I’ve never done anything like that in my life, but I was so mad at him. He’s wanted me since high school, and I knew it. But he went too far when he tried to take you.”

I could see the hurt resurface.

“He told me he did it because he wanted to protect you,” I said. “He said that if I loved you, I should’ve never been able to share you. He’s right. The whole time we were with Macy, I wanted just you. The whole time we were with Abe, I wanted just you.” And deep in my heart, I knew those words were true. “Do you still hate us? Do you still hate me?”

“No.” Lincoln looked at his bare foot and began tapping it on the floor. “I don’t hate either of you. But I especially don’t hate you. I’m sorry you felt you had to go wild to please me.” Lincoln uncrossed his arms, and I ran into them.

“Let me please you, Lincoln. Any way you like, let me make you happy.” I cried into his chest and felt the strength of his arms around me.

“Be mine and mine alone. Don’t share me with anyone, and I won’t share you.” Lincoln kissed the top of my head. “I don’t want you to be anything other than what you are.”

My knees turned to noodles. “I love you so much.”

“So you’re only mine now?” He scooped me up and headed for the bedroom.

“Yes,” I surrendered.