



Lust Bites

THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE JOB

Saskia Walker

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The Right Men for the Job

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE JOB

Saskia Walker

Dedication

For Mark, who is always the right man for the job.

Chapter One

“Hey Deacon, look lively. We have a customer.”

Deacon frowned. It was past closing time and they already had a backlog of cars in the workshop. The vehicle he was working on had to be ready before ten the next morning. “Can you cover it? I’m busy here.”

“Oh yeah,” Vico replied. “Sure I can. It’s the goddess from the office across the street. I’m glad to be of service for such a beautiful customer.”

“The goddess?” Deacon dropped his tools and made a move to climb out of the inspection pit. As he did he caught sight of her walking towards the entrance to the workshop. The early evening sun was lowering in the sky behind her, and that only emphasised her outline.

She really was here and Vico – his junior partner – was already on his way over to greet her, prowling like an alley cat. Deacon cursed under his breath, and then dented his forehead on the underside of the car as he hastened out of the pit. He’d been lusting after this lady since they’d opened the workshop. They both had. They were often attracted to the same type, but usually Deacon backed off. Vico could charm whoever he wanted – women and men. He was Eastern European and displayed old world charm in his every move. Vico was also bisexual and flaunted it, whereas Deacon was straight. He also wasn’t so sure of himself, so he usually threw the towel in if another man got territorial.

Not this time. If the goddess from across the street was coming over, he really did want his chance to chat with her as much as Vico did.

“Greetings, how may I be of assistance?” Vico already had the charm at full throttle, and he’d also had the foresight to clean his hands on a cloth as he approached the woman.

She smiled Vico’s way, tentatively, and then glanced at the sign over the workshop door as she passed under it, entering their space. In one hand she held a small shoulder bag, and a key fob dangled from her long, elegant fingers. Her glossy black hair swung to her shoulders in a long bob. She wore a short, fitted dress in some kind of shiny blue fabric. Simple, but

pure style. The strappy high-heeled sandals she wore made her shapely legs look even longer.

Deacon rubbed his hands over his head and then forced himself to drag his attention away long enough to check his hands. Oil everywhere. No doubt he had it on his head as well and looked like a right idiot.

"Hi," the goddess said, "I work across the road and I'm afraid my car won't start. It's a classic and it's a bit temperamental. I have a mechanic who usually services it for me, but he's near home and that's ten miles away. I need to get to an appointment this evening."

She glanced his way and smiled. It mesmerised Deacon. Suddenly he didn't mind so much that she might be amused at his appearance. "I wondered if one of you could take a look at it for me?" she added.

She looked from one to the other of them, as if unsure who to direct her comments to.

He snapped into action. "Sure thing. Vico, could you check the lady's car, please."

Vico gave him a wry smile indicating he was unsurprised that Deacon had pulled rank, and collected her keys from her.

Deacon noticed she was about to follow Vico back to the car, and interrupted. "Take a seat. I'm sure this won't take long."

She walked over to the seat he offered. Up close, she was even more attractive than he'd imagined. Large green eyes and a mouth that made him ache to kiss her.

"I hope you're right. Unfortunately I have an appointment I have to be at. This couldn't have happened at a worse time." She glanced at her watch as she sat on the chair, and then crossed her legs high on the thigh, magnetising Deacon's attention to the soft, bare skin of her legs. The urge to kneel down beside her and stroke her was taking hold of him. He dragged his attention back to her face.

"I can always get a taxi." She frowned. "It's my fault for wanting a classic sports car."

"It's a gorgeous vehicle. We've both been admiring it." *Not just the car, you too*, he thought, and smiled

Her expression brightened. "Thanks. It costs a lot to maintain, but I love it. In fact my friends tease me about it. They say that the car is the love of my life and there isn't room for a man as well."

Interesting. "What you need is a man who is a mechanic, and then both you and the car would be kept happy." It was a spur of the moment comment, but was it too blatant, he wondered. What if it was? He had very little time. Vico would be on his way back soon. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

She laughed softly, and he noticed how thick her eyelashes were as her eyelids lowered. "That would indeed be rather handy," she responded, and then fanned herself with one hand, glancing at him as she did so.

Was that a once-over? And was she aroused, or was she just hot? Deacon felt clueless. She looked warm, and her cheeks were flushed. It was humid inside the workshop, could be that. They were used to it, but he made a mental note to get a large fan, in case he had a beautiful woman sitting here on a hot August evening again.

"What is it that you do over there?" He nodded at the office block. "We've been wondering, since we opened up here."

"Oh, there are several different organisations in the block. We rent part of the second floor, the offices overlooking this side." Again her eyelids lowered briefly. "I work for the Yorkshire tourist board."

"Tourism? Sounds glamorous."

She chuckled, pushing her heavy hair behind her ear on one side as she looked at him. "Not really. I monitor standards in the local hospitality industry, hotels mostly."

Responsible job, high powered. What would she want with a self-employed mechanic?

"The car is my bit of glamour," she added.

She didn't need a glamorous accessory like the car, she was pure glamour herself. He was about to respond when Vico jogged back.

"The starter motor has gone. We can have one delivered first thing in the morning."

She nodded. "Thanks. I better call a taxi."

Deacon shook his head. "That won't be necessary, I'll give you a lift. We don't have a courtesy car as yet, so it's the least I can do."

She looked up at him, hesitating. "I don't want to be any trouble."

"You won't be." He smiled. "I was about to lock up for the day."

"Yeah," Vico interrupted, and started undoing his overalls right there and then. "We were about to lock up anyway, we can give you a lift right away."

Deacon frowned. He'd been making headway, but Vico wasn't going to let it go. Apparently he wanted her just as much. There had been friendly banter between them about her every time they'd spotted her going in and out of her office. Deacon had even announced he wanted to wake up with her, every morning. Vico had responded that he'd already be there in her bed. It was genial rivalry, but that was before either of them knew they'd get a chance to meet her for real. Would this test their friendship? He hoped not. Vico was the perfect business partner. Hard working, positive, energetic. Deacon knew he couldn't compete with him when it came to women, however.

Her eyes had widened and she watched as Vico stepped out of his overalls, deftly peeling off his work persona. Underneath he wore snug black jeans and a T-shirt. He kicked the overall to one side, and then put out his hand. "Vico Laberi, at your service."

She rested her hand in his. "Astrid Jacobs."

Vico met Deacon's stare and flickered his eyebrows.

The cheeky bastard was challenging him. Deacon rose to it and pulled the poppers on his overall, flexing his muscles, drawing her gaze right back to him as he stripped it off.

When he was sure he had caught her attention, he winked.

All is fair in love and war, he told himself, right?

* * * *

"Climb in. You get a great view from up here." The bloke called Deacon patted the seat next to him.

The other one, Vico, was at her back, standing with one arm up against the door of the pick-up truck, almost touching her. Astrid swayed, barely resisting the urge to take a step back and feel that limber, muscled body against her back. She glanced over her shoulder at him and smiled, then looked into the front seat of the truck and wondered how the hell she'd got herself into this situation. Twenty minutes ago she'd had to physically and mentally brace herself to approach the workshop, because dealing with mechanics unnerved her so badly. With all their brawn and secret knowledge they made her—a confident business woman—feel clumsy and stupid. Her regular mechanic was a mature gent who specialised

in classics. Him, she could cope with. These two were something else. Walking in to their space had been like walking into an exotic foreign land, one that was redolent with masculinity.

They hadn't made her feel stupid about the car needing attention, though, for which she was grateful. In fact they had both gone out of their way to be charming. And now, somehow, they had convinced her to get into a recovery truck, where she was apparently going to be squeezed into a bench seat between the pair of them. Talk about overload of testosterone. These two were positively oozing with it, and their bravado and charm meant she'd been swept along easily with their suggestion.

Again Deacon patted the seat next to him. If she didn't know better, she'd think the two of them were competing over her. That couldn't be the case because they'd only just met. She shrugged the feeling off. They probably acted this way with all their customers, friendly and charming. She dropped her bag into the floor space and clambered in.

"Allow me." Deacon reached across to strap her seat belt on.

She caught a breath of his cologne as he buckled her in and it made her think about rolling across a bed with him, naked. Where the hell had that come from? Her eyes flashed shut and then open, her spine straightening. Her pulse rate was already erratic and now it paced up, her entire body kindling. He was a good-looking bloke that was why. They both were. Deacon was built large and powerful, with massive shoulders and arms, like a weight lifter. He had dreamy blue eyes and closely cropped brown hair that made her want to run her hands over his head. Vico was sleeker—lean and hard, physically—and darker in colouring. He had longer hair and sharp features, dramatic cheekbones and a killer smile.

Deacon clicked the belt into place, and winked at her.

This was going to be a test of her ability to hold it together, she could tell. Once she'd agreed to the lift, they'd peeled off their overalls, washed up and closed up the workshop—inside the space of two minutes. They looked pretty damn good, too, in tight jeans and T-shirts.

When Vico climbed in behind her, she found herself squeezed on both sides by solid male thighs. Folding her arms around her waist, she wondered where she should put her hands and bit her lip to stop herself smiling when she realised the obvious place was one on each of those sculpted thighs.

Deacon switched on the engine and it roared into life. He nodded at the road. "Where to?"

"My appointment is about four minutes' drive on the easterly road."

Moments later they were roaring along the open country road out of town, and the height of the truck gave her a great view of her beloved Yorkshire Dales. The view and the company took the edge off her feeling about the appointment she had to attend. As she gave directions, she acknowledged the fact that these two were giving her beleaguered confidence a much-needed boost. It was the last thing she'd expected as she'd reluctantly headed over to their workshop, but with the event that lay ahead she was grateful for what their attention was doing for her, because she was dreading the party.

The event she was attending was her best friend's engagement party. The problem wasn't Lucia, her best friend since school days. The problem was that Lucia was engaged to Roger, Astrid's ex. Two years it had been since he'd done the dirty on her, but it still hurt. It also meant she found it difficult to trust and get involved again. And now Roger was marrying her best buddy. Lucia knew what a bastard he'd been, but apparently that hadn't stopped her getting involved. It was all horribly awkward, but she'd vowed to be polite and rise above her base emotions, for Lucia's sake.

The truck drew to halt. Astrid glanced at the house. It was Lucia's parents' place. She'd visited many times in the past. Heart-shaped balloons decked the porch. The front door was open, music spilled out, and people were milling about in the hallway. She sighed, her spirits sinking.

"You don't want to go to this party, do you?" It was Vico the gypsy-looking guy.

She shook her head. "Nope. Is it that obvious?"

He lifted one shoulder in a kind of lazy shrug.

"No. I don't want to go, not really, but I have to."

He drew her hand to his mouth and kissed the back of her fingers. The action sent a delicious shiver of anticipation through her, her body responding.

Glancing up at her as he kissed her, his eyes twinkled. "You have to go? That's a shame. We could go get a drink otherwise."

He really was flirting with her.

"Yes, the three of us could go get a drink." Deacon had switched off the engine and was watching Vico flirt with a wry smile. "What's the event?" he added.

"It's my best friend's engagement party. I was just going to show my face for twenty minutes." As she glanced from one to the other of them, an idea occurred to her. "I don't suppose you'd like to come in with me, just for a few minutes, get a drink and a canapé? The invitation said I could bring someone."

Or two. There would be several cliques in there, and that was what she was dreading most of all. She'd feel much less like a sore thumb if she had company. Especially such good looking, sexy company. The very thought of it boosted her confidence and steadied her nerves. She smiled. When she did, they both reacted.

"Sounds great," Deacon replied.

"You're on," Vico said, in the very same moment.

"I'd really appreciate the company."

"The pleasure is all ours," Vico responded.

From no date to two sexy companions, inside a heartbeat. Maybe her luck was changing. "Okay guys, let's do this."

Chapter Two

Vico scanned the crowd and knocked back the glass of champagne Deacon had put in his hand. "You know all these people?"

Astrid shook her head. She sipped from her flute of champagne in an almost compulsive manner, as if she was nervous. "Some of them. A third, maybe. The ones I know are old friends that I haven't been in touch with for a while." She nodded across the room at a man who Vico had already tabbed as the biggest schmoozer in the place. "That one, he's my ex boyfriend, that's why this is so awkward for me. This is his engagement party."

Deacon nearly choked on his spicy-chicken-on-a-stick. "Seriously?"

Astrid nodded, and then took a bigger swig of her champagne. She was seriously uneasy. Vico perched alongside her where she rested up against a window sill, and slid his arm around her. He let her feel his reassurance in a gentle embrace, his hand tightening around her waist, before he glanced back at the schmoozer. Oddly enough he could picture them together but it would have been far too perfect, and he didn't approve of that. Life never approved of it, so why should he? A sophisticated woman like Astrid needed a bit of rough to set her off and let her glow. Two bits of rough, maybe? Vico's thoughts ran in a direction that his fantasies often secretly did. What did Deacon think, he wondered?

Deacon was frowning as he looked across at the ex. "Wait a minute, you're telling us that bloke there," he gesticulated with his half-eaten canapé, "left you, for the woman you were talking to at the door?"

He was still frowning heavily as he asked the question. He was right to frown. The friend was pretty, but Astrid was a goddess. *Their goddess*. Vico was already thinking of her that way. He wondered if he could convince Deacon to give it a go. He'd shared a woman with another man before, but his instinct was that Deacon had not.

"No," Astrid said, "he didn't leave me for Lucia."

Vico noticed that she tensed when she talked about it. She still wasn't over it. He knew a good remedy for that.

"Although I did introduce them. He left me for another woman, a different one. In fact there've been a few others before he settled down with my best friend."

"Ouch," Deacon said, and turned to kiss her gently on the cheek.

Vico knew it was an instinctive gesture. Deacon was a big softie underneath his gruff exterior, but he wasn't going to be left out when it came to Astrid, and he delivered his next comment with conviction. "That man is crazy. He's the biggest loser here."

When she turned her face up to his, Deacon looked at her with a kind of hypnotised stare and then kissed her full on the mouth. She jumped, startled, and then quickly melted, her lips parting as she returned his kiss. Watching them made Vico hard, and his mind raced. He glanced away, and saw that her ex had noticed what was going on. Vico lifted his glass in the lucky man's direction. The ex glowered and stomped off.

Deacon and Astrid were oblivious. Deacon was kissing her neck. She gave a breathless laugh. "You two are very good for my ego."

"Ego? Is that what they call it these days?" Vico said, leaning in, his hand tightening on her waist as he whispered in her ear.

"Don't mind Vico," Deacon said. "He always attempts to get the woman I want."

Vico watched her reaction to that comment.

Her soft lips parted and her eyes flashed, then she tilted back her head and chuckled, and the sound of it was deeply sexy. He wondered for a moment if it was just about getting back at the ex boyfriend, but she wasn't even looking beyond the pair of them anymore.

"Hey now, you two are winding me up," she said.

Vico recognised his window of opportunity. He wanted to open her up. She deserved to be adored and loved. "Not at all. We both want you, simple as that."

"Stop it," she whispered, blushing.

He shrugged. "They say success is the best form of revenge, why not show him you can have two men if you want?"

"I wouldn't want you to fake anything just to help me out." She glanced from one of them to the other. She really didn't believe it.

"Fake it?" Deacon shook his head. "No way. I've known Vico for three years, and I know he wants you. As for me," he lifted her chin by one finger, turning her to face him

fully, “no faking required.” Closing the gap between them, he kissed her full on the mouth again.

Vico watched, fascinated. Deacon wasn’t usually so blatant, not ever. Party guests were looking their way, but apparently Deacon didn’t care. Astrid had lost touch with her surroundings as well. Her hands were latched over Deacon’s shoulders as he kissed her. Vico was pleased Deacon had made the move. His British friend was picking up tips from him, perhaps. Either that or he wanted her so much he didn’t know what he was doing.

When they came up for air, Deacon gently stroked her hair back from her face. Astrid was even more beautiful when aroused, her eyes dark, her skin flushed. Watching them together was too good. Vico pictured them locked in a kiss the way they had been, but naked, with Deacon in action between her legs. His cock hardened in response to the image. He’d give anything to see Deacon in action.

I might even share the goddess to get a ringside seat for that show.

“So, what do you think,” he ventured. When she locked eyes with him, her soft lips parted, he decided to push it forward. “Do you want to get out of here, go somewhere else, spend some time with us?”

She nodded, her eyes bright and oddly luminous.

“Ever had two men before?” he added.

She shook her head, but she wasn’t shocked. She was fascinated. Beside her, Deacon’s eyes burned with anticipation, and he was looking to Vico to urge it on. Swallowing the rest of his champagne, Vico abandoned the glass. “Come on, let’s go.”

* * * *

The pick-up truck jolted down a gear.

“Bloody hell, I can’t drive while you’re doing that,” Deacon declared.

Astrid gasped, clutching at Vico. He had one hand buried between her legs, where he teased the skin of her inner thighs while he kissed her neck in the most arousing way. As if she wasn’t hot enough already—he had her like a cat in heat. She was just about ready to beg for relief.

How had they done this to her, she wondered?

Was it the dual approach, their eagerness, or the sheer amount of male pheromones that surrounded her? Whatever it was, her levels of sexual need had gone off the chart when they'd got back in the truck. Vico had moved in on her as soon as they pulled away from the party, and at first Deacon had kept one hand on her knee as he drove.

Deacon swerved the truck into a lay-by.

Vico's hand closed over the front of her underwear, apparently nudged higher by the truck grinding to halt. One hand on the dash, she swore aloud when Deacon switched off the engine.

Deacon looked at her. "You're a dangerous woman to be around."

"Me?" she objected. "No, no, no. It's you two who are the dangerous ones." Breathless laughter escaped her as Deacon ducked to kiss her neck on the opposite side to his cohort in seduction. Her eyes closed when his mouth moved over her skin.

An eager man on either side of me, I'm lost to this.

"Dangerous? Do you want us to take you home?" Deacon asked as he planted small, tantalising kisses behind her ear and into her hairline.

Her pussy prickled, her centre fluttering with need. The G-string she wore was damp and clinging to her. Opening her eyes, she saw that the lay-by he had parked in was at a picnic area she'd passed in her own car many times. Moonlight filtered through the trees onto the wooden tables and benches. The place was flanked by tall pines, and in the moonlight it was both beautiful and inviting. "No, I don't want to go home yet."

Vico moved, acting on her words, and opened the truck door. Clambering out, he reached back in to offer her his hand. "Come on."

Before she had a chance to respond, Deacon had popped her seatbelt and was opening his own door. It crossed her mind that her friends would tell her off for being out here with two men she barely knew. But she'd told the security guy at her office block where she was headed after her car wouldn't start, and everyone at the party had seen them together. They wouldn't be forgotten, no way. More than that, she sensed they could be trusted. Deacon was sober, and he was a loyal type. Vico had a wickedly charming edge, but nothing that unnerved her.

By the time she slid across the seat and stepped down, Deacon was right there with Vico, helping her out from the cab. As soon as she set her feet on solid ground she moved

against the side of the truck. Vico's hands were back on her, and his mouth covered hers. His kiss was more practiced than his buddy's, more overtly seductive. He ran his tongue along her lower lip, making it tingle, before plunging it into her mouth. His hands were around her lower ribs, thumbs teasing the underside of her breasts through her dress. Drawing his tongue back and forth over hers, he mimicked the sex act. It made her as restless as a cat on a hot tin roof, more eager than she'd ever felt for physical action. Then the breeze lifted and she felt Deacon's hand brush against her cheek as he stroked her hair back from her face, tenderly. She put her hand over his, holding him there, her heart dancing.

How long have I been waiting for an experience like this, without even knowing it?

"You're so hot," Vico whispered against her throat. "We've both wanted you for weeks."

Deacon nodded when she glanced his way, confirming what his friend had said. It was to the quieter man she looked for grounding, when the charmer said such wild, flattering things.

"I had no idea." Her pleasure multiplied, the thought of the two of them wanting her making her physical need soar. "I confess that I've been watching you both as well, watching you go in and out of the workshop, from my office window."

Deacon broke into a smile when she said that. He was the more serious of the two, but when he smiled his face lit up.

"Is there any reason why the three of us shouldn't enjoy each other, here and now?" Vico asked, and his voice was low and softly seductive.

A sultry breeze blew through the trees, stirring them. The night air was filled with the scent of the undergrowth. It seemed to call to her, echoing the lure of the two men, two lovers. She noticed that they exchanged glances and wondered if they had done this before, and just how close they were. Had they shared a woman before? Had they been lovers?

"We can be very discreet. It'll be our secret, if you like," he added. "Why not have some fun, huh?"

"Why not," she whispered. Hard male thighs pressed against her hips, rough male hands stroked her face and torso. Her body was completely ensconced, locked between theirs, and

it was overwhelming – a rush she'd never before experienced. Dropping her head back against the wall of the truck, she savoured it, locking that moment into her memory forever. She shifted, giddy with arousal, her legs turning weak under her. Deacon held her around the waist with one powerful arm and she could tell how easy it was for him to steady her, he was so strong.

A car drove by, headlights flashing along the lay-by quietening them for a moment. They were shielded behind the truck, and that was significant. They were offering her sexual fulfilment, fun, and pleasure. If she wanted, it could remain a secret. Part of her was reassured by that, but part of her – a long buried part – thought about shucking discretion off. It felt good being with the pair of them at the party. How decadent it would be to go on a date for three. When she was a teenager, over a decade before and back in the days before she got weighted down by business protocol and society expectations, she was a rebel and a prankster. That buried part of her identified with the idea of nonconformity, the blatant deviance of taking two lovers at the same time.

The passing car had gone and all was quiet again, but for the sounds of insects humming low in the undergrowth. "I can't believe this is happening."

"You don't want to do this?" There was a serious question in Deacon's tone. He had her pinned against the side of the truck, her hands captured in one strong fist, but he still wanted her to feel safe, and she appreciated that.

"I do want to, I really do." The breathless confession took with it her last bit of resistance and she became boneless and fluid in their hands, willing to own this moment with these two men that she barely knew.

Vico reached under her dress and stroked her, plucking at the G-string.

She whimpered and shuffled on her heels. "You have condoms?" she asked, heat traversing her body as she put that out there, sealing the deal.

They both nodded. Vico turned her to face the truck, and unzipped her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra and she felt the dress loosening around her breasts and her nipples tingled and burned, the brush of fabric across them too tantalising.

He let the dress drop and it pooled around her ankles. She stepped out of it. Purring softly when she saw their expressions, she gestured at them. "Your turn...if I'm going to be in a state of undress in a lay-by, you are too."

Vico nodded. "I like your style." He pulled his T-shirt over his head, muscled torso rippling as he did so, and then looked at Deacon expectantly as he tossed the T-shirt aside. "Come on, big guy."

Deacon flashed him a look that made Astrid wonder again if they were lovers. Vico seemed to be teasing Deacon. Nevertheless, Deacon stripped to the waist, shooting Vico another glance as he did so.

Vico gestured towards the picnic area. He was always ready to lead, it seemed, but she sensed that Deacon was willing to follow if she was. Adrenaline pumped in her veins and she took his hand and together they crossed the grass, walking quickly between the empty picnic tables. Deacon was close at her back and it felt as if they were in their own private playground, and that was so liberating.

Vico stopped by a picnic table at the edge of the area that was obscured from the road by the trees, but lit by moonlight. "Here, I would like to taste you here on this table. I think Deacon would too."

Astrid's breath hitched, a shiver going through her. Edging her bottom against the table, she was glad when Deacon assisted her. He pulled her G-string down and squatted in front of her as he slid the fabric over her hips and down the length of her legs, drawing a loud gasp from her mouth. He wrapped his hand around one ankle, encouraging her to step out. She did so, watching as he tucked the G-string into his jeans pocket as he stood up.

"For safe keeping," he explained.

"Good thinking." She rested back against the wooden table, sitting gingerly onto it.

Vico put his hand on her knee and opened one of her dangling legs to the side. Her bared pussy tingled in the humid night air. He glanced at Deacon, meaningfully. Deacon didn't hesitate. Moving between her open thighs, he cupped her breasts in his hands, thumbs

teasing over nipples, and then eased her upper body back onto the wooden table, the hard bulk at his groin coming to rest over her pussy as he did so.

Looking down at her, he rocked his hips back and forth, letting her feel him. When she moaned, he leant over her and suckled her nipples, one after the other. Her hands closed around his head possessively. Sensation looped from her nipples to her sex and back, locking her whole body to the rough caress of his tongue on her knotted nipple. Then he moved lower, kissing and licking a path down her abdomen to her pussy, where he kissed then bit her playfully, before gently sliding his tongue into her wet groove.

"Christ, you taste good," he murmured, and lapped at her swollen clit.

Astrid couldn't respond, she wasn't able to. Sensation overwhelmed her. Then she felt Vico's hands stroking her flank, and his mouth on her mound. The way she was splayed on the table gave them both access, and she was about to come, so intense was the dual sensation of being kissed and sucked by two mouths. Undulating on the table, her arms opened, her fingers latching around the edges of the table. Her clit burned, her core flexing rhythmically.

"Oh, oh, I'm going to come." That only encouraged them. Her body arched under their assault, her groin burning up as she hit her peak. Shuddering to release, she felt fingers in her sticky entrance. It was Deacon. Vico had backed off and was standing by, watching. Instinctively her legs lifted, her knees drawing up around his hips. Her body ached to have him inside, to be filled by that erection she'd felt inside his jeans.

"Oh please," she said, reaching for him.

"I'm right here." He unzipped his jeans, letting them and his jockey shorts drop.

"Oh," she murmured, subconsciously, when she got a look at his erection. It was rock hard and ready.

Vico appeared at Deacon's side and dropped a couple of condom packets onto the table beside her hip. "Looking good, Deacon," he murmured, staring at Deacon's cock.

"Don't push it Vico, you wouldn't want to see me disappoint Astrid here."

"No, I want to see you show her a really good time."

There was a sense of tension between them, like a hidden tug of war. She'd been in business long enough to recognise that undercurrent, like an unspoken discussion or agreement. Was it just about the here and now, or something else between them? Whatever it was, it made the vibe in the atmosphere even more sexually edgy and illicit.

Deacon's hands flickered in the moonlight as he snatched up one of the condom packets and tore it open.

"Do you two do this often?" she asked.

"No, never before." He rolled the rubber onto his cock, and then directed the crown to her opening. "Ready for me, beautiful?"

He ran his thumb over her tender, swollen clit, and her body just about lifted off the table. "Oh yes, more than ready."

He stroked her inner thighs and the slippery lips of her splayed sex for a minute or more, until she clutched at him desperately, then he thrust his cock into her wet slit. She gripped his shoulders when he filled her to the hilt, moaning in ecstasy as he began to move against her, sending waves of pleasure through her body. She reached her arms around his neck. "Oh, yes, that's so good!"

She could see Vico over his shoulder, his cock also out of his jeans now. He fisted it in one hand, while he watched. "You've got a great arse, Deacon," he commented.

Deacon tensed, but he barely broke his rhythm. "Fuck off."

"You don't mean that," Vico said, and there was a challenge there.

Deacon's cock was rigid, his thrusts building speed all the time. "No I don't." Before Vico had a chance to say any more, Deacon focused totally on her. "I want to make you come."

"You just did that," she said, panting, hips arched to take him.

He smiled. "Again."

"You're doing that too," she managed, nodding vigorously, a second orgasm closing fast. He moved quickly, with deep, hard thrusts, his body physically lifting her as he rutted her up against the wooden structure. On it went, until she was weak with pleasure and every

time the crown of his cock kissed the neck of her womb she cried out. Then she felt Vico's mouth on her breast, his teeth grazing her nipple, and her core went into spasms.

Deacon cursed loudly in response to her body's grip on his and spurted inside her.

He had barely slowed his movement and withdrawn when Vico was there ready to take her from him. Astrid felt a rush of departure, and then was filled again.

Vico was inside her.

She was delirious with pleasure. Two cocks, she was having two cocks, one after the other. She moaned and wriggled, gaining purchase against the table. Vico swore under his breath when her movement sucked his cock deep inside. He straightened, his head dropping back, moonlight casting patterns of light and shadow across his chest, then he braced himself with arms rigid to the table either side of her, and began to ride her with rhythmic thrusts that kept her right there on a wave of sparkling contractions, multiple orgasms leaving her pelvis awash with heat, the rigid erection feeding her constantly.

As he got close to his plateau he gripped her hips, easily holding and lifting her, hands under her bottom. His cock jerked up against the front wall of her sex repeatedly when he came and he bellowed, like a wild man.

Her core pounded, relief flooding her.

For several long moments she was pleasure, pure pleasure, and nothing else. She rolled with it, mind and body adrift, echoes of the multiple orgasms still rippling inside her. When she finally came down to earth, it was the adoring kisses of both men that drew her back.

Chapter Three

Vico arrived at work early the next morning, but Deacon was already there. Astrid's car was inside the workshop. The parts delivery would arrive within the next hour. By the looks of it, Deacon was not only ready and waiting—he'd given it a wash and polish. He was in the inspection pit, working on another vehicle that was due that morning. As he approached, Deacon climbed out of the inspection pit wiping his hands on a rag.

Vico threw his backpack onto the nearby workbench. "I thought you'd be at home, sleeping off the excesses of last night."

"Of course you did," Deacon replied. "And that's why you're here early, because you thought you'd get to Astrid's car first."

Vico raised an eyebrow, more than a little amused by Deacon's blatant response. Normally Deacon was more cautious. He rarely put his opinion out there. Something about Astrid was bringing him out of his shell. That seemed like a major achievement in itself.

"Does it matter who fixes her car?" He opened his hands in a gesture of unanimity. "If you prefer, we can both take a hand in the job."

Deacon flashed him a wry smile. "You really like it, don't you? Sharing a lover. It turns you on."

Vico shrugged. "Who wouldn't be turned on by it? The setup didn't seem to do your libido any harm." He nodded in the direction of Deacon's fly. The night before Deacon had been more than impressive in that department, and apparently he'd been unfazed by the fact another man—a friend—was looking on. There was no turning back from that moment in time. Had the morning after brought regrets?

"I thought you might be...you know, a little embarrassed about the both of us being involved with Astrid."

Deacon shook his head. "We've known each other, for what...three years?"

Vico nodded.

"We're good friends," Deacon continued. "And we're adults. "

Vico hesitated, and then smiled. He liked that because it was accepting, and that's what he needed from Deacon right now. Deacon meant a hell of a lot to him. He couldn't help teasing him a bit more, though. "I'm glad I didn't put you off your stride."

Deacon wiped his hands on the rag in his hands once again, and then cast it aside, but didn't respond.

The gap only urged him to press on. "You know that I've been involved with guys, as well as women. I've mentioned it often enough."

Deacon met his gaze, bold and sure. "I thought about it. I thought about it last night, when you were watching me."

Deacon had never acknowledged his bisexuality before. Had the right woman enabled that barrier to be breached? Vico was glad, and more than that he was relieved. It was his way to state his bisexuality, so that people weren't thrown by finding out accidentally. He also knew that Deacon was an old fashion man, deep down. He was a true friend as well as a business partner, and he didn't want to offend him in any way. He'd been turned on by the both of them last night, and the last thing he would want was for Deacon to be upset by that.

"Sure," Deacon continued, "it was hard to drag my attention away from the lovely Astrid." He gestured fluidly with his hands. "She's all my dreams come true, but I didn't totally lose touch with reality, as hard as it was." One corner of his mouth lifted. "I knew what you were thinking."

Vico was more than a little surprised. Not only that, he was starting to get hard. "Have you ever been with a man?"

"Nope." They stared at each other for several long moments. "I'm straight, but even straight men can be curious."

Vico nodded, but he didn't respond directly to that, he didn't have to. Enough had been said. "So, about Astrid..."

Deacon laughed softly. "Ah, I see. You were softening me up by alluding to the fact you were turned on looking at my arse, and then you're gonna come in and steal the woman from under me."

Vico liked the way this was going. "Actually, I rather like seeing her under you."

He'd thrown that out there on purpose, testing the water.

Tension ratcheted in the atmosphere between them. They both knew what he was getting at. Had he pushed it too far?

"What happens next?" he added, suddenly not sure.

Deacon smiled and then rested one hand on Vico's shoulder. "We fix her car."

* * * *

Despite the warm, languid physical afterglow that filled her from the night before, Astrid wondered if she had dreamt the whole thing. She'd woken safely at home, where they had dropped her, and pleasurable memories had filled both mind and body. Memories of a one night stand, she told herself, worried that she'd immediately wanted to see them again. That was all it was, and it had been hellish hot. Spur of the moment, wild and free. Nevertheless, her core fluttered into life and pulsed rhythmically, desire welling in her as she relived the physical memories.

When she arrived at work in a taxi she saw that her car had gone. She darted into her office building, only taking a sidelong glance at the nearby workshop. As she did, she caught sight of her car inside. Once she was in her office she peeped through the blinds, trying to catch sight of one of the guys. Stepping away, she told herself to get on with her work and forget about it. Switching on her computer, she checked through the post in her in-tray while the computer booted.

Mustn't think about them, she told herself, and then proceeded to think about them a lot. Two hot, fit men, sexual studs. How could she not think about it?

"So, how did it go last night? They didn't give you any hassle did they?"

Startled from her reverie, Astrid turned to her colleague, Susan, and then smiled when she remembered how Susan had given her a stiff talking-to before she'd left the office for the party the evening before. That trauma was but a distant memory, slipping away in the mists of time, replaced by everything else that happened along the way.

"It went well. I showed my face, and I wasn't bothered by Roger at all." *I had much better things to think about.* "Thanks for your support yesterday. You were right, I'm glad I went. It laid the past to rest." It had worked out well, despite all those doubts she'd had. In fact, if she

hadn't been going to the party, she might have got a taxi home and arranged for her car to be picked up by her usual mechanic.

Susan chatted a while, and when she returned to her own desk next door she glanced out of the window as she passed. "Hey, there's a bloke here in overalls, holding up a sign with your name on it."

"Really?" In her haste to get up, Astrid hit her knee on her desk and tripped over the wheel on her swivel chair.

Deacon was standing in the lawned area below her window, the patch of land that separated their workshop from her building. He saluted when he saw her. He looked so good she could scarcely believe it. Then he lifted the sign he was holding in his hand.

Astrid. We have your spare part. You can call by at lunchtime to collect your car.

Businesslike and to the point. It gave little clue to his mood. Did they regret what had happened? She didn't. Her mind raced as she thought about their early banter and the underlying tension between the two of them. In the end it hadn't mattered. The three of them had enjoyed each other. But what did they think of that now? Would it make things awkward between them as business partners?

"Who is he, and is he single?" Susan said, with an approving growl.

The comment snapped Astrid into action and she waved, acknowledging his message.

He nodded briefly, and then strode purposefully towards the workshop. He moved like a limber big cat, all sleek and defined and self-assured. Was it her imagination, or had she seen a twinkle in his eyes as he turned away? *I am probably imagining it. Wishful thinking.*

"My car wouldn't start and I had to get them to look it over," she explained vaguely, wondering what would happen when she went down there.

"Them? There's more like him?"

Astrid nodded.

Susan looked her over, eyes narrowed, the smile on her face growing. "So you had to go over there first before the party, huh. Well, it's no wonder you weren't bothered about Roger."

Astrid chuckled. "Right on the button there, Susan."

"You have all the luck," Susan commented, then paused before she left. "You deserve it, honey. You've been stewing on the Roger thing for too long."

Had she? Yes, she supposed she had, but Deacon and Vico had changed all that. Anticipation built inside her as she thought about going over there again. She wasn't expecting anything, but seeing them again would be appreciated. She attempted to get back to work, but was fidgety and restless and watched the clock until midday approached.

Finally, it was time.

Her heart raced, and even though she told herself she couldn't hope for anything other than her car back, her sex was sticky with anticipation by the time she got down the stairs and out the door. As she approached the workshop she glanced up at the sign over the workshop doors. It had taken on a whole new meaning since last night.

THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE JOB.

It made her smile. They were that, and she wasn't just thinking mechanics.

Her car looked as if it was ready to go. As she walked through the doors Deacon strode out and stood between her and the car, arms folded across his chest. His brow was lowered as he looked at her, his expression inscrutable.

She paused, her heart racing. As she did, a sound behind her made her jump. The workshop doors rolled closed. Vico was behind her, and she stared over her shoulder watching as he drove the bolts home. When their eyes met, his glinted, his mouth moving in a devilish smile. Her heart tripped, and then raced on.

She was trapped in here, with both of them.

Yesterday, that might have freaked her out.

Today, it made her horny as hell.

Chapter Four

"We wanted to see you again." It was Deacon.

Astrid's pulse raced, joy blossoming inside her at his words.

He leant over to kiss her and his lips were firm and warm, drawing her up to meet his kiss. An instant reminder of the night before was conveyed in the pressure of his mouth on hers. She flexed against him, desire taking over and decorum abandoned, just as it had been the night before. "I'm glad," she said, when they drew apart. "I wanted that too."

Deacon smiled and his fingers went to her hair. His eyes glowed. "Can you stay for a while?"

She nodded. She wanted to claim the two of them back to her again, here in this distinctly male environment—she wanted to flaunt herself and revel in them.

"Every time I see you, I want you," he whispered, and there was pent up longing there in his voice.

When she looked over her shoulder she saw Vico also looked at her with expectation.

His gaze was so hot and direct. The dynamic between the three of them was powerful and blatant. "And I want you, both of you. I'm horny as hell and it's your fault."

Deacon looked her up and down as if looking for proof. *Cheeky*. If he wanted proof, she'd give it to him. Lifting her top, she pulled it over her head, cast it aside, and then unlatched her bra, her breasts stirring free when released. She threw the bra at Deacon.

He caught it and breathed her scent from it before hanging it over the nearby chair. The way he did that made her sex ache. Cupping her breasts, she stroked her nut-hard nipples. "See what this is doing to me?"

Deacon's eyes burnt with challenge.

That made her feel even more wild—slightly out of control and drunk on the moment. "I've been in my office this morning, barely able to sit still, thinking about what we did last night." She pulled her skirt up around her hips, and rubbed her hand over the front of her panties, where her clit burnt.

"Jesus Christ," Vico said, "this is making me so hard."

"If that's making you hard, wait till you see this." Grabbing Deacon, she stepped back and lay over the bonnet of her car, hitching her skirt higher and opening her legs as she rested her heels on the bumper. She chuckled softly when she saw their surprise. "Hey, I have fantasies too, okay?"

"There was me thinking this was another one of mine." Deacon ran one finger down the outside of her panties, right where they clung in her damp groove, sending her nerve endings into a frenzy. Her body snaked under his touch. The car's suspension creaked.

"Do you think the car is up to it?" he asked.

"Hey it's a classic, it's built to last. Besides it's my fantasy."

Vico was at their side. "If we make a dent, we repair it, fair enough. This I have to see."

Deacon latched his hands around the top of her panties and pulled them off. He rested his head on one side, admiring her as she kicked up her legs to assist. Again he breathed her scent appreciatively from the fabric, and it made her squirm.

"For safe keeping," he said as he put them in his jeans pocket.

Astrid smiled. "I don't think my knickers are ever safe when you two are around, but I appreciate you taking care of them." She was scarcely able to believe that she was lying on the bonnet of her car with her skirt up around her waist while two mechanics with obvious hard-ons watched. She felt alive, vibrant, and it was so good she wanted it to last and last.

Deacon drew his fingers down into the niche of her exposed sex folds, and her breath caught. She drove her hips up to meet his touch, her gaze locked with his. Meanwhile, Vico's fingers teased delicate circles of pleasure across the open palm of her hand while he kissed her breasts.

"Oh please," she cried.

Deacon slid a finger inside her and touched the receptive flesh that ringed her inner sex with muscle. "You're beautiful," he whispered, "inside and out."

"Shut up and fuck me," she said, and then bit her lip, chuckling.

When her sex clamped around his fingers, Deacon cursed.

"Man alive, I have to feel that on my cock, right now." He opened his fly and his cock jutted out, hard and solid and long and thick. She whimpered. He shook his head disbelievingly and pulled a condom from his pocket, quickly opening it and rolling it on.

His eyes were wild as he pressed her thighs apart, his cock rigid and hot against her splayed pussy. He kissed her, his tongue thrusting into her open mouth, while he eased his cock inside. Astrid reached her tongue to flick against his, inviting him further inside her. When she clutched her core around the head of his cock, he groaned and thrust deeper. The shaft of his erection rode up against the front wall of her sex, stretching and pleasuring every ounce of her. Breathless, suffused with pleasure, she cried out as he hit home against her cervix. Their eyes locked, and she saw a look there in his expression that made her chest ache.

In that moment of stillness before the passion swept them away, she glanced over his shoulder at Vico. His eyes sparkled, his contained energy creating static in the atmosphere all around them. He reached out to her and she tugged on his hand, her mind racing with suggestions of its own. The atmosphere had become intense.

"What are you thinking, Vico," she breathed.

"I think you can probably guess." He looked at Deacon, his eyes alight.

"Maybe." She got the word out as Deacon pulled back and then thrust deep. "It's Deacon, isn't it?"

Deacon froze, and then moved again.

"No," Vico said, "it's both of you. I want you both. I've been warming Deacon up to the idea." He stroked Deacon's backside, and Deacon's cock seemed to swell even more inside her. Vico paused. "Does it bother you?"

"No. It turns me on even more." It was the truth, and deep down she knew that's what the tension between them was about, it was about this.

Deacon began to slow his thrusts. She felt the hesitance that signalled his anticipation. When Vico moved, Deacon looked at her, his eyes dark with lust. She could see that he wanted it. Then he turned to Vico, and Vico grabbed him around the back of his neck and they locked together in a deep and passionate kiss, right over her.

Deacon's cock swelled inside her, and she cried out. "That is so hot."

When they parted Astrid saw Vico donning a rubber. She saw him rip open a sachet of lube as well and slick it over the head and shaft of his sheathed cock. Meanwhile Deacon moved slowly, with shallow strokes, his eyes on hers as he waited.

Vico stood behind him, his hands roving over Deacon's back, and lower, to his hips. Deacon's shoulders rippled in response, and his eyelids lowered, his lips parting, when Vico stroked him. A low moan escaped his handsome mouth, and his slow thrusts faltered, Astrid knew that Vico had to be readying him. Everything about the way he was responding told her that Vico was preparing him for entry, and that made her so hot that she undulated restlessly under him, unable to help herself.

Deacon cursed, the look in his eyes almost beseeching.

Then Vico started to enter him, and she felt every ounce of it through Deacon's responses, his body like a conductor between them. His thrusts slowed and then paused, his face contorting with pleasure/pain as he took on the dual pleasure of penetration, and that of being penetrated. She felt his cock reach and grow even harder, like he was about to come. It sent her wild and her legs lifted, her fingernails embedding on his shoulders.

"Fuck." He panted loudly, his hands shifting on the bonnet of the car, his strong arms vibrating with tension. It was Vico's mouth on the back of his neck as he sank against him, riding him to the hilt that released his groan of ecstasy.

Astrid curved her hips higher, accommodating the thrust of Deacon's cock, swelling ever more in his ecstasy, it pressed deep and hard against the neck of her womb. She was overwhelmed with its power; the way each touch there spread a pool of heat through her body. When he drew back and began to ride the wave, she chased for it again.

They negotiated their unified rhythm, Vico's arms around Deacon. Deacon nestled his face close to her, groaning as his mouth rode up against her neck with each thrust. He seemed overwhelmed by sensation. Entwined, their passion strutted rhythmically between the three of them. Their bodies were locked into a chain, Astrid the anchor for the two men. Deacon began to growl and it was a low guttural sound, when his climax approached.

Astrid ground against the throbbing pressure of his cock, and the intensity of the sensation had her right there on the edge of climax. The walls of her sex stretched to capacity as Deacon's cock surged and let rip, and she was led towards heaven by the consecutive

ejaculations that triggered her own orgasm. When he shuddered to completion she gripped and clawed, her body flexing and reaching.

With a muted scream she rode the back of her climax.

She gasped, her breath rasping into her lungs, and opened her eyes. Deacon was still against her, raised up on his arms, looking down at her with silent admiration. Vico had withdrawn and was zipping his fly. When she smiled his way, he closed on her and kissed her cheek gently, his breath warm on her face, one hand on Deacon's shoulder, squeezing him tightly.

"Can we do this again," she whispered, touching them both, breathless laughter escaping her mouth.

Vico's eyebrows lifted, and he gave her a wicked grin. "You bet."

Chapter Five

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A month later Deacon walked out of the workshop and looked across at the pillar-flanked reception doorway of Astrid's office block. Craning his neck, he watched the people emerging for sight of her. Any minute now, she'd be on her way. Anticipation burned in him. He was more than ready to admit how much she'd come to mean to him.

On the forecourt, her classic sports car gleamed. They insisted that she park it there instead of the office car park, so that they could work on it as and when time permitted. They'd both formed an attachment to the car, probably because she'd wanted to have sex on it. Deacon had overhauled the engine in his spare time over the last couple of weeks, and he looked at it proudly, knowing how much she'd love the extra responsive kick down.

Vico strolled out behind him, drawing down the shutters and activating the alarms as he did so. Deacon checked him out. His friend was wearing his most prized designer shirt and highly polished boots with tight jeans. "You know, you brush up pretty good when you make an effort."

Vico grinned. "What can I say, I'm a chameleon. I fit in anywhere."

Astrid walked out of her office block right at that moment, waving goodbye to the woman she was with. The woman stopped dead when she saw them waiting for her, staring over. It looked as if Astrid was being true to her word and being open about seeing a mechanic. Or two. The expression on the woman's face was intrigued, not disapproving.

Deacon tried not to smile. Who wouldn't be fascinated? He was enjoying it, even if he sometimes had to double guess himself and wonder at the physical side he had with Vico. Vico made it easy though. He was so easy going, nonchalant to a fault.

Astrid was carrying a picnic basket. She even made that look like an elegant accessory. It was cooler than when they had first met in the height of the summer and she wore a fitted jacket that he longed to slip off. He loved her shoulders, loved every bit of her. "What did we do to deserve a woman like that?"

Vico didn't reply and a moment later Deacon looked at his friend to check he was okay. Vico stared back at him, his expression serious. "You love her."

Deacon shrugged, an instinctive brush off, then thought about it, looking back at her strolling over with a smile that made his blood pump. "Yes. But you feel the same way, I know it."

Vico fidgeted with the collar on his shirt. "I do care, for you both." Meeting Deacon's gaze, he looked possibly the most uneasy Deacon had ever seen. "I just don't want to come between you." He laughed. "Well, I do, but you know what I mean. I don't want to stop something deeper from happening between you two."

Deacon wondered if he'd grown bored with them and the three-way set up, but he didn't think so. Quite the opposite, in fact. If anything Vico was devoting more time to this relationship than he had to any previous one. "Vico, this happened because of you. I never would have had the nerve to ask her out if you hadn't pushed it. I jumped at the chance you set up, but you're important to both of us, don't think otherwise."

"If you say so."

They quietened as she drew closer.

She put the basket down by the truck and then joined them on the forecourt. "Hey guys, ready to go celebrate our one month anniversary? I have the picnic."

She gestured back at the basket. They were planning to go out to the picnic ground, their first haunt. She frowned. "What's up?"

"I was thinking of giving you two some time alone," Vico announced.

Astrid frowned. "Doesn't the picnic idea appeal to you? I suppose it is a bit sentimental of me."

"Of course it appeals. It's just...well, I got to thinking maybe you two wanted some time alone now, you know, things are getting more serious and I figured I might be in the way." He shoved his hands in his jeans pocket and glanced away, avoiding eye contact.

That's what it was about. Deacon sighed inwardly. He was pretty sure he knew how Astrid would react, but he wanted to know for sure what she would say.

Her eyebrows lifted, her expression startled. Then her gaze darted to Deacon. When he saw the question in her eyes, he realised she might think Vico had discussed this with him already. He shrugged one shoulder. She gave him an almost imperceptible nod, and something passed between them. In that split second he knew how well they understood each other, and that rocked his world.

"Vico," she said, voice like warm honey, teasing him, "I appreciate your concern, as I'm sure Deacon does." She paused. Deacon nodded. "But we haven't finished with you yet."

Vico's expression broke into a relieved grin. Astrid cupped his face with her hands and kissed him. "For as long as you want to be here, I want you, both of you."

Deacon slapped Vico's back. "That goes for me too, buddy."

"I have champagne...and spicy snacks..." Astrid tempted, lightening the atmosphere.

"Okay, I'll come on the celebratory picnic under one condition."

"What's that?" Astrid said.

"This picnic has to last until dusk, until every one else has gone from the site and we can take full advantage of it, if you know what I mean..."

There was no doubting what he meant.

"You got it," she replied, and then linked arms with them both and the three of them headed to the truck together.

Deacon opened the truck door and helped her in while Vico went around to the driver's seat. "You do realise we are both madly in love with you?" he whispered, unable to help himself.

She stilled, staring at him, and then smiled. "That's just as well," she replied, and winked.

When he climbed in alongside her in the cab, Deacon couldn't keep the grin off his face.

About the Author

I'm British by birth, but because of my parent's nomadic tendencies I grew up travelling the globe – an only child with a serious book habit. I dreamt of being a writer since the age of 12 and finally began writing seriously in the late 1990s. By that time I'd got myself a BA in Art History, a Masters in Literature and the Visual Arts, and I'd worked in all manner of diverse careers – but the stories in my head simply had to be written.

My first erotic short story was published by Virgin publishing's Black Lace imprint in '97 and things really took off from there. Every spare moment was spent on the stories that bubbled away in my imagination. I've now had work published in over forty anthologies, including Best Women's Erotica, The Mammoth Book of Best New Erotica and the Black Lace Wicked Words series. It was such a thrill for me to find that readers enjoyed my stories. I started working on longer projects around 2003, and since then I've had work published by US publishers Harlequin Spice, Red Sage, Penguin Heat, and the Juno Books fantasy line. I'm very happy to be part of the team at Total-e-Bound.

Nowadays I live in the north of England – close to the beautiful, windswept landscape of the Yorkshire moors – with my real life hero, Mark. Mark supports my work through all its ups and downs, and somehow manages to keep me sane and grounded when fiction threatens to take over.

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