

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

COUGAR CHALLENGE

SAMANTHA KANE

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Samantha Kane

Book One in the Cougar Challenge series.

Monica Allen has always been attracted to younger men. She even married one. But after the divorce, she thought she was through with them for good. Then she meets a group of ladies at RomantiCon, and they form a blog celebrating younger men, *Tempt the Cougar*.

After another lonely Friday night, Monica challenges her friends to each find a younger man to make their fantasies come true. She doesn't have to marry him—been there, done that, threw away the t-shirt. But for a night of hot sex? Hell yes.

But Sam Lincoln refuses to be just a fantasy. He's a graduate student with a yen for older women and he may have just found the one to make his own fantasies come true. With a little help from his roommate Josh, Sam fulfills Monica's deepest desires. Can he convince this sexy cougar to give him a chance at happily ever after?

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PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Samantha Kane

Dedication

These days I like my men with a little mileage on them. This story forced me to remember what it was that I liked so much about all those young men in my past. I *really* enjoyed that. And this book is, of course, for the one who didn't get away. In the interest of research I had to ask him some rather personal questions about men and sex, to which he replied, "I love you."

Acknowledgements

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Author Note

You'll find the women of *Cougar Challenge* and the Tempt the Cougar blog at www.temptthecougar.blogspot.com.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

AARP: AARP Non-Profit Corporation

Armani: GA Modelfine S.A. Corporation

Barbie: Mattel, Inc.

BMW: Bayerische Motoren Werke

Glenlivet: The Glenlivet Distillers Limited

Heineken: Heineken Brouwerijen B.V.

Chapter One

Monica Allen stumbled into her house after another very long workday, nearly drunk with exhaustion. She'd been pulling ten or twelve hour days as Assistant Director of Human Resources at Blake and Howell Pharmaceuticals. They'd had to let so many people go in the last year, the paperwork was killing her. Unfortunately, several of the eliminated positions at the company were in HR and that meant she was working overtime to handle jobs that used to be someone else's responsibility. The economy sucked. So did her job. And these days, so did her life.

Well, maybe not that last one, she reluctantly admitted to herself as she threw her briefcase on the sofa and headed to the refrigerator for a beer. And, okay, if she were brutally honest she'd have to say not her job, either. As an administrator at one of the largest pharmaceutical research companies in Research Triangle Park in Durham, North Carolina, she had it pretty sweet. Nestled in an area that claimed four major universities, it was the largest research and development park in the United States. Everyone wanted a job at RTP. They were on the cutting edge of high-tech and pharmaceutical research. And Monica loved being a part of it. She might not have a doctorate like most of the employees she dealt with, but companies that size needed someone who could handle people and not just research and statistics. And Monica was the go-to gal. At least she used to be.

She was pretty sure they had her picture up on the dartboard in the staff lounge. People had started running for cover when she stepped off the elevator. It seemed the only friends she had these days were online. Thank God for the *Tempt the Cougar* blog she shared with her friends.

Monica and her friends also shared a love of reading. and romance novels were their favorite books. Not just romance, but erotic romance. Steamy, no-holds-barred,

anything goes, she-didn't-even-know-a-human-being-could-do-that sexy romances. Strong, smart, funny, sexy heroes doing incredibly naughty things to the lucky heroines. Just the thought of some of those things made Monica sigh as she raised the bottle of beer and took a sip of the cold brew. It did nothing to take the edge off. She was horny. She'd been horny since 1995 it felt like. And she had no man. Nope. Not a one. Zippo.

Monica kicked off her shoes in the hallway as she made her way to the office in the back of the house. She stopped as soon as she entered the room and put her beer down to undo her skirt and shimmy out of it. The next thing to go was the damn pantyhose. Geez, she hated those. She stomped on the evil things where they lay on the carpet like a crushed sea slug.

Wearing nothing but her silky blouse, she picked up her beer and sat down in her computer chair. She needed some cougar time. She clicked the bookmark under favorites and there was the blog, a sexy young man staring back at her with a come-hither look, inviting her to come in and play. Oh, how she wished! She'd nicknamed him Rico, and many of her fantasies involved playing with him. She clicked past the adult content warning page and hit the latest blog entry.

Autumn had posted some very sexy cowboy pictures again. God, she loved Autumn, and she loved those cowboys. She scrolled down and had to laugh. The cougars had been busy today. At least three had posted new pictures. Oh, man, Edie put up some more Asian hunks. Sweet. Cam had her usual mixed group, this time a black firefighter, an Hispanic underwear model, and, good lord, a bald bodybuilder whose slicked-up skin glistened in some sort of artful light. Monica sighed. Why was it the only men she was attracted to these days were the impossibly perfect younger men she and her friends posted on the blog?

She remembered when they'd all met at the bar at RomantiCon, an erotic romance readers convention. Monica had been so busy ogling one of the sexy male cover models that she'd walked right into Rachel and spilled her wine all over herself. Her best friend

Stevie had laughed so hard she had to sit down, and Elizabeth just happened to be at the table she picked. And then Autumn was there with a tiny little napkin trying to help her clean up and Cam, who'd been at the bar buying herself a drink, bought another wine for Monica. Edie was the only one who hadn't been there. The new friends had spent the remainder of the weekend staring at the cover models, talking about their love of erotic romance, and confessing their attraction to younger men. She couldn't remember now who had suggested starting the blog, but as soon as they'd all gotten home Cam had set up the blog and they'd been in constant contact ever since. It had become her lifeline the last few months.

Monica stared at the bald bodybuilder for a few minutes, contemplating her earlier question. Why was she only attracted to these out-of-reach hotties on the blog? She thought hard, trying to remember the last good-looking man she'd met in person. There were a few that she could assess almost clinically and say, yes, he was attractive. But there had been no spark, no carnal interest on her part. Why? Gary Martinez was built, with a shy smile, but his gray hair made him seem so old. And Phil Sampson was a tall, funny, sexy older man. They were both doctors in the research department. But, oh boy, the young UPS deliveryman was seriously hot. He was muscular, tan, with blond hair streaked by the sun, and every time he came into the office Monica got tongue-tied. There! Someone she'd been attracted to. But her administrative assistant had told her he was gay. Just her luck.

Monica put her elbow on the desk and thunked her forehead down on her palm. Why couldn't she get over her obsession with younger men? Her ex-husband had been younger, and look where that had gotten her. He'd dumped her after she helped pay his way through law school and supported him until he made junior partner in his firm. Once he was ready to have kids he'd told her she was too old for the family he wanted and left her to marry his much younger paralegal. Bastard. She was only thirty-eight, for fuck's sake. She wasn't ready to join that organization for retired people – what the hell was it? Oh yeah, AARP. Well, she wasn't sending in her dues yet.

Monica sat back in the chair and contemplated the beautiful body on her computer screen. There was just something about younger men. They were gorgeous, of course, and their stamina was second to none. But it was the excitement they still felt about life and the future. Everything was possible for them and they knew it. They had an ingrained arrogance and confidence that so many men lost as life beat them down. Well, maybe not beat them down. But they became complacent. They settled for the status quo. She loved younger men who wanted to break through the status quo like a quarterback through the pep rally banner at a Friday night football game. Wham! And she was the cheerleader, starry-eyed and gullible enough to believe nothing could stop them. When would she learn?

Wow, that bodybuilder really was hot. Monica tilted her head to the side. What would she do with him if she had him? First thing she'd do is roll all over him until she was as slick as he was. They could wrestle like two greased pigs. She giggled. She was just perverted enough that the idea made her warm and tingly. He was wearing a tiny pair of briefs that resembled swim trunks. They were so tight they hugged his package, which contrary to the popular belief about bodybuilders, seemed to be more than ample. She could actually see a heavy vein running down the back of his hard cock, which was pressed up against his stomach by the briefs. The photo was black and white, but in the shades of gray she could just make out the head of his cock peeking over the edge of the briefs. *Just sayin' hello*, she thought with a grin. If he said hello like that to her she'd just have to greet him with a big, wet kiss right on that head.

She slid down in the chair, hot and bothered. The tingle had become an insistent pulse in her pussy. She could actually feel herself getting wet at the thought of sucking this young stud off. She closed her eyes and licked her lips at the image. Mmm, she missed that. And she'd learned a lot of new and wonderful things from her erotic romances that she'd like to try, too. Could a woman really take a man so far in her mouth she could caress him with her throat as she swallowed? Monica gulped, trying to imagine a dick there. It was so hot she moaned.

She sat up and hurriedly clicked back to Rico. But she was assailed by thoughts of Rico and the bodybuilder both, Rico fucking her deep while she sucked their new friend off. She was depraved. But, honestly, those were some of her favorite books. With an almost morbid fascination she clicked back to the bodybuilder. She didn't really go for the muscle guys in real life. She liked the boy-next-door types. Nicely built, leanly muscular, the kind who looked like they'd mow your lawn and then fuck you in the kitchen with the same lopsided grin.

She wanted one of those so bad right now she was ready to cry in frustration. She gave in to temptation and slid her hand down her stomach, through her short pubic hair and zeroed in on her clit. At the first touch her whole body jerked. She gasped and then bit her lip. She pressed and circled the hard pebble for a minute, staring at the computer screen. But he wasn't doing it for her anymore. She used her free hand to scroll down to her own post from last week. And there he was. He was young, way too young, but she loved his blond, curly hair blowing in the wind, his bruised-looking lips, the big shoulders and small waist and hips. And there, another pair of tight, white underwear outlining a huge, hard cock. What was he thinking about? What had made him hard? She slid her finger down and gathered some moisture from her pussy and then brought it back to her clit. God, that felt good. She let her eyes slide closed and imagined him pushing her down onto her hands and knees, roughly spreading her legs and then fucking that big cock into her hard and fast. She fucked herself with her finger and rubbed her clit with her palm as she fantasized. He'd be so big, and his skin so soft over hard muscle. She could almost hear him grunt each time he rammed that cock into her.

Monica tried to imagine what he'd think of her soft, swollen inner walls, slick and hot on his finger and his cock. She was so worked up it only took a few short minutes before she climaxed. She thoroughly enjoyed the buildup. She loved the tingling feeling, the ache in her pussy as her muscles clenched tighter and tighter before she broke. She kept rubbing her clit as long as she could before it became too sensitive. She pulled her

hand away and sat there panting. Her eyes fluttered open to gaze at her newest boyfriend on the screen.

She was so pathetic. It was Friday night and she was sitting here masturbating to pictures of younger men on the computer. It wasn't only pathetic, but kind of creepy. It felt better when it was the real deal. Not nearly so sad or weird. In the past, when she was with her younger husband, it had felt natural. She was just a woman with a guy who happened to be younger. No big deal. So why was she making it into such a big deal?

She sat up so fast the movable back of the chair popped up and hit her, nearly toppling her to the floor. She braced a hand on her desk while she stared at the computer with wide eyes. She was making it into a big deal. She could get a younger man. She'd done it before hadn't she? Her husband had been twenty-four to her thirty-two when they'd gotten married. He certainly hadn't objected to her age at the time. And she knew there were a lot of younger man-older woman pairs out there. Look at Demi Moore and Ashton Kutcher, for heaven's sake. It was fashionable now. So what was holding her back? Nothing, that's what.

With a shaking hand Monica reached for her beer. It was warm now, but she didn't care. Her mouth was suddenly dry with nervousness. Could she do it? She wasn't exactly the party girl type. She'd met her ex at work. Clearly she wasn't going to meet anyone new the same way. She had to be proactive. She bit her lip again, frowning. She wasn't sure she wanted to get involved with a younger man again, at least not that much younger. It was a risk that she really didn't want to take again. But for some fun and games? Hell, yes.

The computer keys clicked furiously as Monica typed in a new blog entry. She didn't give herself time to think about it too much.

Another Friday Night and I Ain't Got Nobody

This is it. Another Friday night in front of the computer staring at younger men has convinced me it's time. No more fantasies. I want the real deal. So, put your money where your mouth is, ladies. Or where your blog is. ☺ Let's do this! I challenge each of you, and me, too, to go out there and find a younger man to make our fantasies come true. No more dreaming. Let's live, live, live!

She hit Send without even reading over the message. Within moments an answer came back from Edie.

I never realized—I've never actually dated a younger man, not more than a dinner date, anyway. Never been involved with one. But do we go out and hunt them down, or wait for them to come to us? I'm definitely there with you, but I'm not sure where to start. But then, you girls know I'm in the fashion industry, so I should be able to find someone! Maybe it's time I took advantage of those hunky men in Armani underwear!

Hmm. Edie had a good point. Where did one find younger men? Edie may be able to take advantage of hunky underwear models, but Monica didn't have that kind of luck. The computer beeped and another comment came through. It was Rachel. Monica laughed out loud. Apparently she wasn't the only one spending her Friday night staring at younger men on the computer.

You want us to REALLY hook up with a younger guy? Shit, where's my notebook? I need to make a list of yummy potentials. This is gonna be fun!

Monica snorted with laughter. Rachel and her lists. She had a list for everything. Monica already knew she didn't have enough potential younger men to make a decent list. She was starting from scratch. Elizabeth's reply came next.

Oh geez. Seriously? Ok, ok, I know my ex did the younger woman thing, but me with a younger man? It's one thing to think about it...

You know what? Screw it. I haven't had sex in over two years, and it wasn't all that great to begin with. Bring on the hot young hunk, but stick around, ladies. I have a feeling I'll need you.

Well, this was not looking promising. Edie had never done it. Rachel had to make a list first, and Elizabeth needed someone to hold her hand. It was Cam's response, however, that pushed Monica into a decision.

You first. *grin*

Chapter Two

"Stevie, you're overreacting," Monica said patiently into her cell phone while she searched for a place to park.

"Monica, listen to me," her best friend said earnestly, "this is a bad, bad idea."

Honestly, she sounded as if she were talking Monica off the ledge as opposed to trying to discourage her from having a sexual adventure.

"You know why I'm doing this," Monica said again. "This is for me, for fun. This is what I want. What we all want. I issued the challenge, it's up to me to get the party started. I really don't see a downside here, Stevie."

"Fine. Have some fun. But do you have to be so impulsive? Couldn't you think about this a little more? You only issued the challenge last night."

Monica laughed and then yelled in triumph as she zipped her sporty little red BMW into a space on the street moments after another car pulled out.

"What?" Stevie screeched into the phone. Monica rolled her eyes. If only the guys in Stevie's research department could hear her now. At work she was notoriously calm and kind of ruthless, a regular ballbuster. They'd be shocked to hear her sound so girly.

"I found a parking space. What did you think? I just picked up some hustler on the street and got lucky while we were talking?"

"Very funny," Stevie replied dryly. "I thought the hustler was slitting your throat for your Beemer and cell."

"Ha, ha," Monica told her as she checked her lipstick in the rearview mirror. She grabbed her purse and opened the door.

"Exactly which bar are you at?" Stevie demanded.

"Nope," Monica calmly replied. "I'm not falling for that. If I tell you, you'll ride in here like the cavalry and totally ruin this whole sexy cougar thing I've got going on."

"Okay," Stevie said after taking an audible, deep breath. "Let's think this through."

"You sound like a police negotiator," Monica teased.

"Monica, you told me it's a college bar! It might very well be illegal."

"It's not a college bar," Monica clarified. "It's a grad student bar. My ex used to hang out here when we met. They're younger than me, but not that young."

"Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson. While you're at it advise them all to go into plastics."

Monica burst out in genuine laughter. "I doubt any of them have seen that movie."

"Exactly! You have nothing in common. What are you going to talk about?"

Monica actually pulled the phone away from her ear and stared at it incredulously for a moment before she put it back to her ear and snorted. "I have no intention of saying much more than 'right there and harder'."

Stevie laughed but Monica could tell it was reluctant. "Fine," Stevie said. "But it doesn't matter, you know. I am not going to go on a cougar hunt just because you double dog dared me."

Monica sighed. She'd known Stevie would be the hardest to convince. She was so entrenched in her life and set in her ways. She might fantasize about younger men, but she'd compartmentalized it as "Not Going To Happen", and she just couldn't think outside the box about it. "That's your decision, Stevie. But you need to do something. You're petrifying in that life of yours. Some archeologist will dig you up in a few thousand years and say, "Well, this one certainly didn't do much with her life. No tattoos, no piercings, and clearly no sex. Just computer ass and carpal tunnel from masturbating so much."

Stevie roared with laughter. "You know very well I have no ass. And your juvenile taunts will not sway me."

Monica's steps slowed. She'd just rounded the corner and she watched a group of guys go into the bar that was her destination. They looked alarmingly young. She gulped silently.

"Mon?" Stevie asked quietly.

"They look awfully young," she said quietly.

"You don't have to do this," Stevie assured her. "No one will think less of you. We'll put our heads together and think of another plan. There must be some other way to find available, younger men. We could go to the gym."

That shook Monica out of her momentary loss of confidence. "And sweat? Are you crazy? I am not a good sweater, Steve."

Stevie knew better than to disagree. She'd forced Monica to go to the gym a couple of times before. "Good point."

"And I'd think less of myself if I backed out now," Monica admitted. "This is something I really want. I realized I've put my life, well my personal life, on hold since that asshole walked out. I almost had myself convinced that he was right. And that is just wrong. I'm only thirty-eight, Stevie. My life could truly begin tonight if I let it. All that shit that came before could be nothing more than practice. This is it. This is my second chance to be and have all that I can. Does that make sense?"

"I thought this was just for fun?" Her best friend gently reminded her.

Monica blew out a breath. "It is. At least, whoever the guy is tonight is strictly for fun. But I haven't had this kind of fun since my jerk of an ex left, and you know it. The fun is one part of my life I want back."

"Understood." Stevie was supportive, as usual, but tempered by her characteristic caution. "But I still say it's unnecessary to jump right from the icebox into the fire."

Monica laughed a little desperately. "Exactly. I've been on ice for the last year, and I'm freezing. And I know just what I need to warm up. I'm going to play tonight, Steve, and play hard. I've earned it."

"Don't play too hard," Stevie said with resignation. "You need enough strength to call me tomorrow morning and tell me all about it."

"Make that tomorrow afternoon," Monica answered gratefully. "I'm too old to stay up all night without any sleep." She ended the call as she listened to Stevie laugh.

When she tried to put her cell phone back in her purse she saw that her hand was shaking. She shoved the phone in and then put her shaking hand against her somersaulting stomach. Okay, so she was nervous. Of course she was nervous. It was natural. That didn't mean she couldn't do it. She could. She had to. She took one step, and then another. Isn't that what they said? One step at a time?

By the time she reached the door she'd regained her confidence. It was only a bar, after all. If she didn't meet someone the worst-case scenario was that she had a drink, listened to some music, maybe danced a little and went home. It was still better than sitting home alone all night. She yanked open the door as if she were storming enemy lines and marched into the bar.

Sam couldn't say whether he'd heard the bell over the door ring as it opened, but something made him look up. He caught a glimpse of dark wavy hair and a gorgeous pair of tits in a low-cut top. The crowd moved then and came between him and the newest customer.

"Hey, two beers," some frat boy demanded impatiently as he slapped some money on the bar.

Sam raised an eyebrow. "Any beer?" he asked with an insincere smile.

The guy scowled. "Yeah, really funny. Two Heinekens."

Now why wasn't Sam surprised? But wouldn't the joke have been on him if the kid had said yes? Sam had no idea what he would have given him. Probably Heineken. Sam laughed to himself as he turned to pull a couple of cold bottles out of the cooler. He turned around and placed them on the bar, grabbed the money and looked down while he made change. When he looked up to give it to the kid, she was there.

Whoa. He blinked a couple of times. Women like her just didn't walk into this bar. She was a tiny thing. If there was a god then her ass was more than a match for that chest. Her pretty blue eyes met his across the bar and it was as if a live current of electricity shot straight down to his dick.

"Hey, aren't you Drew Jenkins' mom?" the frat boy asked.

Blue Eyes turned to him with a horrified look. "What?" she asked in a matching tone.

The guy had the grace to blush a little as Sam shook his head. Even an idiot could see she wasn't old enough to be some college kid's mom. How many beers had this guy had already? Sam made a mental note to cut him off after this round.

"S-sorry," the frat boy stuttered. "For a minute you looked like someone I knew. But I guess I was wrong."

"You think?" she answered sarcastically. Sam didn't bother to hide his smile as the kid turned and hurried off. Blue Eyes turned back to him. "Hit me," she said flatly.

Sam blinked. "What?"

She closed her eyes for a minute and sighed. Then she looked at him again. "Hit me? With a drink? Something liquid and alcoholic? Quick?"

Sam could feel his face heat with embarrassment. "Oh yeah, sorry. What'll you have?"

"What has the highest alcohol content behind your little bar there?" she asked, clearly standing on her tiptoes as she craned her neck to see behind the bar.

Sam grinned. "That bad, huh?"

She looked around the bar with an exaggerated grimace. "Yep, that bad."

Sam nodded. "Yep, that bad." He definitely knew what she meant. He had to face this crowd several nights a week. But it helped pay the bills until he got out of grad school.

"I'll have one for the road," she told him, leaning forward to put her elbows on the bar. She almost put her arm in a puddle of beer and Sam stopped her with a hand under her elbow. He lifted her arm and grabbed a bar towel and wiped it clean before gently placing her arm back down on the bar. Oh, yeah. He wanted her. Just touching her elbow had him worked up. How sad was that?

She stared at him for a couple of seconds and then said in a husky voice, "Scotch, please. Glenlivet."

Sam was impressed. "On the rocks?"

She nodded and then she licked her lips. And that was when he decided that he was not going to let her walk out of the bar tonight without him.

When the bartender returned with her drink he put it down in front of her, but when she tried to pay he pushed her money away.

"On me," he said with a smile. "And my name's Sam. Sam Lincoln."

Monica had an almost irresistible urge to toss the drink in her face as if she was Harpo Marx with her hair on fire, this bartender was so hot.

"What?" she said stupidly. It couldn't be this easy. It couldn't.

She reached for the drink but he moved it out of her reach. She gave him a confused look.

"Stay," was all he said.

"Stay?" Oh, yeah, she was totally going to impress him with her witty conversation. She could see his feet being swept out from under him right now.

He laughed. Christ on a crutch. She nearly came in her new slinky black cougar panties. "Stay as in don't leave. Without me."

Monica was so far under his spell she almost said yes without even thinking about it. Then some college kid fell against her, knocking her in the shoulder and she stumbled. The kid laughed and turned to her, obviously drunk.

“Oh, hey!” he exclaimed. “Aren’t you a little old for this place? Looking for some young meat, huh?” he winked broadly. “I’m your man, little lady.” He scrunched up his face and raised his hands like they were claws. “Rawrrrr,” he said, and then he and his friends nearly pissed themselves laughing.

It was so farcical Monica couldn’t even be offended, much less embarrassed. She just put her forehead in her palm and reached blindly for her drink. This time the bartender gently pushed it into her hand. “Thank you,” she mumbled before she took a drink.

She could feel the bartender’s eyes on her and she peeked around her hand to see him with his arms crossed on the bar and his chin resting on his fist, staring at her. He smiled slowly.

“I’m your man,” he told her in a voice with a heat index of about 110.

Monica’s jaw just dropped open and he laughed. She gulped and managed to squeak out her name. “Monica.”

“Monica,” he repeated slowly. Then he smiled and straightened up, tapping the bar with a fist. “Oh, yeah, Blue Eyes. You just sit right there. I’ll be back.”

Did he think she was going to walk away from his blond hair, blue eyes, impressive muscles displayed in a tight tee-shirt, and his low-slung jeans that she was sure were hugging a world-class ass? Last time she checked she may have been old, ahem, older, but she wasn’t senile yet.

She grinned as she watched him walk away. Yep, world-class ass.

Chapter Three

Josh looked around the bar as he came in the door. He dropped in a couple of times a week to visit Sam, but always during the week and never on weekends. This place was a zoo on the weekends with college brats. He shuddered. If Sam hadn't called in a panic and pulled in a favor he sure as hell wouldn't be here now. He knew Sam made good money here, but it was Josh's version of hell. He had to teach them all week. He didn't want to spend his weekends with them.

He saw Sam waving at him over the crowd and he waded through the gyrating bodies and loud conversation to the bar.

"What's up?" he asked. "Where is she?"

Sam grinned and pointed to the end of the bar. Whoa. Josh whistled low and Sam's grin grew bigger. Josh waggled his eyebrows. "What do you need me to do?"

Sam huffed out a laugh. "Not that. I just need you to entertain her until closing time. These assholes won't leave her alone, and she's getting ready to bolt." Even as he spoke Josh watched some puffed-up football player approach her. He smiled and said something and then he raised his arm and flexed his muscle—actually flexed his muscle—as if he was outlining his selling points. Josh watched the gorgeous little brunette shake her head. The kid frowned and lowered his arm and said something else. She shook her head again and the guy looked pissed.

Josh started to walk over there but Sam was already moving.

"Problem?" Sam asked quietly as he put his arms on the bar. It was casual and yet threatening somehow.

"No," the football player said. Josh remembered him. His name was Matt Taylor. He made the All-Conference team last year, and he'd been in Josh's Chem class. He was a tool.

"Yes," Sam's brunette said. "Tell this Neanderthal that I'm not interested. He apparently doesn't speak English."

"Hey, Neanderthal, she's not interested." Josh answered for Sam because he knew Sam couldn't mouth off to the customers, but Josh sure as hell could.

Taylor turned to him with a frown. His eyes widened in surprise and then his lip curled in dislike. The feeling was mutual.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Taylor, All-Conference tool," Josh said with a smile. "Who's doing your homework this semester, Taylor?"

"You know the conduct committee threw out your complaint," Taylor said with a smug grin. "You couldn't prove a thing."

And that's what really pissed Josh off. He admitted it. Taylor had won their little war and it really, really bothered Josh. "May you blow out a knee and be passed over in the draft," Josh said, flipping him the bird. "How much did it cost to get Evan Mitchell to switch schools so he wouldn't testify against you?"

"Fuck you," Taylor said as a parting shot and stomped off. At least he was smart enough to realize that he now had less than no chance with the brunette.

Sam sighed. "Josh, don't piss off Taylor and his buddies."

Josh shrugged. "Who cares? He won and he knows it. He doesn't need to do a thing to me."

The brunette laughed and Josh was surprised at the husky quality of it. It made all of his parts want to get closer to hers. He'd never been interested in any of Sam's older women before. But this one was hot as hell.

"Thanks," she said, sticking her hand out. "I'm Monica, and I'm grateful. Not only was he a Neanderthal, but he was also apparently a tool. Good riddance."

Josh shook her hand with a grin and Sam made the introductions. "Monica, this is my roommate Josh Vann. He's agreed to keep you company until I get off."

Josh laughed. "Poor choice of words, dude."

Sam blushed and Monica laughed again. Oh, yeah. Josh was going to make her do that a lot. Sexy didn't describe it.

"You know what I mean," Sam said. He looked at Monica and the heat between them almost peeled the varnish off the bar. "He's going to keep you here until I get off work. Because you are definitely going home with me."

Monica raised an eyebrow. "Don't I have anything to say about it?"

Sam shook his head with an insincere expression of regret. "Nope. Sorry."

Well, Josh had known Sam was interested. He hopped up on the barstool next to Monica with a real sigh of regret. At least he could enjoy her company for a few hours.

Monica turned to him with a rueful smile. "Sorry to ruin your Saturday night."

Josh gave her an exaggerated, shocked glance. "Are you kidding? You've made my Saturday night. I get to spend the night in Sam-approved flirting and ogling with a gorgeous woman instead of doing laundry. Win-win situation."

Sam narrowed his eyes at Josh. "Remember what I said. She's going home with me."

"Dude, we live at the same address. That means she's going home with me, too." As he said it the thought struck Josh that what he'd said could be true in more ways than one. And that would really make his Saturday night. He chanced a glance at Monica and she looked intrigued. But Sam had a frown on his face. Josh just grinned and pointed behind Sam. "The beer line is getting pretty long. Don't worry, I've got everything under control here."

"So, Sam's roommate Josh, what do you do?" Monica asked as she sipped her scotch. Josh was almost as cute as Sam, but in a brown-haired, wholesome boy-next-door way. He was quite tall and would have been thin if not for the muscles evident under his too-small, dark blue tee shirt. It read, "Don't Worry About What People Think. They Don't Do It Very Often." Amen to that.

The shirt barely covered his hard stomach and she was catching glimpses of an intriguing line of dark hair that arrowed down to his jeans. She licked her lips. Okay, it was official. She was a cougar tramp.

"I'm a grad student in Chemistry. I teach undergrad classes, too."

Wow. That pretty much meant he was way smarter than Monica, and probably just like one of the PhDs she worked with. Maybe they'd be able to find a conversational middle ground.

"Ah, that explains the exchange with Mr. Taylor the tool."

Josh laughed. "I actually like athletes as a general rule. Most of the players are good kids and they try hard. They've got a big load, trying to take classes and play what amounts to pro ball at the same time."

"I'm glad to hear that. I'm a big college ball fan, and I'd hate to think all the players are like him."

Josh shook his head. "Nope. He's the unfortunate exception to the rule."

"How did you meet Sam?" Monica asked, keeping the conversation personal but light. She could not seem to take her eyes off that strip of hair on his stomach. It was getting ridiculous. She forced her eyes up and met Josh's amused ones.

Josh's smile was delighted and far too knowing. "Sam and I met in undergrad. Same class load. We became roommates when we moved out of the dorm. Now that we're in grad school, it works out even better."

Wonderful. Monica's heart sank. "Just how long have you been out of the dorm?" She nearly choked on the words. She'd thought the two of them were older.

"Hey, don't freak. We're big boys."

"What are you talking about now?" Sam's exasperated voice interrupted whatever Josh had been about to say. Sam turned Monica. "I'm big. He's, shall we say, size-challenged."

Monica sputtered on the drink she'd just taken and grabbed the tiny napkin her glass had been sitting on. She wiped her chin as she coughed and laughed at the same time.

"You are so jealous you can't see straight." Josh's comeback was amused rather than angry. "Go get a ruler. I'll prove it."

"No rulers," Monica said, still laughing. "Seriously, how old are you?" she asked Sam.

Sam gave her that melting smile again. Between the two of them she was so wet she was surprised she hadn't slid off the barstool. "I'm twenty-six," he told her. He shrugged. "Not that it matters. Does it?" The look he gave her was curious and she got the impression that he was prepared to convince her it didn't matter if it did. But he was right. She could work with twenty-six. She gave a relieved sigh and Sam grinned again.

Josh took the beer Sam held out for him. Monica waited for them to ask her age but they both just stared at her. "I'm —"

Sam cut her off. "Hot as hell."

Josh nodded. "Burning down the house."

Monica blushed. "Actually, that's not what my birth certificate says, but thank you."

Sam looked over his shoulder as someone shouted behind him. He turned back to Monica and tapped the bar with his fist again. "I'll be back, Gorgeous. Gotta work."

She watched him go and almost sighed like a love-struck teenager. She cleared her throat and saw Josh watching her with those knowing eyes.

"Wait," she said, thinking about their earlier conversation. "Sam's in graduate school, too?"

Josh gave her a funny look. "Yeah, didn't he tell you that? He's in pharmacy school. Next year he'll do his field work and then he'll be Dr. Lincoln."

Monica closed her eyes with a painful grimace.

"You don't like pharmacists?" Josh asked, clearly confused.

Monica opened her eyes and smiled at him. "It's not that. I just don't actually have much to talk to them about."

"Talk to a lot of them, do you?" he replied, amused.

"Yep." He was surprised by her answer. "I work in Human Resources at Blake and Howell Pharmaceuticals."

"Okay," Josh said with a laugh. "You got me. You really do talk to a lot of pharmacists. Chemists, too, I'll bet." He leaned in close as if getting ready to tell her a secret and Monica couldn't resist moving towards him. "That must be why I'm so attracted to you," he said softly. "You understand me."

Monica laughed. "Hardly. That is, not if you start talking chemist-speak."

Josh nodded emphatically. "Got it. No chemist-speak tonight."

"Hi, Josh," a feminine voice purred next to them, and Monica turned to see a Barbie look-alike rubbing her breast on Josh's arm as she smiled coquettishly at him. "Long time, no see."

Josh looked distinctly uncomfortable. "Oh, hi, um, Marcie, right?"

The blonde looked momentarily pissed that he'd forgotten her name, but covered it quickly. "Darcie." She smiled at him in a way that said, "I could blow you all night long until you lose your freaking mind."

He turned away from her. "I have to go to the bathroom, Monica. Can I get you another drink on the way back?"

Monica shook her head. "No thanks. I'm sure as soon as this one is done Sam will swoop in and give me a refill."

Josh laughed. "Is he trying to get you drunk and take advantage of you? Good plan." He winked as he climbed off the barstool. Darcie was so close he was forced to slide sideways between her and the stool, and Darcie maneuvered even closer as he

tried to dodge a full body press. "It was nice to see you again, Darcie," he said insincerely. He took off as fast as he could.

As soon as he was gone Darcie turned to Monica, all pretenses of sweetness gone. "He won't go home with you," she told Monica coldly.

Monica took a sip of her drink while she studied Darcie. She was pretty enough, she supposed, in a plastic sort of way. Most men liked that. Josh got points for seeing beyond it. She put her drink down on the bar.

"He won't be going home with you, either," she told Darcie sympathetically. "Trust me. When they run away, it's never a good sign."

Darcie's face grew tight with anger. "Is that your experience talking? It's clear you've had quite a bit."

Ouch. Darcie went up a notch in her estimation. Girl could duke it out. Monica just smiled, however. "Looks like I'm about to get some more."

Before Darcie could answer, Sam's voice came quietly over Monica's shoulder. "Beat it, kid. She's right. You're not his type."

Darcie glared at Sam. "Ha. As if you'd know. Everyone knows you're cougar-bait. Any old grandma walks in here and winks at you and you take her home."

Monica turned wide eyes to Sam. He shrugged. "I like older women."

She laughed and raised her glass in a toast to him. "They like you back." She stopped right before she took a drink. "But just FYI, I'm not a grandma."

Sam pretended to consider it for a minute, then shrugged again. "You'll do anyway." They both burst out laughing as Darcie turned and stomped off in a huff.

Sam's expression turned serious as he absently rubbed down the bar in front of Monica. He peeked up at her from under a lock of hair that had fallen across his forehead. Her hand itched to brush it off his face, to feel how soft it really was. She got chills as she realized she'd be doing a lot more than that in a little while. "Did you mean that? That you were about to get some more experience with Josh?"

Monica was taken aback. "No, not with Josh. But I made it sound that way so she'd leave." Monica wrinkled her nose. "Okay, and because she was a bitch and that's the sort of thing you say in a catfight."

Sam laughed. "Good. Because I already told you, tonight *I'm* your man."

Monica smiled and took a drink as Sam turned away to speak to the other bartender. "You sure are," she murmured happily.

Sam turned back and caught her comment. His grin was cocky as he leaned on the bar in front of her again. "I am, huh?" he asked. "Glad to hear it." He dipped the tip of his little finger in her scotch and she watched curiously to see what he was going to do. He brought his finger up and painted her lips with the liquor. Her lips tingled, and she wasn't sure if it was the scotch or his touch. "How's the Glenlivet?" he asked suggestively.

She cleared her throat. "Good." It came out as a squeak when he sucked the tip of his finger clean.

"I can't really tell," he said thoughtfully. Then he slowly reached for the back of her head and pulled her mouth to his. He stopped just before it became a kiss. "Do you mind?" he asked, and she felt his mouth move and his warm breath flutter against her lips, he was so close. She nearly came on the spot.

"Nope," she said stupidly. She would have slapped herself upside the head if he hadn't kissed the bejesus out of her just then.

Holy crap, she thought as she fell into his kiss like Alice down the rabbit hole. She was so far over her head with this young stud she was drowning. And she didn't give a damn. He tasted so good. Better than scotch. Better than chocolate. And the way he felt—it was amazing. His lips were soft and full and hot, and his tongue was slick and rough as it danced around hers, enticing her to play with him. She rubbed her tongue against his and his breathing hitched. Up until that moment he'd been in complete control of the kiss. His loss of composure was the sexiest thing she'd ever heard.

He broke the kiss abruptly and she nearly fell on top of the bar. Okay, that was embarrassing.

His pupils were so dilated she could barely see a rim of blue around them. His chest was rising and falling rapidly and his cheeks were flushed. She'd done that to him? Wow. Then she realized she was just as bad. And she was half on top of the bar.

"Get a room!" someone shouted from behind her and people around them laughed.

She blushed but Sam grinned. "The scotch *is* good," Sam said roughly.

She nodded lamely, and he laughed and tapped the bar again as he walked off. He was practically strutting. What a man. Her man. For tonight.

A few minutes later she watched Josh make his way back to her across the bar, and she thought about what she'd said to Darcie. Suddenly she remembered the fantasy she'd had the night before, but this time it was Sam and Josh fucking her instead of Rico and the bodybuilder. She shivered in arousal at the thought and took a gulp of her scotch.

Three hours flew by. Monica and Josh traded made-up stories about the kids in the bar. They speculated which one was the son of a sheik, or the love child of a Hollywood star and their plumber. They had a long conversation about what kind of super powers they wished they had. Sam came over every couple of minutes and interjected his own comments, all of which were hilarious. Monica hadn't laughed this hard since she'd met her online friends.

"So," Josh finally asked as the bar was emptying out after last call, "what are you really doing here? You didn't actually come here on a cougar hunt, did you?"

Sam was wiping off the bar and loading the dirty glasses into trays that busboys carried into the back. He looked over at Monica with the question in his eyes, too.

She could have lied. But she'd had one too many drinks, and she wasn't a good liar anyway. "Yep, I actually did."

Josh laughed. "No shit?"

Monica shook her head. "No shit."

Sam had walked over and he leaned on the bar in front of her. "Why?"

Monica leaned on the bar in an imitation of Sam's position, their noses almost touching. "Because I like younger men."

Sam grinned and gave her a light, teasing kiss. She moaned out loud at how soft his lips were and how much she wanted him. "They like you back," he whispered.

"So, how often do you do this sort of thing?" Josh asked. He took a sip of his beer as he watched her and Sam.

Monica laughed and sat back. "Including tonight? Oh, once in my life."

Josh's eyes grew wide and Sam laughed. "Decided to live the dream, huh?" Josh asked with a wag of his eyebrows.

Monica frowned. "Sort of. You see, I was married before. To a younger man."

Josh put his beer down and Sam gave her his undivided attention. "What happened?" Sam asked quietly.

"Oh, nothing too dramatic," Monica said. "He left me for a younger woman. Told me I was too old to have a family. At least, to have his family."

Sam winced and reached out to take her hand. "Ouch," Josh said.

Monica shrugged. "I was starting to believe him. Then I met a group of ladies at a conference and we've become great friends." She grinned. "We have something in common, you see. We all fantasize about younger men. We even have a blog about it."

Both men laughed. "That I'd like to see," Sam said, rubbing his thumb along the back of her hand.

"*Tempt the Cougar*," Monica told him. "Google it." She laughed with them. The next part took liquid courage and luckily she'd already imbibed her fair share. "Last night I issued a challenge to my friends. I said it was time to stop dreaming and to live out our fantasies instead. And since I issued the challenge, I figured I'd be the first one to do it."

She looked around the bar. "This used to be more of a grad student hangout. That's why I came here. Not for those younger guys."

"Lucky for you," Josh told her as he put his arm around her chair and kissed her cheek, "you found two grad students."

Sam glanced at him sharply. "What does that mean?"

Josh ignored him and focused on Monica. "Is that what tonight is about? Living out your fantasies?"

Monica nodded, her heart in her throat. "Yes. I told my friend Stevie, tonight I was going to play, and play hard."

She could see Josh's eyes dilate he was so close to her. "Does everyone get to play? Or is it only your fantasies?"

Monica's breath hitched and Sam's hand tightened on hers. She couldn't look at him, but clutched his hand in response. "Not just mine," she whispered.

Josh slid off his barstool and stood very close to her. He nuzzled the hair above her ear, then he whispered loud enough for Sam to hear, "Good, because I have a fantasy. Would you like to hear it?"

Monica nodded. Sam's grip was so tight her fingers were going numb.

Josh looked in her eyes for a minute and apparently was satisfied with what he found there. Then he looked at Sam. "I want to have a threesome. I want to know what that's like."

If Monica hadn't been sitting she'd have fallen over. Oh, yes, that was a favorite fantasy. As a matter of fact, she'd just had it, starring these two. Heaven help her. She found herself nodding without realizing she was doing it.

"Sam?" Josh asked. There was something about the way he said it that made Monica think that if Sam said no he'd accept it and walk away.

Sam tugged on her hand and she finally looked at him. "Is that what you want?" His face gave nothing away.

Monica licked her lips and watched Sam's eyes follow the unconscious gesture. His cheeks were flushed. Was it the heat of the bar or something else? "Yes," she answered in a rush.

A slow, hot, wicked grin slowly spread across his face. "If that's what you want, that's what I want. Because I want to watch you live out your fantasies, Monica. That's *my* fantasy."

Chapter Four

When they walked into the apartment it was obvious that Monica was nervous. She'd been quiet on the walk to their apartment. One of the things Sam liked about working at the bar was that it was only three blocks from his apartment. He'd been worried about Monica walking the distance, she was wearing some pretty high heels. He shook his head, amazed again at how short she was. Even in those shoes she barely reached his shoulder. He must be a freak because he really, really liked it.

"Mi casa, su casa," Josh murmured as he closed the door behind them. Monica jerked a little as if his voice had startled her. Sam put a steadying hand on her elbow and she leaned into him a little. He liked that, too.

Sam looked around and tried to see the place through her eyes. Overall it wasn't that bad. They had actual furniture instead of the usual hand-me-down collection you saw in most grad student apartments. Sam had a credit card and he knew how to use it. He refused to live like a transient student. Josh was always telling him he was a pretentious prima donna, but he didn't care. He noticed Josh didn't complain when he sat on Sam's couch with his feet on Sam's coffee table.

And now he was going to fuck Sam's woman.

The thought should have disturbed him. Well, it did, but in a way that was more disturbing than the thought. It actually turned Sam on. How weird was that?

And Monica was clearly Sam's. She and Josh hadn't so much as touched since they left the bar. She'd looked to Sam for guidance since they'd made the decision to do this. She'd held his hand on the walk back—the hand she was currently clinging to, actually. In some strange way he felt that he was giving her pleasure by sharing her with Josh. He was helping her to live her fantasies and making her happy, and wasn't that what a man did for his woman? And Sam was so going to need therapy after this.

"It's very nice," Monica said nervously. "Much better than I expected." She looked horrified after she said it, and blushed.

Sam and Josh laughed. "That's Sam's doing," Josh admitted, tossing his keys on the table near the door. "He likes pretty things."

"Yes, he does," Sam murmured, looking at Monica, letting her see how turned-on he was. Monica blushed even more. Her cheeks were fire-engine red. He wondered if she got that flushed when she had sex, and his cock jerked in his suddenly too-tight jeans.

Fuck this awkward conversation. He wanted to kiss her again. "Let's play," Sam said. He pulled Monica close, wrapped his arms around her and practically lifted her off the floor as he lowered his mouth down on hers.

Monica gave as good as she got. She got a hold on him with a hand in his hair and it felt like it might take a crowbar to get her loose. He growled into her mouth and was so surprised at the sound, a sound he'd never made before in his life, that he nearly dropped her. Monica held him tighter and groaned into his mouth while she humped his leg and Sam nearly embarrassed himself by coming right then and there, his arousal was so intense. His heartbeat had taken up permanent residence in his cock, and the heat of the pre-cum leaking out was driving him crazy.

"Damn," he heard Josh mutter, partly amused but also clearly turned on. The sound of the other man's voice, the knowledge that he was watching them and obviously enjoying it gave Sam a shiver of desire. He humped Monica back and slid a hand down to cup that gorgeous ass of hers in a pair of jeans that ought to be illegal they were so damn sexy.

God she tasted good. Like scotch and heat and wet woman. Her lips were soft and slick. He could taste the shiny gloss he'd watched her apply several times at the bar. It was thick and sticky and made him think of other thick and sticky things he'd like to taste. Suddenly both hands were on her ass and he was hauling her up against him

hard, until she wrapped a leg around his waist and his dick was rubbing on the seam in the crotch of her jeans.

He loved everything about having her like this. The feel of her, the taste of her, the smell of her, the desperate heat of her. She clung to him like honey, her fingers running through his hair and then down his back and over his shoulders to clutch his biceps. He wanted to inhale her—to eat her, fuck her, kiss her, love her. He broke the kiss and pulled his head back, putting some distance between them. He had to slow things down. This wasn't meant to be a quick fuck. They had all night and he wanted to use every second of it to savor her.

Their breathing was harsh, and suddenly Sam realized it wasn't only him and Monica panting in the stillness of the apartment. The thought of Josh hot and bothered by them was making Sam crazy. He wanted to show Monica off, to fuck her for Josh and say, *Look how fucking sexy my woman is. Look how good I can make her feel.* And he knew he could, too. He could make her feel so damn good she'd forget that before they left the bar she'd made a point of telling them this was a one-time-only fulfill-a-fantasy fuck, and she'd want him for more.

Whoa. Where had that come from? But as he gazed into Monica's flushed face and dazed expression he knew that's what he'd wanted from the start. Not just a night. He didn't know all the rules, but Sam was pretty sure there was one that said don't start a meaningful relationship with a woman by sharing her with your friends. And yet, he knew that's what she wanted. And he was so far gone he'd admit that he wanted it too.

"What should Josh do, Monica? Tell me what you want Josh to do." Sam didn't ask so much as command. He was so totally getting off on being in charge and that had never been a turn-on for him before. But he wanted to orchestrate everything that happened here tonight. Everything that happened to Monica, anyway.

But Monica just looked at him helplessly and shook her head. "I don't know," she whispered. A frown line appeared between her brows and she looked unhappy. "You'd think I might have researched this a bit more."

He laughed softly. "Shh," he whispered, kissing her cheek. He gave her a little smile. "We'll figure out how to play, Monica. I'll think up games that you'll like. Do you trust me?"

She nodded.

"Good." Sam looked over her shoulder at Josh. Josh was so hot for what they were doing he looked closer to coming than Sam had been a minute ago.

Sam maneuvered Monica over to the big leather armchair. He sat down and then he pulled Monica down to sit between his legs, her back to his front. He pulled her in nice and tight and then cupped one of her large breasts in his palm. She melted back against him with a sigh.

"Would you like to see what you're going to get, Monica?" he whispered suggestively in her ear. "Would you like Josh to show you?"

Josh tilted his head, giving Sam a questioning look.

"Yes," Monica moaned. "Please, Sam."

Sam grinned at Josh. "How about a good old-fashioned striptease, Josh?"

Josh's jaw dropped and Sam laughed. Wow. Was Sam like this with all his lovers? Josh had never seen him so in control. He was clearly the boss tonight, and Josh was along for the ride. Since it was a ride Josh had wanted to go on forever he didn't much care who was in charge as long as he got to have fun.

Monica was completely under Sam's spell. It was so incredibly sexy Josh thought he could come from just watching them together. She'd practically climbed Sam like a monkey up a tree when he'd first kissed her. She was probably so wet it was soaking through her jeans. Josh licked his lips. *Let's get this party started*, he thought. He smiled back at Sam. "Music?" he asked teasingly.

Sam began to hum ACDC's *You Shook Me All Night Long* and Josh laughed. "Good choice."

He didn't dance so much as slowly take his clothes off. He rubbed his hands over his stomach, pulling up the tee shirt a little more each time. Monica's eyes never left him and he could see the pulse racing in her throat.

"You like this, don't you?" Josh asked, running his hand down the strip of hair that went from his stomach to his pubes. "You couldn't take your eyes off it in the bar."

Sam squeezed Monica's breast as his other arm slid around her waist and held her tight. "Is that right, Monica?"

She nodded. "Yes, yes I...I like it," she said breathlessly, pressing her breast into Sam's hand.

"Show her more," Sam ordered Josh. Josh was a little disconcerted at the shiver of excitement that raced down his spine at Sam's tone. While he unbuttoned his fly with excruciating slowness he contemplated it. Was it because it was Sam? He didn't think so. Surprisingly, he thought it was the tone. It could have been anyone ordering him around like that and he'd have gotten excited. Jesus, who knew? He grinned and shimmied his hips a little to make the jeans slide down to his ankles. Monica groaned.

"That's good, Josh," Sam said. "Kick them away."

And there it was. That shiver again. Josh laughed and did as he was told. He was so turned on his dick was aching.

"What?" Sam asked. "What's so funny?"

"Me," Josh told him as he looked up at the two of them sitting so cozy in the chair, watching Josh perform for them. Sam frowned in confusion.

"Trust me, there is nothing funny about *that*," Monica said, pointing at his crotch, his dick hard and long, outlined by the tight material of his dark blue boxer briefs. He thanked the sex gods that he'd put on clean underwear after his shower this afternoon. Not that it mattered. There was a wet stain on the material already, and it was growing as Sam and Monica both looked at him.

Josh laughed again. "No. I mean I like it. I like Sam ordering me around." Sam looked a little alarmed. "Not Sam. I meant I just like being ordered around. And I didn't know that until just now."

Sam grinned. "It would seem we're all learning things about ourselves tonight. Monica, what are you learning?" Sam whispered provocatively in her ear as he rubbed his open palm on her thigh, stopping just short of her cunt. Her hips gave a little thrust and Sam laughed. Josh just groaned.

"I'm learning that two men can be just as frustrating as one." Her voice was disgruntled. "If we're going to play sex therapy, I want a pair of nerdy black glasses and a pen and pad of paper." She pointed to the couch opposite. "I'll sit over there and take notes while you two play."

Sam and Josh laughed. "New fantasy," Josh joked.

"Yep," Monica told them with that wicked grin. "Number six hundred and thirty-two."

Sam whistled. "It's going to be a busy night."

"Well, that one involves you two having sex with each other," Monica teased.

"Cross it off the list," Sam said firmly.

Monica sighed. "A girl can dream, can't she?"

Sam gathered her shoulder-length hair in one hand, pulling it aside to kiss her neck. "You don't have to dream about this anymore, at least," he told her quietly. She tipped her head to the side to give him access and he slid his mouth to her shoulder and bit her through her shirt. She gasped and then licked her lips, sucking a little on the lower one as if holding in her response. When Sam let go of her shoulder he rubbed his nose on the spot. "Show her," he told Josh quietly, never looking up.

It was then that Josh realized it wasn't about him for Sam. It was all about Monica. He was getting off on giving Monica what she wanted. Josh was like a present for her, a toy. And, oh boy, he shouldn't like that so much. But he did.

"Shirt or shorts?" he asked obediently.

"Shorts," Monica said.

"Shirt," Sam corrected her. Monica groaned in frustration, but Josh knew who was in charge. He reached behind him and grabbed the back of his shirt, pulling it over his head.

"Oh, my," Monica breathed. "Look how tall he is." She reached out a hand tentatively, as if she wanted to touch his stomach, touch the hair that fascinated her so much. She hesitated. Sam looked up at Josh from the corner of his eye and nodded, moving his head a little to indicate that Josh should come closer. He took two steps and came up against Monica's hand. She flattened her palm on his stomach and Josh groaned at the heat of her touch.

"Do you like the way it feels?" Sam asked her. Monica rubbed her fingertips from his navel to the waistband of his underwear.

"Yes," she said with a hot little grin. "It feels silky, just like I imagined."

"Do you want to feel more?" Sam's voice was getting deeper, slower, and his cheeks were flushed. Josh could tell Monica's playing with him was turning Sam on.

Monica nodded, looking up at Josh. "If he wants to show it to me."

"You mean if I want him to show you," Sam told her, tucking her hair behind her ears.

"I mean if you want him to," Monica responded breathlessly.

"Josh," Sam said. That was all he had to say.

Josh slipped his fingers under the elastic of his shorts and slowly pushed them down. They snagged on the head of his dick and he sucked in a breath. He pulled the waistband out and over it, and then pushed them over his hips and they fell to his ankles. He started to kick them away.

"Did I tell you to do that?" Sam said sharply.

Josh's dick actually jerked it liked that so much. "No, sir," Josh replied. He just stood there, shorts around his ankles, cock hard and leaking pre-cum, while Monica looked at him. Sam was rubbing both her thighs now, and Josh watched as Sam's hips thrust against her.

"Touch him," Sam told her.

Monica seemed to be having a hard time catching her breath. "Are you telling me what to do?"

"Do you want me to?" Sam asked sincerely.

Monica thought about it a minute, a minute of Josh standing there nude before them, on display, aching, so hot he was afraid he might spontaneously combust. Finally, she nodded. "Yes. But just for now. I don't know if I want to play like that all night long."

"All right," Sam agreed. "We can take it one game at a time. Fair?" He looked up at Josh.

Josh nodded. "You know I'm up for anything." He laughed at his own double entendre, and closed his eyes to savor Monica's throaty laugh. He opened them again to see Sam fighting a smile. "I can't wait to see what other surprises you've got in store for us."

"I can't, either," Sam said ruefully. "I'm winging it here."

Monica reached a hand behind her head and ran it through Sam's hair before pulling his head down next to her to whisper in his ear loud enough for Josh to hear. "You're doing a fine job, Sam. I'm wet, I'm so aroused I can barely think straight, and I want to touch Josh's cock so much my hands are shaking. Part of that is just because I want to touch him, and part of it is because I want to do what you told me to do."

Sam rewarded her by sliding his hands up her thighs and cupping her mound in one of them. She moaned loudly and thrust against his hand. "Then touch him, while I touch you."

Josh had to grit his teeth when Monica reached out both hands and wrapped them around his cock. She slid her thumb over his wet head, rubbing his slit a little, and Josh groaned and had to lock his knees to keep from falling at her feet.

She moaned and her hands tightened on him, and Josh saw Sam rubbing the base of his palm in circles. He must be right on her clit, Josh thought, and he wanted to watch it. He wanted to see Sam's hand on Monica's bare cunt.

Monica had the same idea. "I want to be naked. I want you naked." It was clear she was talking about Sam.

Sam stopped rubbing but left his hand there, pressing into her. Monica's breath hiccupped and she thrust into his hand.

"We can do naked," Sam said, and he nibbled her earlobe a little. He smiled at her. "Naked sounds really good right now."

Monica slid one hand off Josh's cock and cupped his balls and Josh was almost ashamed at the hoarse shout that broke from him. Almost.

"Naked is good," Josh said breathlessly. "Trust me, Sam, naked is good."

Chapter Five

It didn't take long to get undressed. Monica sighed with regret at how little attention was paid to her new black, cougar lingerie in comparison to how much it cost. All Josh and Sam seemed to care about was getting her naked. Okay, maybe that wasn't so bad. As Sam crawled toward her on the bed with a determined glint in his eye, she was actually sure that was pretty darn good.

"Mine," Sam said in a voice that defied anyone to argue with him. Monica gulped. She had absolutely no intention of arguing. She was so his. So totally, absolutely, embarrassingly his that she was a little worried. This was all for fun, right? She shook off her unease. It was part of the game. She was into what they were playing. She'd had no idea at the bar that Sam would be like this. That he'd be so dominant when it came to sex. Or that Josh apparently had a submissive streak.

She smiled at Sam like a cat at the canary. "Yours," she said, adding slyly, "first."

"Yes," Josh murmured triumphantly from his corner of the bed. He smiled back at Monica.

Sam watched the exchange. Without saying a word he reached out and pressed his hand against her cunt, one finger gliding through the moisture there. Monica moaned and clutched the sheets as her hips bucked into his touch. Sam just rubbed that finger on her until they could all hear how wet she was. "For me," he said.

Monica couldn't deny it. "For you," she gasped.

Sam's smile was predatory and made Monica shiver with desire. God, she had no idea she'd like a man like this so much—a take-charge, take-no-prisoners, fuck-you-blind kind of man. She felt her feminist side blush guiltily as her slutty side rolled around in her submission like a cat in catnip.

Sam pushed his finger inside her and Monica met the breach with a thrust of her hips, driving him deeper. Her back arched. "Oh, that feels so good," she purred. "It's been so long since I've had something that doesn't run on batteries in there."

Josh laughed and moved closer to them as Sam lay down next her, draping his leg over one of hers, preventing her from spreading her legs wider. "Keep them close," he whispered. "It makes you tighter."

She clenched on his finger inside her. "Mmm," he murmured nuzzling from her ear to her mouth. "Yeah, Blue Eyes, just like that."

He kissed her then. It was a good thing, because she'd been about to demand that he kiss her. All right, she admitted to herself, beg him. She'd been about to beg him to kiss her. And it was worth begging for. He ate at her mouth as if it were a delicacy. She'd never had anyone kiss her like that, as if her taste, texture, everything was the most delectable thing they'd ever had. She just about melted into the bed when he tenderly licked the corners of her mouth. It was crazy, but for some reason it made her weak and wild at the same time. As if he knew how much she liked it, he did it again.

And that was it. That was why she liked this game so much. Because it was all about her. All about what she wanted, what she liked, what she needed. Sam was attuned to every nuance of her reactions, somehow anticipating what she'd need before she even realized it. He hadn't been lying earlier when he'd said that watching her live out her fantasies was his fantasy, not if his actions were to be believed. She could tell he liked ordering them around. But so far all that he'd asked had been for her pleasure. Oh, yes, she liked this game a lot.

He was fucking her so deliciously with that finger. She fucked it back, fucked him back, the anticipation of fucking his cock burning her up inside. Suddenly she felt fuller, a pinch of stretch and it burned a little. She broke the kiss on an indrawn breath, one knee pulling up as the other remained trapped under Sam's leg.

Sam's fingers stopped moving in her and he just lay there pressing them inside. He'd added another, that was what she'd felt. "Are you okay?" he asked quietly, his mouth still so close to hers she felt the words on her lips.

She nodded. "I...it just surprised me a bit."

He began to move his fingers again. It felt good again, the burn gone. "You're tight, sweet thing. How long has it been?"

She bit her lip as he thrust a little harder, a little deeper.

"Answer me." His voice had gone all deep and sharp again. She shivered, anticipation and arousal building.

"Over a year. Since before he left." She hated to admit that. Hated to admit that no one had wanted to fuck her for over a year.

"He was a moron." That was Josh.

Monica huffed out a laugh. "His new wife doesn't think so." She turned to look at Josh and smiled. "But you're right. He is a moron. Because he never, ever made me feel like this."

"That's all I want," Sam growled into her neck, "to make you feel like this. Better than this." His fingers drove into her again and she moaned as her back arched again. "Good?" he rasped in her ear.

"So good," she said in a voice that sounded suspiciously like she might cry. But only because it felt so good. So amazing.

"Don't ever waste your time on morons, again, Monica," Josh told her, leaning down and kissing her shoulder. "Not when we can make you feel so good."

Monica caressed his cheek. "What do you want, Josh?" she asked him quietly. Sam had gentled his motions, and she hovered on the edge of slow arousal and reckless passion. She liked it. Liked the way he played her body.

Josh blushed and pulled away. He hesitated until Sam said, "Tell her."

"I want to watch."

He couldn't look away from Sam's fingers in her cunt. She moved her leg so he could see better and she saw his breath catch. Sam had insisted they leave the bedside light on, and she was glad now although she'd been very nervous about it when he'd told her. She was even happier for the light when Josh reached out and traced her hip bone with his index finger. Just one finger, but it was Josh's finger, and as she watched two men touching her at once, the heat of it pulsed in her cunt around Sam's fingers.

Sam chuckled, and she felt it in his chest pressed against her. "She liked that. Her cunt just closed around my fingers."

"Oh, God," Monica moaned, turned on by the talk and the language, but embarrassed that she was so easily aroused.

"I like porn."

Josh's statement jerked Monica out of her embarrassment. "What?" She looked at him, confused.

Josh was blushing harder now and he shrugged. "I really like porn. I like watching two other people fuck. This is one of my fantasies. To have two people fuck for me, live and in person—the full monty of reality." His eyes were glued to her pussy. "The sight of Sam's fingers fucking you is so damn hot I can't believe I haven't come."

"You'll come when I tell you, and when Monica is ready for it." Sam's voice was silky smooth but unrelenting just the same.

Josh just grinned. "And thank you, Sam, for just making the whole experience that much better." He shook his head. "No, sir. I will not come until you both say I can."

"Good boy," Monica murmured, and she ran her hand lightly up Josh's thigh. His muscles trembled and his hands fisted. "Now watch." She pulled her hand away and wrapped her arms around Sam's neck. "Fuck me, Sam," she whispered in his ear. "Please. I need you to fuck me."

She moaned in frustration when Sam shook his head. "Nope. I'm not done playing yet."

"Fucking is playing," Monica argued, trying to sound seductive as she ran a finger around the rim of his ear.

Sam shook his head and grinned wickedly. "Who's in charge?"

Monica sighed. "You are."

Sam rewarded her with another hot kiss. "That's right," he murmured when he broke the kiss. "And I know what's best for you, Monica."

"You do?" God, she sounded so weak and pathetic she inwardly cringed, but Sam seemed very, very happy with her response. He nodded.

"Yes, I do." He looked over at Josh. "Both of you."

"What do we need?" Monica's mind was racing with the images in her head. If he only knew how much she really needed.

"You need me to eat this luscious pussy and Josh needs to watch me do it."

"Holy shit," Josh whispered. "Are you crawling around inside my brain?"

Sam didn't answer. Instead he began kissing his way down her body. He stopped to give her breasts some attention. Monica had never really liked men to play with her breasts. She was a D-cup, which was ridiculously large for a woman as short as she was. But watching Sam lick and suck her nipples until they were cherry red and glistening was the sexiest thing she'd ever seen.

Sam kneaded her breasts while he looked at his handiwork. "These are the most amazing tits I've ever seen," he whispered reverently. He winced and looked up at Monica. "I mean breasts. Sorry."

Monica laughed. "I don't care if you call them tits. Especially when you say it like that."

Sam leaned back down and sucked a nipple back into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue before he sucked hard a couple of times. She moaned and grabbed a fistful of his hair. He let go with an audible pop. "When you walked in the door tonight at the bar, I

caught a glimpse of dark hair and gorgeous tits. If you hadn't come up to the bar right away, I was going to go search for you."

Monica laughed. "Well, I've had men obsessed with my boobs before. I mean, comparatively speaking, they're at least half of my total body weight."

Sam laughed and gave her breast one last kiss. "I'll be back here later."

"I'd like to fuck those later." Josh had been so quiet that Monica jerked a little when she heard his voice. "Sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Monica laughed. "I've never had anyone do that."

"You have got to be kidding me." Josh sounded incredulous, and Sam gave her a shocked look.

"Was your ex-husband crazy?" Sam asked. Then he shook his head. "Sorry, that's already been established. This just confirms it. Never mind."

He sank down between her legs, nudging them open. "Oh, I can open them now?" she asked teasingly.

"The better to eat you," Sam told her, playfully biting her thigh.

She sighed at the sight of his shiny, bright curls contrasting so erotically against her dark pubic hair, and then he put his mouth on her cunt and kissed her, just like he'd kissed her mouth, and her head fell back into the pillow as she cried out.

"Tell me what he's doing," Josh whispered. "In detail."

Monica shook her head, but Sam stopped kissing her and she whimpered.

"Tell him."

She couldn't disobey Sam. Not now, not tonight, not when she loved this game so much.

"Well, then, if you want me to tell him about it you better get back to it," she replied tartly, the effect not diminished by her breathlessness.

Sam just chuckled and licked a path from the sensitive skin of her perineum to her clit. She gasped.

"He just licked me," she panted.

"A little more detail, please," Josh told her, amusement in his voice. "That much I could see. I want to know where, and how it felt."

Sam did it again, slower this time. "He just licked from right past my..." she hesitated, not sure what word to use, "my vagina all the way to my clit. And it felt fantastic." She couldn't believe she was doing this. Sleeping with a younger man, a virtual stranger, wasn't enough. No sir, not for her. She had to have sex with two of them, and then she had to talk dirty the whole time. God, how perfect was this?

"How does his tongue feel?" Josh asked.

"Wet." She licked her lips. Sam licked her cunt. She moaned. "Hot. God, he's so hot."

Sam thrust his tongue inside her and wiggled it around and she thrust against his mouth.

"Monica, please," Josh begged.

"He just fucked me with his tongue," she moaned. "It's still inside me, moving around, and, God, Josh, I don't know how to describe it. It feels so good." She shook her head. "It's like being fucked, but not. It's so amazing because I know it's his mouth on me, his tongue in me. Does that make sense?"

Sam began to eat her in earnest. His tongue was everywhere, inside, on her clit, licking the wetness from her pussy lips. And it was obvious how much he enjoyed it. His hands slid under her ass and lifted her higher against his face, and she felt the rasp of his beard on her sensitive skin, making her shiver.

"You smell so fucking good," Josh whispered. "I can tell you taste good, too. Sam is eating that cunt like it's the dessert buffet."

Sam laughed against her and Monica grabbed the pillow next to her head. "Sam, please," she begged.

Sam pulled back with a long lick from bottom to top again. "Please, what?"

"I want to come with you inside me," she told him. She was shaking, and she tried to hide it. But she knew Sam saw it, and Josh too, probably.

"I want you to come on my face, Monica, and then again on my cock. Is that too much?"

Sam's question was serious, but it made Monica laugh. "In terms of how good that would be? No, it's not too much. But I haven't done this in a while. I don't know how many times I can come."

"That's my job, Monica. You don't have to try or think about it. It's my job to make you come as many times as you want."

"Where have you been all my life?" she joked, raising her head from the pillow.

He winked at her. "Learning how to do this," Sam answered. "I had to do some serious studying before I was ready for a woman like you."

"Like me?" Monica asked, wondering what he meant.

He smiled. "A woman as sexy, beautiful, and adventurous as you," he told her. "You're the trifecta of lovers."

Monica burst out laughing. "Wait a minute. I thought I was the one who won tonight."

"You did," Josh said from beside her. She turned to see him grinning. "Now let's get to the payoff."

Sam was still laughing when he kissed her cunt again, and Monica was thrown right back into the maelstrom of desire she'd been fighting when he stopped. She'd been trying not to come too soon, but they'd made her realize there was no such thing for her tonight. They wanted her to come as much, and as often, as she could. Well, then, so be it. With determination she dropped all her barriers and let the pleasure wash over her, moving her hips, fucking Sam's mouth, moaning when it felt good, doing what felt good.

“Jesus, Monica,” Josh whispered in a reverent tone. “You are so fucking hot. Don’t hold back anymore.”

Sam speared two fingers into her while he focused his mouth on her clit, biting it softly, and it didn’t take but a couple of minutes before Monica had an orgasm the likes of nothing she’d felt before. Stars burst behind her eyelids as she rode Sam’s mouth and cried out at the pleasure. She cupped her breasts in her hands and squeezed as she pressed her thighs closer together, trapping Sam’s mouth on her. He just laughed quietly and swirled those fingers around inside her, making her tremble and pant as intense sensations tumbled through her.

When it was over her legs dropped open and her arms fell to the bed beside her. She felt drained, and yet oddly unfulfilled, which she couldn’t explain since she’d just had the best orgasm ever.

“Give me a condom, Josh,” Sam growled. “I’ve got to fuck her. I’ve got to fuck this juicy, hot little cunt right now.”

Okay, that was what was missing. Monica moaned. “Hell yes, you do.”

Chapter Six

Sam was desperate. And there weren't many times in his life he'd ever said that. His first time, and then the first time with an older woman, the young divorcee next door when he was nineteen. That was about it. And those were different kinds of desperate. He'd wanted to fuck more than he'd wanted to fuck *them*. But now? It was all about Monica. Sam had to get inside her or die. Period. No one else would do. Nothing else would do. His hands were shaking as he tried to put the condom on.

"I want to fuck you so bad I'm shaking," he told Monica, completely unashamed of it. Let her see what she did to him.

Josh moaned and Sam looked over to where he was kneeling beside them to see Josh cover his face with his hands. "Sam, you're killing me," Josh told him dramatically.

Sam laughed, his voice a little shaky, too. "You? I'm the one who's dying here."

"Here, let me," Monica said in a rough voice that Sam loved. It was rough now from her cries and moans. Sam put the rough there. He got a little lightheaded as more blood seemed to pound in his dick.

"Please," was all he said, letting go and watching Monica's hands take over.

"Oh, now it's please," Monica teased. "Aren't you going to order me to do it?"

"Put the fucking condom on and lie down," Sam said, although his heart wasn't in it.

"Too much," Monica told him, pulling her hands away.

"Put it on, Monica. Please." He let the desperation creep back into his voice.

Without a word she rolled it onto his cock. Before she was even done he could see pre-cum slicking up the tip. Her hands were so hot, literally, and soft, and her touch

delicate. "Wrap your fist around it," he told her roughly. "I want to feel your tiny hand holding it."

"You make me sound like a munchkin," she complained, but she did as he told her.

He groaned as she held it tightly. She started to move her hand, jerking him, but he grabbed her wrist and held her still. "No," he said sharply. He took a couple of deep breaths. "I don't want to come until I fuck you. Okay?"

She looked up at him with those melting blue eyes wide. "Okay," she whispered. She let go of him one finger at a time. Then she lay back with her arms over her head, one knee raised, and she looked like a fucking pinup in Playboy.

"She looks like a Penthouse model, fuck-me look and all," Josh said appreciatively.

Sam grinned. "Now you're crawling around inside *my* brain," he said, "except I was thinking Playboy."

Monica raised a brow. "Is that good? Or does it mean I'm a slut?"

"You're my fucking slut," Sam growled and he fell over her, stopping himself with his hands next to her shoulders just before he would have crashed down into her.

Monica squeaked and then laughed. "I like the sound of that. But don't tell anyone."

"As long as you like it, what does it matter?" Josh asked the question Sam was thinking.

Monica thought about it a second or two and then shrugged. "Damned if I know. Sam's fucking slut it is."

Sam had to laugh. "You are so funny, Monica. I love that about you."

She got a strange look on her face. "Some people don't like it so much. I have a hard time being serious for any length of time."

"Life is short," Sam told her. "Live it or lose it." The smile she bestowed on him for that pearl of inane wisdom knocked just about every thought from his head.

"Now you're talking," she whispered. She ran her hands up his arms and rubbed his biceps. They were bulging as he held himself up, and he wasn't above a little pride over her obvious appreciation. "That's exactly what I'm doing. Living. Now fuck me, Sam. Make me scream it feels so good."

Sam lowered his forearms to the bed and bent to kiss her. God, she was unbelievable. "No pressure, huh?" he whispered against her lips. As she laughed he kissed her. Swallowing her laughter like that nearly made him come. And how fucking weird was that?

She wrapped her arms and legs around him and pressed her wet pussy against him. She rocked up into him and moaned. Oh, she wanted it all right. She wasn't done, not nearly. He'd make her come at least twice more before he let himself go. Could he do it? He smiled against her mouth.

He sucked her lower lip between his teeth and nibbled it a little. He really loved to bite on her. She was just so plump and juicy everywhere. He fucking loved it. Then he licked the corner of her mouth and she made a breathy sound that was so girly and hot he wished he could record it. "I'm going to make you come twice more before I let myself come, Monica. Okay?" He rubbed his nose on hers while she tightened her legs around him.

"Okay," she said, and there was so much trust and absolute conviction in her response that Sam knew he'd do it. He'd do it because he'd promised her he would.

"You've got to ease up a little so I can get my cock into that tight little cunt, Blue Eyes," Sam whispered.

"Oh, God," Monica moaned, and Sam laughed. That was the response he wanted.

"Are you watching, Josh?" he asked, not forgetting his best friend kneeling next to them. And that was the truly weird part. Sam loved it. He loved putting on this show for Josh. He loved fucking Monica like this in front of someone, loved showing her off, and showing how good he was. It was arrogant, vain, and the wildest thing he'd ever

done in bed. He was damn glad it was Josh. If it was some stranger Sam would really be freaking.

"I'm watching," Josh said in a strangled voice.

"I may want you to do more than watch in a little bit," Sam told him, surprising himself. "If I think Monica wants it."

Monica moaned and Sam knew that the second time she came it would be because both he and Josh were doing something to her.

"Yes, sir," Josh said quietly.

Sam reached behind him and grabbed Monica's leg behind her knee. Then he pulled it forward, opening her up. Without a word he pulled his hips back, lined his cock up and thrust into her all the way.

"Sam," she cried out, and her pussy sort of trembled around his dick.

"Damn," he whispered. "You are so tight, sweetheart, and so fucking hot in here. Are you okay?" He had to grit his teeth to keep from fucking her like a wild man she felt so damn good.

"Sam," she cried out again, clutching him in her arms. "It's so good." She gave a little sob that made Sam feel like a man. That was the only way to describe it. It made him feel like this was why he'd been given a dick in the first place. Just for this moment.

"You know," he said conversationally, although his voice was rough and kind of breathless, "I have some seriously stupid shit going through my brain right now."

Monica gave a breathy little laugh. "Don't we all."

And with that she made everything he was thinking legit. He stopped worrying about it and let himself ride that puffed-up, big fucking man feeling. He liked it. A lot. "Am I making you feel good? Tell me. I like to hear it."

"Mmm," she murmured, and her hot little cunt clenched on him. "So good. You're kind of wide, aren't you? Thick and stretching my pussy just right."

Sam choked out a laugh. "Boy, you really got the hang of the dirty talk pretty quick, didn't you?"

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she chanted. "How's that work for you?"

Sam didn't need another "fuck me". He pulled out and drove back in, kind of rough but he got the feeling that's what she meant when she said it. From her enthusiastic reaction he was right.

She was so wet that each stroke sounded juicy and loud. Another thing Sam hadn't known he liked, but damn that was making him nuts, sending shivers down his back with each move. He let go of Monica's leg and she wrapped it back around him and then she gasped.

"Am I hitting it now, honey?" he murmured. "Just like that?" He gave a hard thrust right into the same place the last one had gone and Monica tried to crawl inside his skin with a whimper. "Oh, yeah," he said smugly. "I got you now."

"You had me at 'I'm your man'," Monica gasped.

Sam laughed and fucked her harder. God! She was fucking strangling his cock in that cunt, she was so tight. It was making him crazy to know he was the first one in here since her asshole husband. The only one to make her feel this good. The only one who knew what she needed and gave it to her. He couldn't help himself. He was practically fucking her through the mattress she felt so good and liked it so much.

Suddenly she gave a strangled scream and her nails dug into his back and then she arched her back and he felt it. He felt her orgasm shaking her like a little earthquake, her pussy getting tighter and hotter and wetter. He rammed his cock in there and let her have what she wanted, grinding his hips against her, rubbing on her clit.

"Sam," she moaned, her voice raspy and thick as she shook in his arms.

Sam tried to let his mind sort of take a vacation so he wouldn't come. And it was damn hard not to come watching her. She was so fucking pretty when she came like that.

She lay there beneath him when it was over, and he felt her muscles relax. She was panting hard and he let her catch her breath.

"That sounded like a good one," Josh commented, and Sam could hear the admiration and amusement in his voice.

"You have no idea." Monica sighed happily. "The best. Ever. In the history of the world."

"Thanks," Sam said sincerely.

Monica shook her head with a smug little grin. "No, thank you. May I have another, please?"

"That's the plan," Sam told her with a deliberate leer. "Any specific requests?"

"More fucking," she promptly answered.

Josh laughed. "God, yes, more fucking."

Sam turned to his best friend. If anyone had told him even yesterday that he'd be in bed with Josh today he would have told them they were crazy. But here he was, and he was planning on making Josh come. Well, not him personally. But he knew just what Monica needed. And Josh needed it, too. Bad. His dick was hard and leaking and bright red. And Sam was sort of freaked out that the sight of it wasn't freaking him out. Instead, the thought of what he was going to make Monica do turned him on even more, if that were possible. It was twisted, but he liked using Josh like a sex toy for Monica to play with.

Sam turned back to Monica. He slid his hands up to hold hers over her head and then he nuzzled her ear. "Josh looks like he's in a bad way, Monica. Don't you think?" he whispered in her ear. Her heart, which had slowed somewhat, began to beat a fast rhythm against his chest. "I hate to see him this way. Don't you? Wouldn't you like to help him out?"

Monica's legs tightened around him. He felt a surge of possessive male pride. It was as if her body was acknowledging that this pussy was his. She didn't want to let Sam go. He didn't even think she realized what she was doing.

"He can't have my pussy, Monica," he told her sternly, loving this game more every second. He thrust into her and she whimpered. "Remember? This is mine." He fucked in and out a few more times while he kissed the shit out of her. He'd always liked kissing, but it had really just been part of the process. Kissing Monica was something else. It was as if she just opened up and gave him her soul through those sexy lips when he kissed her. When he let her up for air Monica looked drunk.

"I want you to suck Josh off for me, Monica. He needs it bad. And so do you. Don't you?"

Josh actually groaned next to them, but Sam didn't look at him. This wasn't really about Josh, although Sam was inexplicably proud that his woman got his best friend so horny.

Yep, first thing tomorrow he was calling a therapist.

He kept his gaze on Monica's, watching for her reaction, for any sign that she didn't want what he was offering her. But he knew her, better than he should, really, considering they'd just met tonight. Deep inside he knew she was going to say yes.

"Yes," Monica whispered.

Oh, my God, she thought, blinking hard, did I just say that? What the hell am I doing? And I thought I was a cougar tramp earlier. Hello, my name is Monica and I'm cougar trash.

She was glad Sam couldn't hear the thoughts in her head. He nodded, acting very serious. "I thought so. I'd fuck your mouth and your pussy if I could, Monica. But if I'm going to keep fucking you I've got to give Josh your mouth, okay? It's what I want, Monica. And you're so perfect, to give that to me."

Monica bit her lower lip and nodded. She suddenly, desperately, wanted to suck Josh off for Sam. Anything for Sam. Anything to make him happy.

She was such an idiot. Such a well-fucked, greedy idiot in bed with two incredibly sexy younger men who wanted nothing more than to fuck her, she amended, which didn't sound quite so bad. And she was living the dream, wasn't she?

"Josh," Sam said. That was it. That was all he had to say. She had to give Josh credit, the man knew how to play this game.

Josh scooted over, and when he lowered his dick right over Monica's mouth Sam groaned. "I want to see that dick in your mouth almost as much as I need to fuck you. And that's pretty messed up," he said. He actually looked a little upset.

"But very, *very* fun." Monica figured at this point honesty could only help.

Sam grinned widely. "Open up, baby."

Monica licked her lips, never breaking eye contact with Sam. Then she opened her mouth.

"Good girl," Sam whispered. He moved back until he was on his knees, supported on one hand and holding on to Monica's hip with the other.

"How do I do this so she's comfortable?" Josh asked, sounding a little panicked. "She can't do this with her head turned to the side like that."

Sam paused. Josh was right.

"On all fours, your cock over my mouth," Monica whispered in a husky voice.

Sam smiled at her approvingly. "Have you done this before?"

She shook her head. She could feel herself blushing. "I've read a lot of books." She cleared her throat. "And um, maybe, you know, fantasized a time or two. Or fifteen. Hundred."

"I've got to read some of those books," Sam told her, "if I plan to keep up with you."

Josh took her advice, his hands on one side of her head and his knees on the other, his dick right over her face. Monica reached for him with her mouth and Josh lowered his hips until she sucked the head of his cock between her lips.

"Okay, Josh, now I get the watching thing." Sam watched them a minute in silence. "It's like my own personal sex show," he added with wonder when she took Josh to the back of her throat.

Wow, she really could do that. But then, Josh was a lot longer than her ex-husband. Monica could feel Sam's dick twitching in her cunt as he watched.

Josh groaned. "Oh, yeah, watching you two was hot. But this? This is amazing."

Sam started moving in Monica again, and he set a pace that was in counterpoint to Josh. When Josh fucked gently into her mouth, Sam pulled back. When Josh pulled out, Sam fucked in. Within moments Monica was moaning around Josh's dick.

"Suck hard, please, Monica," Josh begged. Monica pulled her head back slightly.

"Pull out, Josh," Sam ordered him, stopping. Josh obeyed immediately.

Monica licked her lips. "Sorry. I just wanted to say, um, I like you, Josh, but please don't come in my mouth."

Josh laughed. "I'm not offended. And I won't. Where can I come?"

"On her breasts," Sam told him. "Come on those gorgeous tits." He watched Monica carefully to see if that was okay with her. She caught his look and smiled a secret little wicked smile just for him. It didn't matter that Josh could see it, too. It was for Sam and they all knew it.

"Yes," was all she said. Actually she didn't care where he came, as long as it wasn't in her mouth. She sighed. It was all about making Sam happy. If that's what he wanted, that's what she wanted. That was the game, right?

"Sweet." Josh got back in position and Monica sucked him in with a happy little hum.

They fucked her like that for several minutes, and Monica was beginning to wonder if Sam was going to make it. He'd promised her another orgasm before he came, but he was getting wild watching her suck cock. And Monica wasn't even sure she could get off again. She'd already come more than she ever had in one night in her life. Monica let her hand glide over and slide down her belly until she could rub her clit with her finger, just to help him out. Her inner walls shimmied deliciously around him.

"Are you close, Blue Eyes?" he whispered. "Keep rubbing your clit. I like to watch that. I like to watch you being such a dirty girl, baby. Sucking Josh's cock, fucking my dick, rubbing your clit." He was really pouring it on, and it was obvious he was making himself crazier, but the words were pushing Monica closer. "You suck cock so well, Monica. I can tell you love a cock in your mouth. I'm going to have mine there soon, baby. I'm going to eat you out again while you suck my dick."

Monica moaned and her hips were thrusting frantically back at him. Just the thought of sucking Sam off made her crazy.

"Sam," Josh said in a strangled voice. "I can't wait, man. I've got to come. This is too much. I've got to. Please."

"Do it."

As soon as Sam spoke, Josh jerked out of Monica's mouth and rose to his knees again. He fisted his cock and jerked two or three times and then he was coming all over Monica's breasts. Sam groaned at the sight.

Monica gasped as the hot liquid hit her nipples, and then she thrust against Sam wildly. Something about the whole thing just suddenly set her off. Her body was on fire. It almost didn't feel like hers anymore. "Sam," she said in a breathless, scared voice. "Sam."

"Shh, baby," he said. "Come for me. I need to see you do it one more time, and then I'm going to come so hard for you."

Josh fell to the bed beside them and Sam crawled up over Monica again. She pulled her hand away from her clit and Sam slammed into her while she grabbed him and held

him close. He didn't even care about Josh's spunk all over her. He pressed her down into the mattress and fucked her hard and she went off like a rocket. She sobbed his name and then he came. He came so hard, just like he'd promised, and all Monica could do was hold him as he trembled and gasped, his face buried in her neck.

Chapter Seven

Monica woke slowly to a pleasurable pressure between her legs. Suddenly something slick and smooth slid in and filled her and she moaned at how good it felt. She was a little disoriented. The last thing she remembered was falling back into bed between Sam and Josh after she washed up. She'd snuggled up to Sam, Josh curled around her back, and she'd fallen asleep. She took a deep breath as the cock fucking her pulled slowly out and then pushed back in. She spread her legs and lifted her ass, taking it deeper. It was then she realized that she still lay half-pillowed on Sam. That meant it was Josh fucking her.

The thought brought her up short. She was instantly awake and jerked her head up to see Sam watching her, his expression enigmatic. What was he thinking? Was this what he wanted?

Monica shook her head at the thought and frowned. It was what she wanted, wasn't it? It was part of the fantasy.

"Move up, Monica," Josh told her, "onto your hands and knees."

She didn't want to. But she did want to. She was so confused she didn't know which way was up. The cock in her pussy moved again and her body didn't care who it was, it grew wetter and she had to bite back her moan of pleasure.

She rose to her hands and knees, pulling away from Sam. Her front felt cold. He'd been so warm against her she hadn't needed a blanket. Josh put his hands on her hips and then slid them up her sides to brush against her breasts. Josh pressed deep inside her. He felt good, but different than Sam—longer and thinner. And his hands weren't as rough.

Sam had turned his head and was watching them, but he still didn't say anything. She could make out his hard cock in the moonlight. It was still night, then.

"You feel so good, Monica," Josh said, panting a little. "Hot and tight and so fucking wet."

She bit her lip and took his cock as he fucked her. It felt good, but something was wrong. It wasn't like the first time with them. Sam was so quiet, and there was no joking. Did they feel it, too? She chewed on her lip, her pleasure waning. She shook her head and looked up at Sam helplessly.

"Stop, Josh," Sam said quietly. He moved over and Monica lifted up her hand to let him slide under her. "Pull her up a bit, Josh." Josh helped her to rise onto her knees, his cock still inside her. She gasped as the angle changed. Sam was beneath them now, his legs spread so she and Josh were between them. "Come here, baby," he whispered, pulling Monica down on top of him. She snuggled into his chest, her nose buried in the soft skin under his ear. He smelled so delicious. Sam stuffed his hand between them and adjusted his cock until Monica felt it against her clit and lower stomach. She pressed into him and he pulled his hand out and groaned. The tip of his cock was leaking against her, hot and slick.

Sam grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her face around, his lips hovering just below hers. They stayed like that for a minute, Josh still buried inside her, his hands running over the cheeks of her ass, warming them. Her pussy began to throb with excitement. Was Sam going to have Josh fuck her like this? On top of him?

"Let's play again," Sam whispered to her. "Go, Josh." Monica's eyes widened in surprise. She hadn't expected it, truthfully. She'd thought Sam would take over and fuck her.

Josh pulled out and thrust back in, rocking her against Sam. They both gasped, their mouths so close together it seemed as if they inhaled the same breath. Before she could say anything Sam pressed her lips to his. She fell into his kiss, into the thrill of their two big, male bodies cocooning her in the heat and scent of sex. And suddenly it felt so good, just like last night. And she wasn't going to question it. She wasn't.

She rubbed on Sam's cock while Josh fucked her. And kissed Sam. Endless, drugging kisses, slow and deep and sexy. As her pleasure and excitement built, their almost leisurely kisses became wilder, ravenous. She craved the taste of him. She wanted to devour him. She wanted him to come all over her. Sam was holding her hips now, moving her cunt back onto Josh, controlling her. It was kinky and wild and so hot. He knew just how far to push her back, how hard, and then he pulled her back down onto his cock pressed between them.

"So sweet, Blue Eyes," Sam murmured against her cheek, pressing kisses to her face. He licked the corners of her mouth and Monica's breath trembled between them. "I want you to feel good, Monica," he whispered. He nipped at her chin. "Is this all right? Is this what you want? I only want to give you what you need. Tell me what you need."

"You," she gasped. "This." He fucked her back onto Josh. "Sam," she cried out.

"He wanted you so much, Monica," Sam told her, "and I wanted to give him to you." He was at her neck now, and she had her head arched back to give him room. He licked the pulse pounding in her throat and then moved on to her shoulder and bit her gently, holding her with his teeth and lips as Josh fucked her.

"Oh God," she moaned. Her fingers dug into Sam's shoulders. She could feel her orgasm coming, the heat and shivery pleasure of it racing up her spine to where his mouth was locked on her.

"Come on me, Sam," she begged him. "I want to feel it."

Sam had to let go of her to laugh roughly. "Believe me, I'm going to do just that."

He couldn't believe how sexy this was, to not just watch but feel Monica being fucked by Josh. With every thrust Josh made Sam felt Monica move on him, rubbing and sliding on his cock. Every emotion she was feeling, every spike in pleasure, showed on her face. He could watch her fuck for hours. Or maybe not, he thought ruefully as he felt his balls pull up and begin to burn with his impending climax. The sight, the sounds,

the scent, the feel of Monica and Josh fucking, not to mention the fantastic friction of her pussy and stomach against his cock, was going to make him come.

"Right now," Sam groaned. Monica seemed to know what he meant and she pressed into him, her hips rolling gently, massaging his cock. That was all it took. He bit his lip as his cock jerked between them, and the wet heat of his cum glued their bodies together. His hands were gripping her hips tightly, and he fought the urge to roll up in a tiny little ball and ride out the almost painful pleasure.

"Oh, Sam," Monica cried out, and suddenly she froze against him, the grip of her hands on his shoulders nearly as tight as his.

"Yes," Josh shouted, and Monica rocked roughly against Sam as Josh came.

Monica collapsed against him a moment later and Josh had to lean over on one hand. Sam was suddenly so tired he could barely keep his eyes open. But he made himself watch as Josh pulled slowly out of Monica and then got up to get rid of the condom. In spite of everything, Sam had expected some jealousy. But there was none. Because he knew that even though Josh had been the one fucking her, Monica had done it for Sam. Well, not for him, but with him. It was about the two of them enjoying the...well, the kink factor together. But he knew without a doubt that he couldn't let anyone other than Josh do that to her. If it had been any other guy Sam would be ripping his head off right now.

Ordinarily he was a laid-back, peace-loving kind of guy. Apparently Monica brought out the animal in him. He closed his eyes and smiled to himself as he palmed one of Monica's ass cheeks and squeezed softly.

"Sam." Josh's voice woke him up from a light doze. He opened his eyes to see Josh standing beside the bed with a damp washcloth. "You need to clean her up."

Sam nodded. Monica gave a little snore from atop his chest and he and Josh exchanged amused smiles. Sam gently rolled Monica onto her back on the bed. She opened her eyes and blinked blearily. "Shh, baby," Sam whispered. "I'm just gonna clean you up."

“Kay,” she mumbled. “Sam.”

“Yeah, it’s me,” he told her quietly. She smiled and a moment later she was snoring again.

Sam reached up to take the cloth from Josh and saw immediately that Josh had lost his smile.

“I’m sorry,” Josh said sincerely.

Sam didn’t try to hide his confusion. “What are you talking about?”

“I shouldn’t have fucked her.”

Sam shook his head. “What?”

Josh sighed and ran his hand through his hair, leaving it standing up comically, but Sam didn’t laugh.

“I knew from the minute I walked into the bar that you and she had a connection. I should have left it alone. I’m sorry.”

Sam wiped Monica’s stomach off gently. Josh had thoughtfully used warm water on the cloth so it didn’t wake her. He ran the cloth softly along the crease under each breast, using his other hand to lift each heavy mound so he could get all his cum off her. Part of him wanted to leave it as a sort of territorial mark, but another part wanted to take care of her and make sure she was comfortable when she woke up. Since that was the sane, commonsense part he was familiar with he went with that inclination.

“I liked it.” He didn’t look at Josh when he said it. They were close, probably as close as brothers in a lot of ways, but still theirs was not a “share intimate secrets with one another in the dark of night” friendship. They were guys, after all.

“No shit. I may not be Sherlock, but I figured that out.”

Josh’s sarcastic reply had Sam snorting with suppressed laughter. He shook his head, feeling as if they were back on solid ground. “No, I mean I really liked it. In a seriously kinky, twisted, this is crazy and so fucking hot kind of way.”

“No shit?” Josh asked skeptically.

"No shit," Sam told him. "What we did tonight totally did it for me." He shrugged. "I thought it was going to be all about Monica's and your fantasies tonight. I guess I had a few repressed ones of my own. Who knew?" He was done cleaning Monica off, and he looked around for a place to put the cloth.

"Just throw it on the floor," Josh told him.

"Are you nuts?" Sam asked. "It'll stink up the carpet for weeks."

Josh just shook his head and held his hand out. When Sam gave it to him Josh held it by two fingers as if it were radioactive.

"Nice," Sam said. "I let you fuck my woman and this is the respect I get?"

Josh gave him a penetrating look. "So she's your woman already?"

Sam nodded decisively. "Oh, yeah. She may not know it yet, but she is definitely my woman."

"Got it," Josh said nodding. "You don't have to beat me over the head with it."

He turned and Sam watched him toss the washcloth into the bathroom. Sam winced, briefly wondering where it had landed. In the sink or tub, he hoped. Josh started walking out of the room. "Where are you going?" Sam demanded in a hushed voice.

Josh stopped and pointed to the hallway. "To my room."

"No way, man," Sam said, settling down onto his pillow and pulling Monica back over to lie against him. "She may want to get seriously kinky and twisted again in the morning."

"I really, *really* like your woman," Josh told him as he climbed into bed and curled up behind Monica.

"Me, too," Sam said right before a huge yawn nearly cracked his jaw. "Me, too." He closed his eyes and breathed in the scent of her and was very glad to be him.

Chapter Eight

The first thing Monica noticed when she woke up was the unfamiliar smell. Not unpleasant, just...strong. And earthy. Like sex. It smelled like sex. And sweat. Then the pillow beneath her moved and she realized it was a body and she remembered what she'd done last night and where she was.

She was afraid to open her eyes to see if Sam and Josh were awake. She knew she was no beauty queen in the morning, and that was when she'd had enough sleep and hadn't spent the better part of the night getting herself fucked silly. She experimentally ran her hand over the hairy chest it lay on. Suddenly a large, rough palm covered the back of her hand. She stopped moving immediately, feigning sleep.

"I know you're awake," Sam whispered. "Your breathing changed and your eyes are moving behind your eyelids."

She cracked her eyes open and wrinkled her nose. "That's kind of gross. It always creeps me out when I see that."

Sam laughed quietly. "Nothing about you creeps me out." He was still whispering. Monica glanced over her shoulder and saw Josh sprawled across the bed behind her, sound asleep. She looked back at Sam and he held a finger to his lips. "Shh," he told her.

She nodded. "I need to get up," she whispered.

"Why?"

She pursed her lips. "I have to pee."

Sam laughed again. "Oops, sorry. Just climb over me. Josh can sleep through just about anything."

Monica self-consciously crawled over Sam's big chest and slid her feet down to the floor. Before she could stand up, Sam grabbed her arm. "Come back," he said simply. It was so much like his "Stay" from last night that Monica was struck for a moment by déjà vu.

"All right," she assured him, and he let her go.

She didn't turn the bathroom light on. If she had she would have seen herself in the mirror and then she would have been forced to try to repair her appearance. Then she would have been stuck in the bathroom for half an hour. She forced herself to just pee, wash her hands, and go back out. If Sam didn't like her morning look, well too bad. He didn't have to see her this way again, anyway. One time wouldn't kill him.

When she wandered back out to the bedroom she felt awkward and embarrassed. This man had watched her suck another guy off while he fucked her. She bit her lip in mortification. What must he think of her?

Sam was watching her closely. "You found the washcloth, didn't you?" He sighed and rubbed a hand through his hair. "Sorry. Did you step on it?"

Monica didn't know what he was talking about. "What?"

Sam's eyes widened. "Uh, nothing." He motioned her over. "Come back to bed. It's early."

Monica hesitated. She should just go. Leave and not look back.

Sam frowned at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She could tell she'd spoken too quickly when his eyes narrowed.

"Get over here." He was using that irresistible voice and she shivered with immediate arousal. Sam smiled in satisfaction when he saw it. "Please." His please did not sound as if he were asking. It sounded more like a command.

This was where she should say, thanks, it's been great, have a nice life. Instead she walked over and took the hand he was holding out to her.

"Climb on," he said suggestively, and Monica laughed. "That's more like it," he said, tugging her down on top of him.

She tried to be careful so as not to wake Josh. "I can go if you want me to." It was a token offer. She could clearly tell from the hard bulge under her that Sam didn't want her going anywhere. She wiggled her hips, rubbing on his cock.

He groaned. "I want you to go, but only in the best possible way."

Monica kissed his neck and nibbled his earlobe. He was so gorgeous in the light of day. His skin was a beautiful golden color all over. It wasn't a tan, either. Where on earth had he gotten that skin from? And the curly blond hair that covered his chest was a shade darker than the hair on his head. She hadn't noticed that last night. And he had laugh lines. Faint, but they were there. She could picture him in ten years, those lines more deeply etched, framing his sexy blue eyes.

"I have a fantasy." Sam sounded as if he were confessing a great sin.

"Hmm, have you?" Monica murmured, her head on his shoulder, just enjoying the feel of his skin on hers, his warmth and the sheer size of him. "I was pretty sure we hit a few of your highlights last night."

His chuckle traveled from his chest to hers and then down to her toes, which curled against his hairy legs in pleasure. "Noticed that, did you?"

"You were so shocked at how much you liked what we were doing it was almost funny. It didn't take much to figure out you hadn't done anything so kinky before."

"And hot. Don't forget hot. Because it was. Hot."

"Got it." Monica nodded against his shoulder. "Hot."

"Did you like it?" His question was tentative, as if he really wasn't sure.

"Hello, weren't you in the same bed as me last night? I thought it was obvious, but apparently not." She pushed up, her forearms on his chest and looked into his face. "I liked it. A lot. Thank you." She leaned down and kissed his cheek. "You really did make my fantasies a reality last night, and I'll always be very grateful."

Sam frowned. Well, that wasn't the reaction she'd expected. "Don't you want to know what my fantasy is?" he asked.

"Well, all right," she told him, wondering what on earth they still hadn't done.

Sam wrapped his arms around her and pressed her down until she moved her arms and lay full against him again. He put both hands on her head and guided her mouth to his. "Just you and me," he whispered against her lips. "That's the fantasy I had the minute you walked in the door at the bar."

She loved it when he did that, talked right against her mouth. It was so sexy. "Just you and me?" she repeated, falling back on brilliant conversation to hide her astonishment.

He nodded. "Mmm hmm. Just you and me." Then he played dirty by kissing her, morning breath and all. She tried to pull away, but he wouldn't let her. Instead he kissed her more thoroughly than she thought she'd ever been kissed in all her thirty-eight years.

When he finally let her up for air before her scrambled brains became permanent, Monica was a great big puddle of desire melting on top of him.

"How about it?" he whispered. "Will you help me make my fantasy a reality?" He licked the corners of her mouth, setting her pussy trembling.

"Just you and me," she told him, thrusting down against his cock. He made a delicious, low sound deep in the back of his throat and his muscles shifted beneath her as he pressed up against her.

"Top or bottom?" he asked.

"Both," she answered and he laughed. But she was serious. She wanted him in every way.

His eyes grew hooded when he realized she meant it. "Which one first?" He reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a condom, ripping open the package. Then

he stopped, about to pull the condom out of the wrapper. "Um, do you want some foreplay first?"

Monica couldn't help it, she laughed at his comment and his rueful expression. She shook her head. "To be honest, I just want to fuck you," she said. "I just want you inside me right now, no preliminaries. But thanks for asking."

"It's almost scary how much we're on the same page," he murmured. He handed her the condom. "You get the honors."

Monica sat up, straddling him, and took the condom. She scooted back and slid the condom on. Then she rose up on her knees and adjusted herself over him, aiming his cock at her already wet entrance. "Since I'm already here," she told him with a grin.

He grinned right back. "Go for it," he told her. "It's your playground."

Monica notched his cock against her and the first inch slid right in. It felt so good. She was a little sore, but it was a good sore, an ache that his cock soothed. She set both hands flat on his hard stomach and settled down on him, taking him deep. She was panting by the time he was sheathed fully inside her.

"Were you this big last night?" she asked breathlessly.

Sam laughed. She was happy to note he was a little breathless too. "Were you this tight?" He cupped his hands around her ass and lifted her just a fraction of an inch and then let her fall gently back down. It could hardly be called a move but it set off little explosions of heat and pleasure inside her.

"Kiss me, Monica," he whispered. "Kiss me like you mean it."

His words didn't make sense. "I meant all of them," she told him. It was the right thing to say. He slid his big, rough hand up her back and buried it in her hair, then pulled her down to him. When he put her lips against his, he didn't move. He just waited.

Something made Monica hesitate. What was he really asking? What was she really doing? What was this really about? Her head grew dizzy as she tried to figure it all out. And still he waited.

"Are you going to kiss him?" Josh spoke from the other side of the bed in a sleepy voice. "Is this just for the two of you, or do you want to get twisted and kinky again? Give me a minute to wake up, and I can do that."

Panic seized Monica. She didn't know what to do. Keeping this just between her and Sam...that was crazy thinking. Hadn't she just told Stevie yesterday that she was only looking for fun? Sam and Josh were fun. But Sam alone? Sam was trouble. With a capital T. Well, not really. It really began with S, but then that wouldn't make any sense. And she was actually babbling in her own head now. Nice.

Josh ran his hand over her ass. Suddenly she knew she didn't want Josh's hand on her ass. She wanted Sam's there, and only Sam's. *Well, I guess that's that*, she thought. *I'm in over my head and sinking fast.*

"We never did have a real threesome," she said thoughtfully. Sam stopped breathing underneath her and Josh's hand froze. "You know, double penetration and all."

"What?" Josh sat up and stared at her, wide awake now.

"But I'm really not into that," she continued. Beneath her Sam's muscles, which had turned rock hard with tension, relaxed.

Josh flopped back down on the bed. "That was just cruel."

Monica laughed softly. "It was. I'm sorry." She turned and looked into Sam's eyes. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm sorry I hesitated," she clarified. His expression grew hopeful.

"This is my fantasy, Josh," Sam told him without looking away from Monica. "Just me and Blue Eyes."

"But it's going to be just the two of you from now on, for years and years," Josh complained.

Monica's heart began to pound. Okay, that sounded a little scary. Years and years? So that when he was in his prime she'd be on Social Security? Oh, wait, probably not. There wouldn't be any left by the time she retired. But she'd be old. That was the point. Old.

"Calm down, Monica," Sam told her. He shifted beneath her and she realized he was still inside her. And still hard. Apparently the thought of years with Monica didn't faze him.

"What's the deal, Monica?" Josh asked. "Don't you want to try with Sam?"

"I...I..." She didn't know what to say. Try what? Try getting her heart broken again?

"You owe me a chance," Sam said quietly. "I'm not him. Granted, I'm no prize." He smoothed a hand down her back. "I'm still in school and I've got the debt to prove it. And my schedule is crazy, what with work and school. And, well, I am a bit of a neat freak."

"I sort of figured that out last night when you folded my clothes and put them on the chair as I took them off," Monica said wryly.

Sam laughed self-consciously. "I tried to be surreptitious about that."

"A career in espionage is not for you."

Sam smiled ruefully. "Well, you're no prize either. You retreat into jokes and sarcasm when the emotional going gets tough."

"Ouch," Monica said, but he was right. That had been her ex-husband's complaint, too. It was close enough to the truth to sting. "Don't forget I'm old, too."

Sam sighed in frustration. "In case you've forgotten, Grandma, I like 'em old." He turned serious. "But I can handle all that, Monica. I think we could be really good together."

"I can't make any promises," she said. Her voice was shaking. This was why she hadn't tried in the last year. Because she was afraid. The truth was she was scared silly.

Josh puffed out a breath and climbed out of bed. "He's not asking you to marry him, Monica. Just to give him a chance." He turned to face her from beside the bed, his arms crossed, his face disappointed. "From the minute he saw you, this meant something to Sam. Don't make it less than it could be. Don't make me regret last night."

Monica made a face. "Isn't that supposed to be my line?"

Josh turned and made an impatient gesture as he walked toward the door. "Why should women get all the good lines? I've never understood that."

"What about, 'Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn'?" Monica called after him.

"Of all the gin joints in all the world, she walks into mine'," Sam added.

"Thank you," Monica said with dignity. "You've helped to prove my point."

"Actually, I meant that one," Sam told her, pushing her hair over her shoulder and then tucking it behind her ear.

"I'm going to make breakfast," Josh told them. "Before you come out of this room you two had better learn to play nice." He closed the door behind him as he walked out.

They lay there quietly for a minute or two. Monica grew increasingly aware of Sam's cock still buried inside her.

"How do you do that?" she asked. "How do you stay so hard when we're having a fight?"

"That was a fight?" Sam asked incredulously. "You are going to be unbelievably easy if you think that was a fight."

Monica laughed a little. "I don't know if I can do it, Sam."

Sam suddenly slid his cock out of her. "Roll over," he said.

Monica missed the heat and hardness of him. She rolled over onto her back, and Sam crawled on top of her. He pushed his cock back into her and she moaned and arched her back.

"It's easy," Sam told her. "See?" He thrust into her softly again and she gasped. Then he nuzzled her neck and lay still.

He felt so good. He *was* so good. Okay, the neat freak thing they'd have to work on. He was going to have a fit when he saw her house. But for now, he wasn't really asking for more than this, was he? He wasn't asking her to risk it all. He was asking for a chance. A chance to see if they fit together outside of bed as well as they fit together in it.

"How often are you going to want to live out those fantasies of yours?" she asked.

"Which ones?" he asked suspiciously.

She looked at him then. "The sharing me with Josh ones," she clarified. She kept her face as neutral as she could.

Sam's expression was pretty closed, too. Another thing they'd have to work on, apparently. Opening up was not easy for either of them. "Not often," he answered finally. Then he sighed in frustration. "Maybe not ever. It was hot as hell last night, but I pretty much wanted to bite his hand off this morning when he touched you."

Monica laughed. "Good. It *was* hot last night. But I wasn't kidding at the bar. Last night was a once-in-a-lifetime thing for me."

"Good." He paused, a look of consternation on his face. "What about the, you know, ordering you around part?"

"Oh, yeah, that part." She watched him seriously. "That part was also hot."

He looked so disgruntled she almost laughed. "Once in a lifetime?" he asked, obviously disappointed.

Monica shook her head. "At least once a night."

At her answer, Sam's eyes lit up. "I can do that."

"You certainly can," Monica told him, playfully biting his shoulder. He growled and a shiver raced down her spine.

"And maybe I'll let Josh watch once in a while," Sam added roughly.

"Oh, you will?" she teased. He sucked on her lower lip a bit and pulled on it before letting go. "Okay," she said meekly, "Josh can watch." Sam laughed.

"Sam," she whispered in his ear as he kissed his way down her neck.

"What?" he whispered back.

"Did you really mean it? 'Of all the gin joints...'" she let words trail off.

He nodded, rubbing his nose along her collarbone. "Umm hmm," he murmured, "but in a good way."

Monica wrapped her arms and legs around him and he slid deeper into her with a groan. "In that case," she said with a smile, "play it again, Sam."

Chapter Nine

So then I agreed to give Sam a chance and we made love all day. By Friday I should be recuperated enough to see him again. Well, I am going to see him Friday. What I really meant was to have sex again. Because I really, really want to have sex with Sam again. And again. And then, if possible, again.

Monica stopped typing her blog post, thinking about what she was going to say. She'd been the first, and it had turned out great for her. But she didn't want to set up unrealistic expectations in her friends. She began typing again.

Honestly, last night was the best thing I ever did for myself. Even if Sam and I hadn't connected like we did, I still wouldn't regret it. For the first time in years I feel alive and sexy and self-confident. I could take on the world! I am cougar, hear me roar!

She laughed to herself.

I think even if I'd only found Josh last night, I'd still be pretty happy about the whole thing. He was sweet and hot and sexy and helped make the night unforgettable. But he's not interested in me romantically. For Josh and for me it was a once-in-a-lifetime thing. A chance to live out our fantasies. I think a lot of younger guys out there fall into this category. And yes, a threesome is indeed as hot as the books make it sound. Even more so. Two guys completely absorbed in making you come as many times as possible? As Josh says, win-win situation.

So eat your hearts out, ladies. I am now an experienced cougar! Cam, do you want a picture of me so you can put me at the top of the blog with Rico? *grin*

Monica laughed as she sipped her coffee. She absolutely could not wait to see what the others had to say. Maybe this would make them all stop fantasizing and start living. With a happy little grin, she hit Publish Post.

About the Author

Samantha has a Master's Degree in History, and is a full-time writer and mother. She lives in North Carolina with her husband and three children.

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

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