



PARIS  
HEAT

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CHRISTIANE FRANCE



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...Trish had thought Guy was sexy and good-looking, but Carlos would have made a stone statue's mouth water. Tall and bare-chested, with dark, curly hair that fit his head like a cap, chocolate, deep-set eyes, finely chiseled features, and a body to die for. A pair of ragged blue jeans hanging low on his slim hips was his only item of clothing.

"Carlos, meet Trish. Trish is Canadian. She's here on vacation, and we met on the flight. Trish, this is my longtime partner, Carlos. Carlos and I were at school together."

Trish licked her lips. "Nice to meet you," she murmured.

"Hi, Trish." Carlos sat on the edge of the bed and shot her a quick smile before turning his attention to Guy. "I hear it was a good trip," he said, capturing Trish's complete attention as he bent forward and bestowed a long and very deep kiss on Guy's obviously eager mouth. "But I'm glad you're back," he added the moment he came up for air. "I hate being here by myself at night."

As he spoke, Carlos proceeded to divest Guy of his polo shirt and jeans exactly as if the two of them were alone, leaving Trish wide-eyed and open-mouthed with shock. For a brief moment, she wondered if she should leave and let them do whatever they did in private. But then she remembered Guy saying they both liked to watch and be watched. And, she had to admit, the expression on Guy's face and the way Carlos was caressing Guy's burgeoning shaft with his tongue was the

absolute biggest turn-on imaginable.

She pressed a hand between her jeans-clad legs. She was hot, she was wet, and she desperately wanted a return encounter with Guy's beautiful big dick. She wanted to taste him, and she wanted to have him taste her. And she wanted to find out what the delectable Carlos had to offer...

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*Something To Talk About*  
*Strangers In The Night*  
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*Time Shift*

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PARIS HEAT  
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*For Roy and The Boys.*

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As the Paris-bound jet began slowly backing out of its slot at Pearson International Airport, Trish Stacey felt a rush of pure adrenaline. Finally, the past few years of doing without a social life while shuffling part-time jobs and counting pennies in order to complete her education were done. She had a degree in economics plus her MBA, a spot on the short list for a job in the business loans division at one of the major Canadian banks, and now she was moving onward and upward. For the next three weeks, thanks to a small but timely win on a lottery ticket, she intended to forget about the late nights, early mornings, and everything else it had taken for her to reach this point, and simply let loose and have fun.



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She'd been lucky enough to get a window seat, so whatever exciting adventures lay ahead for her once she arrived in Paris, for the next few hours she could sleep without fear of being stepped on or otherwise having her dreams interrupted. But, after checking to ensure her seatbelt was properly fastened, she felt the usual twinge of apprehension as the jet taxied its way into line for take-off.

A moment later, they were on the runway and, as the plane began to gather speed, she closed her eyes, clamped her fingers tightly around the armrests and prayed no one was watching her make a fool of herself. She wasn't scared of flying, it was just the take-offs and landings that bothered her—along with the million what-ifs that flashed through her mind, such as, what if the plane couldn't level off and kept going straight up into the stratosphere? Would they land on the moon, Mars, or would they be condemned to forever circle around and around in space until they ran out of fuel? And what if, when that happened, they—

“Stop worrying. It won't happen,” she muttered, closing her eyes and sucking in a deep breath. Planes were supposed to be the safest way to travel. Everyone said so. They were much safer than cars or trains or busses.

And the good thing about the scary part was it didn't last long. In a matter of seconds, the plane had left the ground behind and, with the help of its powerful jet engines, began soaring smoothly upward into a rose-tinged evening sky.

As soon as the pilot reached his allotted cruising altitude and leveled off, and the engines had settled down to a steady

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roar, Trish relaxed her death grip on the armrests and let her breath out slowly. *Hurrah!* Once again, she'd survived the dreaded take-off.

"Your first flight?" a husky voice to her right enquired.

Trish opened her eyes and glanced in the direction of the voice. She was certain the seat next to hers had been empty when the plane started to taxi down the runway. Now it was occupied by a man. A dark-haired, broad-shouldered, incredibly handsome man with velvety dark brown eyes, a million-dollar tan and a smile so sexy it was giving her goose bumps in the most unexpected places. For a split second she thought he was an illusion, but then she found herself wondering if his body matched the smile—smooth tanned skin from head to toe, perhaps. And a washboard stomach, tight butt and a—

His dark eyebrows lifted a fraction. "Yes?"

"Yes what?"

"I asked if this was your first flight. I thought perhaps you were feeling a little nervous."

Trish bared her teeth and forced a smile. "Why would you think it's my first flight?"

The man's smile increased. "I don't know. You seemed a little... I'm not quite sure how to put this. Preoccupied, shall we say?"

"Really? For your information, I've flown hundreds of times."

"Hundreds?"

"More like thousands. I don't keep count."

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“You don’t?”

“No.” The man was definitely handsome, but Trish didn’t believe good looks alone could account for the sudden acceleration in her heart rate, the painful ache at the juncture of her thighs, or the feeling she was about to have a king-size orgasm. Which was a real joke because, despite several boyfriends and a two-year affair she’d expected to end in marriage, the only orgasms she’d ever experienced were the ones she’d read about in books.

Her mouth felt dry, and she licked her lips. Maybe it was something about the bold way he was staring at her... Something unnerving, elemental, raw, basic... Something she would never have thought possible if it hadn’t been happening to her. In fact, if he asked her to take her clothes off right here, this very minute, she knew she’d do it.

Incapable of breaking eye contact, she allowed him to hold her gaze until, to her complete astonishment, she finally grasped what her body had already realized and responded to—the man’s eyes were making love to her in way that was as unnerving as it was unbelievable.

“Would you like something to drink, madam?”

The flight attendant’s question couldn’t have come at a better moment. It broke the tension and enabled Trish to transfer her gaze away from the man beside her to the uniformed blonde in the aisle. She normally avoided alcohol when flying, but this was one time she needed a stiff drink so she could put work and school out of her mind for once and just relax and enjoy the flight. “Cognac, please.”

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“And you, sir?”

“I’ll have whiskey. A little ice if I may, but no water.”

The flight attendant moved on to the next row of seats, and the man said quietly, “I’m sorry if my question offended you.”

“No, it’s okay. It’s not the actual flying that bothers me. It’s just the take-offs and landings,” Trish admitted with a cautious smile “So...thanks for your concern, but I’m fine.” Giving the man another brief smile, she pulled a magazine from her carry-on bag and started to read. The couple of minutes spent ordering their drinks had been just enough time for her to regain her composure and to realize the man was undoubtedly a consummate flirt. Probably a businessman on his way to another round of tedious meetings who made passes at women to relieve the boredom of his otherwise miserable life. Annoying, but hardly a crime.

“You seemed so scared, I thought it was your first time.”

She sucked in a deep breath, counted to ten, and closed the magazine. “As I said before, it’s not the flying, just the take-off.”

“Ah, so you did. I’m sorry.”

The words were softly spoken and sounded sincere, but Trish ignored the apology and returned her attention to her magazine. If he thought she was being rude, so be it. Whether he was trying to add her to his list of mile-high conquests, or merely being friendly, she simply wasn’t interested.

It had been a little over three months since her break-up with Stuart, but she’d been too busy with school and two part-time jobs to feel lonely, and she’d had neither the time nor the

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inclination to get involved with anyone else even briefly. That's what this trip was all about. It provided a chance for her to kick up her heels and let loose before she joined the establishment and, hopefully, became a respected member of the financial community.

The flight attendant returned with the drinks and, after fixing her own, Trish watched from the corner of her eye as her neighbor uncapped the miniature bottle of whiskey and poured it into his glass. The immaculate and obviously expensive dark navy suit, white shirt, designer silk tie and perfectly manicured hands screamed money, and she wondered what he did for a living. A company president, or merely a highly-paid executive? Maybe he was a politician. Politicians always wore navy suits, so he could be flying off to some exotic location on a high-level assignment for the government.

She took a tiny sip of the cognac and tried to relax. If the man's income matched his appearance, it seemed odd he would choose to sit in the cheap seats instead of first class. Unless, of course, he hadn't been given a choice. A last-minute booking and a case of either take an economy seat or go for the next flight could account for where he was sitting.

Then again, he could be one of those people who didn't think it worth paying twice the price simply to get a slightly wider seat, a fancy appetizer and a choice of either chicken or fish for his dinner.

She continued to watch as the man raised his glass. The instant the man's lips touched the glass Trish's mind went into

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overdrive. She imagined that same wonderful mouth touching hers. Hot, sexy, wet lips gliding over her skin looking for excitement and finding it. Already she could feel those beautiful, long-fingered hands moving gently over her body, stroking and caressing, seeking out her secret places. His tongue would be as hard and bold as his cock, licking her quickly to readiness, then thrusting urgently inside her to give the kind of wild abandoned pleasures she'd only read about in—

Horrified by intensity of her runaway thoughts, Trish wrenched her attention away from the man and back to the magazine. What in hell was wrong with her? She felt hot and shivery at the same time and her stomach felt downright strange, as if she were sickening for something. Maybe she had food poisoning. The hotdog she'd eaten in the airport had tasted fine, but it could have been past its sell-by date. And with the up and down temperatures lately, she could have picked up a bug of some kind.

Her face burning with fever or embarrassment—she wasn't quite sure which—she took a couple more sips of cognac. Then, in the hope the man next to her could not read minds, she flipped to the next page in the magazine and tried to concentrate on the printed words. She'd never had such wild and wicked thoughts about anyone in her whole life before today. In fact, that was a big part of why she and Stuart had decided to call it quits. She'd felt he was too preoccupied with his physical needs, and he'd thought she was too old-fashioned and narrow-minded about sex. He'd said she needed

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to think dirty thoughts, experiment a little, and generally get with the program.

*If only it were that easy!*

She'd always felt shy and a tad ill-at-ease around men. Probably because she'd grown up in an all-female household. In fact, if she was honest, that was the real reason for the trip—a chance to meet men somewhere far from home, where she could let her hair down and act wild and crazy with no one she knew to witness the egg on her face if she made a complete idiot of herself.

Just then, the man next to her reached up and switched on the overhead light. “Is that better?” he inquired.

“Yes. Much better. Thank you,” she said, keeping her gaze firmly fixed on the page and wondering why she hadn't had the presence of mind to push the damn switch herself.

He waited until she'd flipped over a couple more pages, then he cleared his throat, presumably to catch her attention. “So...do you live in Toronto?”

Since he seemed determined to chat, Trish gave up trying to read, closed the magazine and shoved it in the seat pocket in front of her. “No. Not since—”

“Not since what?”

“Not since I decided I'd like a change.” She smiled sweetly, silently daring him to continue the interrogation. Trish had only a few dislikes, but answering questions posed by nosy strangers ranked up there at the top of the list, right next to airplane take-offs and landings. Even if the nosy stranger happened to be the most gorgeous man she'd seen

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since she couldn't remember when. That smile...and those sexy, half-closed eyes...the kind of eyes her mom always described as bedroom eyes.

*Oh, yes!* It was so easy to imagine him in a bedroom—preferably hers. Maybe wearing a pair of low-slung jeans, or possibly nothing at all. *Yes!* She could just imagine him buck naked and stretched out on a bed with a come-and-get-me twinkle in his eyes.

“But you do live in Canada?”

“Umm...” She pushed the image away. “Yes, of course.” The first time he'd spoken, she'd noticed he had an accent, but it was too faint for her to guess at his ancestry. “What about you? Are you Canadian?”

“No, I'm French. I live in Paris. I was in Toronto for a few days on business.”

Just then dinner arrived—the usual plastic chicken, with the usual tasteless vegetables, limp appetizer salad, and nameless gooey dessert, all served in plastic containers, on a plastic tray, with plastic utensils to scoop it up.

For the next little while, Trish nibbled on the salad, gave the chicken an exploratory poke, and ate the surprisingly fresh bread roll with what the wrapper assured her was the world's best butter.

She'd always heard Frenchmen were super fussy about their food, but maybe he'd missed the memo. Like most men, he ate every last scrap on the tray, shoveling the food into his mouth as if he were starving. After he was through eating, he wiped his hands on the wet paper towel and when the



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attendant collected the trays, he raved on about how delicious the meal had been, as if she'd prepared it personally with her own fair hands.

Rather than after-dinner coffee, since she figured it would keep her awake, Trish requested a second cognac. Her neighbor asked for the same.

He'd actually said very little while he gobbled his food and she played with hers, but after their fresh drinks arrived, he said, "I assume you're going to Europe on vacation, yes?"

"That's the plan."

"And you'll be staying in Paris?"

"The first few days for sure."

"At one of the tourist hotels?"

"No. I have a friend who works for an international news agency. She's currently away on assignment, so she said I could use her apartment as my base. I can stay there in between wherever else I go. There's ton of stuff I want to see in Paris. I also want to go to Versailles and Chartres. Neat, huh?"

"Sounds like the perfect arrangement." He frowned as he loosened his dark blue tie and pushed his seat back a couple of notches. "Especially at this time of year when hotel rooms are at a premium."

Trish always noticed a man's hands. His were nicely manicured and his ring finger was bare. Whether or not that meant anything...

"You look tired," he said, interrupting her thoughts.

A little surprised by the man's perceptiveness, Trish tried

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to pass it off by saying, “Too much work; too much everything.”

“But nothing serious?”

“No. I just need to kick back for a couple weeks. A little rest and relaxation, and a complete change of pace and I’ll be good as new.”

“What kind of work do you do?”

“Nothing too interesting at the moment. I’ve been working a couple of minimum wage jobs to pay the bills while I finished my degree. You know, the usual kind of thing students take—working at a fast food restaurant and stocking shelves at the supermarket. Nothing to tax the brain or interfere with my studies.” She rubbed her tired eyes. After working the late shift at the restaurant last night, she’d had to stay behind to help with the clean-up. Then, being her last day, she’d gone out to a bar with a few of the other employees and hadn’t made it home until almost three this morning.

“You’re a student?”

“Was. My big graduation moment was this morning, so I’m done.” She smoothed down the short skirt of the dress she’d bought to wear under her gown and wished she’d thought to change into something more comfortable for the flight.

“And now the future awaits?”

“I guess.”

“You already have something in mind?”

“Huh?” Between lack of sleep and two cognacs, Trish was feeling light-headed and a little spacey. She covered her

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mouth with her hand in a futile attempt to conceal a yawn. “Excuse me. It’s been a long day.”

“No problem. Why don’t you put your seat back and close your eyes.”

“Great idea,” Trish murmured. She slipped off her shoes and pushed the seat back as far as it would go. A couple of hours of solid sleep and she’d be okay.

Closing her eyes, she leaned back, breathed deeply and tried to relax. It was cool on the plane, too cool for a sleeveless summer dress. She should have asked the attendant for a blanket, but they’d already turned the cabin lights off and with the movie just starting...

As her mind began to drift, she felt something light but warm envelope her from her chin to her toes. Gentle fingers tucked the covering securely around her body, and she moved down lower in her seat.

Flight attendants never had the time to baby the passengers in tourist class, so she figured Sir Galahad in the next seat must be her Good Samaritan. He looked like the type who enjoyed fussing over a woman, and she was enjoying it too much to tell him to stop.

The same gentle fingers lifted her head slightly and slipped a small pillow between her cheek and the seat back, and she gave a soft sigh of pure pleasure. *Yeah, man!* This was the kind of TLC every girl dreamed of. Though she’d had a couple of semi-serious relationships since high school, not one of the guys had been what she’d call *caring*. They’d all expected her to spend her time fussing over them rather than

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the other way around.

However, European men had a reputation of knowing exactly how to make a woman feel like a woman, and Trish wondered if she'd get the chance to find that out for herself. With summer just around the corner, the weather in Paris would be gorgeous, perfect for the kind of romantic adventures she had in mind. Maybe she'd meet someone—hopefully, an attentive and sexy, dark-eyed, dark-haired Adonis like her neighbor.

They'd stroll by the Seine, hand-in-hand, stopping every once in a while to kiss. Or they'd sit for hours at a sidewalk café, holding hands and staring into one another's eyes. Maybe they'd talk and maybe not. If it rained, they would go to a museum and pretend to be interested in the paintings or the other exhibits on display. If no one else happened to be around, he'd draw her into the shadows or a dark corner and hold her so close she'd hear the beat of his heart. And just maybe, if he happened to be really daring, his hand would slip beneath her skirt. He'd pull her panties aside, and she'd feel his fingers skim over her clit and venture up inside...and, oh, my God, yes! She felt a sudden rush of wetness between her legs.

Of course, this was just the appetizer. The long nights would be best of all! She experienced a tiny shiver of anticipation. So what if she wasn't very good at sex. It wasn't her fault all her experiences to date had revolved around the guy's satisfaction rather than her own. But she could learn. Everyone knew Frenchmen were great lovers, and with Paris

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being the city of love, all she had to do was find the right man and have him give her a few hands-on lessons.

She could see herself and her dream lover now, climbing up flight after flight of stairs until they reached his garret room on the top floor—a small, dark room with a single bed and...

With a soft groan, she moved even lower in the seat. He would remove whatever she was wearing...very slowly, piece-by-piece, until she was naked as the day she was born. Then he would pick her up in his arms and place her on his bed. After disposing of his own clothes, he would join her.

She felt his hands gliding over her skin, moving up her ribcage and gently squeezing her breasts until the nipples pebbled, demanding closer attention. She could feel his heat and smell his essence, and she felt an even bigger rush of wetness between her legs as his hand moved down, while his tongue eased her lips apart and entered her mouth.

His tongue was hard and inquisitive, tangling in an exciting, slippery tango with hers and then exploring her mouth with an attention to detail she'd never experienced before. It was like being swallowed alive, and as the oral assault continued, his fingers moved deeper inside her, slowly at first, and then faster and faster until...she felt as if she was sliding down and down, and couldn't stop...until suddenly the world shattered like a fragile glass ball.

She'd never experienced such a feeling before in her whole life. It was far better than anything she'd read about in a book, and so far outside her wildest imaginings she wanted to shout with joy and scream and...

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A hand was slipped firmly over her mouth. “Shush,” the man sitting next to her murmured—at least it sounded like him. “You were dreaming.”

*Dreaming? No way!*

She opened her eyes a crack, lifted her head a little...and found herself nose to nose with her neighbor.

In quick succession she realized the armrest no longer separated them, she was practically lying on top of the man, and he had both his arms around her. Fortunately, they were partially covered with a blanket. Also, theirs were the only two seats in this section, the cabin lights were out to allow the passengers to sleep, and from the muffled snoring noises coming from in front and behind, it sounded as if most of them were fast asleep, thank God!

Trish knew she should probably be shoving the guy off and acting all outraged and self-righteous. And under any other circumstances, she most definitely would. But the man both intrigued her and turned her on, so why do something silly like that when she was, in fact, perfectly safe. What could possibly happen that she didn't want to happen in a plane filled with three hundred plus other passengers? She was also warm, relaxed and having one helluva good time.

Anyway, she'd wanted an adventure, and since one had literally fallen into her lap, she wasn't about to spoil things, especially as she was still trying to figure out if that sensational feeling she'd enjoyed had been part of an amazingly sexy dream, or if Sir Galahad had made it happen.

“Sorry if I woke you,” she whispered.

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“You didn’t.”

“No?”

He hitched the blanket up a few inches, and Trish realized the skirt of her dress was almost around her waist. She thought about pulling it down, but instead tucked her head against his chest and snuggled back into his warmth.

“You were shivering, so I thought I should do the gentlemanly thing and try my best to keep you warm.”

“Really? That was nice of you.”

“My pleasure entirely.”

He began to stroke her bare thigh, his touch confident and intimate enough to fill her mind with images of the two of them dancing to soft music, or making love in a wide, soft bed. A delicious feeling of anticipation skipped over her skin, and she wondered what, if anything, he intended to do when the plane landed.

She wondered briefly if he was just flirting—amusing himself to while away the time during an otherwise boring flight. If he were, he’d grab his stuff and disappear fast the moment they touched down. Except something told her the chemistry between them was far too strong for something like that. He wanted her as desperately as she wanted him. And if the way his hand was moving up her neck, positioning her mouth to receive his kiss, was any indication, whatever was happening between them would soon progress to its natural conclusion.

“*Je te veux, chérie,*” he whispered against her lips, confirming what she already knew. “I wish we were

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somewhere else. Someplace very private.” Taking her hand, he pressed it against his aroused cock. “You can feel what you’ve done to me, hmm?”

After making certain the blanket covered what she was doing, she slid down the zipper of his pants and felt his muscles tense as she slipped her hand inside. She’d never thought about doing anything this bold before, not even in private. She’d always left it to the man to take the lead. But for some reason what she was doing now felt right...a mutual sharing of feelings she’d never been comfortable with before today. Maybe it was because he was a stranger and this was a moment out of time. Once they reached Paris, the moment would be over and they’d both go their separate ways. In the meantime... She caressed his shaft gently, loving the way it bucked against her hand and wishing she could do more. Unfortunately, wishing was all it could ever be. “How long until we land?”

“I think we’re on time, so another hour, hour-and-a-half at the very most. The flight attendants will be serving breakfast shortly.”

“And then?”

“If you mean after we land, I’m afraid duty calls. I have a meeting to attend—one I cannot get out of. But—”

Trish removed her hand and zipped up his pants. She’d known from the instant the guy started coming on to her that this was an in-flight flirtation and nothing more. Even so, she’d hoped... For what exactly she wasn’t sure, and the *duty calls* excuse made her feel a little disappointed and let down.



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A lot disappointed, if she was honest, but it served her right for falling for a handsome face and a sexy smile on the basis of absolutely nothing at all. At least he hadn't tried to make a date he had no intention of keeping. "That's okay. I understand. We've only just met, so I don't expect you to rearrange your life to please me. Now, if you'll excuse me a minute..." She attempted to get out of her seat with the intention of going to the washroom, but he held her down.

"No, *chérie*, you don't understand. I was in Toronto to negotiate the purchase of a business my company is interested in acquiring. Now, I have to report back to my board of directors so they can make their final decision."

Trish knew an excuse when she heard one, so it wasn't necessary to keep repeating it over and over, but she managed a weak smile anyway. "Hey, that's fine—business before pleasure and all that other good stuff. No problem. I really do understand."

Again, Trish tried to leave her seat, but again he held her down. "Will you please shut up and listen to me?"

Trish bared her teeth. "Sure. Like I have a choice?"

"I'm sorry." He smiled and rubbed the pad of his thumb over her bottom lip, sending her desire rocketing back up into the danger zone. "I want you. No question. And I know you want me. But I have to drop by my office first. My driver will be waiting when we deplane, so, provided you're agreeable, naturally, I can drop you off and leave you to get unpacked. Then, in about an hour, two at the most, I'll come back and take you somewhere for lunch."

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“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to. And I’m not in the habit of saying things I don’t mean.”

She nipped his thumb with her teeth and then she grinned and pushed his hand away. “Just lunch?”

“A nice relaxing lunch, a bottle of wine and…” His hand settled over her mound. It felt hot and heavy and unbelievably erotic.

“And then what?”

“I thought we might go to my apartment.”

“To look at your etchings?” she teased.

“Sorry, no etchings. But I do have some very nice watercolors.”

“Anything else I might like to see?”

“A king-sized bed with black silk sheets.”

She chuckled. “Really? Sounds totally decadent. And what else do you have there?”

“My good friend and partner, Carlos.”

“Carlos?” *Meaning life partner or business partner?* Trish felt a sudden rush of something that wasn’t quite excitement and wasn’t quite fear. “And what does Carlos do?”

“He likes to watch. And, sometimes, he also likes to join in.”

Trish frowned and pulled back a little, trying to decide if he was serious or not. “Are you suggesting what I think you are?”

“We both like to watch and be watched. And we also like to share. If you don’t want to, I can ask Carlos to leave us

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alone for a while. Or we can forget about it altogether. The choice is entirely yours.”

Trish chewed on her thumb and tried to think. At least he was up front about what he was into, rather than springing this other guy on her at the crucial moment and putting her in the awkward position of feeling she had to do something she might prefer not to. “What about you? Are you in to this watching thing, too?”

“Have you never watched?”

Trish had seen late night movies and porn videos with her friends and a few of them had been somewhat of a turn-on. But the thought of watching two people make love up close and personal was a little scary and, she suspected, a whole lot more arousing than watching it on film where the moves were always formula and the women’s groaning sounded so phony. “No.”

“Would you like to?”

She averted her gaze. “I’m not sure.” To her surprise, just talking about it was turning her on, and making her more than a little curious as to what it would be like. “I’ve never done anything like that. I’ve never engaged in group sex, or orgies, or whatever they’re called.”

“There would only be the three of us.”

Which was one whole person more than what Trish was used to. “And what if I say yes, but then decide it’s not for me and I want to leave?”

“Then you would be free to do so. What we do we find pleasurable. But if it makes you uncomfortable...”

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The cabin lights came on and the attendants started down the aisles with the breakfast trays. Trish straightened her clothing and folded up the blanket. When she received her tray, she drank the juice and the coffee and ate most of the bread roll, all the while thinking what to do. She badly wanted to say yes, but what if she chickened out at the last moment? She'd never been one to strut her stuff in any way. And, despite her uncharacteristically bold behavior of a moment ago, even taking her clothes off in front of a guy wasn't something she'd ever felt overly comfortable doing. But what if she got past all that and then froze? He'd take her for a complete idiot.

At least he wasn't pressing her for an answer. What little conversation he made while they had breakfast was mostly about the food they were eating and the weather he hoped they'd have when they reached Paris.

The attendants came back through the cabin, collecting the trays and putting the trash into large plastic bags, but still Trish wavered. She didn't want to say no, but she didn't quite have the courage to say yes. In the meantime, the ball was in her court, and she didn't have a clue what to do with it.

Completely preoccupied, she wasn't aware the plane had started its descent into Charles de Gaulle Airport until she heard the sound of the wheels dropping and locking into place, and realized she had her neighbor's fingers in a death grip. The wheels of the plane touched the ground and as the pilot applied the brakes she quickly released his hand.

"I hope I didn't hurt you," she said, feeling a little

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embarrassed. “As you’ve probably guessed, I’m not too crazy about the landing either.”

He smiled and recaptured her hand. “You get this horrible image of the plane diving straight down and, no matter what the pilot does, he can’t level off?”

Trish chuckled. “Yeah. Something like that.”

“Well, here we are safe and sound. And now your vacation begins, yes?”

They were through passport control in a matter of minutes, and after collecting their luggage from the carousel and going through Customs, he steered her out through the main exit.

“Ah, there’s Georges,” he said, gesturing toward a uniformed chauffeur standing beside a very shiny and very expensive looking car. “What’s the address where you will be staying?”

Trish pulled a card from her purse. “Here. It’s on the *Boulevard St. Germain*. Jenny, she’s my friend, said it’s not far from the *Boulevard St. Michel* and all the famous Left Bank cafés.”

The scenery between the airport and Paris itself was flat, industrialized and not very interesting. But just knowing she was about to see and experience things she’d previously only read about or seen on TV had Trish almost breathless with anticipation.

“You see the Eiffel Tower over there?” her companion said, pointing to the far distance.

“Where’s Sacré-Coeur?”

“In Montmartre.”

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“And Notre Dame?”

“Not far from where you’ll be staying.” He laughed. “There is so much to see here in Paris, I hope you’ll allow me to show you at least a few of our attractions.”

“I wouldn’t want to put you to any trouble.”

As he took her hand and kissed it, he snagged her gaze, and Trish felt a shiver of awareness zigzag through her body and zero in on the sensitive spot between her legs.

“No trouble,” he murmured, the heat she could see in his dark eyes leaving her in no doubt he knew exactly the effect he had on her. “It will be my pleasure.”

Retaining his hold on her hand, he began to caress the palm with the pad of his thumb, and Trish forgot to breathe. He was so handsome, so sexy, and she was so damn wet. And if he asked her again, she had her answer all ready.

“Ah, here we are,” he said, as the chauffeur drew into the curb and then got out and opened the passenger door.

Georges took Trish’s bag from the trunk and set it down on the sidewalk. “Do you wish me to escort *mademoiselle* inside, *m’sieu*?”

“No, Georges. I’ll take care of that.”

“It’s okay,” Trish interrupted. “It’s not that heavy. I can manage.”

Before she could grab the bag, he’d beaten her to it and was heading for the door. “You have a key for this apartment, or do we need to check in with the *concierge*?”

Trish fumbled in her purse. “I have it here. My friend gave it to me the last time she came home. The apartment’s on the

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third floor, but she said there's no elevator. You don't have to come up. I'll be fine."

She might have guessed she was wasting her breath. He was already halfway up the first flight, and she hurried to catch up.

By the time they reached the top floor and he put her luggage down outside apartment 3B, she was having trouble catching her breath, and he was breathing quite normally.

"Get lots of exercise, do we?" she muttered, shooting him a weak smile.

Taking the key from her hand, he grinned, opened the door, and ushered her and her bags inside. But instead of leaving, he pushed the door closed with his foot, took her purse and dropped it on the floor, and pulled her into his arms.

He began to kiss her, a delicious, forceful kiss that had her head spinning and robbed the breath from her body. His tongue tangled with hers and his teeth nipped her lips, but it was the most wonderful, exciting kiss she'd ever shared—a kiss that consumed every fiber of her being and made her shake with needs she couldn't put into words.

"I thought I could wait, but I can't," he said urgently as he pushed up her dress and pulled down her panties.

She was already wet, but the instant his fingers slid between her folds and squeezed her clit she felt another rush of moisture.

"Can you spread your legs a little?"

Fueled by the same need, she kicked off her panties and did as he asked, and he slid two fingers up inside her.

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“Feel good?”

“Oh, yes.” She closed her eyes and began to ride his fingers. “Feels fantastic,” she said. But that was a lie. What he was doing to her wasn’t nearly enough. She wanted to feel that big cock of his sliding up inside her and—

“But not quite so good as the real thing, hmm?” he said, reading her mind.

“No,” she agreed, opening her eyes and wondering what the hell she thought she was doing, getting finger-fucked by a stranger. “But maybe next time.”

“No, now. Just give me a minute.” Removing his fingers, he plucked a condom from his wallet. After taking the condom out of the foil package, he dropped his pants and slipped it over his erection. Then he lifted her up. “Wrap your legs around my waist.”

Trish did as he asked, feeling his aroused penis nudge against her as he positioned her slit over the tip and pushed inside.

He again captured her mouth and his tongue began doing a great imitation of what his cock was doing lower down. Trish had never been kissed like this before, or made love to quite this way. Every nerve, every fiber of her being was alive and demanding attention, and she was loving every moment of it.

Once he was all the way inside her, he withdrew and pushed in again, each time deeper than the time before, until she felt a gradual tightening...as if she were being slowly pushed to the edge of a cliff and was about to fall off.

But then suddenly, it happened. The world around her



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exploded, and the way he was slamming into her, she knew it was happening for him, too. Until, with one, final thrust it was over. He still held her and he was still kissing her, but gradually the earth stopped moving, and she let her legs slide down his body until her feet touched firm ground.

“Wow!” she said softly when he released her mouth and began pressing kisses over her face. “That was really something.”

“That,” he whispered against her lips, “was just the appetizer.” He cupped her face in his hands and pressed one last kiss against her bruised lips. “And now, *chérie*, much as I might wish otherwise, I really must go. I promise I’ll return as quickly as I possibly can, yes?”

“Sure. See you later,” she said, wanting to believe he’d be back, but still a tad uncertain.

He straightened his clothing and then left, closing the door behind him.

For a couple of seconds, Trish stayed where she was and stared at the closed door. *Assuming he comes back, if that’s the appetizer, then what’s the main course? The friend he’d mentioned? Carl? Carlos? Something like that.* She couldn’t remember the name exactly.

She bent down and picked up her purse, but as her fingers closed around her discarded panties, she froze. The friend’s name wasn’t important, but what about *his* name?

She knew for sure she hadn’t introduced herself, and she couldn’t remember him doing so either. In fact, incredible and unbelievable as it might seem to the rest of the world, she’d

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taken her sexual inexperience one step further by allowing herself to be fucked by a total stranger. She didn't know his name, his phone number, his address, or anything else about him. He hadn't mentioned his company's name or the name of the company in Toronto. All she knew about him was that he owned an expensive black car and had a chauffeur called Georges. Then again, she didn't know that for sure. For all she knew, the car and driver both belonged to the company he worked for rather than him personally. They could also have been rented from one of those agencies that specialized in meeting executives at airports.

Feeling like a prize fool, Trish carried her things into the bedroom and stripped off the rest of her clothes. On the negative side, she'd been had by a very charming and handsome opportunist and she wanted to kick herself for being so gullible. She wasn't some wide-eyed teenager, for heaven's sake. She was a woman who'd just turned thirty—she ought to have known better than to fall for all that high-powered testosterone and TLC. On the other hand, the man had saved her the cost and the hassle of finding transportation from the airport into the city, he'd had the good manners to use a condom, and he'd taught her more about the pleasures of sex in the past few hours than she would have learned by herself in a lifetime.

“Hey, it wasn't all bad,” she murmured, allowing herself a self-satisfied smile as she emptied her suitcase on the bed and looked for the bag containing her toilet articles. “In fact, some parts of it were beyond great...even if I don't know Sir

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Galahad's real name.”

She was tired from the overnight trip, but still too excited to think about sleeping. She hung a dress, a jacket and a couple of skirts in the closet to prevent them being crumpled to the point of needing a trip to the drycleaners, then she picked up her toilet bag and headed for the bathroom.

The shower water was hot the way she liked it and had one of those massaging attachments designed to iron out the kinks. She turned the massage dial up to the max, lathered her body with shower gel and after ten minutes under the hot spray and less than one under the cold, she felt almost as good as new.

Wrapping herself in a bath towel, she returned to the bedroom, opened the window and peeked out. It was a beautiful late spring day. The sun was shining, the trees at the entrance to the apartment building were coming into bloom, and she estimated the temperature to be somewhere in the high sixties, even though it was still early in the day.

She thought briefly about making coffee before going out to explore her new surroundings, but remembered having coffee at a sidewalk café and watching the world go by was one of the “must-do” things on a trip to Paris.

Hurrying back to the bathroom, she quickly finished her *toilette*, dried her hair and put on a little makeup. Once she was finished, she turned off the light and returned to the bedroom. After slipping into clean underwear and surveying the clothes she'd brought with her, she decided on a pair of black jeans with a splash of bling on the front pockets and down one leg, and a brand new white hoodie she'd bought

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especially for the trip.

Socks and her favorite white sneakers completed the outfit and then she checked herself in the mirror. The black and white color combo went perfectly with her dark, shoulder-length hair, and while she realized she would never be mistaken for a French woman, no way did she intend to advertise the fact she was a tourist by wearing a baseball cap and short shorts or denim cut-offs, or whatever the me-generation currently considered in-gear. In any event, turning thirty was a milestone in her life—she was supposed to dress and act like an adult.

A bubble of laughter escaped her lips. *Yeah, right!* Getting laid by a nameless stranger on the basis of a couple of hours' acquaintance on an overnight flight wouldn't qualify as adult behavior, no matter how hard she tried to rationalize what had happened.

She thought back to the events of the past night as she ran her hands down over her belly and continued to stare at herself in the full-length mirror. Her lips appeared to be a little bee-stung, her half-closed eyes had that dreamy, satisfied look usually attributed to the heroines in romance novels, and she felt a little sore in all the right places.

By anyone's standards, it had been a really insane thing for her to do—he could have been a rapist, a pervert or a serial sex offender. She should have pushed him off, asked the flight attendant for a seat change, and reported him to the airport police when they landed. But she hadn't, partly because she'd been having too good a time and partly because she'd done

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more to encourage than deter his advances. She could have told him to back off, but she hadn't and she didn't intend to spend one single second on regrets.

Okay, so what if chances were better than good she'd never see him again? She'd live. She'd manage to have a good time on the memories alone because, even if nothing else happened between now and the time came for her to return home, except maybe the odd suggestive leer or intense look, it would still be a trip to remember and treasure.

Recalling Jenny's warning about pickpockets, instead of using her regular purse, Trish slid her passport, a credit card, a few euros, a lipstick and a couple of tissues into a smaller one that she could wear bandolier-style next to her skin under a loose sweater or jacket. She took off her hoodie and slipped the long strap over her head, arranging the purse so it rested snugly against her skin and just above her waistline.

After putting the hoodie back on and conducting a short search for the apartment key, she found it on the table in the entrance hall where she assumed Sir G must have dropped it before they'd jumped one another like a pair of randy rabbits. Picking up the key, she made for the door.

*Rabbits!* She smiled at the parallel. Actually, she'd been lucky. The man's only crime, if it even qualified as one, had been that of being an opportunist.

*And so what if he had?* She'd taken advantage of the opportunity as well, and anyway her chances of seeing him again were less than slim. But this was Paris, it was springtime, and Frenchmen had the reputation of being great

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lovers, and that meant it was all good as far as Trish was concerned. It was a simple case of him being a match to her tank of gas, or however it worked in the case of instant attraction. And there had been a ton of combustible chemistry between the two of them from the word go, which she doubted either of them could have extinguished ...supposing either of them had wanted to try. Anyway, she was quite sure stopping the progress of nature had been the last thing on either of their minds.

On her way out, Trish remembered to lock the door behind her, and as she started down the first flight of narrow stairs, she heard the sounds of someone coming up. Expecting to meet one of her new, albeit temporary neighbors, she hesitated at the first landing, then stared in surprise when she realized who was it was.

“What happened to your meeting?”

He paused his upward journey and smiled—the same million-dollar smile that had captured Trish’s attention in the first place—the smile that turned her knees to water and made her lick her lips in anticipation. “I couldn’t get you out of my thoughts. And, since it’s too beautiful a day to spend inside with a bunch of dry, fussy old businessmen, I gave them my report and told them I’d catch them later, as you North American say.”

She noticed he’d exchanged his business suit for black jeans and a black polo—an outfit that made him look even more delicious than before. “I see.”

“I thought I’d come back a little earlier than I originally

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planned. I hope you don't mind."

"No. It's just...umm...I..." Trish felt hot, embarrassed for not trusting him, and a whole lot of other things she prayed did not show on her face.

"You were on your way somewhere?"

"Nowhere in particular. I just thought I'd have a coffee and explore the neighborhood."

He hurried up the last few steps and, placing his hands on her shoulders, kissed her first on one cheek and then the other, and finally very gently on the lips. "I promised I would come back."

"So you did. But people are always making promises."

"And you thought I'd made one I did not intend to keep?"

"To be honest, the thought did cross my mind. After all, you don't know my name, and I don't know yours. You didn't give me your phone number or say where you worked either. You just brought me here and then umm...er..."

"Made love to you and vanished?"

"Exactly. Not a lot for a girl to build her hopes on. I think you'll agree with me on that."

"Really?" He looked a tad confused. "I didn't introduce myself?"

"No." She smiled. "But that's okay neither did I."

He took a step back and held out his hand. "In that case, my sincere apologies for the omission. Guy Rochambault of R&H Holdings at your service. And you are?"

She accepted the handshake. "Trish Stacey, tourist and former business studies student."

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Taking both her hands in his, he pulled her in close. “I can’t believe you were planning to run out on me.”

“I wasn’t planning anything of the kind. I thought I’d been had, so I was going out to drown my sorrows in a cup of coffee.”

A frown wrinkled his otherwise perfect brow. “What do you mean by *had*?”

“You know...fooled, tricked. The innocent victim of a hit and run.”

He slipped his arms around her and began to caress her butt. “You make me sound like a...what do the English call a man who does something like that?”

Trish shrugged. “No idea.”

“I think perhaps it begins with a c.”

“As in cad?”

“That’s it. You thought I was one of those?”

“No. I just thought you were a flirt and left it at that.”

“And now what do you think?”

She smiled and gave him a brief kiss on the lips. “I think I need that cup of coffee before I say anything I might regret.”

He pulled her in hard against the juncture of his thighs, and she felt his arousal pressing against her belly. “Wouldn’t you rather go back upstairs and make love?”

“Anyone ever tell you you’re insatiable?”

“But insatiable is good, no?”

She pulled free of his embrace and hurried down the next flight of stairs. “I don’t know,” she called over her shoulder. “I’ve never tried it.”



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Guy caught up her with in the lobby. “Coffee and then we go back upstairs?”

“No. First coffee and then a walk, otherwise I’ll have no appetite for lunch. And you did promise me lunch. Right?”

“So I did. Where would you like to go?”

“*Le Café de la Paix*. According to my guide book, they have great food.”

“Not the best in all of Paris,” Guy argued as they left the building and started along the sidewalk. “But for a restaurant that’s a big favorite with the tourists, I understand they rarely disappoint. However, it’s quite some distance from here, so we’ll need to take the car.”

Trish glanced up and down both sides of the boulevard, but the limousine was nowhere in sight. “I don’t see Georges. What did you do with him?”

“Georges and the limo belong to the company. And, since this is not company business, I prefer to drive myself. That’s my car’s over there.” He pointed to a low-slung black sports car parked on the opposite side of the street.

A remark once made by a friend about a man’s car being an extension of his libido slipped through Trish’s mind, but she merely smiled and kept the thought to herself. If she’d tried to imagine the kind of car Guy drove, then that would have been it in every last shiny detail.

\* \* \*

After a delicious cup of *café au lait* at the first sidewalk café they came to, they continued on until they reached the

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*Boulevard St. Michel.* Taking Trish's hand and ignoring the fact the traffic lights were against them, Guy closed his ears to her protests and steered her safely through the speeding traffic to the other side.

"You could've gotten us killed," she said, as they turned into a narrow side street. "I can't believe the drivers let us through. They were all going so fast, it's a miracle they were able to avoid hitting us. You have a death wish or something?"

"No." He frowned, looking vaguely confused. "That's the way I always cross a street."

"If you do that in Toronto, you'll risk getting a ticket for jay-walking."

He laughed and squeezed her hand. "So I discovered. I told the officer I was a tourist, and he said he'd let me off this once, but next time I should wait for the 'walk' sign."

"And did you?"

"No. The next time I did it, I just made sure there were no cops around."

It was Trish's turn to laugh. "You're incorrigible as well as insatiable."

"And you find that to be a bad thing?"

"No." Trish turned her head to look at him and the moment she saw the mischief dancing in his dark eyes a surge of raw need rushed through her body, and she wanted him all over again. Even more than she'd wanted him the last time. "It's just..."

He stopped walking, slipped his forefinger beneath her chin and lifted her face up toward his own, leaving the

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pedestrians to squeeze past the best way they could. “It’s just what?”

“You. Paris. Me. I’m really a very unadventurous person. Until I met you, I never took chances or tried new things. That’s why my last boyfriend dumped me. He said I needed to loosen up and get with the program.”

“Perhaps with him you didn’t want to loosen up. Do you think that might be possible?”

“Maybe. I’m not sure.” In Trish’s view, sex was something that should happen naturally and be enjoyable for both parties. Unfortunately, sex with Stuart had been something to be endured rather than enjoyed. He’d always wanted to try out weird stuff he’d read about in a sex manual like it was a science project. And she’d refused because, knowing Stuart, he’d have blamed her if the project failed. Anyway, the thought of allowing Stuart to tie her up and tickle her with a feather had sounded about as romantic as a bowl of cold, lumpy porridge, so she’d lied by telling him she had a headache and needed to go home.

“Do you still care about this old boyfriend?”

“No. Why?”

“Not even a tiny little bit?”

“No.”

“In that case, with your permission, I will teach you to fly. Metaphorically speaking, of course.”

If the lessons were to be anything like the one he’d given her earlier that day, she could hardly wait. “You think you can?”

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He drew himself up straight. “You doubt my abilities in that regard?”

“No. It’s me I’m worried about. Like I said, I’m not the adventurous type. Anyway, I think we should move. We’re holding up traffic,” she said, as a woman glared at her as she pushed past.

At the end of the next block, Trish noticed several Greek restaurants lining one side of the street. Most of them had signs outside advertising the day’s menu plus the owner or an employee standing in the doorway, trying to lure customers inside.

“My God! I love Greek food it’s my absolute favorite,” she said, looking up at Guy. “Do you know if any of these places are good? Or are they just tourist traps?”

“This part of the Left Bank is full of restaurants that cater to tourists, but I live only a short distance from here and there is one a little farther on where I go quite often. The food there is excellent.”

“Can we forget *Le Café* and go there instead?”

“But of course.”

Like most Greek restaurants, the one Guy took her to was orchestrated pandemonium with the constant crash of pots, pans and plates, and waiters shouting at the tops of their voices, making conversation virtually impossible.

When they’d finished eating and had drunk the bottle of *retsina* Guy had ordered, he settled the check and they left the restaurant. Trish wanted to see the River Seine, so they walked down *le Boulevard Mich*, as Guy said it was known locally, a

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couple of blocks to where the *Ile de la Cité* and the river separated the city into the Left Bank and the Right Bank.

“So, where do you live?” Trish asked, leaning on the low protective wall and gazing first down at the water and then in awe at the sheer Gothic splendor of Notre Dame Cathedral.

He gestured to the right. “My apartment is down there, at the end of the *quai*. No more than a short walk away. Would you like to see it?”

“What about your car?”

“It’s quite safe where it is. It won’t run away.”

“You sure someone won’t try to steal it?”

“If they do, it’s insured. I’ll get another one.”

“Just like that?”

“Exactly like that.” He turned her around to face him. “I don’t want to think about cars or anything else. I just want to think about you. *Je te veux, chérie.*”

“Yes, I know.”

“And?”

“I want you, too. Very much.” As far as Trish was concerned, the sexy look in Guy’s eyes and the husky quality of his voice was all the turn-on she needed. She knew she was putty in his hands, totally at his mercy, but instead of letting the knowledge bother her the way it probably should—and definitely would have with any other man—she was relishing every second. For the first time in her life, she was finally letting go and throwing caution out the window. She’d come to Paris for romance and adventure, and she’d found it. She was head over heels in love, or maybe it was simply lust, with

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a handsome stranger, and the fact their relationship couldn't last was neither here nor there. Time enough for her to get back to being serious and responsible once her vacation was over.

\* \* \*

Guy's apartment comprised the entire top floor of a beautiful old, six-story building that he told Trish had been erected around the time of the French Revolution. The rooms were large and airy, and the views from the huge windows were spectacular. Guy pointed out the Eiffel Tower, the Pantheon, the Louvre, city hall, and in the very far distance, Sacré-Coeur, along with a bunch of other places that meant nothing to Trish. But, hopefully, before her trip was over, she would have visited most if not all of them.

"Would you like something to drink?" Guy asked as he opened the double doors of what looked to Trish like a temperature-controlled wine and liquor cabinet. "I also have cold beer and sodas in the kitchen. Or I could make coffee or tea if you prefer."

"A nice cold cola sounds good. That wine made me feel sleepy."

As Guy disappeared to fetch the drinks, Trish unzipped her hoodie, removed her purse and set it on a nearby table, and then she stretched out on a nearby sofa strewn with big, fat, silk-covered pillows and closed her eyes. Between the wine and lack of sleep, she could barely keep her eyes open. Maybe if she kept them closed for just a couple of minutes...

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When she awoke, she could tell by the angle of the sun shining through the filmy net curtains that it was late in the afternoon. But, instead of being on the sofa, she was now lying on black silk sheets, on a huge king-sized bed with her head on Guy's chest and his arms clasped loosely around her body.

She glanced around the room. *Very masculine. Very contemporary.* Concealed lighting, black and white décor, and a couple of cubist-style paintings on the walls that were all form and bright colors.

"You feel better now?" Guy asked, yawning.

Trish struggled to sit up and then looked around for a clock. "I guess, but this is so embarrassing. How long have I been asleep?"

"Not long."

"What time is it?"

"A little after four."

"But we got here around two."

He smiled and pulled her down beside him. "No problem. I was sleepy, too. But rather than leave you out there by yourself, I brought you in here with me. I only woke up a moment or two before you did."

Trish decided there had to be something special about a man who was this sweet and considerate, and she snuggled into his warmth. "I can't believe I fell asleep on you like that. You should've given me a shake or something."

"Why? Between the overnight flight and the six-hour time change, you needed the sleep, and so did I, and now..."

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“And now what?”

Moving quickly, he flipped Trish onto her back and leaned over her. “First, I’m going to get us something cold to drink, then I intend to spend the rest of the afternoon making love to you.”

She reached up and touched his face. “You’re going to teach me to fly?”

“Perhaps. If you ask me nicely.”

She pushed her lips out in an exaggerated pout. “Pretty please?”

“Well...” He gave her a lingering kiss and a long, thoughtful look, then he laughed as he got off the bed and headed for the door. “Since you ask so nicely, I’ll have to see what I can do. Don’t go anywhere. I’ll be right back.”

When Guy returned a few minutes later, he was carrying a small tray containing two light beers and a couple of glasses. He set the tray on the nightstand and opened both cans. “Would you like yours in a glass?”

“No, thanks. It tastes better straight from the can.”

After taking a sip from one of the cans himself, he handed the other to Trish.

Trish lay back against the pillows and tilted the can, allowing a little of the refreshingly cold beverage to trickle down her throat. “Mmm...that’s good.”

She was about to put the can back on the tray when she heard a sound somewhere within the apartment. At least it sounded like it was inside rather than out, and she shot Guy a questioning look. “Did you hear that?”



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He dropped down beside her on the bed and pulled her into his arms. “It’s only Carlos. He just came in. Would you like to meet him?”

“Now? I thought, umm...I don’t know...I...” Trish was floundering in deep water without the slightest idea how to extract herself. “I thought you and me...you know.”

“You don’t have to if you’d rather not. But Carlos and I like to share everything. And I promise you it’s a much bigger thrill when we do.”

Trish wavered on the edge. On the one hand she wanted to experience everything; on the other...she’d never totally given up control before, and she didn’t know if she could handle something like that with people she knew well, never mind two complete strangers. “Umm...” She looked up and found herself drowning in the promise she could read in Guy’s sexy dark eyes. “I’ve never done anything like that before. So I have no idea—”

Guy laid a hand over her mouth. “It’s okay. You’ll be fine.”

“What if I find I can’t?”

“Don’t worry. That won’t happen. Hey, Carlos!” he called out in the direction of the half-open door. “We have a visitor. Someone who’d like to meet you.”

Trish’s nerves were in knots and her heart was beating a lot faster than normal, but when the door opened and the man she assumed must be Carlos came in, she just stared and swallowed hard.

She’d thought Guy was sexy and good-looking, but Carlos

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would have made a stone statue's mouth water. Tall and bare-chested, with dark, curly hair that fit his head like a cap, chocolate, deep-set eyes, finely chiseled features, and a body to die for. A pair of ragged blue jeans hanging low on his slim hips was his only item of clothing.

"Carlos, meet Trish. Trish is Canadian. She's here on vacation, and we met on the flight. Trish, this is my longtime partner, Carlos. Carlos and I were at school together."

Trish licked her lips. "Nice to meet you," she murmured.

"Hi, Trish." Carlos sat on the edge of the bed and shot her a quick smile before turning his attention to Guy. "I hear it was a good trip," he said, capturing Trish's complete attention as he bent forward and bestowed a long and very deep kiss on Guy's obviously eager mouth. "But I'm glad you're back," he added the moment he came up for air. "I hate being here by myself at night."

As he spoke, Carlos proceeded to divest Guy of his polo shirt and jeans exactly as if the two of them were alone, leaving Trish wide-eyed and open-mouthed with shock. For a brief moment, she wondered if she should leave and let them do whatever they did in private. But then she remembered Guy saying they both liked to watch and be watched. And, she had to admit, the expression on Guy's face and the way Carlos was caressing Guy's burgeoning shaft with his tongue was the absolute biggest turn-on imaginable.

She pressed a hand between her jeans-clad legs. She was hot, she was wet, and she desperately wanted a return encounter with Guy's beautiful big dick. She wanted to taste

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him, and she wanted to have him taste her. And she wanted to find out what the delectable Carlos had to offer. He looked and smelled delicious and...

Before she could stop herself, she reached out a hand and stroked his bare back, feeling his muscles clench in response to her touch.

A little afraid she'd done the wrong thing, she pulled back her hand. "Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt."

Carlos looked up with a grin. "You didn't. It's just that your hand is cold and it took me by surprise. But you are a beautiful and sexy woman, and I'd like very much for you to join in. Or is it that you just prefer to watch?"

"I...umm..."

"Trish has never done this before," Guy said, reaching over and giving her hand a reassuring squeeze. "So we must let her take things slowly. We don't want to scare her."

"Ah, now I understand." Carlos looked at Trish, a devilish gleam in his dark eyes. "You're rather over-dressed for this occasion, so with your permission I'd like to begin removing your clothes? Very slowly, of course."

"Sure. But what about..." She glanced at Guy's rampant cock. "If you want to...you know...umm...finish?"

"You first." Carlos unzipped Trish's hoodie in slow motion. When it reached the bottom, he unhooked the catch and slipped the garment off her body. He pushed her bra straps off her shoulders and exposed her breasts to his view. He smiled, leaned forward and teased a nipple with his tongue, making her shiver with delight. Then, when he'd completely

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removed her bra, he took one her nipples into his mouth and sucked so hard the feeling zigzagged through Trish's body like a jolt of electricity.

He waited a moment and did it again, and again, and by the time he stopped and let her go, she felt strangely boneless, but at the same time so excited and so damn horny, she just wanted one of them to spread her legs and...

Suddenly, she realized both men were looking at her with self-satisfied smiles.

"Good, hmm?" Guy inquired.

"Yeah, but..."

"And now you want more?"

She sighed. "No. I'd like to go out somewhere and see a movie."

Guy and Carlos exchanged grins, and she wondered what they had in mind.

"What? I hope you're not going to make me beg."

"No. But I think it will be more pleasurable if we take off the rest of our clothes," Carlos said, as he unbuttoned and stepped out of his own jeans and then helped Trish remove hers.

After Trish's panties and Guy's boxers had been added to the pile of clothing on the floor, Carlos told Trish to lie down between Guy's legs with her back resting against his belly and to draw up her knees.

"What happens next?" she wanted know, relieved to notice both men had donned condoms, but still amazed at her own daring in joining in their sex games. Maybe it was a

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combination of jetlag, freedom from the daily grind, and the fact she was miles from home that had her feeling so adventurous. Back home, she'd have run a mile at the mere mention of anything this kinky. Now she was actually looking forward to having sex with two strangers at the same time.

*Unless I'm dreaming...*

“Just close your eyes and relax.”

Trish wasn't sure which of the two had spoken, but she closed her eyes and did try to relax. She inhaled the faint odor of male sweat, and she could smell their own natural musky scent. She realized it was Guy who grasped her knees and spread her legs wide, and she knew it was Carlos' fingers that opened her folds. But as soon as his tongue began to lave her clit it felt so delicious she almost stopped breathing.

Guy's hands moved from her knees to her breasts, and Trish was awash in sensation. She'd heard about *les ménages à trois*, but she'd had no idea they could be like this.

Carlos moved a finger up inside her, then he added a second, and she drew in her breath. It felt good, but not as good as what she'd seen hanging between his legs. Just thinking about Carlos' big cock had her on the edge of an orgasm. Plus Guy's equally large member was nudging against her cheek. If she could just turn her head a tiny bit, then maybe...

But it seemed Carlos had read her mind. He pulled back and said softly, “Guy, if you'll move so you're lying across the bed, and if Trish will kindly reverse her position, we can all get what we want at the same time. But you'll need to

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elevate your butt a little, Trish, okay?"

Trish had done sixty-nine a couple of times and enjoyed it, but before she had time to really think about how Carlos intended to get his, she felt him opening her ass cheeks and probing her hole with a finger.

"You ever done it this way?" he asked.

"No." Trish wasn't even sure she wanted to do it that way, but she'd heard it was supposed to be quite the thrill, and since this was her big adventure, what the heck? "Just try to be gentle."

As she took Guy's rigid cock into her mouth and began to knead and suck, she felt Guy's fingers and tongue seeking out her most sensitive spot. She felt something cold and wet against her butt, then her ass cheeks were spread wide and she felt Carlos' big rod pushing slowly inside.

It hurt a little at first, and she was afraid she might have to call a halt. But Carlos took his time and as her muscles began to relax, she began to understand what the hype was all about.

Carlos gradually sped up his strokes, moving deeper and deeper inside her, while Guy did the same with his tongue, until she could no longer hold back. She felt the spasms start small, then begin building until the explosion came like a rocket going off in her head. She'd released Guy a moment ago when she felt him start to climax, and then it was Carlos' turn. A couple of final thrusts and he ran out of steam, muttered, "Wow," and collapsed beside them on the bed.

After listening to the men's ragged breathing for a moment, she sat up and reached for the beer on the nightstand.

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It was warm now, but still wet, and she quickly guzzled down about half the can in a single swallow.

“Anyone want some?” she invited, holding up the can.

Guy grabbed the beer and finished what was left, cleaning up a little that dribbled down his chin with the back of his hand.

After replacing the empty can on the nightstand, he reached for Trish and began to play with her nipples. “That was good, yes?”

“I thought it was great.” She glanced over at Carlos, who was lying on his side with his eyes half-closed as he watched them. She ran a toe down the length of his tanned and muscled leg. “What about you?”

“It was okay.”

“Just okay?”

Carlos laughed as he grabbed her leg and tried to tickle her foot. “I’m just teasing. It was good. The three of us together are very good. And with a little practice, we’ll be fantastic.”

“Will we fly?”

“Absolutely!”

He gave up on the tickling and began to play with Trish’s toes. “What are we doing for dinner?” he asked Guy. “Staying in or going out?”

“Trish is here on vacation, so I think we should let her decide. Trish?”

“Whatever. I don’t care. What do you normally do?”

“Most week nights we eat in, and since we both enjoy cooking, we take turns.” Guy reached over and ruffled Carlos’

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short, dark hair. “And it just so happens it’s Carlos’ turn tonight. What were you planning on, Carlos?”

“There’s some cooked chicken and *chorizo* in the refrigerator, and I bought fresh seafood on my way home. I could make *paella*. You like Spanish food, Trish?”

“I like just about everything. I also like to cook.”

“Good.” Carlos got off the bed, picked up his jeans and headed for the door. “I need ten minutes in the bathroom, then you can come and help me.”

Trish sorted out her own clothes from the heap on the floor. “Do you have only the one bathroom?”

“No. There’s an ensuite in the guestroom.” Guy reached for his boxers and put them on. “Come. I’ll show you.”

Trish followed Guy out the door and down a short hallway to another bedroom with plain, cream walls and a regular double bed.

“There should be everything you need,” he said, as he opened the ensuite door. He slid a hand around her waist, then moved it down a little and squeezed her ass. “Soap, shampoo, toothpaste, towels. If not, give me a shout.”

“You don’t want to join me?” she invited, then wondered where she’d suddenly found the courage to get so bold.

He turned her around, and she felt his hardness press against her belly. “Yes. But...”

“But what? Carlos won’t like it if we start making out in here and leave him to cook dinner?”

“No.” He began to tease her lips with his tongue. “If I don’t leave now, I’m afraid Carlos will not only be cooking



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dinner by himself, he'll probably also be eating it by himself.”

“And that would be a bad thing?”

Guy laughed and began to back away. “And you called me insatiable?”

“Yes, well...” She chuckled and dropped her clothes on the bed. “Must be catching.”

After a quick, refreshing shower, Trish put her clothes back on, and finger-combed her hair. Her nosy was shiny and her lipstick only a memory, but she'd left her purse in the living room so any further primping would have to wait.

When she found the kitchen, Carlos gave her a hug, and an unexpectedly lengthy and satisfying kiss. He said he'd sent Guy out to find something for dessert, and that he had the paella under control. However, if Trish would like to prepare a salad it would be a big help. He gestured toward a couple of different varieties of lettuce and other vegetables sitting in a wire basket farther down the counter.

The paella turned out to be delicious, and Guy couldn't understand why the salad was so much better than usual until Carlos admitted Trish had made it. But for Trish, the highlight of the meal was the concoction of light-as-air whipped cream and velvety chocolate desserts Guy had found at the local *patisserie*. They were the most sinful thing she'd eaten in months. By the time dinner was over and the three of them were relaxing in the living room with their after-dinner coffee, Trish felt too stuffed with good food to move.

Guy finished his coffee, put down the cup and pulled Trish to her feet. “I must go get my car. And Carlos and I have come

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up with a great idea.” He glanced over at Carlos, who nodded and smiled. “We were wondering, rather than spend your vacation time all alone in your friend’s apartment, if you would you like to collect your things and come stay here with us?”

“Stay here with you in this apartment?” If they’d suggested buying tickets on the next rocket ship and spending the weekend on the moon, Trish couldn’t have been more surprised. “No. I can’t put you to all that trouble. I assume you both work, and anyway I was planning on spending a few days outside the city. It’s really very kind of you, and I thank you for even considering it, but I can’t. I—”

“You don’t like us?” Carlos asked, frowning. “For you, this afternoon meant nothing. It was just a one-off as you say in English?”

“No, absolutely not. I don’t do one-offs, at least not intentionally. But...”

“But what?” Guy wanted to know. “I thought we had something special.”

“We do. It’s just...” Trish felt flustered and unsure, like she was taking advantage. “It’s really kind of you, but I’d feel like I was imposing—especially on such short acquaintance. We only met a few hours ago.”

Guy reached over and took Trish’s hand in his. “You would not be imposing. I swear. We just thought you might prefer to stay here with us rather than in your friend’s apartment where you’d be all alone.”

“Other than for sleeping and a place to leave my stuff, I

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won't be there very much. Most of my time will be spent seeing the sights and maybe doing a little shopping. I think I mentioned there are a couple of day trips I want to take to Chartres and Versailles. If I can, I'd also like to do an over-nighter to see the *chateaux* of the Loire."

"You can do all that just as easily from here," Carlos put in. "And if you ask Guy nicely, he might even loan you his car."

A look of pain crossed Guy's face, and Trish laughed. "I don't know Paris or the surrounding area, so I think I'll play it safe and leave the driving to someone else."

"What about the evenings?" Carlos wanted to know. "You can eat at many of the restaurants by yourself, but you can't go alone to any of the famous ones or to a club. I wouldn't recommend the cinema either—at night, those places are full of perverts looking for lonely women. And sitting alone at a café can also result in unwelcome attention."

"Really?" Convinced Carlos was being over-protective and doing a little chest beating as well, Trish raised her eyebrows and faked a wide-eyed, innocent look. "You mean someone might actually try to pick me up?"

"A beautiful woman like you, I guarantee it," Carlos affirmed, his expression almost a scowl. "I've watched how some of those vermin operate. Especially with pretty tourists. They lead you on, grab your tourist dollars and, they hope, your passport, which they can sell, and then vanish into the night."

"Are you trying to scare me?" Trish asked. She knew the

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first rule for a woman alone in a foreign city was to do nothing she wouldn't do in her own hometown and while she'd gotten carried away with Guy and Carlos' charms, from here on she intended to follow that rule. Of course, she'd imagined herself wandering around the streets in the evenings to see the lights and the nightlife. Now a tiny surge of apprehension invaded her thoughts, and she realized she was every bit as naïve as her last boyfriend had claimed. Paris might be the city of love and a romantic's dream come true in many respects. In reality, Paris was also just another big city with all the same inherent problems and dangers lying in wait for the unwary.

"Is it working?" Guy asked.

Trish grimaced. "I guess. A little bit anyway. I'm a big girl. I don't take candy from strange men, or get into their cars, or—"

"You got into mine," Guy reminded her.

"That was different," Trish defended herself. "We'd just deplaned from an overnight flight, and you were met by a chauffeur-driven limo. If you'd pulled any funny stuff, I could have tracked you down through the airline. What I meant was, if, for example, I was walking along a lonely street at night, and a car stopped and the driver offered me a lift."

Carlos refilled his coffee cup from the *cafetière*. "What would you do if that happened?"

"There are so many variables, I try to make sure it doesn't. Either I drive myself, or I call for a taxi. I don't take stupid chances." She paused. "But to be honest, I hadn't thought about the perils of Paris by night. I guess my head was so

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filled with all the glamour and the romance, I forgot it's just another big city, so it didn't even occur to me to bring a couple of books for something to do in the evenings."

"All the more reason why you should come stay here with us," Guy said, smiling. "We will do our best to make Paris everything you dreamed of and more. We both work all week so you'll have to amuse yourself in the daytime, but there will be no boring evenings or weekends, I promise. What do you say?"

Three weeks spent making love with two handsome, charming, and sexy men like Guy and Carlos sounded to Trish like her idea of pure heaven. It would be Christmas, her birthday, and having all her dreams come true at the same time. "You're making me an offer that's very hard to resist, you know that, huh?"

"Then don't resist. Just say yes."

"You're quite sure about this?"

Guy slipped an arm around Trish's waist and pulled her in close. "Never more sure about anything. The only problem is our company owns a chain of boutique hotels and vacation rental properties, and this being the start of tourist season, it's also our busiest time of the year."

"Meaning you can't take a few days off to play tourist guide?"

"We can try, but it might be difficult."

"How do you feel about me staying here, Carlos?" Trish wanted to know.

"No arguments from me." Carlos chuckled. "I'd love for

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you to stay here with us. As far as I'm concerned, you can stay however long you want. Provided, of course, you continue to make the salads. Guy always complains I use too much oil."

\* \* \*

For the next three weeks, Trish's life became a whirl of sightseeing, shopping, eating, and making love. The better she got to know Guy and Carlos, the more she liked them, and she knew, despite the constant reminders to herself this was only a vacation and to keep things light, she was rapidly falling in love with them both. By the end of the third week, *falling* had become *fallen hard*, and she knew leaving Paris and returning home would be beyond difficult. She even considered avoiding what she knew would be a heartbreaking and emotional goodbye by leaving the day before while they were still at work and spending the last night alone at the airport.

Except she knew it was just as hard for Guy and Carlos, and they would both be terribly hurt if she pulled a stunt like that. They'd treated her like a princess and catered to her every whim, and already it was hard to imagine life without them.

Since it was Trish's last night, they'd planned to go out somewhere grand for dinner, but none of them had much of an appetite. Instead, Carlos made a simple pasta dish and Trish her usual salad, while Guy sat on one of the kitchen stools and watched.

Trish noticed both men were unusually quiet. There was none of the usual banter that always flowed so naturally

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among the three of them while they prepared dinner—no laughter, no jokes, and no discussion of the day’s events.

Finally, Guy stood up and came over to where Trish was busy assembling the salad. After removing the knife from her fingers, he took both her hands in his. Bringing them to his mouth, Guy kissed each finger in turn. “The first time I saw you...when I sat down next to you on the plane, I said something to you. I don’t remember now what it was and the words aren’t important, but it was enough. We exchanged glances, and right away I knew.”

“You knew what?”

“That something had clicked between us, and my life would never be the same again. I think you felt it, too. Am I right?”

“I guess. I’m not sure.” She snatched her hands away and swallowed the lump in her throat. “Please, Guy, don’t do this. My vacation is over, and tomorrow I have to go home.”

“Wouldn’t you rather stay here with us?”

“Sure I would. There are lots of things I’d *rather* do. But I have a life in Canada. I can’t just turn my back and forget about it.”

“But I thought you told me that you have no close family in Toronto,” Carlos said, frowning.

“I don’t. Not since my grandmother died a few months ago. I don’t even live there anymore. Grandma’s house was too large for one person, and Toronto is expensive, so I moved to a small town on the outskirts.”

“What about your parents?”

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“My mom died when I was a baby, and the only other family I have, apart from a few cousins scattered around the country, is my Dad. But he’s remarried and living out west.”

“In other words, you’re free to come and go as you wish?” Guy said, looking a tad happier.

“Not really. I’m hoping to have a job waiting for me in the business loans department of a bank when I get back. I have student loans to repay. And I still have several months left on my apartment lease. I can’t just pick up and run. I have commitments.”

“None of which are real problems,” Guy said firmly. “Merely small annoyances.”

Trish laughed and shook her head. “You guys are nuts. It all sounds very nice and wonderful, but not very practical. We’ve only known one another a few weeks. I can’t just come barging into your lives, upsetting things. It wouldn’t be right.”

“You wouldn’t be upsetting a thing,” Carlos said. “Yes, Guy and I are bisexual. We are committed to one another, so we don’t seek the favors or the company of other men. But both of us have always known the day would come when a very special woman would enter our lives. Guy believes that woman is you.”

“And whatever Guy wants, Guy gets? What about you? The two of you already have a life together. Don’t you have a say in this?”

“Of course I do. Guy and I share everything. If I didn’t like you, or I thought the three of us would not be compatible living together, I would have said so.”



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“And that would have been the end of it?”

“No. I doubt Guy would have given up easily. He would have wanted to work something out. As it is, I agree with him one hundred percent.”

Trish looked from Carlos to Guy and back to Carlos, wondering if she'd somehow slipped into a third dimension and gotten herself caught up in a strange and wonderful dream. People never got exactly what they wanted. At least, she never had. “I like you both very much.” She hesitated. “If I'm honest, it's gone way beyond simple liking. And I have to admit the idea of living with the two of you here in Paris sounds like the stuff dreams are made of. But it's like I said, I have commitments and responsibilities back home.”

“So there are a few problems that would need to be sorted out,” Guy said. “But every problem has a solution.”

Trish gave a humorless laugh. “You think?” She picked up a knife and began peeling a cucumber, only to give up a moment later and put down the knife. “It all sounds wonderful. And, I admit, very tempting. But we really know nothing about one another.”

“What do you need to know?” Carlos asked. “Guy and I are both thirty-five years of age, and we're solid, upstanding citizens. We own this apartment, and our company, which we started some years ago, now owns a chain of small luxury hotels and several vacation properties. In other words, we're financially secure, and neither of us has a criminal record that I'm aware of. Oh, yes...” He grinned. “And we both adore pets and children.”

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“In that order?”

“Not necessarily. Anything else you wish to know?”

“Nothing I can think of offhand.” Trish smiled as she picked up a small heap of vegetable peelings and dropped them in the trash. “I don’t know what to say or even think. I feel like I’m dreaming or under the influence of a mind-altering drug.” She frowned as she looked from one man to the other. “Now I’m being ridiculous. You didn’t...I mean you wouldn’t. Would you?”

Carlos laughed. “No, of course not. We operate a perfectly respectable and legitimate business, not a white-slave ring.”

Guy slipped a finger under Trish’s chin and moved her head slightly so they were again facing one another. “This may sound silly, like a page from a romance novel, but the moment our eyes met, I knew you were that one special woman. The one I’d been waiting so long to meet.”

Trish knew exactly what Guy meant because it had been that way for her, too. Just one look and, yes, for her the earth had moved. And meeting Carlos had given her world yet another severe jolt. If there were only one of them...but there were two. Two men she was crazy in love with. She had no idea whether or not a *ménage* worked on a long-term basis. The important thing was that she liked the idea, and she wanted to give it a try.

Of course, if she had even a single grain of common sense, she’d say she needed time to think. But if she did that, chances were she’d lose her nerve and chicken out. She’d return to her old life, pick up the threads, and pretend the past three weeks

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had never happened. She might even make a half-assed success of such a life. She might meet some guy and have a couple of kids. But would she be happy? Feel fulfilled? Or would she spend the rest of her life kicking herself for not having had the courage to follow her heart and do something that seemed so right?

“Can I have a little time to think about it?”

“Of course.” Guy took a bottle of red wine from the rack, removed the cork and half-filled three glasses.

Trish turned to Carlos. “And you’re quite sure you’re okay about this?”

Carlos turned away from the pasta, wrapped his arms around her and kissed her on the mouth. “Yes, yes, and yes. It’s what I want, too. If you want some time alone to think about it...”

“No. That won’t be necessary.”

\* \* \*

After they were finished dinner, Carlos suggested going to a new club he’d heard about on *la rue Royale*. “One of my clients told me about it,” he said. “It sounds rather interesting.”

“Interesting, how?” Guy asked.

“He said it looks an old nightspot from fifty years ago and attracts the more mature crowd. In other words, we might actually enjoy ourselves.”

*La Boite* reminded Trish of nightclubs she’d seen in black-and-white movies. So much so, she wouldn’t have been even

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slightly surprised to see Spencer Tracy or Cary Grant sitting at one of the tiny tables, or to find Edith Piaf as the featured soloist with the three-piece band.

In keeping with the style of the club and also what Guy said had once been French tradition, there was a female soloist, and she did sing a couple of Piaf's songs, along with other slow, romantic ballads, some of which were old standards known the world over, and some Trish hadn't heard before.

After the drinks arrived, Trish gave herself up to the magic of the moment, the music and first dancing with Guy, then with Carlos.

"Guy is right about you," Carlos whispered in her ear as he guided her around the postage stamp-sized dance floor. "What makes you so special is that you're completely unselfish. You don't seem to understand if you decide to share our lives you will be enriching them, not upsetting them or interfering with them, or any of the other things you seem to be concerned about."

"Someone has to worry about the small stuff."

"I suppose. But why not worry about what you want for yourself?"

The song ended and, as Carlos escorted her back to their table, Trish knew he was right. She'd spent a lifetime worrying about other people's problems and maybe it was time she thought about what she wanted for a change.

She was on the short list for the job at the bank, but nothing definite had been decided, meaning she wasn't

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committed in any way. Once her grandmother's house sold, it would more than pay for her student loans, and the lease on her apartment would run out in a little under three months. Guy was right—there was nothing stopping her from doing whatever she cared to do.

But was moving to Paris and setting up house with two guys she'd only known for three weeks what she really wanted?

Deep down, she knew that was exactly what she wanted, but suppose it turned out to be a huge mistake? What if, after a few weeks or months, she changed her mind and wanted to go home? She'd always been careful and cautious, never making snap decisions or jumping in without looking, and that way she'd kept out of trouble.

Still, maybe, just this once, she should go with her heart? Say to hell with everything and take a chance.

Trish knew she could soul search and agonize for the next month, but it wouldn't change the two things that remained uppermost in her mind—if it didn't work out the way she hoped, she could always return home. If she said no, she would not be given a second chance.

If there was anything holding her back it was the small, but not completely insignificant fact, that neither Guy nor Carlos had said they loved her. She knew they cared. It was there in everything they did for or with her—every look, every word. They made her feel like the center of their universe. But was just feeling loved enough? Or did she need the assurance of hearing them say the actual words?

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After they left the club and went back to the apartment, Trish half-expected either Guy or Carlos to start pressing her for an answer, or at least try a little more gentle persuasion. But, apart from being quieter than usual, both men were acting pretty much the same as they'd done every other evening since she'd been there—Carlos was checking his appointments for tomorrow, and Guy was watching the news. They'd stated their case and now it seemed the next move was up to her.

“Anyone for a nightcap?” Carlos called out.

“I'll have a beer,” Guy replied. “You want something, Trish?”

“I think there's still a little of the wine we had with dinner. If you don't want it, Carlos, I'll have that.”

While the men were fixing the drinks, Trish went to the bathroom where she undressed, removed her make-up, and put on a robe. Picking up a hairbrush, she gave her shoulder-length hair its nightly one hundred strokes, and with each stroke told herself she was doing the right thing. When she was finished, she put down the brush and regarded her reflection in the mirror.

*Okay, no more dithering, hesitating, or second-guessing. This was it.*

She opened the bathroom door expecting to find the guys were still relaxing with their drinks in the living room. However, the lights were out, and she could hear the soft murmur of voices coming from the bedroom.

Her bare feet made no sound on the polished wood floor, and when she reached the open doorway, she hesitated.

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Both men were naked and Guy was on his back, propped against the mountain of pillows, while Carlos was curled up at his side with his head on Guy's chest and one hand idly caressing Guy's belly. The drinks were waiting on a tray on the nightstand, and both men appeared to be completely unaware of her presence.

She knew how much they loved one another—it was there in every look, every gesture. She also knew Guy and Carlos had been friends since they were children—two small boys, one French, the other Spanish, shipped off to the rigors of an English boarding school by rich parents more interested in pursuing their own lives than caring for the needs of their sons.

“Do you think she loves us as much as we love her?” Carlos said, a slightly wistful tone to his voice. “She’s right when she says we barely know one another. But, really, how much time does a person need to know when they’re right?”

“Took me less than five seconds,” Guy admitted with a chuckle. “We were in such a rush to get our hands on one another, we didn’t even bother to introduce ourselves.”

“You had sex without exchanging names?” Carlos smiled and shook his head. “I don’t believe it. I always thought you had such nice manners.” He stopped stroking Guy’s belly and began to concentrate on his cock. “It took me quite a bit longer than five seconds. But then, I admit, I was trying hard to resist.”

Guy frowned. “Resist? Why did you want to do that?”

Carlos swirled his tongue around the tip of his partner’s

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penis, and Trish watched the play of emotion across both their faces. “Because women are usually so bossy. Always trying to control everyone.”

“Trish isn’t like that. If anyone’s bossy, it’s you. You love telling people what to do.”

Trish took off her robe and dropped it on a nearby chair as she stepped into the room. Just then, Guy opened his eyes and blew her a kiss, and suddenly there was no more doubt left for her to deal with.

“Is this a private party, or can I join in?”

Carlos looked up with a cheeky grin. “That depends.”

Trish pressed one knee against the edge of the bed. “On what?”

“Are you going back to Canada or staying here with us? I can’t stand the not knowing.”

“Well...” Donning a serious expression, she sat down on the bed and stroked a hand over Carlos’ short, dark curls. “Common sense tells me moving to Paris and playing house with you two is crazy, ridiculous and I should have my sanity questioned. We barely know one another, so it’s all those things and more. I should probably be certified and locked up for even considering the idea. But I love you guys, I really do.”

Guy didn’t wait for any more. He reached for her, wrapped his arms around her and hugged her close to his body. “So your answer is yes?”

“You don’t think we should all take some time to think this through properly?”



*PARIS HEAT*

“Nothing for me to think about,” Guy said in a husky voice. “*Je t’aime, chérie*. And that will not change. Carlos?”

Carlos was silent for a moment, then he smiled and reached for Trish’s hand. “I love you, too. And if we all follow our hearts and stay true to one another, how can we possibly go wrong?”

## CHRISTIANE FRANCE

Christiane truly believes that love makes the world go round, so she likes stories with both happy and bittersweet endings. Christiane has been writing romance for the past twenty years and lives near Niagara Falls with her husband and The Boys—two black and white Persian cats.

\* \* \*

**Don't miss *Double Delicious*, by Christiane France,  
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*notches on their bedposts than they are in developing adult relationships.*

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