

A woman with dark hair and closed eyes is being kissed on the cheek by two shirtless men. The man on the left has dark hair and is kissing her on the left cheek, while the man on the right has blonde hair and is kissing her on the right cheek. The woman is looking slightly upwards with a soft expression. The background is a warm, dark brown color.

BRIT M.

Between Men

ra^venous
romance

Between Men
by Brit M.

Ravenous Romance

www.ravenousromance.com

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Chapter One

Tara bumped her backseat door shut with her hip, juggling her suitcase, duffel bag and purse. The whole parking garage was busy with people, some in costume and some in street clothes, like her. She took a deep breath and let it out. This would be the first convention she'd attend without Trey in tow. For six years she'd dragged him to her fantasy conventions and listened to his complaining; not for the first time since the divorce, she felt free and young again. She was single and ready to finally indulge her own desires. The thought sent a little tingle down her spine.

She rearranged her things, popped up the handlebar for the rolling suitcase and started toward the elevators. A young man in a devil costume held the doors for her. She grinned at him, taking in the sight of his tight leather pants, matching jacket and the little horns peeking out of his shaggy dark hair. His lips twitched in return.

"Ground level?" he said.

"Yeah," she replied, settling her suitcase again.

"Is this your first con?" he asked, thumbs hooked enticingly in his pockets. His hands framed his groin, drawing her eye, but she resisted the delicious temptation. Less than ten minutes and she was already picking out men!

"No way," she said. "I've been coming since I was sixteen."

"And how old are you now?"

She glanced at him. It was hard to judge his age; while he was obviously no teenager, she couldn't peg him. Twenty? Twenty-five?

"I'm twenty-six," she said. "Don't you dare call me old."

"Wouldn't dream of it," he said, laughing after. "I'm not that much younger than you."

"How much?"

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. He grinned again, putting his hand on her shoulder. She froze, still looking down at her suitcase, unsure of how to respond to the touch of a stranger after so long. His fingers seemed to burn her skin through her shirt, sending fire down her nerves.

"You'll have to find out later," he said. "I'm Jack. See you around."

She stood gaping at his fine, round bottom as he strolled across the street. The elevator doors began to close and she cursed, sticking her foot out to hold them while she gathered up her things again. What a wonderful way to seduce a man: staring at his back, making a fish face. It was just strange to be able to let an attractive man touch her without shrugging away or smiling nervously or feeling guilty. She had always been faithful, not that it had done her any good. At least it was something to be proud of.

Stress rolled off her shoulders like water as she crossed the street. The convention center with its attached hotel loomed huge and inviting above the milling con-goers who stood outside to enjoy the pleasant summer weather. Tara lugged her suitcase up the steps, smiling at every person who caught her eye. For the weekend she had no worries beyond

rediscovering herself and finally, finally satisfying the itch that her own hands couldn't scratch. Even an absent thought of a man, of a smooth, hard cock, made her body tingle and her mouth water. Six months without sex was too much for any woman. She mused on her fantasies while waiting in the check-in line for the hotel. In her younger days, before Trey, she had spent a great deal of her time at conventions making out with strange beautiful boys and sometimes girls. The memories thrilled her as they always had: the rush of first attraction, of catching a person's interest; the electric first touch of lips to skin.

"Ma'am?" the clerk said, beckoning. She blushed and hurried to the desk.

"Room for one, Hamilton," she said. "It's actually a suite, I think."

"Here you are," the clerk said, smiling pleasantly. "I just need your credit card and driver's license."

"Okay," Tara said, fishing in her purse for her cards.

After a moment of typing the clerk handed her the cards, a receipt, and a room-key packet, then winked at her. Tara looked in the key envelope and saw two. A tiny blush heated her cheeks. The girl at the desk grinned.

"Once my shift ends, I'll be out there too," she said. "Have fun!"

Tara, still a bit red, slipped out of the line. Was her interest that obvious, or did the girl just assume that a single woman might want an extra key for a weekend fling? Of course, with men like that Jack in his sexy devil outfit wandering around, the idea wasn't too farfetched.

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The crowd waiting for the elevator wasn't too big, and she peeked at her room number again. Third floor, room 317; hopefully it wouldn't be too hard to find. She glanced at the other people standing next to her. A man in his fifties with a fancy camera and an official badge, a very young woman with curly green hair and at least thirty rings in her ears, a couple dressed up like elves; the sight always brought back pleasant memories of years gone by. She'd have to look up Jamie and London as soon as she booked her room. For one year she'd worked with con security and had gotten quite close to two of the regular DJs. Jamie was married, but London—his silky blond hair and aristocratic face flashed in her mind's eye. Oh, yes, she'd definitely have to meet up with London.

The doors dinging open broke her reverie and she piled in with the rest of the group. Her room was only a short way down the hall on the third floor. She shouldered the door open and looked around the sitting room that came with her suite. Really, she just wanted the whirlpool tub that came with the suites, but the sparsely decorated anteroom was nice as well. A couch and two big leather chairs dominated the floor space and a tiny kitchenette was tucked away on a patch of tile in the far corner. Trey would have liked that touch. The sudden thought and its accompanying stab of pain rushed through her like a quick current of electricity, only to fade out.

"I'm getting over it," she said to herself and the empty room.

It was true. It would be true if she tried hard enough, and that was what this weekend was about: fun, sex, some self-

discovery, and a lot of proof that she could be her own woman.

She tossed her suitcase on the bed and dropped her duffel next to it. A quick change of clothes later, from loose cargos and a T-shirt into a tight white halter top and black jeans, and she was ready to brave the convention. She smoothed her hair down in the mirror and checked herself out from all angles. The top brought her breasts into sharp relief, clinging to round, full curves. Maybe after midnight, when the con was adults only, she'd put it back on without a bra. She made it nearly out the door of the room before rushing back in to tuck her "toy box" into the dresser drawer. The demure little black box, shaped like a laptop case, held all the things she thought she might try out over the weekend, either with herself or someone else.

After all, there was no guarantee she'd bring a man up on the first night. No reason to go without satisfaction.

* * * *

Tara half-collapsed onto her bed, not quite worn out but definitely exhausted. Jamie, whom she'd run into at a panel on women in fantasy literature, had told her London wouldn't be arriving until Friday. That left one possible date out. She also hadn't seen the handsome Jack again, though in a con so packed with people, it wasn't a surprise. Midnight was only a half-hour away, too. The air downstairs was that of quiet, building excitement as the adults planned their wicked costumes and the younger attendees fantasized about ways to make it past the security and get an eyeful. After a

moment of deep breathing, she sat up and dug into her suitcase. Each night called for a different outfit. There were dances on Friday and Saturday that would necessitate tight, skimpy clothes under the pretense of keeping cool in the packed rooms.

Tonight, the ruffled red Halloween costume from the year before was practically screaming for her attention. It proclaimed itself as a pirate's outfit but was really just a red dress that barely covered her butt and had traditional peasant-style sleeves, a lace underskirt and a black velvet corset. She shimmied into the dress and hooked the corset closed. Her friend Annie had laced it for her the week before. It pushed her breasts up and out like pale, ripe fruit, ready for a good stroke or squeeze. Her nipples peaked the fabric noticeably. The red dress barely covered her. It wouldn't be surprising if there were a few accidents throughout the evening.

"Well," she murmured. "This is certainly nice."

The last touch, a pair of fishnet stockings, took the longest to put on. Finally she slipped into a pair of leather boots and did a twirl in front of the mirror. Her reflection looked so young, so vibrant and excited. Sexy, too. She grinned. Forget about London. She could have any man she chose. He would be a conquest for the next night.

Her floor was nearly empty, but the elevator, when it opened, was crammed with scantily dressed people. Tara pressed up against a woman wearing nothing more than a g-string, pasties and vinyl boots. She looked nearly conservative in comparison. With obvious intent, she checked

out the others in the elevator: a woman dressed as a peacock in rainbow lingerie, a man so young it made her feel a little guilty to look at him in nothing but vinyl pants, a couple in matching leather. She couldn't get a good look at the people in the back of the group.

Just as she turned her head to look at the descending floor numbers, a warm pair of fingers pinched her behind. She squealed, bouncing up on her toes. The pinched skin tingled. The woman in the boots giggled, casting a glance at the young man, who only grinned. She found her own lips turning up in response. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to play the cougar for an evening. He had to be over eighteen if he was going to the convention floor after the clock struck midnight. Obviously he found her attractive.

"Now, now," she said, planting a hand on her cocked hip. "I might have to punish you for your impudence, boy."

"Ooh, I'd like to see that," someone murmured, prompting laughter.

The doors opened before the conversation could continue, but when they stepped off the young man put a hand on the small of her back. The simple contact nearly knocked the breath out of her, so strong was the rush of desire that spread from her head to her feet. She saw now that he had a riding crop clipped to a belt loop on those delicious pants.

"If you're serious, I wouldn't mind introducing you to my girlfriend," he said with a smile. He had adorable dimples. "But I'm afraid I'm not allowed to play on my own."

"Well," she said, turning the idea in her mind. It had been a long time since she'd been with a woman. "Maybe. I'll think about it. How's that?"

"Sure," he said, slipping away. He waved. "Look out for me later, then!"

Tara let out a breath, shook herself, and made her way to the hotel bar. He really was a little too young. Best to pass up that opportunity. Also, he reminded her a little of Trey, with his glimmering brown eyes and easy flirting. This weekend was about finding out what else she still liked after years of monogamy, not enjoying more of the same.

She saw him as soon as she opened the black lacquered doors. Jack, still in the devil costume but without a top on and without shoes, sat at the bar. His bare feet pressed to the metal runner and she found it almost unbearably sexy in its seeming vulnerability. She tugged the top of her dress up a bit and strolled in.

"Jack," she said, and he turned from his drink. A grin lit up his face, stealing her breath away. "I guess you must be over twenty-one, then."

"Closer and closer to the truth," he responded, standing. "Want to move to a booth?"

"Sure," she said.

Something about him simply lit fires in her body. Whether it was the broad, masculine strength of his hands, the fine line of dark hair leading down into his leather pants, or his absolutely beautiful face, she couldn't say. This was the man she wanted to take up to her room for the night. This was the

man she wanted to fuck her, to make her come. He was a stranger but she couldn't care less.

"You're thinking something naughty," he murmured, letting her slip into the booth first. He pressed himself up against her, thigh to thigh, shoulder to shoulder. "I can tell because you're blushing."

"I was thinking," Tara said, her voice wavering only a bit. "About how much I want you to be the first new man I touch this weekend."

It wasn't as filthy as what she wanted to say to him, but it would do. She glanced over at him, suddenly shy, and found his eyes locked on her breasts. She took another deep breath and let it out. His tongue darted out to wet his bottom lip. She imagined it dipping into the hollow between her breasts, a hot slippery touch.

"First new man?" he said.

"I'm single for the first time in a long time," she said. "I want to rediscover myself. I want to do everything I've ever dreamed about doing and couldn't."

"Oh, well," Jack said, moving his gaze up to her face. The heat in his stare caught her breath. "I can definitely help you there. This is my first convention without a lady on my arm. I'd like to do some exploring, too."

"Oh, good," she heard herself say, but her attention was still firmly riveted on his hot stare. "Do you have a list?"

"In my head," he replied. "Do you?"

"Same."

Jack looked away long enough to down the rest of his drink. He grabbed her hand. His grip was hot and strong,

drawing her to her feet. Her lace panties clung to her, already damp with her desire, and she shuddered a little at the sensation.

"Where are we going?" she said as he led her out of the bar.

"How long have you been going to these cons?" he asked in return, his thumb stroking maddening circles on the back of her hand.

"Ten years, I guess," she said.

"Remember making out in deserted hallways, or corners in the video rooms? How thrilling it was to be so bad?" He glanced back at her, grinning again.

"Oh, God, of course I do." There was no way she couldn't. She still remembered the first time she'd kissed a stranger. He had been a beautiful boy in a tank top and jeans. In a secluded hallway, he'd pushed her against the wall and pressed their mouths together. "You want to do that?"

"First thing on my list," he said, sultry and nearly growling.

"Wait," Tara said, pulling on his hand. "I know where to go."

"Cool," he said.

She smiled, feeling like a teenager again, sneaking away for an illicit encounter. The stairwell on the first floor was deserted when she ducked into it. A small alcove, hidden from prying eyes, beckoned underneath the stairs.

"How's this?" she whispered.

Jack answered her by guiding her into the shadows. She stared up at him, entranced as he licked his lips again. That was such a wonderfully sexy nervous habit. His dark eyes

seemed to glitter with lust. The tension built between them as he stepped in close and pressed his chest to hers, slipped his arms around her waist. A hand wrapped loosely in the hair at the base of her neck and tilted her head back. He leaned down, teasing her parted lips with his warm breath. Lightning shot down her spine at the faintest brush of his full, damp mouth against hers. She gasped and surged up, pressing their lips fully together. Her body burned. She hadn't been so aroused by a simple kiss in years.

He groaned into her mouth and pressed tighter against her. His free hand left her waist and cupped one of her breasts. She whined, arching her back. His thumb pressed against the bare skin above the hem of her dress, stroking. He broke the kiss to lick down her throat, sending another shiver down her spine. He bit gently at the curve of her shoulder, his breath coming quick and heavy. She wrapped one leg around his, drawing him up against her body. The heavy, hot weight of his cock pressed against her through their clothes, drawing another gasp.

"Oh, fuck," she whispered.

She grasped at his hair and pulled, baring his neck to her so she could return the attention he had given. He panted against her ear as she nipped at his throat, leaving tiny red marks in a line down the length of it. Both of his hands dipped into her top, rough palms rubbing her pert nipples as he massaged her.

"My room is on the third floor," she gasped. "Where's yours?"

"Not tonight," he said, rearing back. His eyes were wild with obvious arousal. "I want to just have this tonight. God, it's so fucking hot to touch you. I want to draw it out. Will you let me?"

She groaned. "It's been six months, honey. I want this."

She reached down and squeezed his firm dick. He shuddered, then grinned.

"I think you like the idea," he said. "Isn't it hot to think I'll go back to my room and jerk off, imagining these gorgeous tits?"

He looked down, drawing her own eyes to her breasts.

"They are nice," she said, trying to keep the humor from her tone.

"And I'm going to imagine you with your fingers buried in your cunt," he whispered. "Your legs spread, your thighs wet with your own come."

"Oh," she moaned. His words burnt a path straight to her pussy.

"Yeah," he murmured. "We both like it."

They stood catching their breath for a moment. Jack rested his head on her shoulder and smoothed his hands down her back, soothing.

"So I'll see you tomorrow?" she asked once she'd calmed down some and pulled her dress back up.

"Meet me for lunch around twelve. How's that?"

"I'd love to," she said, taking his hand. He led them both out onto the main floor again. Other attendees cast knowing, amused glances at them, disheveled and blushing. "Walk me up?"

"Sure," Jack said. He hooked his arm around hers and escorted her, like a gentleman, to the elevators. "I'll only kiss you at the door, you know. No luring me in."

"I wouldn't dream of it," she replied.

The doors opened and for once there was no one else in the elevator. Tara leaned against the handrail, eyes closed, regulating her breathing, as the car started its ascent. Her pulse still throbbed between her legs. Heat and desire tickled her body. Jack was right; she wanted to experience everything she'd been missing and part of that was the thrill and denial of waiting to consummate a sexual interest. She blinked her eyes open again when his warm fingers slid down her arm slowly to her hand. He squeezed her fingers gently between his, almost holding hands but not quite. It brought a smile to her lips.

"You're gorgeous," he said.

"You, too."

He bent and brushed his mouth against hers again. The hot, soft fullness of his lips drew a quiet moan from her. She put both hands to his cheeks, feeling the beginnings of stubble, and licked tenderly at his bottom lip. He sighed, pressed closer and deepened the kiss. The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. They broke apart, breathing heavily again. His dark eyes held an intense heat that was almost hypnotizing.

"Go on," he said huskily. "I'll meet you at the café tomorrow at noon."

"I want you," she whispered back, stroking her thumbs along the line of his cheekbones.

"I want you, too."

His gentle hands turned her away and nudged her out of the elevator. She turned to watch him as the doors closed. He blew her a kiss, holding her stare until the metal slid between them with a soft noise. She let out a long, excited sigh. Every step to her room stoked her physical arousal as her damp panties clung to and rubbed her pussy like a stranger's hand. She barely made it in the door before slipping a hand up her skirt. Leaning against the closed door, she pulled her panties down and slid her fingers into her slick slit. A groan escaped her as she plunged her fingers inside herself. Just like Jack had said, she was fucking herself, thighs damp with her own fluids. She gasped, dropped her head back against the door and slipped her fingers out to stroke her aching clit. Her thumb circled it, sending sharp sparks of pleasure through her body. Climax stole up on her like a thief, sudden blinding pleasure stabbing into her. She cried out. Her legs shook. She slid down the length of the door until she was sitting bare-assed on the floor, her dress around her waist.

She sighed again, pleased but hardly satisfied. Jack had such a way with words, with his hands, with his tongue. She couldn't wait until lunchtime rolled around.

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Chapter Two

Tara sat down at a table in the café and craned her neck to keep an eye on the door. She was fifteen minutes early, but she had reason to hope Jack would show up soon. In the light of day it was almost hard to believe that such a gorgeous guy wanted to spend the weekend with her. They barely knew each other, aside from the fact that they were both single and wanting to explore their desires. It wasn't so much that Trey had ever made her feel ugly or unwanted, but that after so many years, it was hard to acknowledge another man's attention. Her finger still felt naked without the ring on it. But he'd been cheating, so obviously something was wrong that she hadn't seen.

"Hey!" Jack called. She jumped in her seat, startled. He slid into the opposite chair. "Good morning. Has the waitress come by yet?"

"No," she replied, taking a moment to just enjoy the sight of her new—lover?

Thinking the word was strange and heady. She had a lover. His hair was slicked back out of his face, still damp from a shower. The effect brought his cheekbones into sharp relief, giving him a nearly Native American look even though his skin was pale. In the brightly lit café he was even more handsome.

"So," he said, grinning. "What on your list do you want to do today?"

"List?" she said, blank for a moment, before his meaning occurred to her. "Oh"

"I was thinking we fool around in the hot tub, then go up to one of our rooms. I like hot tubs."

Immediately, she thought of London. "Well," she said and licked her lips, suddenly shy.

"Spit it out," he goaded, leaning forward and resting his chin on his hand.

"I've always wanted to have a threesome," she said in a rush. Jack blinked. His jaw might have dropped if he hadn't been propping it up. "With another guy."

"Ooh," he said, sitting back in his chair again with a contemplative look. "Can I think about that one while we eat? I think I want to, but I don't quite know."

"Bi-curious?" she said with a grin of her own. A faint pink tint stole onto his cheeks. "Hit that one on the head, didn't I?"

"Maybe," he conceded.

The waitress came up, looking a bit worn out, and took their drink orders. Jack smoothed a hand through his damp hair to keep it out of his face. Tara found herself fascinated with every one of his little personal gestures. Trey had cut his hair short a year into their marriage, so she hadn't seen him fiddle with it much. Jack was so different in every way.

As if hearing her thoughts, he glanced up at her.

"Is this too personal, or can I ask why you're suddenly single?"

"Well," she said, wishing for a drink to occupy her hands. The waitress didn't appear. "I got divorced about six months ago."

"Oh," Jack said.

"We were together for around eight years altogether, I guess. College sweethearts and all that. It just didn't work out when we grew up. That's why I'm so set on figuring out what I like now that I'm older and wiser."

He reached over the table and took her hand. She looked up at him again, unaware that she'd stared somewhere near the floor for her entire speech.

"I was serious before," he said. "You're really not much older than me. Just because you lived a lot of an adult life when you were young doesn't make you some old harpy."

She smiled at him, still feeling painfully self-aware. "You aren't creeped out that I'm a divorcee?"

"No way," he said. "You don't have kids, do you?"

"Nope."

"Then it barely registers to me that you even married." He grinned again. "You're a hot, young, single lady who I'm very grateful is going to spend the con with me getting down and dirty."

"If you put it like that," she said, his infectious pleasure spreading as if through his touch on her palm. "I think I'll be learning a lot this weekend."

The waitress came back with drinks and took their orders. The break in conversation gave Tara a moment's pause. This seemed very much like dating, which she had intended to avoid for a while. A weekend fling was one thing, but picking up a new man on the rebound was guaranteed to cause her more grief than pleasure. Annie had given her quite a lecture

after Trey moved out about avoiding settling down for a few years, at least.

"What's up?" Jack said, scrutinizing her again. After all, he had no more clue of her reactions than she did his. That was part of the thrill. *Only for the weekend*, she reminded herself.

"Nothing. I was just thinking for a minute. I'll probably go find a friend of mine when we're done eating. He didn't get here until today."

"Is this the one you want to, um..." Jack paused.

"Threesome?"

"Yeah."

"Mm-hm." She nodded her head. The blush was back, though this time Jack grinned big enough to show a little dimple.

"What the hell?" he said. "I'll do it if he will."

"Maybe combine the hot tub and the three-way?" she joked, but Jack's narrowing eyes and suddenly heated gaze brought an image to her mind of the three of them tangled together in the steaming, bubbling water, hands wandering indiscriminately. She blew out a quick breath, almost sighing. "Good idea, then. Let's do it."

The waitress returned with their sandwiches and silence reigned for a long moment while they began to eat. Jack looked up after he'd plowed through half of his sandwich in a few bites.

"So," he said.

"So?" She raised her eyebrows in confusion. "So what?"

"We might as well get to know each other while we chow down. What do you do for a living, that kind of thing. I'm an accountant."

Tara nearly choked on her soda. Jack laughed and it was a rich, rounded sound that brought a flush of warmth to her face.

"I know, I'm just too handsome to be a number geek, right?"

"Well," she said. "Yes."

"I like it," he said with a shrug. "It's fun work and it seems rewarding to me even if nobody else really thinks it is. I make my company work. Without me they wouldn't exist."

"That's true," she said. Again, a tiny pang of discomfort settled in her chest. This was truly starting to tread on date territory; or maybe he just wanted to make friends. Wasn't that normal at a con? She didn't get antsy if Jamie asked about her life. "I work in real estate."

"Cool," he said. "Commercial or residential?"

"Residential."

He smiled at her again. "So you find families their perfect homes?"

"More or less," she replied, taking another sip of her soda. Back home she had their dream house sitting empty and cavernous without Trey's things. Nothing looked right. Nothing felt right. She shook herself. "I'm sorry. I'm so spaced out this morning."

"It's okay. Some caffeine and a good run around the convention will perk you right up."

"I'll go find my friend after this," she said, gesturing with her sandwich. "Can I have your number so I can text you when I find him? We can all meet at the hot tub and go from there."

"You seem pretty sure he's going to agree to this," Jack said.

It had been last year that London had pulled her aside behind the DJ's table. Trey never came to the raves. In the dark, both of them sweaty and out of breath, he'd raked her hair out of her face with a strong hand and pressed his mouth to hers. The kiss had stolen her senses for a long moment. She remembered the forbidden burn of his body pressed against hers for a sweet second before she'd yanked back, disoriented and panting. She'd never told anyone. London hadn't mentioned it again, though he had cast her several inviting looks.

"Oh, I think he will. I really think he will."

Tara turned her attention back to her lunch, though she could feel Jack still looking at her. She liked him. He had an easy temperament, he was amusing, he was sweet. As soon as she thought it her heart started to beat a little faster, and not with excitement. Liking Jack was not okay. Like could lead to something more permanent.

She needed to get some space from him. It was too comfortable to attach to one person and fill her time with him. Independence, as Annie had always stressed to her, was a woman's most important quality. Maybe she hadn't had enough independence with Trey and that was why his

betrayal had hurt so fiercely. She wouldn't make the mistake of letting someone so close again.

"I'll get my half," she said quietly, subdued.

"Okay," Jack said with a shrug. "No problem."

She glanced up at him, a little surprised that he hadn't asked for the check. He was still inspecting her as if he could somehow determine the cause of her change in mood. The scrutiny itched like tiny pinches on her skin.

"Did I say something?" he murmured. His eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"It's not you," she said. "I'm just reminding myself that I shouldn't be picking anyone up on the rebound. It wouldn't be fair to me or you. So, let's just keep this friendly, okay?"

He was silent for a moment. Tara swallowed her last bite of sandwich with a dry mouth. Was that too weird? He probably hadn't been thinking about this in terms of a relationship at all, and now here she'd gone and blurted out a rejection before he'd even asked.

"That's fine," he said slowly. "And I'm not a therapist or anything, but that seems a little vehement for someone who's completely over her ex."

"Don't worry about it. Remember, I'm supposed to be having fun," she said.

"Yeah." Jack stretched, drawing her eyes to the compact but firm muscles of his arms. "Let's not get distracted by all the emotional bullshit, huh? Fun weekend, ahoy."

She couldn't be sure if that was sarcasm or not.

"Here's my number," he said, scribbling it on a napkin. "Let me know when we should meet back up. I'm going to go to a few panels."

He waited, as if wanting her to ask which, but then stood and dropped a ten on the table. Tara reached out and grabbed his hand. His palm was damp and warm. She pulled him close and he let out a small sigh, bending to brush a soft kiss over her lips. She smiled in return.

"Sorry," she murmured. "It's just hard sometimes. I'll try not to be a basket case."

"It's perfectly fine," he replied.

He walked away and out the café doors, disappearing. Tara sighed, propping her head up with her hand. The dull panic that had been building in her chest the longer she sat talking to Jack dissipated. That had been unexpected and awkward. Would he even answer her call later? She pulled out her phone to program in his number and fiddled with the keypad. After a moment of indecision, she scrolled to London's number and dialed it. After a minute of ringing, it went to voicemail.

"Hey," his message drawled. "You're reached London. Not the city. Leave me a message."

"Hi, babe. I haven't seen you in a while. It's Tara, if you didn't know," she paused. "I thought we could get together, have a little fun. You know. Give me a call as soon as you can."

She hung up and took another sip of her watered-down soda, still waiting for her ticket. Day two and already depressed. Wonderful. The moods came and went with

unexpected ferocity sometimes. After another few minutes of bored introspection, she took Jack's ten-dollar bill and walked over to the front desk. The man behind it looked at her expectantly.

"I don't have my ticket because my waitress went AWOL," she said, trying not to sound irritated and failing. "Maybe you could round her up?"

"Sure, sorry." He sighed. "This keeps happening."

He slipped away without another word, then returned with a piece of paper in his hand. He still didn't speak as he totaled it up, and Tara felt pettily justified in not leaving a tip. Her phone buzzed in her pocket just as she walked out into the hotel's main lobby. London's name flashed on the caller ID.

"Hey," she said into the phone.

"Hi!" he replied, sounding as enthused as ever. "I'm setting up my room right now. You want to meet in the lobby in, say, half an hour?"

"Works for me," she said. The sound of his voice brought a smile to her face. "I've missed you."

"I missed you too. I should come visit more often now," he said, and there was that hint of flirting she couldn't have imagined.

"Of course. I'd love to have you around." She sounded perhaps more nervous than sexy, but on the other end of the line he paused, breathing. "I have an interesting proposition for when you come down,"

"Oh," he rumbled, like a great cat purring at her. "I'll hurry up then."

"See you soon," she murmured back.

A pleasant heat tingled in her belly as she tucked the phone away. He was still interested. Even more so, now that she was available. The memory of his kiss gave her a moment's pause, as always, and sent a shiver rocketing down her spine. The desire she felt for Jack just couldn't match the years of tension between her and London.

Tara sat down in one of the lobby chairs to wait, already deep in tantalizing fantasy of what it would be like to finally touch him, taste him, and want him without repercussion.

* * * *

"Oh, you son of a bitch," she grumbled into the phone.

"I know, I know," London said. "But they've already rounded me up to help with security for the next hour because Erin went missing. I promise I'll catch up with you as soon as I'm done. You're not mad at me, are you?" He sounded genuinely upset.

"No, babe," she sighed in response. "Just come see me as soon as you can."

"I'm sorry," he said for the thousandth time.

She snapped her phone closed and jammed it in her pocket. People milled all around her. The convention hall was filled with laughter and bustling activity. The sight didn't fill her with as much joy as it normally did. The sudden prick of tears burned her eyes and she squeezed them closed, slouching further down in her seat. When it became readily apparent that crying was on the horizon, a sensation she recognized from the past six months, she hauled herself up and made a beeline for the nearest restroom.

No one paid attention. She was all alone. She slammed the stall door closed and crumpled back against it. Trey wasn't there. He wouldn't be there. He couldn't take her to a panel, or talk to her about the girl with the weird costume, or even share lunch with her. He couldn't listen to her complain about London's perpetual tardiness.

She covered her mouth with both hands, as if she could hold in her own sobs—quiet, rasping little gasps for breath while she cried. Her skin tingled as if she'd been doused in a wave of pure grief. Other girls came and went outside her stall but no one made a comment. She could take as long as she liked because no one was waiting on her, anyway.

With time, the sobs passed and gave way to a case of the hiccups. Tara scrubbed her cheeks with the heels of her hands. Not for the first time she wondered if the divorce had been the right idea, but what other choice was there? So what if she still loved him, missed him? It would fade. By God, she would make it fade. The good thing about being by herself was that no one would have to know about the breakdowns.

Again, her phone buzzed. She took a quick, shallow breath and then answered.

"Hi?"

"It's me," London said. "Erin showed up. Where are you?"

"I'm in the ladies' room," she said. "I'll be right out."

"Cool."

He hung up and she opened the stall. The room was thankfully empty. She rinsed her face, though there was nothing to be done about the red eyes, and emerged back

into the convention. She saw him before he turned around. Hard to miss that gorgeous golden hair, though he'd cut it again so it touched his chin now instead of his shoulders. His white tank top was a size too small and strained beautifully against his back as he stood with his hands on his hips. The silky, shiny pants that most men couldn't pull off didn't detract from the image.

"Hey," she called. He turned to the sound of her voice like a flower into the sun, a huge grin on his lips. A day's worth of golden stubble lined his jaw.

He didn't waste words but instead rushed over to scoop her up in a bear hug. She would have laughed had it not knocked all the breath out of her. Instead she smiled up at him, dazzled by his brilliance for a moment. He sat her down slowly without breaking eye contact. Again, with intense and careful restraint, he lifted his hands to her face and put one on each cheek.

"You've been crying," he said quietly. "I'm sorry I was late."

"Don't take all the credit," she joked, but her voice was still rough.

She only had a split second to react before he was kissing her, with all of the passion of the last time. She froze, painfully aware of their exposure in the lobby. He pulled back an inch, his expression hot with something she couldn't name. It might have been anger.

"It's just me here this time," he whispered.

"I know."

Tara leaned into him, her hands fitting snugly around his hips.

"Kiss me again," she murmured.

So he did, soft and tender, his lips sliding on hers with obvious intent. She let out a quiet moan as her fingers gripped tighter on his hips. Before she could let herself fully relax into the embrace, he pulled back. Without realizing she'd ever closed them, she opened her eyes.

"So what was this surprise you had for me?" he murmured.

"Well," she said, ducking her head. "Would you like to have a threesome today?"

London snorted with surprised laughter. She glanced up at him, assessing his expression. Amused but not offended, just as she'd expected.

"Boy or girl?" he said.

"Boy," she said. "He wants to meet us in the hot tub and get to know each other."

"But first I want you to myself," London said quietly. One of his hands ran up and down her back. "I've wanted you for a long time, Tara. Just because I was a gentleman doesn't mean it isn't true."

"Shall we go, then?" she replied, anticipation thrumming suddenly through her whole body. He wasn't the only one who had looked without touching for a long time. The thought of putting her mouth on his bare skin brought a rush of saliva, as if she'd smelled something delicious. She swallowed.

"I'd love to."

London took her hand in his and flashed a conspiratorial grin before leading them to the elevators. A wave of warm lust washed over Tara like rain. She pressed herself against his back as they stood waiting. He shivered almost imperceptibly at the way her breasts pushed against him. She rubbed her thumb against the bare strip of flesh at the waist of his pants. London stood still under her attentions, giving no sign of his enjoyment. She leaned up on tiptoe and bit him gently on the back of his neck. Finally, he growled and turned in her arms.

"Keep that up and we'll both be arrested for public indecency," he murmured.

The doors to the elevator dinged behind them.

"Time to go up," she whispered, suddenly dry-mouthed.

He kept his hands to himself on the ride in deference to the other passengers, but it was hard not to feel his gaze sweeping up and down her body like a hot touch. Every fantasy she'd ever harbored for him flashed through her mind at once. What did he look like naked? Was he circumcised? Did he shave his whole body or not?

"This is us," London murmured, snapping her out of her sexual reverie. She glanced up at the numbers. He was on the fourth floor.

"I'm on three," she replied, stepping out.

Her hand brushed his as they walked side by side, not quite ready to grab hold of each other yet. Self control struggled with desire at every brief contact. He kept flicking his gaze over to her and then looking forward again, as if he couldn't stop himself. Tara sighed to let out some of her

building tension. Neither said a word as London stopped in front of a door and fumbled with his key card. Tara picked it up and swiped it. Her palm left a faint smudge of sweat on the handle.

She stepped over the threshold and London's arms wrapped around her a moment before he molded his body to hers. The hot bulge of his dick pressed against her lower back, already hard and eager. He ran one of his hands through her hair and twisted the short strands around his fist, tilting her head forward.

Tara let out a quiet noise of surprise and arousal as he held her motionless in his arms. His breath tickled the back of her neck, spreading shivers down her spine. His free hand kneaded her hip as if he simply needed to hold on to her or she would disappear.

"This is payback for the lobby," he whispered, damp warm lips barely touching her skin.

She shuddered, back arching in pure anticipation of his touch, out of her own control. She trusted London. He would always be there when she needed him. The thought drew a whimper from her a fraction of a second before he pressed his mouth to her neck. A tiny flutter of panic at the warm emotion flooded away when he bit her tenderly. He held her there, nearly panting with desire and anticipation, unable to move. It seemed as though the grip of his teeth on her was her only center.

"London," she sighed. His name rolled off her lips easily.

He loosened his hold and licked the sore bite mark. Another thrill of lust sparkled in her gut: he'd marked her. Put

his claim on her. She had always loved an alpha male. She shifted her legs, writhing back against his firm body. Her panties were damp with arousal. If only he would slide that hand on her hip down into her pants, he would know.

"Please," she said. "Touch me."

His thumb dipped teasingly under the waistband of her pants and slid into the curve where thigh met groin. She pushed up on her toes in a futile effort to get him just another inch over.

"Thought we were going to a hot tub," he said, letting go of her hair. She dropped her head back onto his shoulder.

"I thought you wanted to have me first," she replied, still breathless, entirely focused on the warm presence of his thumb so near to her aching clit. Her desire had reached a fever pitch. "Change your mind?"

He gripped the back of her neck again with his free hand. The bite throbbed pleasantly.

"I did have you," he said. "I've wanted to do that for years."

"Oh, you bastard," she groaned, wrapping her hand around his wrist. "You can't leave me like this."

"I'm not," he murmured against her ear, then flickered his tongue across the lobe. She sighed. "We're going to go downstairs in our bathing suits. We're going to meet your friend and get in the hot tub. And what comes next?"

"We go up to a room," she whispered, her voice wavering. "I want to suck both of your cocks. I want..."

"Yes?" he prompted.

"I want to watch you fuck him," she said in a sighing rush. "I want both of you to have me. I don't know what I really want. I just want to do everything."

"Oh, God, honey," he moaned, grinding his hips in a shallow circle against her back. "I'll do anything you want me to. Everything. Just say the word."

"Then let's get changed."

She couldn't bring herself to break the embrace, and obviously London couldn't either. They stood for a long moment, still breathing heavily. He was the first to step back. She half-collapsed onto his still-made hotel bed and watched him adjust his erection in his pants. The outline of it drew her eye unerringly.

"I'm going to go put on my trunks," he said. "And try to get this to go down so I don't poke anyone's eye out going to the hot tub."

"Okay," she said. "I'll call Jack."

"Hm," he said. "I like that name. Jack."

She had assumed he would go into the bathroom but instead he began stripping in the center of the room. Her cell phone lay forgotten in her palm as she watched him peel off his tank top. Muscles rippled and flexed in his arms and back. She was nearly woozy by the time he unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants. Next came the boxers, and she wished fervently that he would turn around. His round, firm butt was a gorgeous sight, but not what she really wanted. He stepped into his trunks without giving her a glimpse of his dick. She sighed faintly.

London looked over his shoulder and turned a little red.

"You were watching," he said.

"Yup," she replied, giving him a blatant once-over. "You are absolutely divine."

"Call your friend," he repeated. She grinned at him.

A quick dial later and she held the cell phone to her ear. She could still feel her pulse throbbing in her pussy. Maybe skipping the hot tub would be better; get right to the main event.

"Hello?" Jack answered.

"Ready when you are," she said. "This is Tara, by the way."

"Oh, good," he said. "I just got done shopping. I'll meet you at the tub in fifteen."

"Okay," she said. "See you then."

London stood in front of her, one hand on his hip. She leaned forward and nuzzled her face against the crisp dark swim shorts. He made a sound almost like a grunt and his hands came up to hold her shoulders. His half-hard cock pressed against her cheek. She felt it growing again.

"Stop that," he whined. "I still have to walk in public!"

"Best part about being a woman," she said, grinning mischievously up at him. He pouted but it looked ridiculous. "I need to go change. Want to meet me down there?"

"Sure," he said. "It'll give me a chance to calm down a little."

He gave her a hand up and bent to brush his lips over hers. She leaned in for more but he pulled back, smirking.

"Patience," he said. "I'll see you downstairs."

"Oh, fine."

Tara rushed to her room and practically threw her clothes off to get into her swimsuit. The little black number had a bikini bottom with tie-together sides that could be simply unlaced at a moment's notice. She adjusted her breasts in the top and slipped into a pair of flip-flops before racing out to the elevator. Her heart pounded with excitement. This rendezvous felt so amazingly forbidden and sexy. She hardly even noticed the sights and sounds of the convention-goers in the hotel and instead made a beeline for the hot tub.

Of course, neither man had managed to arrive yet. She snorted and kicked off her shoes. At least there were no other people soaking in the tub so early in the afternoon. Come nighttime, it would be packed. She slipped into the bubbling hot water, letting it draw a relaxed sigh from her. Even without her men to please her, the water was heavenly. She leaned back, closed her eyes, and waited.

A small splash and a shifting of water alerted her to another presence but she didn't look. Who would it be? Maybe it wasn't either of her men. Water sloshed over her upper chest as the mysterious person shifted closer and closer, stopping only when their thighs pressed together in a long, hot line. The hair indicated male. She breathed out, waiting.

"Tara," he whispered, low enough that she couldn't discern who was speaking.

"Yes?" she replied, just as quiet.

He didn't respond, but instead a firm hand slid across her leg under the hot, bubbling water. It trailed up slowly, allowing her time to stop the touch if she wished. She didn't. His palm cupped her intimately over her bikini. She sighed

and fluttered her eyes open. Jack looked back at her, his lips parted slightly in invitation. A fraction of movement and she took up the unspoken offer, pressing her mouth to his. The heat left her lightheaded, or perhaps that was the pounding desire rushing through her blood.

"Hi," she heard London say a moment before he slipped into the tub. "I'm London."

"Jack," he murmured in return. She regretted the loss of his lips, but shivered in pleasure as her blond lover wrapped himself around her slightly turned body, pressing against her back and side. "Pleased to meet you."

"I'm giving the plan a green light," London said. "You?"

"Oh, yeah," Jack said.

Tara wriggled a little so she could sit back out of their way. Neither man leaned back at her departure but neither did they close the gap. They both seemed tentative, almost shy. Each had a hand on her thigh now, one on either side. She held her breath in wait. Jack inched forward a fraction as his fingers tightened on her leg. London met him halfway with a brush of noses first, both of them with their lips tantalizingly parted. Tara looked between them, unable to pick where she should look: Jack's half-lidded, gorgeous brown eyes, so expressive in their desire, or London's hungry grin. His confidence had seemingly returned after a moment's departure.

"Please kiss," she said, though it came out as a breathy sigh.

Both tilted their heads toward her and glanced to assess her expression. The dual action was hopelessly endearing.

After a look at her smile, they turned back to each other. London was breathing a little heavily. He could blame it on the steam.

Jack licked London's bottom lip without warning, a slow, careful flicker that made the other man catch his breath. His free hand rose from the water to clasp the back of Jack's neck and pull him in. Tara nearly moaned at the bolt of pure lust that shot through her as they finally kissed. The embrace was ravenous in its intensity; they each gripped her leg tight enough to hurt with one hand and used the other to grasp at arms and backs made slippery with water. London made a hungry, growling noise and pulled Jack's hair, stretching his neck and forcing him to submit to a deeper kiss. Jack didn't seem to mind, if his groan was any indication.

Tara laced her fingers together to keep from slipping a hand into her bikini bottoms. A flash of tongue showed between their mouths and she pressed the heel of one hand to her lower abdomen. The wet, quiet sounds of their continued kiss were more erotic than a thousand moans. Both had closed their eyes, fully immersed in the grappling, sliding embrace.

"Boys," Tara whispered, her voice sounding almost weak with need.

It took them a moment to break apart, a fact she certainly didn't mind. Their lust-fogged expressions were enough to fuel her fantasies for years to come and that was only from a simple kiss. Jack's lips were more plump, more pink, than they had been a moment before. Had London bitten them? He seemed to like using his teeth. She shivered.

"Yes?" London said, his hand still squeezing the taut muscles of Jack's arm.

"Can we go to the room now?" she said. "I don't think I can wait any longer."

"We've only been in the damned hot tub for thirty seconds," Jack groaned.

"We can always come back," Tara replied.

She grabbed his hand from her thighs and pressed it to her cunt. He opened his mouth to say something and no sound came out as she undulated against him, rubbing herself suggestively on his palm. She hissed between her teeth, threw her head back, and reveled in the not-quite-enough pleasure of his touch.

"Oh, you are on fire," London said. "I vote room."

"Me too," Jack said faintly.

"Good," she whispered, arching her body for their view. Jack didn't need any more encouragement to keep rubbing his palm in little circles. She licked her lips. The focus of their desire, all heaped upon her, sent a rush of heady power through her.

They *wanted* her.

She stood first, smirking down at both men. They stared up at her as if worshipping a goddess. She put a hand on each of their heads, stroking hair of differing textures. London's was silkier, but Jack's was so very fine.

"My room is closest," she said. "Follow me."

She didn't wait to see if they would before stepping back into her flip-flops and wrapping her wet body in a towel. The sound of their footsteps on the wet tile told her enough. At

least they couldn't see her grinning like a fool. Two beautiful men on a string, ready for anything she wanted; hell, they were ready for absolutely everything.

"I want to see London on top," she called over her shoulder, unable to resist a glance back.

They made different noises. London, one of surprise and pleasure; Jack's was more intense, full of desire, almost a groan. She grinned again and led them to elevator. She'd guessed right then how they would prefer to be arranged. There was something intoxicating about having control of them. Even if the tables could turn at any moment, for the time she felt as dominant as she would dressed up in leather and boots.

"God, she is wonderful," she heard Jack whisper, *sotto voce*, to London.

"Thank you," she replied.

"Always a pleasure," London retorted.

They crowded onto the elevator with three other people who avoided their damp bodies. Water wasn't good for most costumes. Tara shifted foot to foot waiting on the third floor. Her breasts felt heavy with need, her pussy was slick and wet in a way that had nothing to do with a dip in the hot tub. If she couldn't get them into the room and naked in another minute, she might lose her mind.

The doors opened on her floor and she grabbed each of their hands to lead them. Neither man protested. She bent at the door and fished out the key card she'd tucked casually under the sill. No one was likely to find it if they weren't looking. The tension ratcheted higher as they stepped into the

anteroom. She turned to look at them, heart pounding with sudden nervousness as much as lust.

"Come on," London said, reaching out. She took his hand, then snagged Jack's again, and let London lead them into her bedroom. "Let's get you out of those wet clothes."

"You, too," she said.

Jack fiddled with the string of her bikini bottoms, looking at her with heavy-lidded eyes. He didn't look down but instead kept her gaze as he pulled the bow loose. London slipped the other side's knot. The bottoms fell to the floor. She flicked her eyes to him and found him looking hungrily at the trimmed patch of hair between her thighs. Jack undid her top and she pulled it over her head, relishing the freedom. She palmed her own breasts, needing touch, and both men sighed.

"You want to see me touch myself?" she guessed.

"How about you do that while we put on a show for you?" Jack suggested, tugging on London's shorts as if in query.

"Sure," the blond man said. "Take them off."

Tara sat on the edge of the bed as they faced each other, that intensity building between them instantly. It wasn't quite a dominance game, but it wasn't innocent either. At roughly the same time, they grasped each other's shorts and pulled. Jack was half-hard, his cock still nestled against his thigh. London's curved up toward his belly, fully erect. She giggled as they bumped shoulders and couldn't get the shorts down further than each other's upper thighs.

"One of you has to go first," she said.

London went to his knees with a wicked grin, yanking Jack's swim shorts down to his ankles. Tara watched with parted lips as Jack's cock began to thicken further at the very sight of London kneeling in front of him. The other man watched as she did, thumbs stroking Jack's hips. She saw that he had clenched his hands into fists under their scrutiny, but he kept hardening until his dick bobbed in front of London's face.

"Let me know if the stubble burns," he murmured.

"Oh, my God," Jack whispered a second before London leaned forward and swallowed nearly to the root of his cock. Then he only whined, bouncing up on the balls of his feet and shoving himself deeper. London choked and slid back, only to dive forward again.

"You have no idea," Tara managed to say. "How absolutely fucking hot that is."

London pulled back with a slurp that drew another mewl from Jack.

"You said fuck," he said. "I haven't heard that much."

"I think he wants you to keep sucking his dick," she replied.

"I really like this dirty talking thing." London grinned and stood. "Lie back against the pillows and give us some room."

"Okay," she said, scooting out of the way.

London crawled up on the bed and put a hand on each of her ankles, spreading her legs slowly until she was completely bare to his gaze. Jack joined them, brushing his hand over her knee in passing.

"Let us watch you while we fuck," he whispered, his cheeks red. London glanced at him though he couldn't see, lust flashing in his blue eyes.

"Lube," he asked, nearly growling. "Where?"

"Drawer," she replied, resting her hands on her stomach in delicious torture. Her clit throbbed with the need for attention but she ignored it. It wouldn't do to come too soon and she was afraid a single touch would send her off.

London leaned over and opened the drawer, then her toy case. She saw his smirk before he turned his head toward her and raised an eyebrow.

"What?" she said. "I came prepared."

"Oh, I see that," he purred.

Jack ran his hand down London's back tentatively and she watched him tense and shiver with the sensation of it. He collapsed back onto his space on the king-sized bed with a bottle of lubricant in his hand. Tara squeezed her own breasts again with a sigh, watching the men watch each other.

"I want you on your hands and knees," London said, still purring a little.

Before Jack could respond he reached out and grasped a good handful of that thick black hair. He gasped, hands lashing out to grab onto London's thighs. His eyes closed slightly as the other man drew his head back so they could stare into each other's eyes.

"I could tell from the first minute I saw you," London said, his voice tight with lust and authority, "that you would enjoy this. You're going to do just what I tell you, aren't you, pretty boy?"

Tara realized she was holding her breath and let it out in a harsh sigh. Neither man looked over. Jack let his eyes close and relaxed his frantic grip on London's legs. He didn't have to say, "Okay." It was obvious in his suddenly eased posture. London didn't let go of his hair. Instead he used it as a guide, pulling tenderly until Jack's mouth met with his hard cock. Tara shifted to watch his pink lips part and wrap around the thick, smooth flesh. One of them whimpered. London rolled his shoulders, shuddered in pleasure, then lifted Jack off of him.

"All fours," he said. There was no need to snap or command. The simple words held enough of his dominance.

Jack obeyed immediately, bending so he was on his elbows with his face only a scant bit away from Tara's pussy. She fought the urge to slide down the pillows and press it to his already-damp mouth. She wanted to watch this first time. They were fulfilling desires she'd only ever imagined.

London held out his hand to her and she hesitated for a moment before realizing his need and snagging a condom from the box in the drawer. He dropped it on the mattress next to his knee, next to the bottle of lube. Jack rolled his eyes up to watch Tara's face and she couldn't look away from him. Could she have made him submit to her like this?

His eyes fluttered shut when London smoothed both hands up his back in a subtle massage. He kneaded the tight muscles of the younger man's shoulders then moved down again, squeezing and stroking, until he reached his ass.

Tara expected him to go for the lubricant, but instead he repeated his previous touches. He palmed the round, perfect

cheeks and caressed them. He pushed and squeezed and pinched until Jack was swaying back into his hands, panting.

Only then did he flip open the cap of the bottle. He drizzled a nice little pool of lube onto the small of Jack's back.

"Don't move," he said, smearing his fingers in the slick.

Tara wished for a better vantage point but saw only his thumb stroking the crease of Jack's buttocks. Then his body jerked, shivered, began to push back toward London. She watched, her whole body trembling with fire and lust as London worked his hand back and forth. Her gaze flicked to Jack's ecstatic face. His eyes were closed, his bottom lip caught between his teeth. His cheeks were bright red.

She couldn't resist anymore. She shimmied down.

"Please lick me," she said, trying to imitate London's quiet authority.

"Do it," he said.

Jack moaned, inching forward to bury his face against her damp pussy. She gasped as he plunged his tongue inside her with no preamble. The sudden delicious intrusion made her back bow and drew a small cry from her. She missed London putting on the condom and lining himself up, but her eyes opened when Jack froze his hungry ministrations.

London smirked at her, his mouth open just slightly. He licked his lips and plunged his hips forward. Jack let out a half-scream against her skin, forcing another shudder to ripple down her spine.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" London asked, stroking his back again.

"Oh, God, no," Jack gasped. "Fuck me. Come on. Don't stop."

"Ditto," Tara said breathlessly, tugging his fine hair between her fingers.

She could hardly keep her eyes open to watch London's gorgeous body working. His stomach muscles contracted and tensed with each thrust. He began to bite his lip. He squeezed Jack's ass cheeks, spreading them so he could watch himself slide in and out. Tara couldn't see, but the image of Jack spread around London's cock, so dirty and pornographic, flashed behind her eyes. She groaned. The combined pleasure of Jack's tongue lapping at her and the real-life sex show had built her arousal so high that her climax hovered just out of reach, tantalizing but unattainable. She just needed something more, one last thing to tip the wave over the edge.

"Make her come," London barked out, his hips jerking harder. "And I'll let you fuck my mouth after I'm finished."

"Oh," Jack moaned. He struggled to free one of his hands and Tara dropped her head back onto the pillows a second before he pushed two fingers deep inside her and crooked them hard.

She cried out, writhing onto his hand and tongue. She came as he rubbed her G-spot again. He was panting hard against her cunt as London's pace increased. She opened her eyes again, not wanting to miss a moment. London threw his head back and slammed his hips so hard against Jack's ass, they made a slapping noise. He didn't pull out again, just leaned over the other man's back and gasped for air.

"Please," Jack begged.

London met Tara's eyes, his chest heaving with his gasps, and he pulled out of the younger man and shoved his hip to roll him onto his back. As if ravenous for it, he swallowed down Jack's dick again, burying his nose against Jack's belly. Jack's hands flailed and she grabbed them. He held onto her hard.

"Gonna come," he cried out, unable to control his voice.

London pulled back and stroked him through his orgasm, painting his toned chest and stomach with white streaks. He whimpered throughout, body straining until finally he collapsed back onto the bed.

"Wow," Tara said quietly.

"What was it you said earlier?" Jack mumbled.

"Ditto," London replied, stripping off the condom and throwing it in the wastebasket. "She said ditto."

"I need a nap," he groaned.

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Chapter Three

Tara waved goodbye to Lucy and Jamie as they left the hotel café. Jamie's wife was a treat. Her sense of humor was wicked and irreverent. Tara wished she knew the woman well enough to share what she had done that afternoon and what she had planned for the evening. The words hovered on her tongue. Jamie cast one last glance at her, obviously curious, before turning to follow his wife.

"I had a threesome," she said under her breath, just to hear it out loud. "With two gorgeous men. And I'm going to do it again before the weekend is over."

No one paid her any mind. She smiled to herself, giddy with the knowledge of her own exploits. There was so much they still hadn't done together. She hadn't even had either of them inside her. The image of London working his hips against her as furiously as he had Jack made her gut clench in anticipation. His hair would hang down around his face, sticking to his golden stubble and damp lips. He licked them when he was thinking or nervous or horny. Jack seemed to do the same thing. Maybe it was a common male habit?

Her cell phone buzzed in her pocket a second before it began to ring.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hey, babe," London replied. "Are you going to help us set up for the dance?"

"I can if you want me to," she replied, strolling down the crowded hall.

"Can you be in the main programming room in an hour?"

"Sure," she said.

"I won't be able to do anything tonight," London said, a tinge of regret coloring his voice. "I've got the second set and then I fill in the last set. You'll be asleep and I'll be dead tired by the time I'm done."

"Well," she said. "You know I haven't actually gone all the way with either of you."

"I like how you say that." She could almost imagine his grin. "It's so innocent compared to a few hours ago."

"Pervert," she joked.

"In seriousness, I think you should spend the evening with him. You know I'm always around when you call me. Jack's new." He paused. "And hotter than a wildfire."

She laughed.

"I don't want this weekend to end," London said suddenly.

"I'm having a great time, too," Tara said, a bit quieter. "So I should call Jack?"

"Dance with him. Take him upstairs for a wild night." London chuckled. "I want to have you both tomorrow. Together, separate, I don't care. I can't get enough of your body."

"You've barely touched it yet," she said.

"I plan on changing that. But now I've got to go. Don't forget to show up to help. Invite Jack if you want."

"Okay," she said. "Goodbye."

The line went dead. She closed her phone and peeked at the time. Eight o'clock. She'd have to go change into her dance outfit first or else she'd miss the first DJ set running

back to her room to change. That was usually Jamie's, so she didn't want to take the chance.

Once she reached her room she tossed the cell phone on the bed and stripped down. The costume for the rave-dance was more practical than some of the things she'd seen Thursday night. Baggy girl's shorts with pockets for her phone and a ripped-up tank top with "BIOHAZARD" scrawled in it in glow-in-the-dark ink. She snapped a pair of decorative goggles, also emblazoned with the biohazard symbol, onto her head and tied her short hair back into a sloppy ponytail. It would never stay in no matter how hard she tried, so there was no real reason to put a lot of effort into it.

She checked the time and flopped down on the edge of the bed. The sheets smelled of sweat, sex and men. The urge to roll around on them was immature but overpowering. No one would know anyway. Tara giggled and lay down, burying her face in the sheets and inhaling deeply. One of the men wore the same spice-scented deodorant as Trey. The smell doused her prior enthusiasm like a bucket of cold water. That was what she'd always sniffed on her own sheets at home, on his body when she bit his shoulder during sex. The little ball of pain in her chest had lessened in its intensity over the past few months, but had not dissipated entirely.

Tara rolled onto her back and held up her phone. She could call him. He would be overjoyed to hear from her. Would he know somehow from the sound of her voice what she had done? The thought gave her a vicious thrill. Maybe she would tell him. He deserved to feel the same way she had.

She closed her eyes and pressed the cold plastic to her cheek until the anger passed. This weekend was for her. Not Trey, not to get back at Trey. It never had been, and she wouldn't make it into something cruel. The phone buzzed, startling her. She dropped it and scrambled to answer as it rang.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hi, it's Jack," he said. "What are your plans for the evening, my lovely lady?"

"I was actually about to call you," she said. "I'm going to go help London set up for the dance in a minute. You can come with or just meet me when the doors open."

"Let me get changed and I'll meet you in the lobby." He paused. "Any plans for afterwards?"

"We could go back up to the room. London will be tied up all night. Just us," she said.

"Mm," Jack murmured, sounding pleased. "I'll get to wow you with my sexual prowess, huh? Sounds like a great plan."

"Oh, hush," she said. "I'll see you in a minute."

He hung up. A glance in the mirror revealed that she was blushing, just a little. Jack made her feel like she hadn't lived entire years of her life. He brought her back to a more innocent time, before things like the mere whiff of a man's deodorant could bring back painful memories. Was that safe? What if that carefree feeling led to something deeper? Tara sighed. The unease she felt at the very thought was enough of a hint that she wasn't ready to pursue anything serious.

She didn't have to, though. This could just be a fling. She shook herself and took another look in the mirror to make

sure her outfit was well put together, then headed for the door. She even looked younger in this kind of getup. Anywhere else it would be too ridiculous for words, but here she could really be who she wanted to be, even for a little while. Tonight, she was a raver.

Most of the mingling con-goers in the elevator weren't dressed for the dance yet. That would change within the hour. When the doors dinged open, she made a beeline across the lobby to Jack. He had his back to her. His fishnet top left little to the imagination and so did the skin-tight leather pants she'd seen him in the first day. She sneaked up behind him and grabbed his ass in both hands. His yelp and shocked bounce made the effort worthwhile. She burst into a laugh, which he joined as soon as he turned and found who had groped him.

"Couldn't resist," she said, still grinning. "It was just right there, ready for a good fondle."

"I think that was more of a squeeze than a fondle," he said.

She smiled a little wider. His tousled hair lay haphazardly all around his face, framing his dark eyes and high cheekbones. She ran her eyes down his nearly-bare chest and her jaw dropped. Two silver barbells, one through each nipple, adorned his chest.

"When..." she began.

"I just didn't have them in before," he said. "Do you like it?"

"I want to touch them," she said, then cast a glance around the crowded lobby. "But I can't, I guess. Let's go meet up with London."

"You can do whatever you want later," he murmured, taking her hand in his.

She toyed with the idea of those chilled barbells on her tongue as she licked him. They made his nipples stand up, almost as perky as a woman's. London would love them, she was sure. He had always enjoyed adornments.

"I have rings, too," he said. "If you want something you can tug."

"Oh," she said, a whole world of imaginative possibilities opening up. "Like the kind you can string a chain through?"

"Mm-hm," he said. "I don't have one of those, though."

They swung their hands as they walked across the lobby to the convention center entrance. She sighed, content. He squeezed her hand in response, drawing a smile and a quick glance. Becoming part of a couple wasn't something she wanted to do, but when she was with Jack, that was hard to remember.

Security was posted outside the main programming doors. The man and woman lounged in fold-out chairs, chatting amicably with each other. A magazine was open on the woman's leg.

"Hi," Tara said. "We're here to help London get set up. Is he here yet?"

"That boy?" the woman said. "Of course he isn't. He should have been in thirty minutes ago."

"He told me to be here in an hour about twenty minutes ago!" Tara exclaimed.

"Like I said, he's never on time. He'll show up."

"Hi!" called a man from behind them. She turned to see London strolling up, waving.

"You're late," she said.

"I can't tarnish my diva reputation," he said as if affronted.

"Let's get started then," she said.

It was about then that London glanced at Jack's chest and did a minor double take. His lips spread into a slow, sexual grin. He flicked his gaze up to Jack's face. No words passed between them, but it was obvious what each was thinking. The heat seemed to climb several degrees just from their stare.

The security woman opened the big doors, interrupting the moment. London, hefting a backpack in one hand, walked in ahead of them. Tara and Jack followed. This time London was wearing almost all white: tank top, pants, shoes. Only his black jewelry set off the outfit.

"It's for the blacklights," he said before Tara could comment.

"Ah," Jack said.

On the stage several other DJs were plugging in equipment, including Jamie. London reached back to snag her free hand and led them up to the others. Jamie glanced up, then stared, his eyebrows climbing up his forehead. Tara grinned, almost embarrassed at his shock. Had he really not guessed she would consummate her lust with London?

"Well," Jamie said. "Now I know why you both looked like the cat who caught the canary all day today. How long?"

"About ten hours now," London said conversationally. "Butt out, buddy."

"Whatever," Jamie said, rolling his eyes. "I don't know which one of you to warn not to hurt the other. You're each moderately responsible sort-of adults, I guess."

"Oh, fuck you," Tara said, smirking at him. "I'm a year older than you."

"Speaking of which, you still haven't guessed my age," Jack whispered in her ear.

She shivered at the hot burst of air. Again, she couldn't help but look at his piercings. What she wouldn't give to go straight back upstairs and get her lips around them. There would be time for that later, though.

"We open the doors in an hour," London said. "What's left for me to do?"

"You've got second set," Jamie said. "Just prep your music and be on standby. We've got the tables set up."

"What about the lights?" Tara said, gesturing to the boxes full of strobes and other fun toys.

"We have a little team of hotel people to do that. They know where all the plugs and stuff are. I guess you guys can sort of sit around." He shrugged.

"You heard the man," London said. "Let's get dinner."

"London!" Jamie said, exasperated. "Music, get it ready!"

London grinned at him, but it was a more arrogant, adult expression. "I've got it all together, don't you worry. You think I wouldn't prepare for a good set?"

Jamie looked a little abashed.

"Thought so," he said. "Now, we're going to catch a snack. I'll be here to run backup for you, I promise."

"Why exactly did you tell us to come down, then?" Tara said, rolling her eyes. "We could have met in the café."

London waited until they'd crossed most of the floor, still holding hands as a trio.

"Because I wanted Jamie to see," he said quietly. "I wanted him to know I made my move and what happened. Guys don't gossip like girls do, honey, but he's our friend. Thought he might want to know."

"That's shockingly smart," she said.

He pouted but said nothing in return.

Walking hand in hand with both men, one on either side, made Tara feel a bit like a queen. The other attendees didn't pay them much mind as they crossed the lobby back into the hotel and found their way to the café. She sighed. Out in the real world it wouldn't be like that at all. That was why she had to limit this to just the convention.

"By the way," she said. "I just ate here like two hours ago with Jamie and Lucy."

"Well, have dessert," Jack replied.

"Or a soda," London piped in.

She looked at each of them, studying their similar smiles. London's quirked up more on the left side of his mouth, but the way Jack's messy hair framed his face made him seem more boyish. How had she managed to hook two of the most gorgeous men in the hotel?

"What's wrong?" London said, his eyebrows drawing together in concern.

She chuckled. "I'm just inspecting you both. Thinking about how lucky I am to not have to choose between you for the weekend."

"I'm open minded," Jack said.

"I like sex," London agreed. "And both of you are beautiful."

"Thanks," Tara said.

London squeezed her hand at almost the same time Jack did. She nearly laughed again. They were so alike in so many little ways. It was no wonder they'd hit it off so well. The waitress at the café seated them before they could continue the conversation. Tara chose the chair on one side of the table. The men sat together on the other side, as if neither wanted to stake more of a claim than the other on her attention. She knew London was just being cautious so as not to arouse any hurt feelings, but Jack was still a mystery to her.

"What do you guys really think about this?" she said. "Are you really just humoring me to get good sex or is there more going on in those brains of yours?"

"Well, you already know I'd do just about anything for you. I like you, I care about you, I've known you forever." London shrugged. "And I'm open minded. I don't see why we couldn't have a working relationship with three people in it."

"I wasn't really talking relationship," she said uncomfortably. Both men looked at each other for a split

second, then back to her. She frowned. "What was that about?"

"What was what about?" Jack said.

"Why are *you* doing this?" she countered.

"Because you're the most fascinating, interesting woman I've ever met," he said, leaning forward over the table. She found herself inching back. "I want to get to know you better. I want to make you happy."

"Ah," she said, glad when the waitress brought them their drinks and she could stare down at her straw. "What about you two, together?"

"It just happened," London said with another shrug. "I liked it, I like Jack. I'd do it again."

"Me too," the other man said.

Tara shook her head and sipped her drink. They hadn't really answered her question the way she'd wanted. Was it just the opportunity for sex, or something more? Why had they looked to each other at the mention of a relationship? She knew they'd left her room together after a quick shower so she could shop and hang out with Jamie, but what had they talked about?

"Damn, honey," London said, jolting her free of her thoughts. "You're making a face like somebody kicked you in the leg. What's wrong, for real?"

"Nothing," she said. "It's nothing. I'm just confused."

"We both like you," Jack said. He tried to catch her gaze but she avoided looking into his eyes. "You're fun. You're hot. You're single."

"And you're hurting," London added quietly. "I hate that. I want you to be happy again."

"Just because I don't know you well," Jack said, "doesn't mean I don't feel that way, too."

Tara stared at them both. That was an effort entirely too concerted. They'd planned that little speech. But did she mind? There was nothing necessarily wrong with them trying to make her feel better.

"I don't want another relationship," she reiterated.

"We know," Jack said.

Thankfully for Tara, the waitress returned for their orders. She chose a slice of pie with ice cream while the men got sandwiches and soup. By the time the conversation resumed, no one was willing to breach the sensitive topics again, but she still felt uneasy, almost panicked. A new relationship would mean saying goodbye to Trey for good. It would mean burning that bridge permanently. The question was whether or not she actually wanted to be rid of him. Even without the lingering feelings in her heart, there was still the terror of opening herself up to that kind of pain again.

Dinner passed quickly and pleasantly. Jack and London's stream of banter kept her mind off of the more serious questions that were swirling around. Also, it was hard to focus on anything when constantly faced with Jack's enticing body jewelry.

"All right," London said, pushing his empty plate across the table. "I'm going to go get set up. I'll see you two kids during my set, I hope?"

"Of course," Tara said.

"Then again in the morning. I expect to have a very fun Saturday tomorrow. Shopping, the pool, and a lot more sex," he said.

"I agree," Jack said, grinning.

"It's settled, then," Tara said. She leaned over the table to catch a quick kiss from London. His stubble rasped on her cheek as he pulled back and gave Jack a peck as well. "See you in the morning."

London flipped them a wave and went to the register to settle his bill.

She and Jack looked at each other, suddenly more awkward.

"So," he said. "How long have you known each other?"

"About six years," she said.

"Wow, and you've never hooked up before now?"

"Like I said before, I was married." She shrugged. "I'm glad I have the chance now, though. I like being with you both."

"I like it too," Jack said.

Maybe too much, she thought.

"Come on," she said, standing and snagging their bill. "The dance should be opening up in a bit. I've got some glow sticks in my pocket."

"Party time," he said.

His grin stole her breath away for only a moment. His front teeth had a tiny gap she hadn't noticed before. The plainness of it made him somehow even more handsome. She took his offered hand and let him walk her up to the register to pay for their meal. With him she felt younger; with London she felt

sexier. The two together were a simply devastating combination.

"You know," he said as they exited the café, "you haven't told me where you're from."

"Neither have you," she said, squeezing his hand.

"Do you and London live in the same city?" he asked. She liked the way the other man's name rolled off his lips—a bit tentative, as though the sound of it made Jack think of the way he'd been fucked only hours before.

"No," she said. "He's about an hour away. Less if you drive fast."

Tara looked around the crowded convention lobby in time to see Lucy waving at her. The woman had changed out of her fairly demure dinner outfit into a vinyl catsuit. Tara felt her jaw drop. Lucy's breasts were nearly bursting out of the half-unzipped top. She even had the gloves. A quick glance at Jack revealed much the same reaction. They made their way through the milling crowd.

"Hey," Lucy said. "Jamie wanted me to bring you guys in early so you don't have to wait in line. How's that?"

"You look amazing," Tara said.

"It's really just amazing what a simple change can do," Lucy said with a sidelong glance at Jack. "You can turn into a whole new, happy woman with just a few decisions."

"Ah," she said. Jamie's wife obviously wasn't talking about clothes. "I guess."

"I wouldn't waste a good chance, if you know what I mean." Lucy eyed her, then grinned. "Now, come on. Time to

party. I'm actually going to be his stage girl. That's why I'm so dressed up. Got to fit the part and all."

"I thought London was running his backup?" Tara said as they walked, brushing through the crowd.

"Oh, he is." She grinned. "But I'm dancing front and center during his set."

"Oh!" Tara said, thrilled by the very idea. Up on the stage, in front of the crowd, dancing her heart out? "That sounds great."

"Ask London," she said. "I'm sure he'd want you to."

"No, I really shouldn't."

"Honey," Lucy said, putting a gloved hand on her arm. Tara looked over at her and found the other woman surprisingly serious. "You can do whatever you want. There's nobody holding you back now. Don't let a memory keep you chained."

"Right," she said quietly.

She sighed under her breath with relief when they reached the doors and security slipped them through. With the lights off and all the strobes and blacklights set up, the programming room had been completely made over. She took a deep breath and let it out, excitement starting to build in her body. She had waited all year to dance like this.

Jack squeezed her hand and she leaned against the hot line of his body, staring off into the dark room. London hadn't seen them come in. His white outfit glowed resplendently as he fitted his headphones on and let Jamie direct him around the tables, setting up for the first set.

"He's an interesting one," Jack said.

"He certainly is."

They smiled at each other. Maybe something good would come out of this weekend. Jack and London could hook up even if she went home alone. A quick bolt of loss, or perhaps fear, shot through her, but she couldn't tell what it was from. The thought of a relationship, or of losing these men?

Before going up to the table, she poured herself a cup of water from the as-yet untouched coolers. The refreshments tended to run out quickly once people started dancing. When she looked up from her cup, she saw London striding toward them. Jack started walking to meet him in the middle and Tara hurried to catch up.

London grinned as they all came to a stop together. "Ready to party?" he said, cracking his knuckles. A boyish enthusiasm had overtaken him, bubbling up in his smile.

"Always," Tara said.

"I'll be off to work, then," he replied.

He turned but then immediately spun back and grabbed her around the waist. Halfway through her surprised squeal, his mouth slanted down on hers, catching the noise and the subsequent moan. He pulled back suddenly to look into her eyes. She gasped for a breath, lips tingling with pleasure that spread down her body. He squeezed her ass, then reached out for Jack, who grabbed him by his hair and yanked him into a dominant kiss. Tara watched, plainly enraptured, as London tilted his head to deepen their kiss and Jack's hand went slack in his hair.

London pulled back just as quickly and winked.

"Work to do," he rumbled, then darted back up to the DJ's stage.

Jamie was watching them with eyebrows almost touching his hairline. Tara shrugged in his direction and took Jack's hand again. He tugged her close until they were pressed tightly together, waiting for the music to breathe life into the pulsing lights and empty room. She disentangled her hand to dig out her glow sticks and passed two to Jack, who cracked and shook them. The neon glow lit up his face. She did the same.

A throb of bass suddenly pounded from the sound system. Behind them, security opened the doors and dancers poured in. Tara looked up to see London blow her a kiss before bending to his work as Jamie began his announcement over the sound system.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he boomed. "Dance your fucking asses off!"

The song followed on the heels of his yell and the crowd's answering cheer. Tara laughed and stepped back from Jack, bouncing on her feet as she adjusted to the quick, throbbing beat. He smiled at her, lifting one shoulder in a sort of shrug. She leaned in.

"I don't really dance," he yelled over the music.

"You do now!"

Tara grabbed his hands and put them on her hips. He squeezed gently, letting her take the lead. She raised her hands above her head and began to move against him. Each trembling melody made her body writhe, every pounding bass beat pushed her up against him. She danced in the tight circle

of his arms, eyes closed, until he grabbed her around the waist and kissed her. She moaned into his mouth and he swept his tongue against hers in a wet, slick caress. She pulled back to see him panting, eyes wide with lust in the dark.

"You like that?" she murmured.

"Yes, God yes," Jack replied, pushing his hips against her. She felt the hard line of his dick through his leather pants.

"Dance for me."

"Let me step back, then," she said.

He let her go and she flew back into the music, weaving patterns in the dark with her glow sticks and throwing herself into every moment of gyrating, pulse-pounding dance. After three or four songs, she stopped to catch her breath and saw that Jack had begun to dance as if he were imitating her moves. His lips were parted and his eyes were closed as he tried to ride the beat and let it guide his motions. His hips swayed deliciously and the metal barbells on his chest reflected the strobe lights.

If she hadn't promised London she wouldn't miss his set, it would have been enough to make her skip the rest of the dance just to have Jack nude in her bed, pumping his hips into her instead of into thin air. Her pulse raced and she felt dampness between her legs. Jack stumbled when she reached out for his arm and blinked wide eyes at her.

"Dance with me again," she yelled to him.

This time she turned to give him her back. He put his hands low on her hips and ground himself in a tight circle against her. She sighed, her head falling back on his

shoulder. Dancing was so close to sex. The rise and fall of movement, the building climaxes and releases, and of course the way Jack was undulating against her backside. He bent his head and licked a hot line up her throat, drawing a sigh from her. Then he bit the juncture of neck and shoulder. Tara jolted in his arms and cried out. One of her hands flew up to grab his head and hold him to her as he sucked his mark onto her skin, sending bolts of pain and pleasure down her spine. It was as if he'd found a spot on her throat connected to directly to her pussy. Each suck and nibble made her clit throb. Desire washed over her and left her aching, needing—empty.

"And now," London's voice rolled from the speakers.
"Introducing me, DJ London."

She laughed. He was the only one of them without an eccentric title because his name was strange enough. Jack smiled against her skin. She shivered.

"This one is for a pair of friends out there," their lover purred. Tara looked up and met his eyes. His hot stare was focused only on them, not anyone else in the whole crowd. How long had he been watching? "Go and get nasty if you want to."

The pace and pitch of the music changed into something slick and dark with a slower rhythm. Tara slipped and twisted in Jack's arms, feeling his fishnet shirt dig into her bare skin as she turned to face him. She slipped her leg between his thighs and rubbed up against him to the sensual beat of the song. The weight of his cock on her thigh drew another shiver.

"I think that was permission to go somewhere more private," Jack whispered into her ear. His hot breath tickled and his tongue followed it a moment later in a slow swipe. "I want to taste you again. I bet you're soaking wet."

"Mmm," Tara moaned in response. "You bet right."

Jack's hands found their way to her ass and palmed it heavily. She arched into his touch, loving the way his pinkie fingers pressed to the crease of her butt and thigh. It was so intimate, so personal and sexual. The song began to build in fever and speed. Jack's fingers slid further and touched between her legs, feeling her heat through the shorts.

"I think you're actually damp," he said. "Or you're just that fucking hot."

"Don't care," Tara said, grinding down against his hand. "Room. Now."

"Sure," he said.

She waved to London, who saluted them in return and mouthed a kiss. She wasn't sure who it was to; maybe both of them. The crowd let them through as they brushed against sweat-slick bodies, parting until they emerged into the quieter, brightly lit hallway. Tara blinked to adjust her eyes and saw Jack doing the same. Her ears rang after the intense sound that the big wooden doors dampened to a bearable level.

"Whoa," Jack said.

"Yeah, the difference is sort of alarming," she said. "Whole other world in there."

"Definitely."

The pair shared a small grin and linked hands again for the walk back to the elevator on the hotel-half of the convention center. Tara felt his body next to her like a wall of heat that beckoned her touch, but she resisted the urge. The room was only a few minutes away. The sexual longing Jack inspired in her wouldn't fade so quickly. She was starting to wonder if it would fade at all. After the first time, she only wanted more.

Jack sighed under his breath when they stopped to wait for the elevator and shifted his weight onto one foot. She glanced down and fought a wicked smile at the sight of his hard cock outlined in tight leather.

"That can't be comfortable," she murmured.

"Trust me, it isn't. I should have worn better pants."

"I think it was a fine choice." She looked up at him, let him see the pure desire in her eyes and her smile. "I'm sorry you're uncomfortable, though."

"Oh, don't be," he said. "I'll be getting out of these soon enough."

The doors dinged open as if in response. They stepped on, for once by themselves in the car. Tara made a low, pleased noise and put her hand over the hot length of his dick. Jack's eyelids fluttered for a brief second and he sucked in a breath, pushing forward into her touch. The leather slid like a caress against her palm, sending tingles of pleasure up her arm. She hardly noticed the car had stopped until it dinged again on their floor. Jack put his hands on her shoulders and guided her out into the hall. She fished her room key out of her pocket and opened her door. Jack brushed past her and into the bedroom. She took a moment to flip the extra bolt on the

door, so as not to be disturbed, before making her way to him.

Her breath caught as she rounded the doorway. Jack had his back to her and was working the tight leather pants down his legs. His round, firm butt peeked from underneath his fishnet shirt. He looked like some kind of escort, stripping down for his lady's use. Tara shivered and licked her lips.

When the impromptu striptease was finished, he kicked the pants into the corner and turned to face her. He reached for the shirt, his intense gaze locked on her face.

"No," she murmured, striding into the room. She guided his hands to her hips instead and pressed herself to his chest. "I like the shirt."

"Don't you want to play with the piercings?" he said, voice already low and rough with desire.

"I can do that through the mesh," she said.

To demonstrate, she bent her head and licked across his left nipple. The bar was warm from his skin but the slick sensation of metal under her tongue was still strange and shocking. He made a quiet noise and she took the bar between her teeth gently, pressing lightly on his tender nipple.

"Ah," he moaned and wound his hand into her hair. A tug guided her to the other side of his chest. She licked him there, too, and nibbled again.

"How does that feel?" she whispered against his skin.

"Hard to explain," he said roughly. "It hurts a little, in a good way. Like this would, I guess."

He found her nipple through her bra and pinched. She gasped, twisting a little, though she wasn't sure if she wanted him to stop or not. The sting held an element of pleasure that sparked through her breast. She pushed against his hand and he widened his grip to massage her. She lifted her head to kiss him, arms winding around his neck. Jack opened his mouth against hers and she submitted instantly to his tongue sliding against her own with a moan.

He turned them so her back was to the bed and pushed down on her shoulders. Tara broke from the kiss with a tiny gasp, eyes drawn instantly to his dick bobbing in front of her face. Her mouth watered. Before he could climb up on the bed with her, she grabbed his hips. He seemed to swallow a groan, his body shuddering.

"I want to suck you," she whispered.

"Fuck. Do it," he said.

Tara wrapped her hand around him, giving a slow, sliding stroke as she looked into his eyes. He appeared fevered with lust; his cheeks were flushed and his mouth was slightly open. His tongue darted across his dry lips and she mirrored the gesture to see him shiver again. The hot silk of his cock felt amazing on her palm. She could only imagine it against her tongue and lips. Jack put his hands on her shoulders again, almost tentatively, and closed his eyes as if he couldn't bear to watch and wait any longer. She took a breath, let it out, and slid her mouth down the first few inches of him. The sensation of his flesh in her mouth made her moan, which drew a similar sound from Jack. One of his hands shifted to

the back of her head. He didn't push, but she felt the tension in his arms as he fought the urge.

In reward, she slipped further down. His cock head bumped the back of her throat, but she swallowed. She hoped it was like riding a bike and then tilted her head up to let him slide further. She managed a little bit more, until her lips touched her fist around the base of him, but then her throat constricted. She coughed, pulling back and resting her head against his hip.

"Sorry," she whispered. "Harder than I remember."

"Honey," Jack rasped, and his tone made her look up. He smiled at her. "I would rather be in your cunt than your throat."

"Oh," she gasped.

Trey had never called it that. He'd always said pussy. The hardness of the word cunt, its utter sexuality and harsh sound, seemed to flick across her nerves like a whip. She was surprised she liked it, but she only had a moment to think about it before Jack pulled her shirt over her head, dislodging her goggles. They fell on the bed, out of sight and out of mind. She lay back without prompting so Jack could yank down her shorts and panties. He bared her easily and made a hungry sound when she was nude. Tara stared up at the ceiling, trying to catch her breath. The first wet lap of his tongue on her damp pussy brought a cry as she struggled to sit up and see him.

Jack put a hand on her chest and pushed her back down. She gasped at that, too, though her liking force didn't surprise her. He spread her outer lips with one hand and

licked her swollen clit, delicately at first until she began to grind against his mouth.

"Fuck me," she said, grabbing a handful of his shaggy hair. When he didn't lift away, she pulled him. Jack groaned, letting her tug him up onto the bed and over her body. "Condoms in the drawer."

He fumbled for one and she caught her breath while he rolled it on. His dick in his fist looked so large to her from her angle lying on the bed. Even though she'd had it in her mouth already, the thought of him plunging inside her made her pussy flex with intimidated desire. Sometimes that happened when she looked at a man nude.

"Ready?" Jack said. "I haven't used my fingers on you."

"I like it when it burns a little," she admitted. "Makes me feel like you're really having me. I feel every inch."

He blinked down at her and licked his lips again. "That's hot."

She wasn't sure how to respond, but he didn't give her a chance. He lifted one of her thighs around his hip, then the other, spreading her wide. His thumb found her clit again and began to make slow, teasing circles that only stoked her lust instead of sating it. Tara pushed toward him, feeling the brush of his dick against her slit.

"Please," she begged.

"I love hearing you say that," Jack responded.

He stopped stroking her a moment to guide himself. His dick pushed against her, fighting the initial resistance until he slid suddenly inside in one hard thrust. She cried out, clutching at his arms as he flexed his hips and pushed even

deeper. He grunted, an animal, masculine noise, and bent to bury his face against her neck. His body enveloped her. If he had been any taller, it wouldn't have worked so well. She bit his throat and dragged her nails down his back. He writhed against her, gasping for breath. Finally he pulled out and shoved back in. She couldn't hold in her cries as he fucked her, his hips pumping quick and hard. Pleasure shafted through her body. She couldn't move, pinned under him, held completely still by his body.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Little more, come on."

Jack reared up and she slipped her hand between them, touching his dick where it pounded in and out of her. He groaned and shook his hair out of his eyes. She heard it in the sound of his breathing, felt it in the line of his body, that he was about to come. Her fingers stroked her clit, building the pleasure in her body to a breaking point. Jack cried out suddenly, thrusting so hard against her, she squealed with the near-pain of it. The intensity of the sensation threw her over the edge into her own orgasm. She gasped and her breath seemed to freeze in her lungs as she writhed, her whole body seeming to contract with the waves of pleasure crashing through her.

He didn't quite collapse on top of her, but he caught himself on his elbows with his face only inches away. She leaned up and he kissed her, slowly and passionately. Aftershocks tightened her around him and he moaned almost pitifully.

"I'm done, too," she murmured, wondering if he had noticed her climax through his own.

"Good for you?" he asked, though his grin told her he knew it had been.

"Yes," she said honestly.

Jack pulled out slowly and stripped off the condom. He sprawled out on the bed next to her, his eyelids already drooping. Tara pulled the covers up, her pussy still throbbing, and cuddled into the crook of his arm. She yawned once and closed her eyes.

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Chapter Four

Tara woke up groggy and sweating. The temperature under the covers was stifling. She moved to throw them off and her knee connected with a muscled thigh. The man attached to the messy mop of dark hair groaned and scooted away from her in his sleep. She held her breath and sat up slowly, staring down at Jack. One of his hands was loosely curled into the pillowcase and his mouth was hanging open. It was cute, but her heart had begun pounding and a rush of something like fear tingled all over her body from head to toe. She eased out of bed carefully, as if a sleeping tiger lay next to her. Jack didn't stir. Standing nude near the bed, her pulse fluttered like a terrified bird's. When she looked at Jack's body under the sheets, she couldn't help but imagine Trey.

She was used to sleeping alone, but obviously the temptation had been too much. Hastily she threw on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, toed on her flip-flops and sped out of the room without even brushing her hair. She pulled out her phone and dialed London.

"Hello," he said.

"Oh, thank God you're not asleep. Can we have breakfast?"

"It's noon," London said. "But the sentiment is the same. I'll meet you in the café in five."

He hung up and she tucked the phone away again. A tentative pat revealed that her hair wasn't sticking up too terribly, so she smoothed her hands over it until it flattened

out. Fucking Jack was one thing. He was gorgeous, gifted and fun. But sleeping through the night in his arms and waking up next to him? *No*. Tara shook herself. She wasn't ready for that. That kind of closeness meant the possibility of pain for everyone involved.

The clenching sensation in her chest had lessened some by the time she strolled into the café and took a seat. The waiter brought a carafe of coffee before she could ask for one, and left it on the table. She poured herself a mug and took a sip of the bitter, hot drink, wondering how exhausted she must look.

"Hey," London said from behind her chair.

Tara moved to turn and look at him, but both of his hands descended on her shoulders and squeezed. She groaned and put down her coffee before she dropped it. He kneaded her taut muscles carefully, not too hard or soft, working out kinks she didn't know she had. After a long moment, he patted her and slipped into his own chair.

"So, something's wrong?" he said. "You sounded freaked out."

She looked into her mug and found only her own face staring back at her. "I fell asleep with Jack. I woke up with him this morning." Saying the words brought back a sudden surge of panic. "London, I can't do that. I can't do this again."

He reached over the table and grasped one of her hands. She didn't look up at him, instead focusing on his broad hand. He had a paper cut on his index finger.

"Tara," he said, drawing her gaze up unwillingly. His own expression was tender. "It hurts. I know that. Do you really think it's ever going to stop hurting?"

"That's not exactly comforting," she tried to joke, but it came out flat.

"I'm serious. You are never, ever going to think about Trey and have it feel like nothing. I know that and I'm okay with it." He squeezed her hand. "But I'm not going to let you swear off love just because you're afraid of getting hurt again."

"What if I said I still loved him?" she said. She took a swig of coffee that burned her tongue.

"I know you do," London said in a near-whisper. "But do you?"

"I can't do this," Tara said again. She tried to pull her hand away but he held fast, staring her down with an intensity she hadn't expected.

"Yes, you can," London said. "If you don't get back on the horse now, you might never do it. Do you want your whole life to be ruled by a fear of being abandoned? How is being alone better than that?"

"London," she said desperately, blinking back a rush of tears. "Stop it."

"Hush," he murmured. "Calm down. I'm telling you that you can go back upstairs and wake Jack up with a nice big kiss. You can even see him after the convention is over. Why not?"

"What about you?" she countered, a bubble of anger rising in her chest through the other tangled emotions. "Why are *you* fucking me, then?"

London stood suddenly and leaned over the table. She stared into his eyes, holding her breath. Was he angry? His eyes seemed to glitter with emotion. Her heart beat furiously.

"Because I think I've been in love with you since you were twenty," he enunciated slowly. "And I want you. I'll be here for you if you want me to be. It's all up to you, Tara. Pick which path you want to take."

She sat gaping as he spun on his heel and stormed out of the café. The other patrons were startingly silent. She dropped a five-dollar bill on the table and fled back to the hotel lobby. London wasn't anywhere in the crowd. She sank down onto one of the benches and just sat still for a moment, hands dangling between her knees and her head down.

He'd said the L word, then he'd left. He was angry. Rightly so, she supposed, considering that he was trying to be the better man and offer her whatever choice she wanted without putting any pressure on her. Of course, if he really wasn't influencing the situation, he wouldn't have made his confession. She groaned. Her room was still off-limits until she could be sure Jack was gone. Facing him just wasn't something she was ready to do.

"Tara?"

She looked up to see Jack standing uncertainly a foot away from her. A love bite on his neck stood out in the daylight like a red bruise. His white T-shirt clung to his chest, and she

found herself checking to see if he had his jewelry in again. She thought she could see the faint line of rings.

"You were gone," he said, sounding younger than she remembered. He still hadn't come close to her. "Are you okay?"

"I really don't know, Jack," she sighed. "I need to brush my teeth."

"Is it me?" he said. "I can go."

People had started to watch them again. What was it with attracting a crowd of onlookers with her personal problems? This wasn't a soap opera. She stood up and offered him her hand. He took it without another word and followed her to the elevators. They rode up in an only slightly strained silence. The hotel room still smelled of sex and sweat.

Tara flopped down on the couch in the anteroom. Jack hovered.

"Oh, sit down," she said. "I'm not mad at you or anything."

"I'm just a little confused," he said. "You seem really uncomfortable."

"I still love my husband," she said. "Ex-husband. Whatever. Are you okay with that?"

Jack stared at her. She stared back.

"Are you planning on getting back together?" he asked, piecing his words together with obvious care.

"No," she snapped and ran a hand through her hair. "Has London already been talking to you about this?"

"He may have said a word or two," Jack confessed. "I don't care if you're still a little scared of getting involved with

someone. I've actually been there, though not as seriously as you."

"Oh?"

He shrugged. "I asked a girlfriend to marry me. After three years of dating, I thought it was the right time. It would have been, maybe, if she hadn't been pregnant by another guy already."

"Sordid," Tara said.

Jack walked around the little coffee table to sit beside her. He turned his head to give her the faintest glance as she sprawled out and closed her eyes. What was she doing?

"How old are you, really?" she said.

"Twenty-four," Jack answered.

"That's not too bad."

"Not robbing the cradle, don't worry," he joked. She found herself smiling.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," she said.

"Because he's right, you know. You're too wonderful to become an old crazy cat lady. I don't expect you to pick me, but I can't deny I'd be happy. I'm not a wild party kind of guy, though this weekend may have made you think otherwise."

"So you want to settle down," she said.

He paused to think that over and Tara appreciated the genuineness.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess I do."

"Want to go see some panels together?" she asked, peeking at him.

"I'd love to."

"Let me get ready, then."

Tara left Jack sitting on the couch and locked herself in the bathroom. She leaned her back against the door and heaved a deep sigh that seemed to come all the way from her toes. The knot of fear, desire, and pain in her gut hadn't loosened, but maybe it was like the kinks in her shoulders. Enough attention and care would work it out. Maybe, if she was lucky. Her own reflection in the mirror seemed plain and boring, if not a bit frumpy. She peered at herself. Faint wrinkles around her mouth when she smiled complemented matching crow's feet around her eyes that popped up with any laugh or grin. The short haircut that had once seemed stylish now looked almost motherly. She palmed her breasts, at least grateful they hadn't begun to sag.

And this was what London and Jack were competing over. She snorted a laugh, unable to contain it. Obviously they were both insane. How was she ever supposed to choose?

"By the way," Jack called through the door. She jumped and bit her tongue by accident. "London is taking us to a party tonight. Do you drink?"

"Honey," she called back. "Really. I met up with you in a bar."

"True," he said, and he actually was laughing this time.

Tara smiled and found the crow's feet were perhaps not as unattractive as she'd imagined.

* * * *

The cell phone buzzing in her pocket jolted Tara out of her reverie. Jack glanced curiously at her. He had his chin

propped on his hand, leaning forward to listen to the panel speakers. She wouldn't have pegged him for a graphic novel fan, but he'd insisted on attending the talk given by one of his favorite writers. She pulled out the phone and her stomach did one of its unpleasant flips. The caller ID proclaimed "Trey" in big letters.

"I have to take this," she whispered to Jack and slipped out of the room.

The phone buzzed one last time to tell her she had a missed call by the time she shut the door behind her. Her heart had begun to race, and she felt as if her gut had plummeted. At the same time a strange eagerness propelled her fingers over the "call back" key. She thought that maybe getting some therapy when she returned home would be a good idea, because it was obvious she hadn't recovered much.

"Hello?" he said, and the sound of his voice took her breath, though only in part with longing. "Hi, are you there?"

"Yeah," she sighed. She found herself standing with one hand on her hip, her back straight, as if she was about to dive into a fight. "What's wrong?"

"Does there have to be something wrong for me to call you?" he said.

She closed her eyes. "Yes, Trey."

"I just wanted to see how your convention was going," he said, and she couldn't have imagined the bitterness in his tone. "Having fun, I guess."

It wasn't a question.

"Yes, I am. London's been keeping up with me so I'm not alone."

"Of course he has," Trey said.

"Like you have a right to be jealous," she snapped. Her nails dug into her hip where she was clenching her hand. "Go ahead and think about it. I want you to think about how great of a time I'm having without you."

"Fine," he growled back. "I called to tell you I missed you."

"You always miss me, you miserable bastard," she said, easing down a little. "It doesn't mean anything that you miss me now, or yesterday, or tomorrow."

"It doesn't have to be over," Trey said. "We can work this out. You know I stopped seeing her. I don't know why I did it, but it wouldn't ever happen again. I love you."

Tara covered her eyes with her free hand as if she could hold back the fresh wetness that stung them. He sat silent on the other end of the line.

"Why now?" she said. Her voice stayed steady. "I thought you'd given up on trying to convince me. What is so special about this weekend?"

"You tell me," he said, and it was the hurt in his tone that made the first tear spill over.

"I hate you," she whispered. "I hate you so much."

"No, you don't. You love me. I love you. Isn't that enough?"

She could see him. He was probably standing in the kitchen of his shabby new apartment without his shirt or shoes on. He never wore them in the house. He would bite the edge of his lip because he was nervous and

uncomfortable. His eyebrows would be drawn together with pain. Maybe he had a hand on his hip, just like she did.

"No," she said. "And I do hate you, Trey. Just because I can't stop loving you doesn't change that. Was there anything you actually needed?"

"You slept with him," Trey whispered.

"And you slept with Miranda," she replied. "Several times. I'm single, you weren't. I'm not sure what part of the situation you're not grasping here."

"I'm your husband," he said.

"Are you crying?"

"No," he half-yelled.

"Trey," she said quietly. "I'm getting off the phone now."

"Fine," he said. "You do that. Have a good weekend."

His line disconnected. She kept the phone pressed to her ear until the dial tone began to beep. She was afraid she'd throw it if she moved her arm at all. The worst part was that she couldn't stop crying. She scrubbed her hands against her face and it did nothing to stem the flow. How could he still hurt her like this? It didn't help to remind herself that it was his own fault. That was Trey, and he had been crying over her. The man she'd loved and lived with for so much of her life. The man she'd wanted to be with forever, and couldn't.

"Fuck," she whispered.

"Tara?" Jack said, easing out of the door to the panel. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she said.

His eyebrows drew together in an expression of deep concern but he didn't mention the tears. She laughed and

wiped at them more furiously. Her own weakness disgusted her.

"I should feel good that he knows I slept with another man," she said. "I should feel vicious and good that it hurts him like he hurt me."

"No," Jack murmured and put a careful hand on her back. When she didn't flinch, he pulled her into the warm circle of his arms. She buried her face against his shirt and breathed deep, smelling that same spicy deodorant. A harsh sob escaped her. "You're a good person," he said. "That's not your style."

"I'm not a good person. I'm a loser," she snapped.

Jack only squeezed her tighter.

"How about we call London and get dinner?" he said after her shaking had subsided.

"Okay."

When he let her go and stepped back, the world seemed to tilt before righting itself, as if without his support she would simply crumble into her own pain and pity. The thought alone grounded her. She didn't need a man, even if she wanted one. His comfort was a bonus and not a necessity. He seemed to understand and let her steady herself, wipe her face and sniffle for a moment.

"I'll call him," he said. "Let's go up to your room so you can clean up a little."

"Right," she said. "I probably look like I rubbed my face on a cat."

"Huh?"

"I'm allergic," she clarified. "My eyes puff up and turn red. It's hideous."

"I wouldn't say you're hideous right now," he teased. "Only a little swollen."

She grinned, though it was a bit shaky. He took a quick breath and reached up to touch her cheek. His fingertips brushed and left a trail of warmth in their wake. Tara stepped in close to him and looked up, studying his face. He bent slowly toward her, giving her a chance to back up, but she didn't. His lips touched hers, slightly dry, but oh, so hot. She sighed against his mouth and tilted her head to give him better access.

This wasn't about Trey. When she was with Jack or London, everything was easier. Maybe instead of therapy, she just needed to relearn how to love someone without the bitter tang of betrayal. Jack kneaded the back of her neck with his hand, the other pressing the small of her back. All of her tension drained away in his embrace.

"I want to try this," she whispered against his mouth. "Okay?"

"All because of a phone call?" he murmured back.

"Yes," she said.

"Two days to go, counting today." He opened his eyes to search hers. "I don't expect you to make some kind of decision before the end of the convention, you know."

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Blue Ash," he said. "About three hours from here."

Tara's jaw dropped a little.

"No way," he said. "You don't..."

"I do," she said. "I live about fifteen minutes out of the city in the suburbs."

"Well, I'll be damned." Jack shook his head, grinning. "It's fate, I'm telling you."

"Call London," she reminded him, disentangling herself. "I'm hungry and my face feels stiff. I need to freshen up."

Speaking of London, she wondered, *how would he feel that she and Jack lived in the same town?* Selfishly, or perhaps not, she didn't want him to give up his pursuit. Even if he would let her go, she didn't really want him to. Of course, she didn't want to give up Jack, either. What a mess.

"Stop thinking so hard," Jack said, nudging her with his elbow as they walked to the elevators for what felt like the thousandth time. "There's no time limit on dating. You don't have to make any big choices."

"That's good," she said. "Because I honestly don't know which to make."

Jack stifled a chuckle, but she saw his grin. She frowned.

"Do you know something I don't?"

"Nothing at all," he said, sounding entirely too innocent. "Just worry about dinner. Café again?"

"No thanks," she said. "There's a buffet down the road. If London agrees, we could go there. Is that okay?"

"Fine by me," he said, pulling out his cell as they stepped onto her floor. "I'll wait on the couch and call him while you wash up."

Her reflection in the bathroom mirror could have looked worse. She splashed water on her face and wiped it off with a soft towel. The swelling and redness around her eyes was

already going down. Her phone buzzed again. She picked it up and saw "Trey" one more time. He was probably calling to apologize. She hesitated, about to flip it open, then let it ring. The blinking caller ID seemed to be crying out to her. Her heart ached and protested as she let the call fail. Her voice mail blinked a moment later and she tucked it away. Jack hadn't seen. No one would know. She was starting to think that moving on would be easier if she stopped taking his calls, his messages, his begging. Maybe it was marital habit, or maybe it was deeply-rooted masochism, but not answering him when he might be in need was the most painful part of the day. She took a deep breath, sighed, and emerged to enjoy the rest of her night.

Jack and London were sitting side by side on her couch. Their thighs were touching. She raised an eyebrow, but they were too busy chatting to notice. For the first time that day, a little pulse of heat rolled in her belly at the memory of Jack's cries as London fucked him from behind.

"Ahem," she said, striking a pose with a hand on her hip. "Aren't you boys taking me to dinner?"

"Anything you want," London said, running his eyes up and down her body as if she were the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

"I'm wearing the same old T-shirt I was this morning," she said with a roll of her eyes.

"Doesn't make you any less hot," London said. Jack nodded in agreement.

"Oh, come on," she said. "I really am hungry."

"As my lady commands," Jack said, offering London a hand up.

Each took one of her arms to lead her out of the room like an over-escorted princess. She laughed but didn't struggle. London smiled at her, and so did Jack. That was enough to bring a spark of happiness back to her heart and wipe away the lingering tension. Her illustrious escorts had to let her go to get on the elevator, but they reclaimed her arms as soon as they could to walk across the road to the parking garage.

"I'm on the first floor," London said.

"Beats me," Jack replied.

"Me too," Tara said. "But you got here a day later! How'd you beat us?"

"Staff, remember?" He grinned. "Perks, baby. Parking is just one of many."

"Nice," Jack said.

The trio piled into London's compact sedan. Tara climbed in the back seat without prompting and Jack hovered for a moment between doors. He chose the front. She looked at them both in the rearview mirror, still fascinated by their physical differences. They were totally different, yet both were beautiful. London's stubble had started to become a beard over the weekend.

"Are you going to shave?" she said.

"Not unless you hate beards," he said. "I usually grow one for about a month, then shave it off when it gets scraggly. I can't be bothered to actually trim it or anything."

"Somehow that doesn't surprise me," she said, smiling. London was in some ways infinitely responsible, but in others,

a complete slacker. He integrated the two halves well, but it was still an interesting dichotomy.

The restaurant was only a block away and the drive passed in comfortable silence, the radio humming a background of rock music. Tara's stomach growled as they pulled into the parking lot and Jack chuckled.

"What?" she said.

"Sounds like you could eat a horse," he said.

"Or maybe one of us," London said slyly, winking at her in the rearview mirror as he put the car in park. "But we can do that after dinner, pre-party."

"Mm," Tara said. The vision of having both of their cocks in her hands, sucking them one at a time, back and forth, made her mouth water in anticipation.

"You're thinking something good," Jack said.

"Oh, yeah," she replied, enjoying the tingle between her legs. It was so easy for London's raunchy mouth to turn her on. Had it always been, and she had just ignored it? "You'll find out later."

"Can't wait, babe," London said.

The trio didn't join hands as they walked into the restaurant. Tara stuffed hers in her pockets to avoid the temptation. Maybe if either man had made a move to advertise their involvement she would have accepted, but they seemed just as interested in not attracting attention. The cashier's eyes darted from one to the other, her brow furrowing slightly as she tried to piece them out. Who was the friend; who was the lover? Tara smiled to herself. The girl looked more puzzled.

"Three for the buffet," London said, handing over his card before either of his dates could intercede.

"Hey," Tara said.

"No arguments," he chided. "You can pay for me tomorrow if you want."

"I do love free food," Jack said playfully. The girl at the counter turned red, then redder, as she figured out the dynamics, or what she thought they were. "Don't forget three sodas."

"Of course," London said, smiling with his debonair charm at their cashier.

"Thanks for your business," she murmured, unable to look him in the eye.

Was she aroused? Tara wondered. Was she thinking about the three of them entwined, Jack and London's lips locked wet and slick in a kiss? She wanted to groan just thinking about it. No wonder the girl was flustered.

"Maybe we should have gotten in bed first," London whispered into her ear. "You're all hot and bothered."

"It's hard not to be when I keep remembering what it looked like when you fucked him," she whispered back. Jack smirked, showing that he'd heard.

"I haven't had *you* yet, you know," London said, squeezing her bottom as they found a booth. "I want that."

"Me too," she replied, sliding into one side. London sat next to her with Jack facing them. Neither seemed perturbed to be trading the dominant position in her attention. "You two are up to something."

"Maybe," London said, running his hand up and down her thigh. "Or maybe you're just paranoid. Whatever would we be up to?"

"I don't know," she said, eyeing Jack. He simply smiled, but it was far from innocent. "I bet you I'll be finding out soon enough, though."

"Maybe," London said again. "Now, let's eat. Talk conspiracy theories later. I have a particular one about Kennedy."

Tara rolled her eyes and followed the men to the buffet. Their food choices were interesting. Jack had a salad, which London skipped to go straight for the rolls and soup. Jack preferred the roast beef to the chicken; London had baked chicken breasts. It was a strange thing to be fascinated by, but she was. How little she really knew about either of the men in her bed was alarming and exciting at the same time.

London caught her eye and smiled, a gesture she couldn't help but return. She might not know his favorite food, but she *knew* him. Six years of contact made that possible. Jack was the wild card. But she wanted to learn everything she could about both of them. Visit them for weekends, maybe. She could sleep in Jack's bed, or London's, or both. It was a freedom she suddenly longed for with almost painful intensity.

After all, decisions were only worth making when they were fully informed.

She was the last to return to their booth and carried two heaping plates of food. London pointed with his fork, an eyebrow raised.

"I don't like having to go up more than once," she said.

"I thought you were just really alarmingly hungry," Jack said, grinning.

"No, only lazy," London joked.

The conversation ebbed as they dug in, but after the first plate, it picked back up.

"So, what do you do?" Jack asked London as he twirled his fork in his mashed potatoes to stir in the gravy.

"I'm a musician, of course," London said. Tara snorted, unable to contain herself. "Okay, fine. I'm a lawyer."

"What?" Jack said incredulously.

"Yeah, yeah," London said. "Laugh it up. I really am. Ironically, I do mostly divorce and small claims."

"And no, I didn't have him do my divorce," she said, thinking for only a split second of Trey's voice mail before she shoved it firmly out of mind. He would just be begging again.

"Like I told Tara," Jack said, "I'm an accountant."

"So, basically if we all hooked up, we'd be rolling in money," London said.

"More or less," the other man agreed.

"At least we're all self-sufficient," she said.

"Dessert time," London said, nudging her so she would let him out of the booth. "Want me to get you guys anything?"

"Chocolate ice cream in a bowl with chocolate sprinkles, Oreo crumbles and whipped cream," Jack said.

"Cookies for me. One of each except macadamia nut," she said.

London shook his head. "You two are real odd cases."

When he walked away, they looked at each other with matching smiles. London was infectiously fun to be around. He made her feel natural and free while at the same time Jack brought back her youth and joy. It was a great combination. Would they all stay friends after she chose her man?

"Eat quick," London said as he returned, juggling their desserts. "I'm getting distracted by thoughts of sex again."

"Wonderful," Tara said, and meant it wholeheartedly.

* * * *

"Fuck, come on," she said to herself as she dug in her pockets for the card key. Jack massaging her butt wasn't helping with her struggle, either. London pressed himself to her side, his hard dick pushing against her hip. She almost whimpered. Finally she found the plastic card in one of the cargo pockets of her pants and jammed it in the door. The green light brought a sigh of relief from one of the men.

"Next time, we don't fool around in the elevator," Jack groaned against her throat as they went inside. "I feel like I'm going to burst into flames if I keep my clothes on one more second."

Tara pulled away from them both and stripped her shirt over her head. Both men stared at her breasts as she also yanked open and off her bra. She reached up and squeezed her own breasts for relief. The sensation brought a sigh from her mouth and a shiver rolled down her spine.

"I want to do that," Jack whispered, stripping out of his pants so fast he nearly tripped himself. They fell abandoned

on the floor as London threw his clothes all over the anteroom also.

"Bed," Tara said, stalking into the bedroom like she was wearing two-inch heels. The promise of sex made her feel in charge and dominant, like it always did. She turned to face them as they followed her inside and thumbed open her pants. "Jack, I want you and London to face each other, standing."

Neither even had to agree before they were standing a hair's breadth apart. London tilted his hips forward enough to brush his dick against Jack's. Both were almost completely hard. Tara stepped out of her pants and knelt on the floor between them. She looked up, grinning like a vixen at the comprehending, lustful stares of both lovers.

"Suck our cocks," London said.

"Please," Jack added.

She wrapped a hand around each, testing the difference in girth and length with her fingers. The slide of velvety skin on her palms and fingers was almost as erotic as if they had been rubbing those hard-ons against her breasts or pussy. Tara leaned to Jack first since she had him in her less-coordinated left hand. He hissed as her mouth opened around the head of his cock. She licked him hard, then drove her mouth down to meet her hand around the base of his cock. He bounced up on his toes in a tiny thrust. She slurped back and switched to London, who stretched her jaw farther. His dick pushed against her palate. She groaned. Kneeling on the floor, naked, between two naked men, was the most arousing

thing she'd ever done. They were both completely under her influence, her power, her seduction.

"Please," Jack murmured again and she switched back.

"Greedy," London sighed without any jealousy. Tara stroked him as she sucked the other man, saliva slicking her chin and hands.

"Let us fuck you," London said, stroking her hair. "Don't you want to have a dick in that sweet pussy of yours?"

"Yes," she moaned against Jack's skin. He shuddered.

"Come on, get on the bed," London urged. She let them give her a hand up and guide her back onto the mattress, her hips and legs dangling off the edge of the bed. Both men rolled on condoms in record time and London stepped between her thighs. "You ready?"

"Fuck me," she said, gazing up at him.

His eyelids almost fluttered with desire. The sight sent a bolt of similar lust down her spine. The weight and heat of his erection pressed against her wet slit. She lifted her hips and tried to guide him in but he simply slid against her, stimulating the swollen bud of her clitoris. She whimpered and angled her hips a different way so his little thrusts rubbed her just right.

Without warning, he plunged inside. Tara's eyes flew open and she cried out, clutching at his arms. London threw his hair out of his face with a toss of his head, smiling wickedly. She panted, grinding down against him.

"Oh God, yes," she babbled, the sudden spearing pleasure driving everything else from her mind. "Please, London, please!"

He didn't disappoint. He rolled his hips up as if in a dance maneuver, shoving his dick against her G-spot. Pleasure burned from her gut to her fingertips, forcing tight little cries and gasps from her throat as he repeated the move again and again.

She heard Jack panting and watched him stroke himself, his eyes locked on the joining of their bodies. She, too, looked down to watch the thick cock sliding in and out of her body. It seemed so huge in comparison to her that she was nearly dizzy by the sight. Lust rolled over her like a crushing wave.

"I'm going to come," she whispered, suddenly aware of her orgasm pressing down on her.

"Do it," London urged. "I want to feel your cunt rippling around me. I want to watch you writhe, hear you scream."

"London!" she cried out, throwing her head back. Just as he predicted, her whole body tensed under him as pleasure shafted through her. It was blinding, like a kaleidoscope of lights behind her eyelids. As soon as the last pulse passed she felt him shove deeper, deep enough to draw a tiny shout from her. Intimately, she felt him twitch and pulse as he came. His eyes were closed, his spine bowed. She sighed at the beauty of it.

He blinked unsteadily down at her, then kissed her on the mouth. When he pulled out and collapsed onto the bed, Jack stepped forward. He grabbed her ankles and pulled them over his shoulders, manhandling her into the position he wanted. She gasped, another flare of arousal sparking in her gut.

"Can you go again?" he asked, breathing heavily.

"Yes," she sighed, slipping a hand down between their bodies. He watched, entranced, as she began to stroke her clit. "Hurry."

"Yes, ma'am," he whispered, eyes still locked on her busy hand even as he thrust inside. She tightened her muscles hard around him just to hear him shout with surprise and pleasure. He began to pump his hips fast, hard, and deep. Each thrust seemed to hit the very end of her body and spark a tiny bit of pain that only spurred her on.

"Yes, yes," she gasped, rubbing harder circles on her aching clitoris.

"Almost," Jack groaned, his muscles rippling as he fought to control himself.

Her second orgasm was just as intense, but rolled like a forest fire from head to toe, heat washing in its wake. She gasped, out of breath for yelling. Jack jerked her hips onto his thrusts with such a tight grip she imagined she'd have bruises. He came only a brief moment later, but she couldn't quite feel him. Her nerves were overworked and oversensitive, so much that when he slipped out, she whined. He lay down next to her also. London laid a hand on her thigh and she turned to look at him.

"Nap before the party?" he murmured.

"Please," Tara murmured.

By the time she went to the bathroom to clean up and came back, London and Jack were fast asleep. Jack was spooned against the other man. She suspected it was just because he was smaller, and not some kind of new dominance game. She crawled onto the bed and he roused

enough to pull her back against his chest. The bed was just big enough. She sighed again, pleased, and nuzzled into the pillow. Sleep came quickly.

When a warm, large hand rubbing her bare stomach roused Tara from her dreams, the room was dark. She made a small noise, half a moan, as that hand traveled up the valley of her breasts and back down again to the edge of her trimmed curls. It was sexual and nonsexual at the same time. Even looking at the hand, she wasn't sure who it belonged to.

"Hey," London whispered, answering her unspoken question.

"Hey," she whispered back, covering his wandering hand with hers. He squeezed her fingers.

"Are you feeling okay this time?" he said.

"Actually, yeah," Tara said, shimmying onto her back.

London propped himself up on his elbow to smile at her over Jack's slumbering body. London was even more beautiful in shadow. His hair seemed more gold, his eyes more blue, like beacons in the half-dark. As she watched, he stroked his hand down the length of Jack's arm. The other man didn't so much as sigh, so he did it again. Slowly, methodically, he rubbed Jack's arm. Eventually, Jack's eyes fluttered open. Tara smiled at the momentary confusion as he stared up at her.

"Good evening," she murmured.

"Hmph," Jack groaned.

"You can't still be tired," London said. "We have a party to get to in like, thirty minutes."

"I thought you said it was starting at ten."

"Don't you want to shower first?"

"That's true," she said. "I haven't had a chance to today."

"Go hop in and we'll take one after you."

"Not all together?" she said hopefully. Visions of wet, nude men danced in her mind's eye.

"Not enough room, babe," London said. "Though I like the way you think."

"There is a big whirlpool tub," she said, wiggling her eyebrows.

"Later," Jack said, sitting up between them. He rubbed his face. "I'm so groggy."

"Have a soda," she said. "There's a twelve-pack under the edge of the bed."

"You're always prepared," London quipped.

She slid off the bed and grinned over her shoulder. Both men watched her intently as she walked into the bathroom. She felt their eyes like a touch on her back and ass. It was a relief to shut the door, though, and even lock it for good measure. All of these new experiences were opening up her whole world. She'd fucked two men in a row and gone to sleep cuddling them. They wanted her to pick one of them.

Though, an insidious little voice in her seemed to be whispering that she might not have to. After all, didn't Jack and London touch each other, too?

Tara shook her head and stepped into the standing shower in the corner of the bathroom. The first pounding spray of hot water brought a huge sigh from the center of her body. The water worked kinks out of muscles she hadn't used for a long time. A faint ache between her legs made itself known as she

washed herself off. Not really a surprise; she hadn't had this much vigorous sex in almost a year. At the end, Trey had been uninterested in their usual escapades. She scrubbed her hair clean and considered checking the voice mail he'd left while the men showered, but decided against it. Separating herself from him might make life in general easier. Fewer reminders of better times, less pain.

The tile of the floor was cold enough to make her shiver when she stepped out of the shower to dry off. A set of finger-shaped bruises had popped up on her hip. She peered closer in the mirror, turning to see them spread across the side of her buttocks. Jack must have done it when he was clutching her so tightly. She pressed them. The tender ache only reminded her of wonderful sex, the way it had felt to have both men on top of her, in her.

Tara nearly wrapped herself in the towel to go out and put on a new outfit, but thought the better of it. She took a deep breath as she put her hand on the doorknob. Which man would be more entranced by her nude body? She hungered to learn the differences in them, the nuances in their personalities and habits. It wasn't just the thrill of something new, or so she hoped. The fascination felt utterly real. She simply wanted every part of them.

When she stepped out in the nude, she didn't stop and give them time to stare. Instead she half-smiled and walked to her suitcase. London and Jack lay entwined on the bed but they both sat up like flowers rising toward the sun. Tara slipped on a black thong with red scalloped edges and red ribbon laces up the crotch. They were the sexiest panties

she'd packed. No man had seen her in them before and she couldn't help looking over her shoulder to gauge the response.

Judging by the nearly-dropped jaws and wide eyes, it was a good choice.

"You like them?" she said flirtatiously, then picked up her bra and put it on as well.

"Oh yes," London said at the same time Jack just hummed his sincere approval. "You've got such a juicy, big butt."

Tara blinked at him and then checked herself out in the mirror. "It doesn't look fat!"

"I didn't say fat," he said. "I said big and juicy. I want to grab it and rub my dick in between those gorgeous cheeks."

"Oh," Tara said, nearly a gasp. Though she hadn't thought her body to be ready for another round, her pussy throbbed in response to his words.

"I wouldn't talk dirty so much if you didn't like it," London said, smirking.

"Shut up," she said. "You both need to shower."

Neither of them moved, though. She shook her head and stepped into a pair of jeans. Dressing in front of their attentive eyes was almost as sensual as undressing. They watched every shift and flex as she pulled on her tank top, also.

"Now I can shower," Jack said. "Had to finish watching."

"I'll join you," London said.

Tara sat on the bed as they clambered off of it. She fluttered her eyelashes and sighed at them theatrically. Not one but two toned, beautiful male bodies for her enjoyment.

London stretched, all his muscles cording and rippling with it. She almost whimpered and he tossed her a grin, letting her know the move was entirely for show. Jack smirked and slapped him, hard, on the ass. London actually squeaked in surprise, which prompted Tara into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, come on, you bastard," London growled, taking Jack by the hand to lead him into the bathroom.

"Should I be worried about leaving you two on your own?" she called after them, still laughing. "You might be plotting something!"

"I'm always plotting something," London said.

The door closed and she flopped back on the sheets, still smelling of sex. She was almost in the same position they'd just fucked in. The thought brought a smile to her face and a warm shiver to her belly. One more full day left, but the convention ending didn't seem so bad now. She could keep seeing them indefinitely until she could decide which one to choose. No commitments, no coming home to or waking up with someone unless she chose it. Would she choose it?

"I don't know," Tara whispered to herself, monitoring for the sign of a panic attack.

No fearful flutters or rising pulse. Picturing London and Jack in her big empty house actually made her smile. They would fill the betrayal-stained rooms with light and joy and love. Love, she thought carefully, could be good. She knew it could be. Trey was a good man and she had loved him just as he had her. They'd been happy. She could be happy again.

When she tried to think of them separately, just one or the other with her, it was a bit less vivid. Still happy but a little

emptier, just missing something. At least she didn't have to pick at the end of the weekend. Maybe they'd lose patience after a few months, but she could make the best of it and forge memories of fun and sex for the rest of her life.

The bathroom door opened and she sat up to watch gleefully as two faintly damp men walked naked into her bedroom. Their hair was plastered down from their shower. They looked like angels. Her eyes traveled their bodies from each equally handsome face down their chests—one pierced, one not—to their cocks, soft and sweet nestled against their bodies.

"I love looking at you," she whispered. "Both of you."

"Good," Jack murmured back. He had his clothes in his hand. "I need to go change and so does London. Meet on the second floor in a minute? That's where the party is."

"Sure," she said. "I just don't recommend going out naked."

"Oh, no," London said, running a hand down his belly suggestively. "We just thought we'd return your excellent little gift."

And true to his word, they dressed while she watched. It was a slow and beautiful process. The male body could be so absolutely fascinating. Both had to adjust themselves in their underwear before putting on pants. She was momentarily glad her own parts were never so unruly, but at the same time it seemed like a great privilege to be able to hold oneself in one's hand as they could.

Tara made sure she had her phone and her room key in her pockets before she followed her men into the hall. They

boarded the elevator together, but each hit a different number.

"What room number is it?" she asked London. "I can go on in so I won't be loitering next to the elevator for too long."

"Two-fifty-four," he said. "Jamie should be there."

"All right, I'll see you guys then."

Tara got off on the second floor and took a moment to read the signs that would direct her down the correct hall. Finding the room took longer than she'd anticipated because it was at the very end of a hall that stopped at a flight of fire stairs. She'd overlooked it twice. The sound of chatting people and faint music could be heard even in the hall. She knocked twice and almost instantly the door opened.

A younger girl with huge pigtails stared up at her.

"I'm here with London, but he had to go change," she said.

"Tara!" Jamie called, elbowing his way into the hall with her. "Where's he at?"

"He and Jack both went to change clothes. What do we have to drink?"

She and Jamie shared a grin. Though when he had married they'd drifted apart some, he was still a longtime acquaintance and friend. The pigtails-girl disappeared and he ushered her into the packed suite. A few familiar faces from years gone by waved to her or nodded a hello. She smiled in return as Jamie led her to the table of drinks.

"There's the tried-and-true vodka punch, pomegranate liqueur since I know you like it, rum, beer if you're feeling like a slow evening..." He gestured to the huge assortment. "If you want it, we have it. I assure you."

"Let's get started, then." She picked up the jug of innocent-looking Hawaiian Punch and poured a cup. The tart smell of booze rose from the pale red liquid. "To new beginnings."

Jamie bounced his plastic cup against hers and they both knocked back a heavy swallow. The fruit flavor mostly conquered the sting of the vodka, but Tara still made a face. After a few sips she would be used to the taste, but the first swig was always awful.

"Where's Lucy?" she said, following Jamie over to an unoccupied bit of floor space.

"She can't drink right now," he said a little cryptically, and Tara's eyes widened.

"She's...?"

"Yeah," he murmured and smiled with nearly blinding happiness. "She is. Just found out two weeks ago. We've been trying for a couple of months."

"Does anybody know?" she said.

"You do, and our families. Haven't told London yet because I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Well, he'll be surprised all right," she said.

The familiar ache tightened in her chest as she thought about Lucy's lucky news. She and Trey had always planned on kids, but it had never been the right time. Now, it never would be. Was that better or worse? She could cut him completely out of her life without a child between them, but maybe he wouldn't have strayed if they'd had a family.

"Hey," Jamie murmured. "Stop thinking about him."

"How does everyone always know?" she said, exasperated.

"Because the look on your face is just so damned desolate," Jamie responded, nursing his own drink. "I approve of you and London and the boy. You need a measure of happiness in your life again, and I know at least that blond bastard can give it to you."

"Has he really..." she paused. "Has he really felt so strongly about me all this time?"

"That's for him to say." He shrugged. "Not my secrets."

"So that means yes," she said, and he smirked a little.

"They're both so perfect," she admitted before taking another deep swallow of her drink. "I don't know how I could ever choose between them."

"You're young and beautiful," Jamie said. "Why do you have to?"

She looked hard at him, but he didn't seem to be mocking her. He sounded serious. He couldn't be, though. Threesomes didn't work in the real world. If they did, there would be more of them. She would know at least one trio. But no, all of her friends were firmly couples, though sometimes they might experiment.

"Hey," London called and Tara turned to watch him and Jack weave through the other partygoers to reach them.

"How are my two favorite people?"

"Great," Jamie said. "I guess you're doing well, too."

"Hi," Jack said, extending his hand. Jamie shook it with an amused smile. "I'm Jack."

"I gathered from these two," he said. "Go get yourself a drink and make yourself at home."

Both men went to the drink table to mix themselves a particular poison. She and Jamie shared another smile. Lucy was pregnant—how amazing. Jamie would be a father. She had trouble picturing herself or London or even Jack with children. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be.

On the heels of that thought, she tipped her cup and finished the rest of her drink. A pleasant warmth spread from her stomach through her body. She sauntered over to her dates and poured another cup. Trey didn't like her to get drunk, so she hadn't for years. Now seemed like a good time. Her boys would take care of her.

The party passed in a rushing haze once she'd worked through her second drink. She smiled and laughed and made sure to touch Jack and London as much as possible. They never left her side. Finally, four drinks later, they had claimed the couch. Her head rolled onto London's shoulder. The room seemed to be shifting like a water bed.

"Oh, God," she groaned. "I'm way too drunk."

"I've noticed," Jack said sarcastically. "Maybe we should go back to your room. Everyone else is clearing out."

She lifted her head. Jamie was gone, and so were most of the people, except a diehard group of five clustered around the drink table doing shots. Tara sat up and nearly pitched forward off the couch. Strong hands grabbed her by the arms and lifted her. Her legs wobbled and shook.

"My Lord," London muttered. "You are trashed."

"Sorry," she said, finally getting her feet under her. They guided her carefully across the room as it swam and spun. "Maybe Trey was right."

"What?" London said, his voice a little tight.

"I really shouldn't drink." She laughed, but only because the sound spilled forth. Nothing was particularly funny.

"Right-o," London said.

The elevator was blessedly empty and she leaned her head against the cool tile wall. Fun was one thing; this was another entirely. No wonder she hadn't been drunk since she was twenty-two. The tilting floor and the sudden clamping pain in her stomach as the elevator lurched up were enough to make her remember she didn't want to feel this way again. She groaned and clutched at her belly. Sickness slammed over her in a split second and she gagged, but didn't vomit.

That didn't last. London took her into the bathroom and held her hair back as she threw up. Pain and nausea wracked her. She was vaguely aware of crying. Everything had become hazy. After an indeterminate period of time, Jack brought her a glass of water and a half a sandwich. She collapsed onto her butt and slowly nibbled the food until her stomach settled.

"Bedtime," London said.

They helped her up again. The walk to the bed was blissfully short, though when she lay down, it felt like she was still moving. Vertigo was the best word for the flying, spinning sensations gripping her body as she lay perfectly still, not wanting to upset her stomach again.

After a dreamlike period, she heard a scuffle. A quiet moan. The thump of a body against a wall. Fabric sliding down, zippers rasping. She turned her head and saw through

her hair London and Jack up against the wall. They must have thought she was sleeping.

Jack had one of his legs around London's waist and they struggled to get the other up as well. When he had both legs wrapped firmly, London reached under them and thrust up. Jack cried out, then bit his lip to quiet himself.

Heat coiled in her pussy. They were trying not to wake her while they fucked. London thrust in tiny, shallow increments that drove soft whimpers from Jack's throat. His eyes were closed, his hands clutching at the other man's shoulders while London held him up by his ass.

"This hurts," he gasped quietly. "My leg's cramping."

"Fuck," London groaned. "You sure? It's so tight from this angle."

"Yes I'm sure," Jack grunted. "Take your dick out and let me bend over."

"Fine," London griped. Tara nearly laughed and gave herself away, but the sight of them shifting stole her breath. Jack turned and bent at the waist, putting his hands on the wall for support. She had a clear view of his ass, smeared with lube, and the fluttering pink hole that London pushed two fingers into. Jack moaned.

"You need more lube?" London asked, his voice thick with lust.

"No, just get back inside," Jack gasped.

Taking Jack at his word, London stepped forward and shoved himself in again in one hard thrust. It was pornographic and quick and dirty, but Tara was unbearably aroused by it. She slipped one hand down slowly to touch

herself. Slick, hot and soft; her own body also turned her on. She stroked her pussy with an open palm for a moment before slipping two fingers into her folds. London kept moving, fucking Jack, driving moans and grunts from him. The smaller man wrapped a hand around his dick and began to stroke.

"Hurry," London bit out in a harsh whisper. "I want to come in your ass. I want to feel you coming while I do it."

"Aahh," Jack moaned, jerking himself harder and faster.

Tara rubbed her swollen clit just the way she liked it as they got off. Her own orgasm rushed up on her in what seemed to be record time. She felt the telltale tightening of her muscles. Her toes dug into the sheets. She bit her lip to hold in any sound as her pussy fluttered and clenched in a sudden, sweet climax. It washed through her every nerve, from head to toe.

"Yes!" Jack cried not a moment later. His come streaked the wall with white. London bent over his back and bit him, panting through his own orgasm.

Tara closed her eyes and drifted to sleep in her afterglow, hand still in her panties.

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Chapter Five

The first rays of light shining in the hotel window woke Tara from a fitful sleep. She whimpered and put her pillow over her head, jostling someone's arm in the process. A male snort, then a series of shuffles led to someone's knee pressing into her thigh and an elbow jabbing her ribs. She shifted to the side to escape and found herself on the edge of the bed. The pounding in her head made her stomach roll and clench.

"Goddammit," she hissed.

Tara threw the pillow onto the floor and squinted across the room. The bathroom looked close enough. With methodical, aching slowness, she pried herself up into a reclining position. When the slew of colors stopped chasing themselves across her eyelids, she sat up the rest of the way. London lay sprawled across the center of the bed; he'd pushed both her and Jack to the very edges. She shook her head and put a hand on the dresser. She swung her legs off the bed. They at least seemed to be functioning again. God, no wonder most people didn't get roaring drunk once out of young adulthood. It was horrible.

A heft up with her hand had her standing but she leaned against the dresser until the throbbing in her temples receded back to a dull pulse. Shuffling intently got her to the end of the dresser, where she transferred her balance to the wall and continued on her journey. She glanced down at the spot from the night before. No mistaking the hastily wiped streaks

of dried semen, so it hadn't been an amazing dream. Choosing between her lovers was much less necessary when she considered how much they liked each other. And how often. She chuckled, but it hurt and she stopped rather quickly. The arduous trek ended in the bathroom, where she collapsed gratefully.

How humiliating. A night for more uninhibited, wonderful sex and she'd wasted it by getting hammered. Why? Because Trey hadn't let her? He was still ruling her life, even if it was in the negative, without even being present. She sighed. What a stupid decision. At least she hoped neither of her lovers was angry with her. They probably would have gone to their own rooms if they'd been too irritated with her childish behavior.

She eyed the shower, and instead turned on the bathtub faucet. Standing on a slippery tile floor was probably not a good idea. Once the water had warmed sufficiently, she stripped off her rumpled shirt—one of the men must have helped her out of her jeans the night before—and slipped in. The heat felt amazing on her sore, aching body.

A knock on the door frame drew her eye. She hadn't bothered to close the door and London stood watching her, his hair sticking up at strange angles. He smiled.

"How are you feeling?"

"Horribly embarrassed," she admitted. "I can't believe I ruined the night for both of you. I'm so sorry. I hope you're not mad."

He rolled his eyes and stepped into the room, then stripped out of his boxers. She scooted to make room for him.

After all, what use was a large whirlpool tub if only one person used it? He scooped her into his arms and guided her to lie against his chest. She turned her head to nuzzle the crook of his neck and he hugged her.

"Jack's still asleep?" she asked.

"Yes, and don't worry about last night. You were free and wild. It was pretty hilarious, actually, until you started throwing up."

She winced. "I'm sure that memory is really going to add to my sex appeal."

"You kept saying you shouldn't have to pick between two beautiful men when we were both so perfect."

She felt her face heating and knew it had nothing to do with the water. London just grinned his wicked little grin, delighting in her embarrassment. So now he knew, and no doubt Jack did too. Was that why they'd had sex again, to see if they would be able to have that kind of relationship?

"I agree," he murmured. His hands stroked up her belly and found her breasts. They weren't quite big enough to truly float in the water, but he cradled them anyway. His touch was soft and gentle. She hummed her pleasure. "I like him," he added. "I think if you'd run into anyone else, it would have been just me and you, but there's something about that guy."

"Guess I'm just a good judge of character," she said, though the words soured afterwards. "Sometimes. Not all the time."

"Babe," London said. "You can't blame yourself for Trey. He made his own bad choices. He assumed you'd forgive him, I guess."

"But I couldn't," she said.

"No. You shouldn't." He hugged her again. "You made the right choice. Don't feel bad."

"I don't. At least, not all the time."

"I'll fight him off if I have to," he whispered, surprisingly intense. "I want you. I like Jack, but I love you. I want you to know that."

"Oh," she sighed. "London..."

"Don't say it back yet," he cut her off. "Not until you really mean it. I'm not trying to trick you. I just think it might help you to know that I'm not just here for the sex. I really enjoy you."

"Thanks," she said, closing her eyes. The hot water, the steam, and London's gentle hands were lulling her back to a sleepy state. "I need to wash off."

"I'll do it for you," he said. "Lean forward and I'll get your back."

She scooted forward and wrapped her arms around her knees. London's big hands, slick with soap, slid from her shoulders down her spine. Tara shuddered and sighed. He kneaded with gentle care, working out stiff knots and tender aches. Her head still pounded mercilessly with any movement, but the lingering soreness drained from her body under his slick touch. His hands slid around her front, soaping her breasts and stomach. Down her arms, caressing her hands; she felt him smile when he pressed his lips to her neck.

"I love touching you like this," he whispered. "Taking care of you."

"Thank you," she said again.

"Can we go back to sleep after this?" he murmured.

"I think I'm falling asleep right now," she groaned.

"It was only seven thirty when you got up," he said. "Let's rinse off."

It required no effort on her part. He cupped his hands in the hot bathwater and rinsed her as carefully as he had touched her. She smiled, lolling back into his embrace with her eyes barely open.

"It's been a long time since someone's loved me," she said, feeling the truth of it. "Really loved me, I mean. Trey thinks he still loves me, but he doesn't."

"I think he does," London said, kissing her cheek. "But not like you should be loved."

She pondered that as they climbed out and drained the water. She dried perfunctorily, already focused on the warm comfort of the bed. London walked nude into the hotel room and drew the blinds, then found an extra sheet in the dresser and threw it over the rail for good measure. Tara crawled into the middle of the bed and pressed herself up against Jack's hot back. He shivered and moaned, shifting restlessly at the touch of her cold skin. London spooned up behind her and buried his nose against her hair.

"Sleep well," he murmured.

The next thing she was aware of was an empty bed and a silent room. Tara blinked, sat up and eyed the covered tray on the dresser. Breakfast? She lifted the lid and inhaled deeply the smell of bacon, ham and eggs. The greasy meal made her stomach growl with anticipation. Her hangover had

receded slightly under more sleep. The clock read eleven in the morning. As she shifted the plate of food to her lap, she noticed the bathroom door was shut, and if she strained her ears she could hear the shower. That meant Jack was still in the room, but London had disappeared somewhere, probably to take care of convention business.

At least he'd brought her breakfast. She smiled and took a bite. Checkout was at one, but the thought of leaving didn't panic her as much as it had Friday night. Jack would visit, London would visit. Things didn't have to end just because her vacation did. She firmly pushed the haunting memory of her empty home from her. A grown woman could handle a week or two by herself, especially when she'd already been managing for months.

A door opened. London came in a moment later, hefting a suitcase and two backpacks. She laughed as he dropped them all to the floor with a face of utter relief.

"Did you pack bricks?" she said.

"Seems like it," he grouched. "I went ahead and checked out. I figured I could help you two get your stuff together, maybe have a going-away tumble."

He wiggled his eyebrows and she pretended to contemplate the offer.

"If your stomach hurts, we can always go slow," he murmured, walking toward the bed. Her food sat forgotten as he stripped off his shirt mid-step and tossed it behind him. "I haven't gotten to have my mouth on you anywhere near as much as I want to, after all."

"Let me eat my breakfast first," she said, eyes locked on his chest.

The bathroom door opened and steam rolled out. Jack followed, toweling his hair dry, then froze as he noticed their stares. She wondered if they seemed to him like lions looking at a gazelle. His boxer shorts clung tightly to his damp legs and outlined the bugle of his soft cock.

"Or you could entertain yourself elsewhere while I watch," she suggested, suddenly overcome with the desire to eat a perfectly normal breakfast in bed while her lovers carried on an erotic encounter. "I really like that."

"I can do that," London murmured, his focus shifting to nearly-nude Jack, who dropped his towel on the floor and put his hands on his hips.

"Already? I just showered."

"It might be next weekend before I get to do this again," he growled.

Before Jack could react, London swept him into a harsh embrace, one hand bunched in his wet hair. His mouth found Jack's throat and locked on it, sucking hard and drawing a sharp moan from him. His hands grasped the hem of London's jeans and jerked. Tara reminded herself to keep eating and took a bite of her bacon, barely tasting it. Her attention focused firmly on her men, her lovers.

"I don't want you to come," she said. "I want to have that for myself."

"As the lady wishes," London grunted, dropping to his knees.

"Fuck, yes," Jack said in a tone like prayer.

Tara cut a bit of her egg blindly, unwilling to look down, and London licked his lips. The previously small bulge in Jack's boxers had grown to a tent. The other man buried his face against the thin cotton and slurped messily against it. Jack moaned, digging his fingers into London's golden hair. After a few long moments of teasing, he drew down the boxers with his teeth. Tara shivered, pussy clenching in pleasant memory at the sight of Jack's dick.

Though, she lost sight of it when London slid his mouth fully down the length in one motion. Jack whimpered and the muscles in his arms rippled as he clenched to keep from pulling his lover's hair. A few wet, delicious bobs of his head and London pulled back to lick his lips and grin.

"Return the favor?" he said, hoarse already.

"You horrible tease," Jack groaned.

"All right, all right," he replied and ducked his head back down. He ran his tongue down the glistening shaft and began to lap at the other man's balls. He then sucked them, one by one, into his mouth, which prompted a round of gasped curses. He rocked back on his heels, leaving Jack disoriented and panting. "How about now?"

"Oh my God, just get your pants off," Jack huffed.

Tara giggled, drawing both of their gazes to her. She returned the smiles fondly. They weren't just doing this for her, she knew, and it didn't bother her. How else could she expect to keep them both? But at the same time, she was with them, in their hearts and minds and imaginations while they touched and sucked each other. That arrangement seemed perfectly fair.

"You aren't even eating," London pointed out.

"Let me see a little bit more," Tara said. She took a breath, darting her eyes away. "Then I want to get on all fours and have one of you fuck my cunt while the other fucks my mouth."

Jack groaned, and London just sighed like she'd run her hands down his body. She peeked up. They were both riveted to her again. London had unfastened his pants and his erection jutted out of the open fly.

"Have I mentioned that I love it when you use the c-word?" London purred.

"No," she whispered.

"I do. And we will. As soon as pretty boy puts his lips around my dick."

Tara understood his own fascination with her dirty talk. A violent bolt of lust tore down her spine and soaked into her nerves at his brief, filthy phrase. Jack snorted a little laugh and shook his head.

"I can't match you two," he said, then put his hands on London's hips. They looked into each others eyes for a moment. "Push me down."

"With pleasure," London said, answering the unspoken need in Jack's request. With firm hands he shoved down on the younger man's shoulders, forcing him to his knees. Jack's mouth opened immediately. He lapped a wet line up London's dick and moaned as he gripped Jack by the back of his head and stuffed his mouth full.

Tara dropped the fork entirely. Jack's submissive streak had yet to fail to bring out a primal desire to dominate him in

either London or herself. To watch him be fucked like this, to be owned by the older man's cock in his mouth, down his throat, brought a hot rush of arousal between her thighs.

"Okay," she gasped, nearly squeaking. "How about now?"

She put the plate aside and London turned his head to look at her, lust and power burning in his eyes. An answering ripple of desire burned over her skin and she rose up on all fours on the bed. Jack continued to slurp and moan and suck, held tight by London's hand.

"Come on," she begged. "Please fuck me."

"You heard the lady," London murmured, drawing Jack away.

The younger man panted for breath, his face flushed with exertion and excitement.

"Do you want her mouth?" London asked him.

"Yes," Jack replied. Tara licked her lips in response.

"Please."

Without another word, London stalked around to the far side of the bed. She felt it shift as he crawled up behind her, then rubbed his saliva-slicked cock against her ass. Jack stood at the edge in front of her and dug briefly in the bedside drawer. He passed London a condom and hesitated.

"If you'll come on my face, I'll suck you naked," she said.

"That is so not a problem," Jack breathed. He shut the drawer and guided his erection down with his thumb until it seemed to stare her straight in the face.

Tara grinned and rubbed her cheek on him like a cat. The velvety skin was a delightfully pleasurable sensation and she sighed, shifting to simply rub her open mouth on it next. Jack

stroked her hair and London began to massage her hips. Jack's bruise ached faintly under his touch.

"Now," London said, and it wasn't a question.

She opened her mouth and let Jack push himself inside, all hard sweet flesh that bumped the back of her throat. She swallowed and heard him groan. Another slippery glide of London's cock, this time against her damp slit, made her gasp. He rubbed himself against her like that for a long moment, teasing her swollen clit with the shaft. She reared back from Jack briefly.

"In me," she begged, then drove her mouth back down over all of his dick. This time she found she could take it down her throat, just a little bit. Maybe it really was like riding a bike.

"Yes," London growled and began to push against her. She whimpered as the head of his cock breached her, then slid further inside. Without preparation, she was still so tight, even though she was soaking wet. Every inch of him felt massive, something she couldn't possibly take, until he continued his slow, even thrust.

Jack began to work his hips in shallow thrusts, holding her head just as London did the same from behind her. Neither pulled out more than a few inches only to push back in, filling her to her limits. She writhed helplessly, skewered between them as they took their pleasure. The thought brought a wave of intense arousal crashing over her body. Even though they were obviously being careful with her, she found she liked the image of being restrained by their strong hands as they claimed her.

From behind, London sped his motions and also began to move more fully. He panted with each thrust and used her hips to guide her back onto each new push. She groaned, mewled, and whimpered around the dick in her mouth. Jack stroked her forehead, her cheeks, even her throat as she swallowed him again and again.

"Going to come," he gasped suddenly and pulled out of her mouth.

She opened her eyes to see him stroking himself fast and furiously, his eyes closed, his back arched. Was London watching? His cock began to pulse and he let out a strangled sigh. She closed her eyes just in time for the first hot spurt to land on her half-open lips. The rest splattered her from forehead to chin. She restrained herself from licking it off, though she craved the bitter-salty musk of him.

London broke her from her thoughts easily. His hand slipped between her legs, thumb pressing on her throbbing clit as he angled his hips and began to fuck her hard and fast. She cried out.

"Come," he whispered into her ear, bending low over her back.

His order, or his touch, or his cock, or all of the above brought her suddenly to the edge. All of the sweet, sensual pleasure of their encounter piled onto her at once, flashing through her memory at high speed.

"More," she cried out.

He bit her, hard, at the juncture of shoulder and neck. She stiffened and wailed, her body thrashing with pleasure and pain as she came. She felt the rush of liquid coating her own

thighs, hot and slick. London shuddered, moaned, and thrust shallowly as he too reached his peak.

A warm, damp cloth touched her face. She shivered, turning her head into the caress. When he had cleaned her, she opened her eyes to see a smiling Jack. London hadn't pulled out yet but she felt him, intimately, beginning to soften. He nuzzled the back of her neck.

"You're beautiful," he whispered. "Thank you so much for this."

"I," she said, then stopped. "I really like both of you."

It was the most she could do, but judging by Jack's widening grin and a soft kiss on her throat, neither man minded too much. London shifted his weight off of her back and eased himself out of her body. He tossed the condom in the wastebasket. She glanced at it and laughed.

"What?" Jack said, sitting on the bed beside her as she moved slowly into a sitting position.

"The trash can is full of condoms and nothing else," she said, still amused. "The housekeeper isn't going to have any uncertainty about what I spent the weekend doing."

"Be proud," London said.

"Oh, I am." She smiled at them both. "Now let's pack up our cars and get something to eat."

"Didn't you just have breakfast?" Jack asked.

She pointed at the barely-touched plate.

"She got distracted," London added, grinning.

* * * *

A few hours later, the trio stood by Tara's car. Jack had his hand on her lower back and London was touching her hip. She reached up to grab a healthy handful of each of their hair and kissed them, one at a time. The faint difference in the shape and softness of their lips thrilled her. She didn't feel bad for wanting them both, but it was spectacularly naughty and not something pre-vacation Tara would have dared.

"I'll call you when I get home," she said. "Does anybody have three-way calling?"

"Not me," Jack said.

"Nope," the other man added.

"Well, damn," she said. "I guess we'll have to take turns."

"I've got both your numbers," London said.

"Me too," she and Jack chorused at the same time, then grinned at each other.

"I should be able to visit this weekend," London said. "No cases coming up that require any serious extra work. My work is usually pretty cut and dried, honestly."

"Great," Tara said, beaming. "I had so much fun this weekend. I'm really glad you both want to keep seeing me."

"Who wouldn't?" Jack said.

"So I'll talk to you tonight," she said.

But as she put her hand on the car door, she hesitated. A little pang of loneliness speared her before she could even leave. London wrapped his arms around her from behind, and Jack hugged them both.

"It's only a week, babe," London said. "And we'll call. Don't get sad."

"Are you sure you will?" she said, unintentionally revealing the depth of her vulnerability.

"Yes," Jack said.

"No doubt." London kissed her cheek.

When she managed to let them go and climbed in the car, it was even harder to drive away. She kept her eyes on them, waving to her, until they disappeared from her mirror. She heaved a giant breath and coasted through the parking garage, watching other con-goers loading up their cars for the trek home. They were all going back to the real world. Even their clothes showed it: no costumes, no fancy dress. Just people, normal again, without the brilliance that had defined them for a single weekend. It was a strange gap in time for Tara. Before the men, after the men; almost like before Trey, during Trey, and after Trey. Maybe she was in between men still because the thought of returning to the city brought a sharp twinge.

Trey would be waiting with some request, she was sure, some excuse to come see her. Her resolve always seemed to weaken when she was faced with him. From a distance it was easy to pretend he was a phantom, something out of her life and gone, but the reality was sadder and more desperate.

Before the vacation, before Jack and London, she might have said she wasn't sure if she wanted Trey out of her life or not. Seeing him, though painful, also soothed the deeper agony of loneliness that his absence had brought. Now she thought it might be different. After all, she'd ignored his calls and his voice mails without feeling too stir-crazy.

The open highway seemed less empty than it normally did. She touched the outline of her phone in her pocket and wished she was home already so she could call her lovers and hear their voices again. The fresh heart-throbbing waves of affection that overtook her as she thought about them made her smile. So what if she was falling in love again? Wasn't that the point? It might not have been originally; she didn't want to use any man to fill in the hurting parts of her heart. This didn't feel like a filling-in, though. It felt natural. She was simply starting to love again, and that thrilled her more than any kiss or touch.

Tara turned up the radio and began to sing.

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Chapter Six

Tara popped the cap off of her bottle of pale ale and collapsed onto her couch. "Long day" didn't even begin to describe her workload and it was only Wednesday. She lolled her head back against the soft cushions and kicked off her heels. A few slow sips of her drink settled some of the riotous tension in her stomach, but then the doorbell rang.

"Motherfuck," she spat, then blinked, a bit surprised at her own venom.

The irritation could have something to do with sexual frustration. The bed seemed big, empty and unsatisfying without her men in it. Jack had been catching up at work from being away for two days and hadn't been able to go out on a date; not that Tara had been any less busy. They'd talked every night. London tended to call on her lunch break, but it wasn't enough. Barefoot and grumpy, she padded through the "family room" that was filled with bookshelves and into the foyer. She yanked the door open.

Trey stood on the porch, his hands in his pockets. Dark jeans encased his long, lovely legs. She felt her lip curling back in an expression of rage, but he put his hand out so she couldn't slam the door.

"Let me in," he begged. "Please let me talk to you, Tara."

She heaved an angry sigh and stepped out of the way. Her beer seemed a lot less comforting confronted with his familiar face, smell and voice. All of the tension seeped back into her

limbs. Would London and Jack be irked if they knew he had come by? Why was he even showing up?

"You wouldn't answer my calls. I was worried." He kicked off his shoes in the foyer and stood in his socks, still at home in her house. "Are you okay?"

"Trey," she sighed. "I'm not your wife. This is not your house. Why are you here?"

"Don't say that," he said, reaching out. His hand on her shoulder was unbearable, not least because of its tempting warmth and familiarity. She stepped back.

"I'm serious. I'm seeing someone else. We've been separated for almost half a year now."

"But you still talked to me," he said. Pain shone in his brown eyes. "You still loved me."

"It's unhealthy. You and I both know that."

She walked back into the living room and he followed. Instead of choosing the recliner, he sat next to her on the couch. Tara tried not to bristle. Fighting wouldn't get him to leave any sooner.

"You've had your fling now, your revenge," he said. "We can move on."

She saw, in his tight posture and his wide, hurting eyes, that he regretted what he had done so much that he might destroy himself trying to make up for it. She put her face in her hands, the cool neck of the bottle pressing against her cheek. "It's not a fling, and I didn't do it for you. It's not about you anymore, Trey."

"You can't mean that." He put his hand on her leg, forcing her to stare at him. "I love you. I'm sorry, I'm so fucking

sorry you have no idea. I've been in counseling. I know I can do better, I can make it work if you just let me."

"No," she whispered.

His back stiffened and he pulled his hand away. "You mean it."

To hear his voice so devoid of emotion stabbed her through the gut like a spear. She did still love him, but nothing could cross the chasm he'd opened between them. She saw that now. They were on opposite shores of an ocean. He understood, too.

"I can't love you anymore," she said, still whispering as if to say it too loud would break them both. "I can't forgive you. I won't. I'm moving on."

"So I've lost you."

She looked over at him as he stood up, running a hand compulsively over his short brown hair. She'd spent so many nights staring into those beautiful eyes, kissing that beautiful mouth. Tears burned in her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "You really lost me."

He didn't say anything else. Tara watched him leave the room, heard him put his shoes back on and shut the door. She couldn't bring herself to check if he'd locked it behind him. Instead she put aside her beer, clutched a pillow to her chest and wept. This time, the grief was different. It had a sharper, cleaner edge, as if she were crying away something bitter, and maybe she was.

It was over. Six months after the divorce, it was really over. She would never talk to him again, not really, no more

than a hello in the grocery store. Never, ever again hear him say those sweet words to her: "I love you."

She fumbled her phone out and dialed Jack's number. He answered on the second ring, sounding painfully chipper.

"Hi!"

"Hi," she managed, sniffing.

"Do I need to come over?" he asked, instantly serious.

"I would like that," she whispered.

"Be there in twenty with dinner."

"Okay," she said.

The first time he would really come inside and see her home and she was a wreck. It was important to share this with him, though, this break with her old life. Clinging to Trey, which she could now admit to doing, was dragging her down. The relationship had finally broken apart. She was free, and about to fall into another set of bonds with two more men.

"No," she said, sitting up straighter and wiping her face.

Panicking about her newfound affections was also undeniably negative. Trey would not take this new love away from her with his pain. She was a strong woman, strong enough to stamp out a silly fear and be happy. That was all anyone could ask for.

Tara stood and walked upstairs to her bathroom to rinse her face and clean away her dried tears. It might have been in her imagination, but she thought she looked lighter, happier. She made it back downstairs and had picked a show on TV before the doorbell rang again. This time she smiled and eagerly strolled to answer it.

Jack stood on the other side, his hair a mess from the wind and a bag of takeout in his hands. He grinned at her, stepped across the threshold and kissed her on the cheek. Then he seemed to pause, his smile fading a little as he took in her puffy eyes and startled expression. He said nothing but followed her into the living room, eyeing her half-drunk ale.

"Trey showed up," she said succinctly.

"Ah," Jack said. It wasn't hard to hear how unsure his voice sounded.

"It's really over now," she said. "Not that I've been with him, but I think we're done talking now. Done with all the pity and the begging, the hurt and the spiteful shit."

They both blinked at the sudden viciousness of her words.

"I'm sorry," she said. "That came out wrong."

"It's okay to hate him a little," Jack said, taking a seat on her couch. "I don't know where your forks are or I'd get them for us."

"Okay," she said, glad he'd given her the excuse to collect herself. She walked through the open archway into the kitchen and dug out a pair of forks. What was tonight about? It wasn't their first time alone, but he was in her home, and that was new. New and a little frightening, she had to admit.

Tara returned slowly, turning the corner with a measured step so she could absorb the strange, heady shock of seeing the back of Jack's head at her couch, in her living room, in this vast empty house. Even the paint on the walls seemed brighter. She clutched at the forks and the wall-like lifelines, her throat closing on a gasp or a sob. This wasn't pain, but it wasn't quite pleasure, either. Jack turned to smile at her in

her uncertainty and threw a hand over the back of the couch. She nearly lunged forward in her eagerness to wrap her fingers in his warm grip. He pulled her around the edge of the couch and down next to him. She didn't even have time to put the forks down on the coffee table before he grabbed both her wrists and buried his mouth against her neck. She let out a frantic, sudden sound as he licked her there. Sparks shot down her nerves. Jack sighed happily then pressed his teeth to her skin in a gentle hint. She squirmed in his hold.

"We need to eat, honey," he whispered. "Don't go all freaked out on me yet."

"Sorry," she said.

"Don't worry. I went to counseling after a bad relationship," he murmured. She felt him grin against her skin. "I know how to deal with the mood swings and the fear and all that."

"But I don't want to act like a nutcase," she said, wriggling back enough to look into his dark eyes.

"You don't," he said softly. "You're just like a bird."

"What?" she said, eyebrows drawing together in confusion.

"You hurt a wing, and now that it's healed, you're afraid to fly again." He shrugged. "It sounds corny, but it's how I see it. London, too. But you won't hurt yourself with either of us."

"Nice to say," she said.

"I can't offer you a guarantee, because I'm not a fortune teller. But I know I don't want to leave you. We've barely known each other a week and I want to spend my nights with you. I want to wake up smelling you on the sheets."

"Hmm," she hummed, pleased. "I like you too."

Jack smiled radiantly and snagged the forks out of her hand. She laughed at his sudden theft and held out her hand. He handed her one back, feigning reluctance, which prompted another giggle.

"I got Chinese," he said. "Hope that's okay."

"Did you just order at random?" she said, amused.

"London told me you liked spicy food and chicken, so I only half guessed."

"You two have been talking a lot," she said, raising an eyebrow at him as he passed her a container and a smaller container of rice.

Jack's grin deepened into something wicked. "Don't you want us to be as close as we can be? I thought you wanted to keep us both around. And you certainly do like watching."

"Oh, hush," she said, rolling her eyes. "I'm not complaining, but you seem to just gossip about me. Is he coaching you or something?"

"No, you just come up a lot. No one's going to be the third wheel here, I can promise that," he said. "It's not just us, it's not just him and me, it's not just you and him. I like it."

"I guess you have a lot of love," she said quietly, then took her first bite to avoid having to say more.

"I do," he murmured. She didn't meet the soulful gaze she was sure he'd directed at her, but she couldn't help a bit of a smile. "I know you do, too."

The rest of the meal passed in companionable silence as they half-watched the forensics documentary playing on her TV. As she neared the bottom of her container, anticipation settled firmly in Tara's belly, replacing her simple

contentment. When the food was gone, they might finish the show. After that, maybe stall with a talk or a drink.

Eventually, though, she would take Jack upstairs to the bedroom that hadn't felt quite right for months. He would roll in her sheets and give life, scent, color to her lonely space. She didn't think it was a weakness, this desire to share her world with someone, or two someones.

"You want to see the rest of the house?" she murmured, carefully putting down her empty carton. Jack slurped up another mouthful of his noodles and she chuckled. "What are you, five?"

"What?" he said defensively. "It's easier to eat that way."
She just smiled.

"But yes," he continued. "I'd love to see the rest. It's so beautiful. Classy."

"There's a back staircase in the kitchen that leads up to the rooms, too, not just the one in the foyer. It's got all sorts of space I can hardly fill up. We barely seemed to take it up when Trey was here."

"Yeah," Jack said. The second repetition of his name seemed easier for them both.

"What was her name?" Tara said suddenly. Jack gave her an odd look.

"Annabelle, often called Ann." He twitched his lips but it wasn't quite a smile. "We were young. I was stupid. Fell for someone I shouldn't have."

"Older than you, or were you both young?" Tara said, standing. He gathered up the takeout mess and followed behind her into the kitchen.

"Older than me," he said. "Married."

"Ah," she said, feeling a little chilled. He hadn't mentioned that before.

"Shit," Jack said. "Not like that. I didn't know. I had no idea. I left her when I found out what she'd been doing. She had her own apartment that we went to for the whole three years. I never knew until she got pregnant and had to tell me."

The sadness in his voice, his obvious guilt at the memory, thawed her sudden iciness. She didn't have a soft spot for infidelity, but if he had been that out of the loop and had suffered so much, she couldn't quite hold him accountable.

She opened the dishwasher, built into the bar-cabinet, and he put the forks in. After a moment of curious meandering he found the trashcan by the door into the garage. He flashed a quick grin at her and opened one of the cupboards, the one on the far wall by the door into the dining room.

"Hah," he said. "Everyone keeps their plates and cups in the same place. Close to the fridge but also the sink. Yours are right between the two."

Tara laughed, leaning against the counter. The ritual of familiarizing oneself with someone else's home was alien to her. It had been so long since Trey was a stranger in her parents' home, guessing where the silverware was to help her set the table. She took a deep breath and sighed the memory away.

"Let's go upstairs," she murmured. Jack hesitated and met her eyes with a suddenly darker, hotter stare. The

possibilities crackled in the air between them like static electricity. "I'll show you my room."

"Thank you," he said, taking her offered hand.

They walked up the back staircase to the upstairs. She didn't bother to tour the empty room, the office and the "workout" room, or the extra bathroom. A sense of urgency descended on her, making it seem as though the most important thing in the world was making it to the cold bed and warming it with their bodies. She walked him to the end of the hall and led him into her private space. He darted his gaze around to the dressers with their knickknacks, family photos, a small TV. The bed stood in the corner of the far wall. Two doors led into the closet and the attached bathroom.

"It's so big," Jack said.

"Aren't I supposed to say that?" Tara asked, and tugged him close.

"Eager," he whispered. He pushed her just hard enough to tumble her onto the bed and she squeaked, grabbing his arms and pulling him willingly on top of her. They lay panting for a moment, faces barely an inch apart.

"Please," she whispered, kissing his jaw. The faint prickle of invisible stubble tickled her lips. "I want you to make love to me."

He jolted against her body, but whether in shock or lust, she couldn't tell. He made a noise like a half-moan, half-growl and pushed her wrists up above her head again. She didn't move them when he let go and put both his hands around her waist. They engulfed her body in a way she hadn't noticed

before. His large hands spanned her ribcage as they slid under her top. The tips of his fingers teased the underside of her bra but didn't lift it.

"Touch me," she begged.

"I am." He tossed his head to get his hair out of his eyes.

"I want to make love to you."

When he repeated the words she fought a gasp, shivering. It was so intense. His tender stroking of her belly and sides sent shivers and shocks of pleasure straight to her pussy, as well as a pleasure of a different sort to her heart. Jack bent his head and pushed her shirt up slowly. He kissed the bare skin at random, peppering her belly with his little nips and sucks until she began to squirm. Then he sat back and guided her to sit up as well. The intimacy of the motion startled her. He stripped her shirt over her head and took in the sight of her breasts in their lacy bra with a small, pleased smile. She arched her back.

His hands caressed her breasts, squeezing with care but also intent. He massaged them as a whole, his palms scraping her nipples as he stroked her. She gasped, rocking into his grip and the rhythmic rubbing. She wished she were sitting on his lap so she'd have something to push herself against. The delta between her legs was drenched with heat and need.

"Is it wrong to tell you I love you so soon?" Jack whispered, his eyes nearly black with desire and emotion.

"I don't care," she whispered back, afraid to speak any louder. "Show me."

He unhooked her bra in response and drew it down her arms an inch at a time. He bared her to his gaze with subtle

intent, like an act of worship. She slipped her hands under the hem of his button-down shirt.

"Did I mention you look sophisticated in this?" she said.

"More like geeky," he replied with a soft smile.

She let him lean away a little to undo the buttons and watched as each inch of flesh down his chest and belly was exposed before he tossed it onto the floor. She placed her hands on his chest, splaying her fingers wide to see if she could possibly hold him as he had held her just a moment before. Could she make him feel safe, serene, loved? Was it possible with just her touch?

Jack sighed and leaned into the caress as she ran her wide hands down from his shoulders to the hem of his pants. She couldn't cover his body as easily as he could hers, but it seemed she could reach just enough to span him with her hands. Maybe she had long fingers. The errant thought prompted a stray giggle and Jack took advantage of the moment to tumble her, surprised, onto her back. He stood up, off the bed, and tugged at her pants.

"Undo them for me," he said. "Don't want to hurt your buttons. They're backwards."

"Maybe yours are backwards," she quipped, but such was her excitement that her hands shook as she undid the clasp and zipper. Jack pulled them down her legs as slowly as he had removed her bra. His mouth followed the top hem, down her thighs, down her calf, even briefly pressing a kiss to her foot. She shivered.

"Don't know how much longer I can hold out," Jack admitted, stroking her legs. "I want to take my time, but at the same time..."

"I want you on me, in me," she murmured.

"Yes," he said in response, nearly gasping.

They shifted up the bed as one without another word until Tara's head was resting on the cushions. She hadn't made the bed and they lay among rumpled sheets, kicked down to the bottom and forgotten. Jack fumbled his pants off and dropped them over the side of the bed. She reached down and grasped the hard line of his dick in his boxers, prompting a short thrust against her hand and a stuttering moan. Desperation washed over her again.

"Now," she moaned, skimming out of her own panties. Jack managed nudity at the same moment, but they both still had their socks on. She stared down their bodies and fought another laugh at the domesticity.

"I hope you don't think I'm waiting to take those off," he growled, rolling on top of her.

She put her wrists up, hoping he'd catch her signal, and he caged her with his hands again. The security of it made her shiver and sigh. She wrapped her legs around his waist and angled her hips so the thick, smooth weight of his cock slid against her.

"Condom," he said.

"I'm on the pill," she replied. "Trust me?"

Jack panted down at her, grinding himself against her slick folds as if he couldn't stop.

"What about him?" he managed.

"Clean," she said. "I got tested before the con. I wanted to know for sure before I went out and, well, you know."

"Oh, thank God," he managed, then angled his hips.

Tara caught her breath as the head of him pressed against her. His naked dick against her nearly undid her control, but she waited as he pushed inside. She let out a slow quiet breath, closing her eyes to savor the silken glide. This was making love. A wave of tenderness rolled from head to toe and she whimpered as he leaned forward to envelope her completely in his presence, his body. His hands on her wrists, his hot body covering hers with warmth and love.

"Yes," she moaned.

He began to thrust, a careful pull and push that stroked every sweet spot inside her body. She surrendered herself to the building pleasure.

"Not going to last," Jack managed, kissing her halfway through his own sentence.

She opened her mouth to his tongue and licked him in return, savoring the slide of his mouth on hers as he kept working his hips. The orgasm built, built, built, but didn't crest as he kept up the inexorable motion. Tara found herself whimpering helplessly, hips pumping to meet his, encouraging him to move just a little faster, a little harder.

"Coming," he gasped and rammed against her suddenly. She screamed, more startled by the pleasure shafting through her than anything. He shoved in again, again, four more hard thrusts and she tumbled over the precipice with him, crying out her pleasure as she writhed, dug her heels into his back and clenched her fists.

"God," he stuttered, slowing his motions again. He let go of her wrists. "Fuck, that was wonderful."

"Yeah," she murmured, wrapping her arms around him as if she couldn't bear to let him go.

"You're going to be sticky," he whispered, smiling against her throat.

"Not yet," she said. "Just another minute."

"I want to sleep together," he said. "I'll be late to work tomorrow but it's fine."

Tara found she couldn't say no and nodded. She cracked her eyes open to find him looking up at her with such emotion that she felt a pang in her heart. Saying the words so early would cheapen them, but she wanted to. *I love you*, she thought. *I already do*.

He smiled again, slow and sweet. He might not have heard, but he knew.

"We can't sleep yet," he murmured. "At least a rinse first."

"Shower's through that door," she murmured, her hands sliding away from him as her equilibrium settled. "Warm it up and I'll be right in."

Jack rose from the bed and cracked his back, then scratched his right butt cheek absently. His hand then stiffened and he jerked it away, smiling bashfully back over his shoulder at her. She laughed, a sound of pure joy, and it brought an answering chuckle from him. Later they would call London, but this was a time that was unique, special for the two of them. Tara knew her smile was large, goofy and a bit ridiculous as she watched him disappear into her bathroom.

She lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling fan and the textured paint. Her heartbeat began to slow and her breathing evened out. Languor and satisfaction were words she loved being able to associate with herself. Every inch of her skin tingled pleasantly with the hum of recent pleasure. The shower kicked on in the bathroom. She smoothed a hand down her belly, still damp with sweat, and then between her legs. The mess of her come and his was still slick and hot on her tender flesh. She shuddered and pressed her open palm to her pussy.

"It's warm," Jack murmured. She jerked, opening eyes she hadn't consciously shut, and looked over at him. He was smiling, his eyes traveling up from her intimately questing hand to her face.

"Great," she said and rolled out of bed.

As she walked to the bathroom door, a trickle of dampness slid down her inner thigh and a small pulse of arousal fluttered through her belly. She had always enjoyed having a man come inside her. It was so personal, so beautifully messy, and such a show of trust between both partners. Jack turned to from the doorway and she followed him inside the bathroom. The standing shower was in the corner of the room closest to the door, across from the sinks. The far wall held her tub, a big, expensive whirlpool affair.

"We have to get in that sometime," Jack murmured, opening the door to the shower. Steam rolled out and he stepped inside.

Tara watched, a bit dry-mouthed with appreciation, as the water poured down his body and plastered his thick hair to his

face. Even though her hands had just followed the path of all those droplets of water, she wanted to do it again. She shook herself and followed him. The spray was so hot she hissed a little, but the heat felt good on her overworked muscles. The first touch of their wet bodies together astounded her with its intensity. She looked up through her hair at Jack as he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close. Her breasts pressed against his chest. He shivered, smiling still.

"I thought we were rinsing," she whispered.

"I still want to touch you."

"Go ahead," she said, handing him the bath puff she kept dangling from the knob.

Jack picked up her body wash and squeezed a liberal amount of it onto the puff, lathered it in his hands and stepped up close again. She closed her eyes while he gently washed down her chest, paying special attention to her breasts. He circled them again and again, teasing her nipples with the fine netting of the puff. Her desire was definitely building again, but she saw he was still soft. He slid his hands around to her back and stroked up and down it without seeing, then down her arms. She caught her breath as he knelt in front of her. Her body blocked most of the spray from him.

Jack started at her feet and, so slowly, worked his way up. Tara ran a hand through his wet hair, smoothing it back from his face. He reached the tops of her thighs and slid behind again to squeeze her ass and wash it just as thoroughly as the rest of her. She jutted her hips forward toward his face in invitation. He considered the puff a moment and instead

leaned forward to dip his tongue between her folds. She gasped. He licked her once, as far as he could reach.

"I can taste myself," he murmured and she shuddered, biting her lip. That was so unbelievably arousing.

He bent back to his task, puff forgotten on the shower floor. Both of his hands grabbed her ass to tilt her hips forward. She clung to the handlebar of the door, her other hand splayed against the wall. He played the flat of his tongue over her clit in sweet strokes. Obviously Jack knew his way around a woman's body and responses.

"I can't come standing up," she managed after a long moment of his lapping.

"Okay," he said. He pillowed his head against her thigh for a moment, catching his breath, then stood to wash himself off. She rinsed while he lathered, then stepped out of his way to let him have the water.

Tara felt her body practically humming with need. Her clit throbbed at the sudden lack of attention, as if demanding she touch herself or bring Jack back to his knees. She dried off quickly, barely taking the time to pat her hair dry, before making a beeline back to the bedroom. She flung herself onto the bed and rolled onto her back. Jack was close behind. He crawled up onto the end of the bed and over to her body like a great cat, all muscle and intent. She moaned, reaching down to spread her lips open for him. She canted her hips up, offering her swollen bud like a sweet fruit, and he returned to his task with fervor. The wet, hot touch of his tongue to her neglected clit made her cry out.

"Tastes good," he murmured against her body.

"Please," she said. "Make me come again."

He didn't have to answer her with words. Tara whimpered when he began to circle her bud with the tip of his tongue, making little spirals around it. The constant but alternating stimulation shot sparks of pleasure up her spine. His tongue brushed her fingers at every twirl. She pulled up a little, baring herself more to the sensation, though it was almost too sharp. She squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip. The tiny spark of pain only intensified her pleasure. She circled her hips against his face, nearly grinding herself into the hot, slick, perfect touch.

"Yes, yes," she moaned, the sweet tingle of an orgasm building in her belly.

It was different, sharper, than her previous climax. Her toes curled in the sheets and her free hand clutched helplessly at the pillow. Her breasts bounced with her sudden gasps. The pleasure built higher and higher, past the point of no return, then farther still. Her body wound itself tight as a spring. His continued licking, unexhausted, kept pushing. She cried out to let off some of the pressure. Finally he pressed the flat of his tongue hard to her and began to lap with quick and strong force. She came so fast that she couldn't catch her breath as the tension shattered into a shower of bliss. Only a small gasp escaped her.

Jack didn't stop licking her through it until she grabbed his hair and pulled him off, panting. He smiled and licked his lips like a cat who'd gotten into the cream. She laughed with what little breath she had and let him go. He wiped his mouth on

her sheets, which she would complain about some other time, then crawled up beside her.

She hugged him tight, twining her legs in his. He yanked the covers over their bodies and clicked off the lamp beside the bed, plunging the room into dim darkness. The bathroom light was still on, but Tara couldn't find it in herself to care.

"Alarm goes off at seven in the morning," she grumbled, her eyes slipping shut.

"Works for me," he whispered against her still damp hair. She had nearly fallen asleep when he whispered, clearly thinking she wouldn't hear, "I love you, Tara."

She smiled.

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Chapter Seven

"I told you," London said over the phone. Tara rolled her eyes at Jack, who was sitting on her recliner, reading a book. "I couldn't get away until six! I won't be there until eight, so you can go ahead and eat."

"No, we'll wait," she said.

He growled. "Don't wait. I'm getting fast food, and when I get there I would rather be greeted with hot sex than a baked chicken, okay?"

"Fine, fine," she said through her laughter. "I'll see you soon."

When they hung up, Jack chuckled. "You liar," he said.

Tara looked at their empty take-out containers and grinned. "I just wanted to get him riled up," she said. "You know, excited."

"Yeah, whatever," he replied, grinning back.

She picked up a folder from the coffee table and flipped it open to inspect her clients' best options. They were small family in a big hurry, since they'd managed to sell their house a week after they put it on the market and hadn't found a place to move to yet. Jack's book was something about spies, judging by the cover. Sexy female spies, at least. Tara had a hard time remembering that she and Jack had only even known each other a week. He'd shown up an hour before with dinner to wait for London to arrive for their first weekend together.

"This is a very domestic Friday night," he said a moment later, not looking up from his reading.

"I can put on some techno, turn down the lights and take my clothes off if you want," she offered. "But I like domestic better, don't you?"

He snorted, shaking his head, and kept reading. She smiled. The television droned on low volume. The only other sounds were rustling pages and breathing. Tara couldn't stop herself from smiling now that she had started. Jack's presence wasn't quite distracting, but she loved having someone with her while she worked, just at the corner of her vision. He was simply there if she wanted to take a break and talk. She wasn't alone. That in and of itself brought a deep, trembling pleasure to her heart and body. Jack and London didn't fill in the Trey-shaped space in her heart; they demolished it and replaced it with their own images.

She mouthed the words *I love you* to herself, knowing Jack was absorbed in his book. They felt tender and right. Still a little scary, if she was forced to admit it, but her deeper emotions conquered the little shivers of unease. Maybe she would say it this weekend at some perfect moment. The men hadn't made her feel pressured with their admissions to her, but she wanted to give them back the same kind of happiness they had given her. It would be easy if she could find the right time.

A knock on the door startled her so badly she jumped and her folder scattered on the floor.

"Fuck!" she snapped, prompting Jack into a fit of what sounded like giggles. "It is not funny when I curse."

"Yes, it is," he replied, standing to get the door while she gathered up the printouts and shoved them back into the folder. A glance at the clock surprised her; already eight, which meant she knew who was coming through the door.

A flush of warmth stole from head to toe, like a softly rolling tropical wave. She knelt with one hand on her knee, frozen in place with her folder in hand, waiting for them to round the corner. The sight didn't disappoint her. London's hair was bound up in a tight knot, making it appear short and manicured. His beard was gone, leaving his strong cheekbones and full lips on display. His eyes sparkled with joy and he had his arm wrapped around Jack's waist. The pleasant shock of them together pulsed through her body like a touch. The bare hint of skin at the edge of Jack's shirt and pants drew her eyes and London's fingers at the same time; his eyes fluttered a little at the possessive brush of fingers. She could imagine their heat on her own skin.

"Hi," she managed.

"Am I just that hot?" London said, grinning at the two of them. "You practically melt when I come in."

"I think it's a little of that and a little that we've been waiting for you before we did anything. We even sat on separate couches," Jack said, running one of his hands up London's back. Tara saw him tense and fight a shiver at the touch.

"I haven't been in here yet," London said, looking around the living room.

"That's right," Tara said. "You haven't visited in a while."

He offered her his hand and she took it, rising to her feet. His big hand slipped up to her wrist and tugged her close. Jack put his palm against the small of her back to push her even tighter against their hard, hot bodies. Tara's breath caught and she looked up, torn between their beautiful mouths. London decided for her by bending and pressing his lips to hers. She sighed and he took advantage of the parting of her lips to slide his tongue into her mouth. The sudden slippery heat brought to mind the feeling of his tongue against her pussy and she groaned, pushing her hips against them shallowly. They formed a wall of lovely male flesh. London kept her wrist in his hand, restraining her, but her free fingers wandered back and forth over their chests and bellies. She didn't dip lower just yet.

Jack made a quiet noise and nudged into the kiss, turning it into a sloppy, wet meeting of tongues and lips. Tara pulled free with a gasping laugh and watched with pleasure as they melted into a kiss with each other. When Jack leaned away the other man caught his bottom lip between his teeth. London didn't let go until he whimpered.

"Best hello kiss ever," Tara whispered.

"Let's get in bed," London said, his fingers pressing against her fluttering pulse. "We can always watch a movie or something afterwards."

"Upstairs, then," she replied.

"I brought something," London said.

"Wondered what was in that bag," Jack murmured.

London led them around to the front staircase and picked up his duffel bag from next to the front door. He smirked at both of them and hefted it over his shoulder.

"Clothes, but that's not all," he said.

Tara followed closely behind him, watching his firm butt in his lovely tight slacks. Business casual never looked so good as it did on London. He flashed her a grin over his shoulder that told her he knew exactly what she was thinking and liked it. She licked her lips in response and mimed slapping. She saw his grin widen a little bit a moment before a hand cracked mightily down on her butt. She screamed, nearly losing her footing. Jack caught her, laughing, and she scowled up at his smile.

"What?" he said. "I couldn't help it. You think his ass is good, you should see your own."

"You could have waited until I got to the top of the stairs," she griped.

"True," he said. "But I caught you."

The words seemed to have a double meaning and her breath caught at the warmth in his comment. He had caught her, hadn't he, despite her best—or worst—intentions.

"Come on, slowpokes," London said, turning the corner in the wrong direction. Jack snorted, then began to chuckle again when he promptly crossed back in front of the staircase to go the right way. "I told you I haven't been here before!"

"I know," Tara said, giggling.

All the humor hadn't done much to dampen her growing arousal, though. Her panties were starting to cling to her pussy with each step. She'd bought them especially for the

evening. Lace and ribbons, designed to leave more to the imagination than they seemed to at first glance. She couldn't wait to see her lovers' reactions to them.

London tossed his bag at the foot of the bed and bent to unzip it. Tara reached out for Jack and pulled him to her body. The press of his chest against her breasts drew a quiet sigh from her and she tilted her head, inviting him. His eyes seemed to darken as he bent to bridge the gap between them. His hands found their way to her ass and squeezed. The left cheek was still sore from his slap but it was a tingling, warm pain that she liked.

Another pair of hands took hold of her wrists and guided her hands behind her back. She heard a rustle and then felt the slide of some soft, slick fabric over her anchored wrists. She gasped and opened her eyes. Jack peeked over her shoulder to see the bindings. She pulled against the material, and it had no give but tightened instead.

"Silk rope," London said in explanation, stroking her arms until she stopped struggling. "I can take it off if it scares you, but trust me, bondage is an experience worth sharing."

"I've done it before," she whispered. "Once or twice."

"It's intense," London whispered against her ear. His tongue flicked a hot line across the tender shell of flesh. "I want you to belong to us tonight. Do as we say. Trust us to give you pleasure. Can you do that?"

"Yes," she said.

"Safe word?" Jack interjected. She glanced at him to see a startling heat in his eyes. He liked this scenario a lot, which

surprised her, considering his submissive tendencies with the other man.

"Melancholy," London said. "It's long and silly and it would never come up during sex."

"Okay," she said. "I can remember that."

"Good," London purred, his hands coming to rest proprietarily on her breasts. His thumbs circled her nipples through her shirt and bra. They were already peaked and his rough stroking rubbed the fabric of her clothes in a tingling scrape over the sensitive tips. "I should have taken this off first, but I suppose we can just unbutton it and push the bra up, can't we?"

Tara bit her lip, watching as Jack's lips parted slightly in arousal at the suggestion. She could see the picture in her mind as clearly as they both could: shirt splayed open, bra hiked up, pushing her breasts down and full and ready to be stroked. Jack ran his thumb down the line of buttons on her shirt, lighting a line of fire from chin to belly as he did. She arched into the single caress and sighed when it disappeared.

"One more thing," London said, sounding too wicked for his own good. His heat left her back and she heard rustling in the bag again. A moment later a cloth of some kind, perhaps a tie, looped around her forehead. Her breath sped up. "You know what I'm going to do with this?"

"Blindfold me," she whispered. "Or gag me."

"Silly," London whispered, pushing the hot line of his erection against her ass. "I want to use your mouth."

The fabric dropped over her eyes and he carefully knotted it, keeping her hair free. She stood almost swaying, bracketed

in on both sides by their warmth but not quite by their bodies. They weren't really touching her yet and she felt adrift, without anchor. She began to shiver and hands wrapped around her upper arms. She guessed from the angle, fingers splayed toward her chest, that it must be London.

"It's okay," he whispered. "We're going to get these clothes off and then lead you to the bed. We won't leave you. We'll be right here the whole time. You can trust us."

In a flash Tara realized the purpose of his game. It wasn't for the erotic fun, though she was anticipating that with every throb of her pulse between her legs. The game was to show her they were both there to support her, help her, love her. She smiled. The tenderness that knowledge brought made the hands undoing her buttons seem like worship and not demand. The give and take seemed muddled considering the motivation: it was for her, so was she in control, despite their masterful hands taking away her pants and easing her legs out of them?

A warm palm cupped over her panties and rubbed a shallow circle, shattering her musings. The heel of his hand—whose?—ground a gentle circle on her mound, his fingers tenderly pressing against her outer lips. The pleasure flickered through her clit, though the stimulation wasn't direct. She liked to masturbate sometimes that way; taking a long time only stroking and petting over her panties. The orgasm was always sweet. She circled her hips shallowly against the touch and felt an arm brush her bound ones. Unless they had switched sides, that meant London was reaching around from behind her.

"Yes," she sighed, arching her back to offer her still-covered breasts.

Another set of fingers edged under the bottom hem, barely brushing the round bottoms of her tits. She moaned. Jack, it must have been Jack, reached around beneath the shirt still hanging from her arms and unsnapped the clasp of her bra. The sudden looseness and freedom made her breasts feel even heavier with desire. The soft yet scratchy sensation of her loose bra rubbing her nipples also sent sparks of pleasure down her spine to join with the slowly building fire London's hand was arousing, still rubbing in those shallow, delicious circles.

"Want to make you come," Jack whispered in her ear from behind, and the change threw her. She gasped. When had they switched?

London laughed warmly from her front and she shook her head. "It's all about keeping you on your toes until you finally just give in," he said. "Let us take care of you."

Jack chose that moment to run his thumb more firmly down her slit, stroking the silky lace of her panties against her clit. She jumped a little, nearly crying out at the sudden change and sharpness of the pleasure. Momentarily she regretted not being able to see their reaction to her underwear, but another sweet stroke distracted her from that as well.

"Bed," Jack suggested.

London's hands on her waist and Jack's on her hips guided her slowly backwards. Jack slipped away and she sat on the edge of the bed. She found herself yearning forward for

contact, unable to reach out with her hands and instead tipping her face up in blind curiosity. She inhaled deeply and smelled the rich musk of male sweat. Another scoot forward until she was on the edge should have brought her to someone's crotch, but instead she found nothing. She dug her fingers into the sheets and whimpered.

"Quiet," Jack murmured. Someone climbed onto the bed behind her and pulled her back so she was sitting properly on the edge again. His legs spread around hers, shockingly and wonderfully bare. His naked dick pressed to her back. She wriggled.

"Patience," London said.

"You sound like you're trying to teach me my virtues," she joked breathlessly.

The sudden brush of velvety, hot, hard flesh over her lips stole any more words. She opened her mouth but the touch was gone. Jack squeezed her breasts under her hanging bra. She felt debauched, hungry, empty.

"Please," she begged.

"Please what?" London growled.

"Please let me suck your cock," she whispered, fire racing down her nerves at her own audacity. "Put it in my mouth."

"My pleasure," he replied, sounding almost as breathless as her.

After being teased with the possibility for what felt like eternity, heaven was the firm pressure of London rubbing his hard cock on her parted lips. She opened her mouth again and he guided himself inside a few inches, then stopped. She moaned, the wonderful stretch in her jaw and smooth skin on

her tongue almost as satisfying as if he had just penetrated her in other places. Tara strained forward in Jack's arms to take more into her mouth. The rediscovered gag reflex seemed to have disappeared just like it used to. She took an inch at a time until he pushed against the back of her throat. His breath caught and he began to pull back but she pushed forward, letting the head of him open her up.

"God!" London gasped, grabbing her hair suddenly as if he couldn't stop himself.

Tara wanted to smile but couldn't. She wished she could roll her eyes up to look at his face while he lost his control to her. Even bound and blinded, she could bring him to his knees if she wanted. She eased forward in tiny increments, testing herself, until her nose brushed his belly.

"I'm feeling left out," Jack rasped, thrusting without purchase against her back.

London stepped back, drawing free of her mouth with a wet slurp that she thoroughly enjoyed. She smacked her lips and grinned blindly up at him. His hand stroked her cheek, then his thumb rubbed her lips. They felt puffy already, extra-sensitive. Jack wiggled away from her and hands found her shoulder and her legs. Her lovers lifted her with little effort onto the middle of the bed. She twisted, trying to get comfortable, but her bound arms were pinned under her.

"Hey," she murmured.

Jack seemed to understand first and rolled her onto her stomach. She breathed a tight sigh of relief and struggled up onto her knees, displaying her ass in the air. She swayed enticingly. Jack moved back around so he was sitting with his

legs spread around her again. She inched forward and buried her face against his smooth, silky hard-on. She breathed in his scent, licked at the base of his dick. She felt his balls tighten against her chin and grinned.

When she moved to take him in her mouth, though, he gently but firmly pushed her head back down onto his thigh. She opened her mouth to ask why when the telltale crack of leather on flesh froze her. Again, the smack, though it sounded light and small. Jack stroked her hair out of her face, off her cheeks and lips.

"I'm going to spank you a little with this," London murmured. Warm suede bands trailed over the small of her back like a spill of ribbons. A flogger, a soft one; her breath sped until she was nearly panting. She felt her own body quiver, out of her control, as she waited for the first strike.

It wasn't going to hurt. She knew that. It was the knowledge of his intent, of his marking her and claiming her, his mastery over her body that made her gasp and shiver. She wanted this experience suddenly more than she had any other they'd had together yet, even the first night in the hotel room. Jack continued to pet and stroke her face and shoulders while she waited. London stripped her panties down to her knees and left them there, another binding. She waited again.

The flogger slapped against her right thigh, cutting lines of heat into her flesh. She squealed. The next stroke fell on her other thigh, two to match. The hot patches tingled and sent zings of pleasure to her groin. He smacked it down over her ass next, first the bottom of one cheek, then the other. She

gasped for breath, hands clutching at air. Jack's fingers found hers and she clung to him as the next two blows fell in quick succession over the middle of her ass. She writhed, unable to contain the helpless movement. The burn and the pleasure were monumental things in her bound, blinded world. They consumed her. There was nothing beyond the throbbing of her pussy and the searing pain-pleasure of the gentle flogging. One stroke fell on the top of her ass. She jerked, moaning. She arched herself in presentation for the next, perhaps the last, craving it. Jack's hand anchored her, grasping her own fingers tightly.

"Beautiful," London whispered, then struck on the matching space on her other cheek. She cried out. The flogger hit the floor with a thump and the bed dipped as he climbed onto it behind her. "Ssh, ssh."

She became aware that she was whimpering and stopped. Too warm hands slid over her burning ass and thighs, prompting a shiver and a cry. A moment later they returned, slick and smooth with oil or lotion. Whatever it was, it tingled even stronger than the spanking. Her pussy ached with need, her clit throbbed, her breasts cried out for touch.

Gentle as he'd always been, Jack lifted her head a little bit and she understood his desire. His cock was steel hard, too stiff to fit down her throat as London's had. Instead she flattened her tongue and stroked up and down his length with it. She flicked at the tip, sucked him hard and quickly, then released to slurp back and forth. Her work and his breathy moans distracted her until a hot, blunt pressure pushed at her slit. She moaned and pushed back against it. London's dick

sank smoothly inside her. She was so wet, so ready, that it felt as if he was made to be inside her. She shuddered and clenched around him, willing him to move, to make her come. He pushed a little deeper, harder, just to let her feel his hips against her still-burning backside. She gasped.

"Wonderful," Jack panted, stroking her hair with more fervor, as if he wanted to grab it and pull. She sucked him harder, bobbing her head with a little difficulty. "Going to come."

London still hadn't moved and she was grateful. Her concentration wouldn't have lasted both of them fucking her after the scene they'd shared together. She pushed her tongue hard against the little ridge at the head of his cock and slurped, sucking him sweetly until he began to pulse in her mouth. She swallowed the salty flood and kept working him with her tongue until he flinched, nothing left to give.

"Now I can fuck you," London rasped.

She barely let Jack slip out of her mouth before London slammed his hips forward and immediately pulled back out. She screamed quickly and sharply as he began to fuck her mercilessly. Pleasure wracked her body. Jack slipped a hand down her body until he found her slick folds and began to circle the swollen nub of her clit with his fingertips.

"Oh, fuck, oh, yes!" she cried, frozen between the two sensations. Her body couldn't decide which to push into, but it didn't matter. London cried out, his voice hoarse, and as she felt him coming inside her body her own climax crested. She writhed, shuddering and helpless under the crushing waves of pleasure that painted colors behind her blindfolded eyes.

London stayed in her and they remained still in that tableau for a moment, catching their breath and coming down from orgasm. Finally, clumsy fingers undid her hands as another removed her blindfold. She blinked, dazed by the light, up at Jack.

He smiled.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too," London managed, his breath still racing. He slipped out of her and collapsed on the bed next to them.

She looked at them both, drained and tingling with pleasure and aches that were beginning to spring up from head to toe. Her lips curved up into an answering smile. Her heart sped again.

"I love both of you," she said.

Jack closed his eyes for a moment as if savoring the words, then bent to kiss her. London pressed his lips to the back of her neck in response. He couldn't stop smiling, even against her skin. She giggled suddenly, stretching out and digging her fingers and toes into the covers.

"You're going to kill me with sex," she said.

"What a way to go," Jack murmured in response.

"Can we just go to bed?" London asked.

"I don't see why not. Get up early and have breakfast tomorrow, I guess," Tara replied.

Jack slipped out of bed and into the bathroom. He brought them back a washcloth so they could all clean up, then Tara curled onto her side in the middle of the bed. She flung her hand out for Jack to come back to bed as London spooned up against her back. The younger man grinned, still looking so

pleased and tender. He crawled up and turned so she could hold him to her. She ground her hips jokingly against his firm butt and he groaned. "Give it up 'til morning!"

"For now," she assured him.

London turned off the lamp and the room plunged into dim darkness. Outside, the sun was setting. Its gold and red beauty couldn't quite be blurred out by the heavy curtains. Tara watched its shadow pass in brilliance until she began to dream.

* * * *

Tara padded down the stairs in a pair of boxer shorts and a tank top. Her skin was still a little sore where the thin cotton rubbed her ass and thighs, but the tingling only reminded her of the depth and breadth of her thrill at letting London and Jack master her. She turned the corner into the kitchen and found the men nursing cups of coffee. She raised an eyebrow and went to the pot to pour herself the last cup.

"Didn't cook me breakfast?" she said. "Here I thought this was all about taking care of me. I guess I'll just have to fend for myself."

"Tragic," London quipped, grinning at her. His golden stubble caught the morning light and sparkled in its own strange way. Jack's face was still smooth. He didn't have a lot of hair anywhere, really; she wondered if he had to shave much.

"It's almost noon," Jack said. "Why don't we all just get a wash, then go have lunch somewhere?"

"I like that idea," Tara said. She took a seat between her lovers at the table.

"I have something to ask, too, when we go," London said, fiddling with his cup.

He never looked nervous. Seeing him fidget was a little strange.

"Is it bad?" she said carefully.

"No, no!" he said, then sighed. "It's good, I think, but I don't know what you'll say. So let's wash up and get some food in us before I ask."

"Will I be happy?" she asked Jack, almost sure they'd already talked about it.

"I would be," he replied, grinning.

"Okay," she said, sipping her coffee. "That makes it a little easier to wait for."

"I guess I'll go first," Jack said.

He stood and put his empty mug in the sink, then bounded up the stairs, giving Tara little time to appreciate his tight boxer shorts. She looked over the rim of her mug at London, who was still a little fidgety. Good news that might make her angry, she supposed, but had no idea what it could be.

"How about I run a bath?" he said. "You can use it and I'll hop in the shower with Jack."

"Okay," she said. "I wish I could see through the door better, then."

"Don't worry. I'm too hungry for sex." He smirked. "Later, though, I'd be happy to indulge your voyeuristic desires in any way you please."

"Thanks," she said. "You know, Trey came over this week."

"Oh?" he said, but she heard the tension under his casual flippancy.

"I think we finally settled things. I told you Jack came over. I just didn't want to get into why until I could tell you eye to eye that nothing happened with him." She took his hand and led him to the stairs. "He finally got that I was done and gone. I'm glad it's over."

"You don't think you'll miss him?" London murmured.

"You know, I will sometimes," she said. "But it'll fade. I don't miss him the way you mean. Not like I'd replace you with him if I could. I don't want to go back."

He tugged her hand and she turned to him, halfway up the steps. He kissed her soundly, with a movie-like smack. She laughed.

"That's for being wonderful," he said.

"You, too," she murmured.

Jack was just stripping when they came into the bathroom and he shook his head.

"You just couldn't resist me, could you?" he said.

"I bet we could all fit in there," Tara mused, eyeing the dimensions of the standing shower. "If we squeezed a little."

"Wet, naked bodies," London purred. "Just the way to start the day."

"Water's warm already." Jack pulled the door open, stepped in, and scooted to the back. Tara and London crowded in after him. It was a tight fit but she hardly minded the slide of hot male flesh on her body, arms pressing arms and tender skin. She grabbed her own bath puff and began to scrub. Jack had brought himself a rag from the basket by the

tub but London reached for the shampoo. He had to wriggle to the back of the shower among giggles to keep from elbowing them while he lathered his hair. Jack's fully hard dick brushed her hip and she backed into him, rubbing her ass on it. They were both slick with water and Jack groaned, grabbing her soapy, slippery breasts in his hands.

"Kids, kids," London murmured, drawing his hands away gently. "Lunch, then sex."

"Fine," Tara groused, rinsing herself. She hid a smile. They were so much fun.

London passed her the shampoo around Jack and they shifted again, rubbing together more than was entirely necessary. She washed her hair standing at the back while Jack "helped" London scrub himself, which seemed to involve a lot of groping and not much soaping.

"Rinse," she said, passing the shampoo to Jack while they ushered her under the spray. Once her hair was clean, she shook her head and stepped out of the shower. "Too crowded!"

"Wuss," London said, though he also stepped out to let Jack rinse his hair.

After drying and dressing they made their way downstairs. Jack hadn't had the foresight to bring a change of clothes and was wearing his rumpled business attire from the night before, but London wore a simple combination of tight T-shirt and jeans. Tara thought he looked like a model. His beauty struck her sometimes like a mallet. Not that Jack wasn't also magnificent, but he wasn't the poster-boy London could be.

They were handsome in different ways. How lucky she was to have them both.

London's car was parked at the end of the drive so they climbed in it. Tara took the back seat before Jack could offer and buckled herself into the middle. The men both put their arms on the armrest, touching, and she laid her hand over theirs. She had to stretch to reach, but the moment of warm unity was worth it. When London started the car she leaned back into her seat properly, but the lingering heat of their skin stayed on her fingers like a faint ghost.

"Where to?" he said.

"We can go to the barbecue place, it's just outside the neighborhood," Tara said.

"Oh, I like barbecue," Jack said.

"Lead the way," the other man replied.

He didn't know her city well, but he wanted to, and it was obvious by how attentive he was to her directions and the surrounding area. An idea began to form in her head about what his question might be, but maybe he was just being conscientious. They pulled into the restaurant only a few minutes later and Jack practically jumped out of the car. Tara and London shared a glance.

"Guess he really likes the BBQ," the other man commented, grinning.

He waited by the door for them, hands in his pockets. Tara chuckled at his eagerness and they went in. Her breath stuttered a little when both men grabbed her hand at once, bracketing her between them. No one directly noticed, and a silence didn't fall, but the cashier was giving them that same

confused look they had received at the buffet at the convention. She'd eaten here several times by herself but she doubted the girl was baffled over her bringing in a date. Most women just didn't bring in two.

Jack squeezed her hand and she squeezed back. Neither man let go and she breathed deeply before approaching the counter. They ordered and found a table in the corner. Her palms had started to sweat with nervousness.

"Whew," London said, sitting down across from them at the booth. "This is kind of unnerving, isn't it?"

"Exactly what I was thinking," Tara murmured back. "Not something I've done before."

"Me neither," Jack said. "But it's worth it."

Tara smiled at him, and so did London. Their agreement was obvious.

"It'll happen a lot," she said. "I guess we'll get used to it, and around here they'll get used to us. It won't always be weird, I hope."

"We're all brave and strange," London said, propping his chin on his hand to make moony eyes at them. "And beautiful. Mustn't forget. They're all just jealous."

"Of who?" Jack said, glancing between the three of them.

"All of us," Tara said. "Definitely all of us."

"While we're talking about togetherness," London said. He drummed his fingers on the table then froze them when he noticed his fidgeting. "My apartment lease is up next month."

"Honey," Tara said. "It's a little quick to be moving in!"

"No, no," he said, laughing. "I just meant I might move to this city to be closer to you two. It's easier for one guy to move than two people, one of whom has a big pretty house."

"Oh," she said, joining in his chuckle. "Sorry to turn you down preemptively. It's just a little soon for cohabitation."

"Oh God, I know," London said. "So you wouldn't feel encroached if I moved here? I don't want to be weird."

"No," Jack said, looking at him warmly. "Not on my part. I'd like to be able to see you more."

"Me, too." Tara shrugged. "How could you think I wouldn't want you nearer?"

"Good," he said and sagged with relief in his seat. "I already found a place I like. It's off the next exit on the highway from yours."

"So you looked before you asked," she said, shaking her head.

"I looked as soon as I got home," he admitted. "I knew the lease was ending. I knew I wanted to be with you. It was still up to you, if you wanted more space."

"And I'm not saying I don't want you two to ever move in with me. Just not right away. I need some dating time before I want to settle back into a routine. I want to do the courtship dance with you both all the way through."

"Fair and fine," Jack said. "I like courtship."

"I like what comes after," London said with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

Tara rolled her eyes, then smiled as the waiter put their food in front of them. Her mouth watered with surprising hunger. London's proclamation had distracted her from her

appetite but now it rushed back at full force. She picked up her dripping, huge barbecue sandwich and took a bite. Sauce smeared her face. She held in her laughter as she chewed, but neither man did. They cracked up while she grabbed a wet wipe and cleaned off her face.

"Oh, shut up," she said. "It'll happen to you too."

They ate in comfortable silence for some time until Tara found herself staring at half of her sandwich, feeling like her stomach might explode. The men looked to be in similar straits: Jack's still had a good portion of his ribs left and was poking at them with a faintly determined look on his face while London had utterly given up on the last quarter of his own sandwich.

"Lot of food," she said.

"Barbecue is a good leftover, though," Jack said and put down his fork in surrender. "We can snack on it tonight or tomorrow."

"I'll cook tonight," Tara said. "I want to wow you with my culinary skills."

"Lunch tomorrow is solved, then," London said.

He flagged down the waiter for to-go boxes and then leaned back in his booth with both hands on his stomach. Tara grinned. Maybe sex after lunch wasn't going to happen after all; she was stuffed and so were her lovers.

"How about we go shopping while we digest?" she said. "There's a mall down the road and it might be fun."

"Says the woman," London muttered.

"Hey!" she said.

"Joking," he replied with a smirk. "Only if we get to pick out some panties for you when we're there."

"It's a deal, if I can pick some for you, too."

"Underwear?" Jack said, a little baffled.

"No. Panties." She smiled her wicked smile at him. "I would describe in detail why I like a man in a pair of tight, slutty panties, but we're in a family establishment."

A quick glance at London revealed that he was definitely interested, at least in getting Jack's fine, firm ass into some skimpy underwear. Jack's cheeks were turning slowly redder. Tara fought the urge to steal a grope and see if the idea had excited him or was just embarrassing. Oh, well, they'd find out soon enough.

She had a feeling Jack liked being called a slut, even indirectly. He was just more and more fascinating with every kink she discovered he had. London always seemed to be up for a wild time but it was Jack, she had begun to notice, who had a depth and breadth of odd, exciting impulses. All for them, too, so she could explore at leisure.

"Maybe you can flog his pretty bottom next," she murmured under her breath, just loud enough for her lovers to hear. Jack swallowed audibly. He was still blushing, but it was hard to imagine that he wasn't aroused.

"I love you," London purred, and it was an ultimately sexual statement. Her pussy throbbed in immediate response. "You're so naughty."

"Let's get out of here before somebody notices what we're talking about," Jack whispered, sounding strained. "Please."

"Of course," Tara said.

"You'll have to give me directions again," London said on the way to the car. "I need to memorize all this stuff and driving around will help."

This time Jack stole the back seat before she could. Tara shook her head at him and settled into the passenger seat. London reached over and put his hand on her thigh. She stared down at it, breath stuttering as he slid it up, fingers teasing her inner thigh. A little brush of knuckle over her pussy made her shiver.

"I want this," he said.

"Let's buy some panties," she whispered in response, fighting the urge to rub herself against his hand. So much for being too full to want sex.

He didn't remove his hand for the entire trip. Tara found herself nearly stumbling over the directions to the mall and his knuckles haphazardly brushed her through the tight jeans. She felt as if her lips had grown full and swollen, almost unbearably so. Her clit throbbed, urging her to grab his hand and make him stroke her to orgasm. Jack caught her eyes in the rearview mirror and smiled. He ran a thumb down the seam of his slacks, outlining the hard ridge of his dick. Her mouth watered a little with desire. She wanted to climb in the back seat and suck him, feel him sliding on her tongue and lips, wet with saliva.

"We're here," London murmured.

She blinked, surprised to find herself in the mall parking lot. Her pulse beat demandingly between her legs. London took his hand away and she closed her eyes to just breathe

for a moment. It didn't help much. Her arousal was still at a fever pitch.

"Make this quick," she said, climbing out of the car.

They took one of her hands each again. She wondered if they'd ever switch things up, hold each other's hands instead of bracketing her. This relationship was still so new and so strange in public that she imagined it would be a while before they even thought to advertise their own involvement in such a way. People stared more as they navigated the crowd to the lingerie store. The shop girl who said hello to them raised her eyebrows in interest, but Tara ignored her curiosity.

The first thing to catch her eye wasn't a pair of panties but a waist-corset with garters. She tugged London's hand and pointed. A slow, dirty smile spread across his lips and he glanced over at Jack, who followed their eyes and gulped.

"You can't be thinking..." he said.

"Oh, we are," Tara replied. Before he could argue she strolled to the shop girl. "Do you have that in his size?"

The girl's face turned red alarmingly quick, but to her credit she didn't stammer. "He'll have to try a couple on to see which is best. I'll take him to the dressing rooms."

"Thanks," Tara said.

She shooed a bewildered Jack off with the embarrassed or possibly aroused girl. London, who'd been browsing, led her over to another rack. Unsurprisingly he'd picked out another but different corset; their tastes seemed to run similarly. His pick was more of a bustier, though, and came with a pair of red lace panties.

"I can do that," she said, flipping through the rack until she found her size.

"Do I have to get something?" he asked, batting his eyelashes.

"Yes," Jack growled, rounding the corner with a pink bag in his hand that matched the shade of his face. "Let me show you."

Tara followed them with interest. Jack's pick was the most conservative. He pointed to the table of boy-short cut lace panties and London picked up a white pair, dangling them on his finger.

"These?" he said.

"Yes." Jack still seemed very short and his shop girl had disappeared. "Can we go now?"

"Sure," Tara said soothingly. "Sorry if this is a little humiliating."

"Having a stranger fit me for a corset was not in my plans, no," he said, but shrugged. "I got stockings, too."

London growled and Jack shivered.

"Thought you'd like it," he said.

"Let's not wear these all at once," Tara said. "Maybe one a weekend? Like a treat?"

"I like that," London said. "Draws out the suspense."

They checked out and made a quick trip back to the car. Tara wished faintly for London's hand on her again but he seemed single-mindedly bent on getting home. He remembered the return route without assistance, which was fairly impressive, even if it wasn't a particularly difficult drive. Maybe he would do fine moving from his city to hers. She

certainly hoped so. Being able to call her lovers up for a weeknight dinner would be a real treat. If she was busy, they could call each other. London wouldn't be left out of the loop.

She still didn't know how it would really work between them in everyday life. Would there be jealousy? She hadn't felt any toward their affection for each other yet, but what if she did, or what if either man felt she was playing favorites? Her mind boggled at the very idea of picking one over the other, but it could happen accidentally. She found herself frowning as they parked and walked to her back door. Jack carried the three little bags of goodies.

London caught her arm and leaned in as she fished in her purse for her keys.

"What's wrong?" he murmured.

"Just thinking," she said. "I don't know how this sort of relationship works. How does it stay fair? How does no one get jealous?"

"Easy," Jack said. "We love each other."

London smiled so hard, it brought tiny wrinkles to the corners of his eyes.

"That's about what I was going to say."

"I just want things to be perfect," she sighed.

"We're going to fight, I'm sure," Jack said, and when she opened the door to the kitchen he sat their bags down on the table. "But I don't think about each other. I care for both of you, not just one."

"Ditto," she said. London nodded.

"So let's stop worrying about that, and start consummating our first Saturday in your lovely home," he said. "I think our loverboy has a corset to put on."

"You have to help me into it," Jack said. "Seriously, it's kind of awkward."

"I so don't mind that," London said, his eyes lit up with a mix of lust and amusement.

"Upstairs," Tara said.

This time she was the first to walk up the stairs. Both men whistled almost at the same moment then laughed at each other. She smirked over her shoulder at them, walking with an extra sway in her hips. Her forgotten arousal sparked again at their lustful attention and her own mental image of Jack's fine, tight body in the brocade waist-cincher, with stockings encasing his legs. It wasn't a necessarily female image, but it was feminized and sexual to a point that she didn't think she could ever see him as ridiculous in women's underwear. His masculine body would simply be tempered into something smoother, something that they controlled. She shivered and stripped off her shirt on the way into the bedroom. This was about Jack, not her.

He made a tiny noise behind her and she turned to see London pinning him up against the door frame, both hands to the wall. The bag dangled from his wrist while London kept his lips just a fraction of an inch away. Jack struggled forward, eager for the embrace, but London teased him with it. He ducked in to brush their mouths briefly, drawing a moan from Jack and also Tara. He glanced over at her, his eyes dark with lust.

"Let's help him change," she said, suddenly breathless with anticipation.

London bent back to his lover and pressed their mouths together in a slick, sliding kiss full of tongue. Tara stepped out of her pants but left her underwear on. Her skin prickled with goose bumps in the comfortably chill air of the bedroom. When the men broke apart, Jack's chest was heaving with quick, hard breaths. The other man seemed reluctant to let go of him and break the hot line of their bodies, but after a moment he managed. Jack stepped away from the wall and tossed his bag on the bed. London prowled over to Tara's side, his attention still fixed definitely on Jack, who began taking off his clothes with efficiency and not subtlety. She bit her lip as his body was revealed, every delicious inch down to his hard cock where it lay curved against his hip.

"Pass me the corset," he said, holding out a hand. "And one of you help me squeeze into it."

"How about both of us?" Tara murmured.

Jack smiled and offered his other hand in addition. London took the gorgeous piece of attire out of its bag and handed it over to Jack, who carefully positioned it at his waist, the sides flapping uselessly. She walked behind him and tugged the edges together. Jack sucked in a breath and she started lacing. The brocade was smooth and stiff under her fingers, its embroidery a rough complementary texture. Did it feel like that on the inside, too, or was it all silk for Jack?

While Tara managed the laces, London went down on his knees with the stockings in hand. She paused to watch him take up Jack's leg like a woman's, holding the heel and calf

delicately. He eased the patterned hose up an admittedly too-muscular leg and had to fight to stretch them. The tops of the stockings didn't go as far up Jack's thighs as they should have and didn't quite meet the garter clips on his corset. Tara laughed a little, nuzzling the hot, smooth skin of his upper back between his shoulder blades. She finished the lacing while London tugged on the other stocking. Almost in concert, they stepped away to inspect their work.

"You're beautiful," Tara said honestly.

And he was. His red face and equally flushed dick stood out wonderfully with all the black brocade and silky stockings. As she had expected, he wasn't womanly but instead a sort of tamed masculinity. He had bent to their will, been shaped by their desire. She knew she would do the same for them, had in fact done it the night before. Trading power was a heady thing. She fought the urge to touch her increasingly hot, slick pussy. She wasn't quite sure what to do, who she wanted on top of her, and how to arrange it.

"I have to have you like that," London growled, settling that problem.

"I want him, too," she said.

London smiled wickedly. "We can do that."

"Please do," Jack said. He smoothed his hands down the shapely line of the corset, to his hips, and briefly palmed his cock. "I'm dying here."

"Lie on your back," London said. "Put some pillows under your hips, too."

"I see what you're thinking," Tara said.

"You on his lap, me in him. What's not to like?" he replied.

Jack shivered and instead of sitting on the edge of the bed and scooting back, he crawled up on all fours. His firm ass swayed enticingly in the air as he moved up to the center of the big bed then collapsed onto his side and rolled onto his back. Tara swallowed, her own arousal spiking at the unexpected show. She knew London must have been feeling the burn just as much if not more than she was.

"Seems like we're skipping the foreplay," she murmured, entranced by the sight of him shifting pillows under his hips. His cock, bobbing against his stomach, had become her central focus as she imagined it inside her.

"Do you need any?" London asked, his voice gravelly with his own desire.

"Not any more than seeing him," she said, nodding to Jack on the bed.

She climbed up as London stripped, settling herself over Jack's midsection. She smirked and scooted up until he caught the hint and smiled in return. A little more maneuvering and she sighed as she settled over his hot, slippery tongue. He traced her slit with careful attention, up and down without really penetrating, a tingling, far-washing pleasure that made her shiver.

"More," she said.

He delved deeper then, pushing his tongue against her and sliding it back and forth in hard strokes that were almost too much to bear. She shuddered, biting her lip, eyes closed. The pleasure sparked almost too sharp at every pass over her clit, but it wasn't too much. Not yet.

Jack moaned against her and she looked over her shoulder to see London returning the favor. Her view was impaired, but one of his hands held Jack's balls firmly out of the way as he licked him. Before she could wonder how it felt, Jack's tongue sneaked farther back as well. She squealed and twitched, and bounced up and away from the touch. He laughed, his eyes sparkling humor up at her.

"Somebody's ticklish," he whispered.

She watched as his eyes fluttered then and knew that London must be preparing him. She reached between her legs and ran her fingers up and down her wet pussy. With a held breath she pushed two inside, feeling her own molten heat at the same time as pleasure shot up her spine. Jack watched her as well as he could with his attention diverted to the pleasure and stretch he was feeling. She shimmied down his body again, panting, her cunt throbbing with need. She couldn't wait any longer.

His dick bumped against her hand as if reaching for her when she felt behind herself for it. She smiled, a quick flash, and then lowered herself onto the thick shaft. A gasp tore from her throat as she sank all the way down, as far as she could go.

"Lean up," London groaned and she lifted herself again in a slow slide that seemed to touch every perfect nerve in her body.

She felt slippery knuckles against her ass and then the sudden pulsing of Jack's cock inside her as London entered him. She clenched around him and he moaned, high and loud. His breath came shallow, constricted as it was. Brocade and

embroidery scratched at her thighs as she squeezed her legs against him and slipped down again. Tara was teasing herself as much as Jack; she was so ready, so turned on, that her orgasm already hovered close and touchable.

London stroked her thigh and then gripped it to give himself better leverage as he began to move. His chest brushed her back in a shockingly hot caress when he thrust in and she slid down on Jack, who was gasping and moaning almost insensate beneath them. She pressed two fingers to her clit and rubbed a slow circle. Sweet pleasure rolled from her own touch to complement the deeper sensations of being fucked. She cried out, shivering, and began to bounce faster.

"Yes," she moaned, thighs clenching and body freezing as the wonderful rush of climax poured over her body like hot water. Jack's hips pumped fractionally against her and she dropped her chin to her chest on another groan. Aftershocks rode her as she rode him, listening to the grunts and gasps of the men as they strove against each other for completion. London came first with a whimper and a clawing hand down her back that made her arch and cry out. He didn't pull out and she didn't stop lifting herself and dropping down again. Only a moment later Jack began to moan with increasing frequency, still gasping hard for every breath, and finally he clasped the sheets between his fingers and nearly screamed. Her body was too over-sensitized to feel him coming, but she could imagine it.

"Take this thing off," he wheezed, breaking the frozen stillness of their moment. London laughed and slid away from them, off the bed, to the bathroom. Tara rolled off Jack and

helped him sit up, then undid his laces. The stockings were a mess; one was down to his calf and the other had torn its seam.

"Must have been flexing too much," she said, nodding down at it. He snorted.

London brought them back a cloth and they wiped down with it before collapsing into a heap. He climbed up on the bed with them and stretched his arms to hold them both close, a rumbling, happy sigh coming from him.

"This is the greatest weekend ever," he murmured a moment later.

"Agreed," Tara said, smiling.

Jack just made a tiny snuffling noise. She tried not to laugh as his breath evened out slowly into a pattern of sleep. London met her amused gaze and shrugged, glancing down at the napping, sweaty man between them.

"Guess we wore him out," he said quietly.

"Weekend's not over yet."

"But we'll be moving me next weekend," he said. "Best have all the sex we can now."

"You think we won't be christening your new apartment?" she whispered in fake scandalization. "You just wait. I bet we don't make it past the living room."

"You're on," he said.

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Chapter Eight

Tara collapsed onto London's couch with a hearty groan. Her body burned; arms, legs, back, belly, even muscles she didn't know she had. Jack was sprawled in between the stacks of boxes by the empty but freshly reassembled entertainment center. A ceiling fan creaked lazily above them. London, also sweating and out of breath, came in from the kitchen with three cold sodas and passed them out.

"That's the last of it," he said. "I'll take the moving truck back and see you guys in a couple of hours, okay?"

"Can't it wait?" Jack groaned. "All this work and we haven't even gotten to break the place in yet."

"It might only take a little while," London said with a shrug. "I don't have to drive it all the way back to the old dealership. There's one about a half-hour from here. I can take it back to any one of them."

"Then you do that," Tara said. She intended to lift her head to look at him, but her neck didn't seem to be cooperating. "And we'll order some take-out. Dinner, then sex."

"You make it sound so romantic," Jack said, rolling onto his stomach on the floor. Carpet fuzzies clung to his bare back.

"I might undertake unpacking your television and stuff if I get bored, but no promises," she said.

"Works for me." London shrugged and picked up his T-shirt from the back of the couch, tugging it on over his beautiful bare chest.

"You know, it's just unfair that I'm with two hot, sweaty, sexy guys and they're putting clothes back *on*," Tara said.

"Turns out lifting several hundred pounds worth of boxes isn't really arousing," Jack said.

"Take showers, test the water pressure," London suggested. He bent down to Jack, who leaned up on his elbows, and tweaked one nipple. Jack sighed. "Put your pretty rings back in."

"I will, now that they aren't in danger of getting caught on a box," he said, then hovered at the door, walked out, and promptly came right back in.

"Who's going to drive my car to me?" he said.

"Oh," Tara replied. "It's good that you thought of that now."

"Yeah, I sort of forgot," he said, sheepish. "It's been hectic today."

"I'll do it," Jack said, prying himself up into a sitting position. "Tara can shower and get us dinner."

"I like how you leave the woman to rustle up the food," she said, rolling her eyes.

"Oh, shut up," London said fondly. "You know you want to wash off. You're just as sweaty as we are."

"It should never be this hot in May," she said.

She turned her head to watch them leave and the door shut with a faint click. She sighed. Maybe a shower, then a nice long soak in the bath to ease her aching muscles. It wouldn't have been fair to skip out of moving boxes once she'd agreed to help, but she really wish she'd begged off. Neither man had given her anything too heavy, but the

combination of the heat and the flight of stairs she'd hauled everything up had done their job. Tara was truly exhausted.

After another moment of lying on the couch, she sat up and stripped off her tank top and the sports bra underneath. Her breasts bounced free and she heaved a pleased sigh at how much cooler that seemed to make her. She dropped the top on the couch and stood to take off her pants. The blinds were closed, so no one was going to see. It was freeing to be naked in this strange little apartment that didn't feel like a home yet. The stacks of boxes and furniture just as bare as she was would morph into London's space soon enough, but for now the air of possibility and promise were terribly exciting. Or maybe Tara was just reflecting her own feelings onto the empty space.

Two weeks and things were even more perfect. Trey hadn't called. She was in love with two handsome men who loved her in return. London lived only fifteen minutes away now instead of an hour. Maybe in another year, when his lease was up, he might move in. The thought sent equal chills and thrills down her spine, which proved she wasn't ready for the next step yet. One day, though, she would be. The thought made her smile as she stepped into a cool shower and let the spray rinse her clean. Next spring it might not be so hot, either. That would be a blessing.

All in all, life was good and getting better.

By the time she'd soaked in the tub and ordered Chinese, the sun was starting to go down. She'd dug a pair of shorts and a too-loose tank top out of London's boxes because her own sweaty clothes were going to stay in their pile on the

floor until they could be washed. Someone knocked on the door and she got up to answer. The deliveryman seemed a little distracted by her shirt, but she smiled sweetly and tipped him extra. Only a moment later, as she was putting the bag down on the coffee table, the door opened and her lovers breezed in. They both promptly took off their shirts again and she grinned.

"I hope you always walk around half naked," Tara said.

"I think I can promise that," Jack joked back, flopping down on one end of the couch beside her as London disappeared into the kitchen to rifle through a box for plates and silverware. He came back juggling those things and more sodas with an expression of intense concentration creasing his brow. Jack snorted and stood, grabbing the drinks from the crook of the other man's arm.

"Oh, thanks," London sighed. "That was really difficult."

"Seemed like it," he replied.

Tara took out the little cartons and distributed them while both men took their seats on either side of her. She had a feeling they'd still be spending most of their time at her house since the apartment was nice but small, and Jack's studio, the one time she'd dropped by, hadn't seemed that spacious either. Plus, he only had a twin bed. Another image of her living room with their things scattered around popped into her head. *One day soon it will happen*, she thought to herself.

Jack ran a hand through his hair to get it out of his eyes and she smiled when it stuck straight up. He didn't seem to notice, but London cast her a private grin and they said nothing. It was too adorable to fix. She heaped her garlic-

sauce chicken on a plate with some of the fried rice and dug in. After a long day of moving, food was just the thing. She groaned in satisfaction.

"I want to hear that noise again soon," Jack murmured, nudging her with his elbow.

Tara rolled her eyes, but the heat in his voice sparked an answering fire in her. She was too hungry to postpone dinner even though it would be lucky if they managed to even make it to the bedroom. Judging by the gentle tickle of London's bare toes rubbing her calf, he agreed. Now that the work was done, playing seemed to be the only thing any of them wanted to think about.

"I didn't hook up your TV," she said. "But the water pressure is just fine. Didn't run out of warm water either and the bathroom is clean."

"That's good," he said. "I'll have to try it out later."

"Too small for three, though," she said.

"I guess your house is just perfect for us," Jack said offhand then blinked at himself. "Sorry if that was a little forward or something."

"No," she said. "I've been thinking about it, too. I'm not quite ready now, but maybe next spring..."

She let the words trail off. The blinding smiles each man rewarded her with made the admission worthwhile. She turned her attention back to her dinner, fighting a goofy little grin of her own. The first blush of love was always so much fun—a playground of emotions and reactions that seemed to change with every blink of the eye. Tara had a feeling that

this was permanent, though, and that made the freshness even sweeter.

"I'll wash the dishes," she offered a moment later when it became clear that both men were done eating. "You two can go rinse off."

"It seems kind of fruitless to shower and *then* have sex," Jack said.

"We're just going to get sweaty again," London added.

Tara rolled her eyes. "And how many times have we actually managed to pry ourselves out of bed to shower afterwards?"

"Point," Jack said.

He handed her his plate and so did London. As they walked down the hall and she dropped the dishes in the sink, a warm flush stole over her. Jack and London in the shower together: the image in her mind's eye was so hot, it seemed to scorch her from the inside. They would wash each other, she was sure. London would run those big hands of his down Jack's chest, tweaking his still-bare nipples on the way down with some comment about his jewelry. Their hardening cocks would brush together, slippery with water. Jack's hands found London's ass and squeezed, drawing their bodies tight together.

Tara rubbed her legs together in an attempt to get a little friction. She wanted to see them so badly. Imagination just wasn't cutting it, not matter how arousing. She left the dishes in the sink and padded down the hall. They wouldn't have locked the bathroom door; maybe she could just peek inside

without them noticing. She figured they wouldn't mind much even if they caught her.

She put her hand on the knob and held her breath. A tiny twist of her wrist opened it without more than a shuffle of sound that the shower blocked. She eased it open but was met only with the sight of shadows moving behind the shower curtain. They had it pulled tight, not even a gap for her to peek through. All the same, the moving hints she could see through the white curtain were tantalizing. Jack, who was the shorter man, had himself pressed up against London's back. Both of London's hands were braced on the wall. They shifted and rubbed together. Breathy moans hardly rose above the noise of the spray on the tile. Heat rushed between her legs. Tara took a slow step out of the room and pulled the door, but didn't shut it. They would notice, she hoped, and come looking for her.

To take up time, she went to the bedroom and grabbed the trash bag London's sheets were jammed in. At least he hadn't misplaced them among the boxes. There was no way she'd be rolling around naked on a scratchy bare mattress. She tucked the sheets onto it and cast a furtive look at the door. She heard shower shut off. Grinning, she stripped out of her borrowed clothes and flung herself onto the bed like an art-piece, sprawled elegantly, nude from head to toe. She wriggled against the soft sheets. It would only be a few moments more before her lovers came to break in the bed and her body throbbed with anticipation. She thought of Jack rubbing against London in the shower and knew immediately what she wanted to see and hadn't yet.

Waiting, she cupped her own breasts, loving the shiver it sent down her spine. Her thumbs circled her pebbled nipples with little sparks of pleasure. She squeezed them gently, massaging just as she wanted her lovers to do. A small sigh escaped her. She let one hand wander down her tense stomach and tease the trembling muscles there. Her fingers met the trimmed patch of her curls and then cupped her damp pussy. She squeezed her other breast again.

"Gorgeous," someone growled from the doorway and her eyes shot open.

London and Jack stood watching her, eyes alight with hunger, cocks standing tall and hard. She gasped, fingers delving between her folds to stroke the slick heat in between. They walked toward her in concert as if drawn by her pleasure. She smiled up at them, feeling pleasantly dirty, and spread her fingers so they could see her.

"You have such a sweet cunt," Jack murmured, crawling up onto the bed.

"And I know what it wants," she replied in a whisper.

"What's our lady's pleasure?" London asked.

"I want to see him fuck you," she moaned to London. His eyes raised from her fingers playing with herself to her face. He didn't look uncertain. She wondered if they already had and their roles only seemed to fall so tightly into place around her.

"I like that," Jack replied.

He touched her ankles as the bed shifted. London climbed up by her head and she turned it to offer him her mouth. The head of his dick was already dewed with pre-come. He rubbed

it across her lips and she licked it off, tasting salt and the faint hint of soap. Jack's hands slid up her legs while London slid into her mouth. The two in unison made her whimper and arch, demanding with her body that Jack touch her.

He didn't disappoint. She moaned around London's smooth, hard cock as a wet tongue played over her fingers and slit. She moved her hand out of the way and Jack sucked her clit into his mouth. She gasped. He rubbed the flat of his tongue against her lightly, careful not to make the pleasure too sharp. London moved his hips against her mouth in an imitation of what he would be doing to her body shortly. The slide of him against her lips was almost more erotic than Jack's tongue stroking her below, but the racing pleasure of each couldn't really be compared.

"Think she's ready," London murmured. Jack made a noise of dissent and began to suckle, making her whimper. "Oh, I see."

He was going to make her come first. She sucked with renewed vigor and buried her fingers, still sticky, in Jack's hair. He didn't seem to notice as he traced tight circles around her pulsing clit with his tongue. He stopped for a moment, only a brief one, then the slick pleasure returned even hotter, wetter. The shock of it made her spine arch. Jack licked a little harder, still using the flat of his tongue, and she writhed against his mouth. Her hips moved of their own accord to drive her closer to the sweet orgasm that hovered just out of reach. She moaned again around London's dick, which prompted him to make a similar sound. She reveled in

the loop of pleasure they'd created until another, harder, suck brought all of it crashing down on her.

She thrashed for a brief moment, whining with pleasure as it rolled from head to toe in unstoppable pulses. Jack kissed her and she gasped at the overstimulation before he rose up over her. London slipped from her mouth and Jack kissed her there, too, letting her taste her own fluids. She groaned against his mouth.

"I think there was something she wanted to see," London murmured.

Tara lay breathless as her lovers met in their own passionate kiss. Just as she'd imagined, London's hands skated down Jack's chest and then wrapped around his erection.

"I want this in me," he growled.

Jack shuddered hard. "You in her first," he managed to say.

She spread her thighs for London as he settled between them and let him raise her legs to his shoulders. His cock slid against her slippery pussy and the caress sent another knife of bliss shafting through her. She cried out. He pushed slow and steady, guiding himself into her still-tight body. The thrust went smooth and easy with her wetness, and the sudden depth of him drew another cry from her. He held still then, hair falling around his face, and she reached up to tuck it back. Her breath came in quick pants. London kissed the curve of her wrist before her hands found his arms instead.

She knew when Jack began to prepare him because he jerked above her and grit his teeth, but she also knew it

wasn't with pain. The heat in his eyes told her that. She wondered if this might actually be the first time after all. London clenched his hands in the pillows and closed his eyes. She watched his face anyway, each miniscule transformation the new pleasure wrought. His lips parted, his tongue darted out to wet them. His brows drew together as if in concentration.

"Ready?" Jack murmured, a deep thrust of his fingers pressing London's balls up against her.

"Yes," the other man groaned.

Tara watched, her heart pounding, as Jack reared up and pressed himself to London's back. He bit the other man's throat and closed his eyes. London thrust against her hard, suddenly, and she gasped. The rhythm stole them away after that. With every thrust of Jack's, London moved against her with double his usual force. His face was slack with pleasure, his gasps high and wild as if he was discovering something absolutely new and beautiful.

"Going to come," Jack gasped, raking his nails down London's chest.

It was quick, but Tara felt her own body tensing in anticipation of another climax as well. London whimpered and thrust faster, breaking the perfect rhythm. She reached down and stroked her thumb hard over her clit. The sharp pleasure sent her tumbling over the edge at nearly the same time Jack cried out. London's answering wail was so sweet and beautiful another pulse of aroused bliss shot through her, lengthening her orgasm.

"Oh, God," London groaned, shuddering between them.

Jack pulled out and they tumbled into a pile. Tara buried her face against the nearest chest and grabbed for a hand to hold her own.

"I do love you," she said blearily. "So much already."

"Me too," London gasped.

"Love you," was all Jack managed in answer before a blissful quiet stole over the trio.

Tara opened her eyes to look at her lovers. They were both sprawled, breathless, holding each other and her. This was how life was supposed to be. The happiness they brought her couldn't be anything but right, and even if it was a little harder to adjust to a life together, the struggle would be worthwhile.

THE END

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