

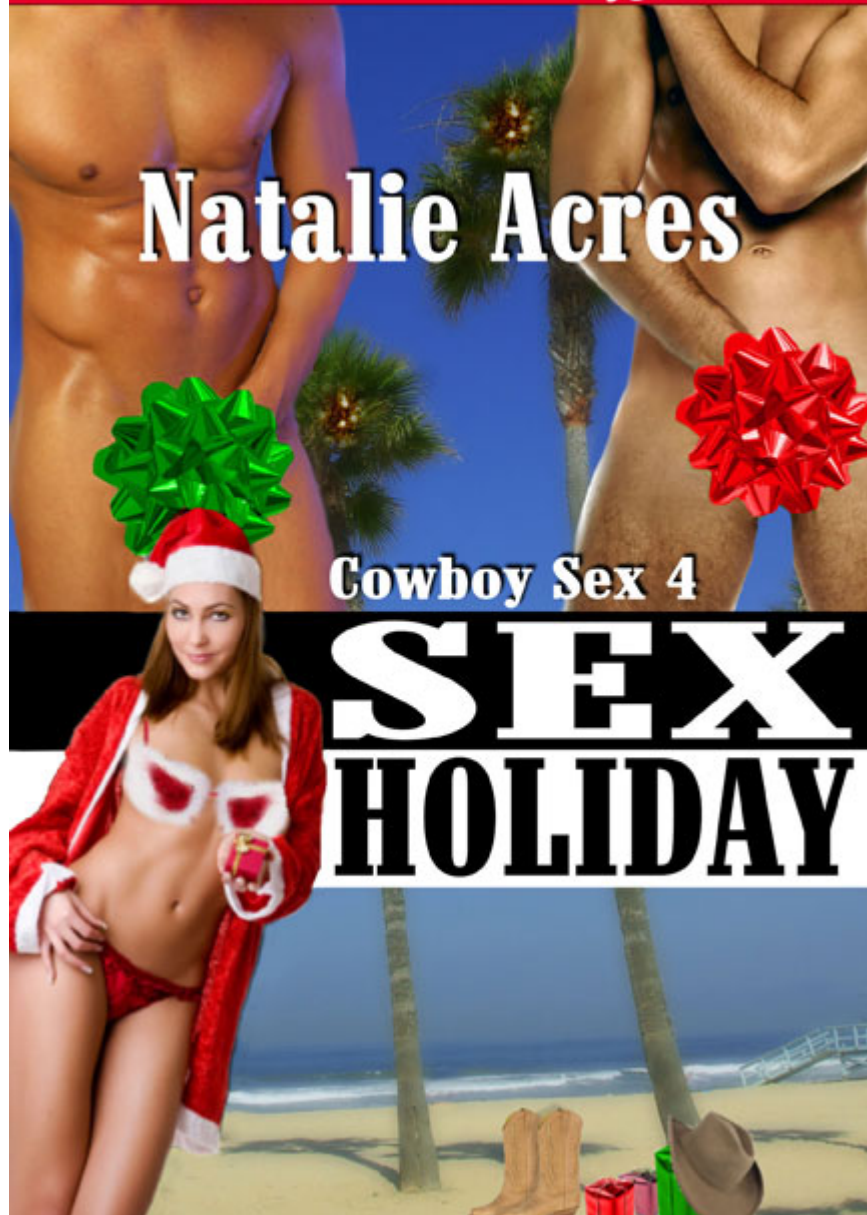
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Natalie Acres

Cowboy Sex 4

**SEX
HOLIDAY**



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SEX HOLIDAY

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my husband with love and gratitude. I'm able to pursue my dreams because of you. Sometimes I feel like the luckiest girl in the world.

SEX HOLIDAY

Cowboy Sex 4

NATALIE ACRES

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Chapter One

Patience McKay sat on the bright, tangerine-colored skin board. Her toes touched the water, but her heart stayed out of reach. For over five months, she'd felt completely dead, living without a cause.

Today, she woke up to *change*. Her pity party ended when she kicked the sheets off the bed and rolled over to a bright, hot sun magnifying off of the bedroom window. When she stepped onto her balcony, her spirits lifted, following right behind the rising temperature.

Yes, today should have been the first day of the rest of her life. Good Lord, she could've been on every talk show host's guest list. She felt empowered, motivated, willful, and quite frankly, full of shit.

She stared at the waves. The positive impact of self affirmations should've motivated her to move her spreading ass or at least inspired a little exercise. Unfortunately, as quickly as her new attitude arrived, depression revisited again.

Resisting the urge to call up the sources of her sadness, along with their wives—damn it to hell—she sat on the sandy shore of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, worshipping the sun and savoring the summer-like weather conditions.

A flock of noisy seagulls flew right in front of her face. Startled, Patience fluttered her hand in an effort to shoo them away. The lead

bird landed inches from where she sat, and the others followed suit. They seemed drawn to her. Several of them even waddled into her space after their brilliant crash-landing.

“I don’t have anything to offer you,” she said to the feathery creatures.

“Oh, I disagree,” a man said.

Tenting her hand over her brow, Patience peered around her shoulder. “I beg your pardon?”

“You said, ‘I don’t have anything to offer you’ and I beg to differ.”

Patience studied the stranger with one eye open since he chose to stand in front of the sun. Standing about six feet tall, the cowboy wore a hat perched on his head, not to mention expensive boots on his feet, both of which distracted her.

Yeah buddy, he represented the kind of man she avoided back home.

“May I?” he asked, pointing to the vacant spot next to her.

Come to think of it, the entire area around her looked quite deserted. In December, the Bay View Resort probably didn’t keep a full house.

She patted the ground. “Sure, if you don’t mind getting your denim blues white-washed all over again, have a sandy seat.”

He grinned when he squatted next to her. Extending his hand, he said, “I’m Mark McCoy.”

“Nice to meet you,” she said. She didn’t mean it. “I’m Patience McKay.” Or that either.

In reality, she had no idea who she was without David and Danny Joseph. For over two years, her life revolved around them. At some point during those twenty-four months, she lost Patience, in more ways than one.

“Are you staying here?” he asked, thumbing the resort behind them.

She arched her brow. “No, I like to hang out in front of the Bay View.”

He chuckled. “Oh, really?”

“Yep, absolutely. The guests frequenting this place have the most unusual assortment of beach attire,” she said, noting another peculiar character about fifty feet away, rolling up the pant legs of his Armani business suit.

Shaking her head, she turned her attention back to Mr. Cowboy.

He tilted his hat and said, “The boots get a woman’s attention every time.”

If he drew a crowd, Patience doubted they gathered because of his outerwear. An outrageously handsome man with curly, dark black hair and eyes to match, the cowboy held the intrigue, not his damn Stetson.

She should stop right now, she thought. She didn’t have the desire to pursue another rebel in denim. She’d had enough to last her three lifetimes.

“Are you here for the holidays?”

“No,” she stated flatly.

“So how long are you staying?”

Patience frowned. She hadn’t planned on returning home to Asheville until after New Year’s, but if the sexy inquisitive one didn’t back off, she might head for the mountains and pull into her driveway right before midnight.

“Are you spending the holidays here?” she asked, refusing him an answer.

“Yes, we arrived last week and plan to stay a little over a month. I kind of like South Carolina in the wintertime.”

“I see,” she said.

The tide rolled in and rinsed out. She watched the beige-colored sand claim the tips of Mark’s boots. Outside of stamping his feet in the wet grit and grime, the water stains on his fine leather didn’t seem

to faze him. Instead, his gaze pierced hers and, by hell, he didn't waste a minute of time perusing lower since he already looked once.

Patience kept her hourglass figure no thanks to her mother's hounding and insistence on rigorous early morning workouts. At home, she joined her mom five days a week at six o'clock in the morning to pump iron and run across a treadmill. Then they cooled down with yoga class. The schedule was insane, even for a woman in her early twenties, especially since the effort hadn't paid off. She still didn't have an interesting man on the line, or the desire to hook one.

Men who saw her instantly eyed her full chest and then her shapely legs. The more the cowboy stared, the more tempted she was to ask if he'd like to see her firm ass. Maybe she should've stood, possibly even bent over. Scrutiny made her nervous. Maybe it made her stupid, too.

"All right," he said. "I have a confession."

She snickered. "I may look like I have it together, but trust me, I'm not a priest."

He laughed. "What a relief."

"Or a saint," she informed.

"You could pass for an angel," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"You could give lessons in come-on lines." She clapped her hands together, dusting the sand off of her palms.

"As I was saying," he continued, "my brother and I are staying here, also."

"I assumed. I didn't think you'd wandered up the beach dressed like *that*."

"Got a thing against cowboys?"

At the moment? Everything. "No," she said. "I grew up on a ranch and my dads—don't ask—are cattlemen."

"We're not stalkers or anything, so don't worry."

"Criminals?"

"No," he said, chuckling. "I've never been arrested, but a few times I probably should've been."

She smirked. "I'll bet." She knew about those kinds of cowboys, too. Those good old boys possessed quick tempers and they often flared in public.

"I'm kidding," he said, smiling.

She doubted that one. She'd never met a cowboy who didn't deserve at least one night behind steel bars.

"Anyway," he said, straightening out of his stooped position. "We've noticed you walking down to the pier every morning, so I wanted to come on over and say hello." Mark extended his hand again. "The pleasure was all mine, Miss McKay."

"Likewise, Mr. McCoy."

"I'll patrol the area for you again soon."

She snickered. "I'd like that."

When he walked away, she cursed herself, her very existence. What the hell did she do anyway? One of the straggling white birds flapped its wings, leaving behind a *chirp chirp chirp* in its wake.

Smart bird, she decided. Even a seagull understood ignorance.

She stood up, shook off the board she sat on more than used for skimming across the water, and then quickly swiped the sand from her legs and hips. In the distance, she saw Mark heading up the narrow path toward the resort. He stopped, turned, and waved.

Instantly, she stuck her arm in the air and waved, too. In fact, she stood on her tip-toes and just about broke her wrist in an attempt to return the gesture. She wanted to make sure he saw the only busty, petite, auburn-haired woman standing on the beach.

Damn, here we go. As usual, she was doing what she did best, inviting trouble. Only this time, she thought, standing a little taller, she refused to chase a disaster waiting to happen.

Chapter Two

Two Weeks Later

Second Week of December

Patience lugged everything to the beach when she spent a day in the sand. Throughout the course of the day, she'd think of something else she couldn't live without and she'd rush to the condo and return with still more unnecessary items. Then, after a full day in the warm sun, she'd juggle all of her belongings and make one trip back to her beachside unit.

With the cooler swinging one way, the boogie and skin boards hooked to the cords behind her back and swaying all over the place, she rounded the corner and headed for the elevator. She ran smack dab into one fine-looking man dressed in black leather and a white fitted T-shirt.

The handsome rogue's dark shoulder-length hair ripped through the air behind him and his three-day-old beard completed the sexy factor. If he wanted to appear like the everyday, run-of-the-mill bad ass, he covered his bases well.

"Watch yourself," he said in a guttural tone designed to make a woman's knees, legs, and hips lock, rock, and roll. "With all this stuff, you can't see where you're going."

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment, but she popped right out with a saucy rebuttal. "At least I'm headed in the right direction."

"Hot damn, I hope so," he countered. And then, God love his heart, he shifted his helmet under his arm and said, "How about I help you upstairs?"

Patience froze. Normally, she'd take a helping man's hand, but something stopped her from accepting right away. "I can manage, but thank you," she said, her hands barely gripping the bulky items.

The fellow grinned. "I'm sure you can, Miss McKay, but I gotcha." Immediately, he relieved her of the two boards, the beach chair, the deflating float, the beach bag—completely stocked with romance novels, her cell phone and other must-have items—and of course, the cooler.

He stepped inside the elevator and waited for her to follow. "Fifteenth floor, right?"

Weird and creepy, she thought, keeping her distance while eyeing the man who balanced all of her belongings. "Have we met?"

"Not yet," he said. "I'm Spenser McCoy. My brother introduced himself last week when he saw you on the beach."

Oh yes, McCoy. Mark, if memory served her well. She knew damn well her mind kept Mark McCoy's name stored for future reference. In fact, she enjoyed some lovely fantasies about him soon after their chance meeting.

Okay, wet dreams.

"Yes," she said. "But I don't recall giving him a room number."

"I guess Mark didn't tell you we're neighbors, huh?"

"How would he know? I haven't bumped into you or your brother on my floor."

"Don't fret, little lady," he said when the ding sounded out announcing their arrival to floor fifteen. "We saw you leaning over the balcony one day right after we arrived."

They walked toward her room. Spenser chuckled all of a sudden. "And Mark really didn't mention anything? I'll be damned."

She didn't see why he found this amusing. "Nope, not a word," she confirmed, adding a little spunk to her own tone.

"Figures," he said. "I'm gonna have a talk with that boy."

“So we’re neighbors?” Great, exactly what she needed. Two fantastic-looking men located right next door. Before long, they’d knock on her door for a little sweet cream and sugar.

“Oh,” he said. “So you do live here?”

“No,” she snapped.

“Vacationing then?”

“Not exactly.” *Running—from men like you, as a matter of fact.*

He shrugged. “Well, either way, I’m glad we had the chance to chat.” He stopped precisely where he should have, in front of her unit. “Now, I gotta run. I’m singing karaoke tonight.”

“Really?” she asked, arching a brow and suddenly interested. Sparked curiosity came easy when the motivator looked like Spenser McCoy. “Where?”

“The Bowery. You know it?”

“Yes.”

“You should come.”

“I...I...”

“Don’t have an excuse, apparently,” he said.

“No,” she said, grasping for one all the same.

“Hey, don’t sweat it. If you decide you want to step out and have some fun tonight, we’re in 1509B. Like I said, right over there.” He pointed, snickering as he backed away. “You can catch a ride with Mark if you knock before nine. Karaoke starts around nine-thirty. Hope to see you then.”

Patience didn’t make any promises. Instead, she unlocked her door and said a polite “thank you,” but when she turned around Spenser was gone.

Chapter Three

Five Days Later

Patience lost every single brain cell she ever retained. Forming a fist, she extended her arm and knocked on the McCoy's door.

Swallowing tightly, she let her arm fall and she stared at the brass room numbers, deciding 1509B didn't look like a dangerous address. Of course, 1509A offered safer appeal. Yes, she mused, she should've remained within her comfort zone, tucked away and secured between her own four walls.

"What the hell am I doing?" She took a backwards step and glared at the door.

This wasn't like her. She didn't go to bars. She never talked to strangers. She couldn't carry a tune so karaoke was never really her thing and she did not, under any circumstances, pursue brothers.

She closed her eyes. Damn it. She shouldn't have called the twins. Ansley and Kimberly Cartwell, her neighbors and menacing best friends since birth, received her nine-one-one call right after she bumped into the extremely sexy Spenser McCoy. Once again, he'd invited her out on the town.

She thought of the Cartwell pair again. What a joke. As if she needed the twins to help her reach a decision. What should have been a five-minute phone conversation turned into a one-hour pow-wow. The twins demanded four-one-one details on the McCoy brothers. Then they convinced her she was young, charming, and beautiful, as well as a-v-a-i-l-a-b-l-e, the last of which stung.

After a nasty break-up with a married guy—a man she planned on marrying prior to discovering his third wife of five years and three kids—and his brother, Patience didn't need friendly reminders of her recent past. Okay, so it had been five months, twenty-eight days, four hours and a few minutes since she last saw them. She wasn't keeping tabs down to the last second now, which showed significant improvement.

She only called the twins to bounce, share the events of her day, and inquire about theirs. A lot of good her little phone call did. They could've bent their listening ears but oh no, not Kimberly and certainly not Ansley.

Instead, they told her how depressing her life sounded. Who wanted to spend the upcoming holidays alone? She dug deep for every seed they planted, deciding it was time to show some growth. Move on and start over.

Even after they said their farewells, she contemplated their words of so-called wisdom. Experienced in break-ups, the twins had survived several failed relationships. She'd only had one real boyfriend. Technically two, since she maintained a sexual relationship with the Joseph brothers at the same time.

She opened her eyes and stared at the numbers once more. 1-5-0-9-B now appeared to have a three-D component. Fucking fantastic.

Things would have been just fine tonight if Spenser McCoy hadn't joined her poolside long enough to invite her to The Bowery again, for the third time. She could've been curled up in bed with a good book, maybe her vibrator, and a bowl of popcorn for the after-sex snack. But oh no, for days all she'd thought about were the McCoy's. In fact, she was thinking less and less about the Joseph brothers.

A warning sign, she mused. The alarms should've sounded out all over the world.

"God bless America," she muttered. "This is probably the most desperate thing I've ever done."

She pursed her lips, formed a fist and this time, pounded a few times. “Please don’t answer. Please don’t answer. Please don’t—”

Mark McCoy opened the door. He crossed his thick arms over a broad chest. He licked his bottom lip like perhaps his mouth tasted like flavored candy. She should’ve asked him to share.

After he looked as sexy as humanly possible, he said, “I’ve been watching you through the peep-hole.”

“You have?”

“Yes,” he admitted.

Her heart thumped harder and harder against her chest. For a split second she thought the little drummer boy found a new home inside her chest cavity.

Why were men always hell-bent on telling a woman everything? Didn’t anyone believe in keeping secrets anymore? Scratch that, she knew one man—actually two—who perfected silence. The Joseph brothers believed in keeping mum as a word. They hid wives, children, and never mind the white picket fences. Those fellows lived in affluent neighborhoods and everyone knew them. How she missed the families behind the men, she didn’t know. Leave it to her to double her trouble.

“I kind of got a kick out of watching you debate whether or not you wanted to knock again.”

“Did you really?”

“Yep, I really did,” he drawled. “So tell me. What’s the verdict?”

She shook her head. “The what?”

“Are you glad you knocked?”

Her gaze swept over him. Heaven help her, God stop her, she started at the boots and worked her way up those denim-clad thighs, bypassed the bulge—which was a fairly large package and made her nervous as all hell—and lingered only long enough to admire the brass horseshoe-shaped belt buckle.

When he shifted, she quickly moved on, imagining what kind of washboard belly a man like Mark McCoy might have underneath his

bright red button-down shirt. Making progress, her eyes drifted over those fine-tuned shoulders, cleft chin, prominent nose, and finally settled on his dark brown eyes.

“Well?” he asked, amused.

“This is a mistake,” she whispered.

“I’m calling bullshit,” he said. “After a woman gives a man a good once-over like I just received, there’s no way you can look me square in the eyes and tell me you see errors here.”

“Gosh, you lack a lot of confidence, don’t you?”

He smirked. “I’ve got plenty, but since we haven’t known one another long, I’ll keep a few secrets tucked away in my pocket and save them for another time.”

A man with Mark’s cocksure attitude probably possessed a lot of secrets not to mention surprises, but they weren’t tucked away in pockets. Oh no, mysterious men like Mark kept their classified information stuffed in their pants.

Mark walked around her, shutting the door behind him. Without time to further ponder sexually explicit notions, Patience strolled toward the elevators alongside Mark.

“Spenser called and said you might like to join us for a little karaoke. After watching you in the hallway, I’d started to think my brother would spend another night singing the blues.”

“Ah now, surely he wouldn’t have taken it personally.”

“Yes, indeed. The first time he invited you, he stood by the door singing his heart out and stretching his neck so he could see the lyrics roll across the prompter,” he teased. “If you’d turned tail and headed back to your place tonight, I would’ve shown up at The Bowery once again empty handed. Then there would’ve been tears in at least one guy’s beer.”

“Just one?”

“All right, so maybe two,” he said, his lust-filled eyes taking a first tour.

Turn about was fair play, she reminded herself.

“You riding with me?” he asked when they finally reached the lobby.

“I’ll follow you.”

“Suit yourself, but I don’t bite.”

“I’m sure you don’t,” she said. “But I’m not much of a night owl. I probably won’t stay out as late as you and Spenser.”

Dimples claimed his cheeks. “Famous last promises. Didn’t your momma ever tell you the best times a girl will ever have start after the stroke of midnight?”

“No,” she stated flatly.

As a matter of fact, her momma warned her there would be men like the McCoys. And she told her to run like hell.

Chapter Four

She didn't recognize the song, but the vocalist lit up the room and she felt, much as she imagined the other patrons might, totally mesmerized. Spenser McCoy's talent projected through the microphone, and he possessed an electrifying stage presence.

The Bowery pulsed with a beat Spenser set. Several folks in the background held up their lighters and acted like teenagers crowded together in a concert hall.

The women loved the singer, and why wouldn't they? Myrtle Beach played host city to a slew of men, but Patience doubted any of them came to the beach totally immersed in charm, dripping in hard-core sex appeal with Spenser's good looks to match.

Good Lord, Spenser knew how to work his audience. Gripping the microphone, he chose his targets. A young lady with sun-bleached locks twirling down her back sat next to a much older woman with snow white hair. She could've been anyone's grandma. Tonight, she was Spenser's chosen woman.

He knelt in front of her, a few feet from the stage, and sang the chorus. *"Will you have my love, take my love, and accept my love? Oh baby, will you fall, fall, fall, head over heels for me?"*

Grandma was a goner.

Mark pointed toward the bar. "Spenser knows the bartenders. We'll sit over here."

She followed him through the crowd. Her eyes darted back to Spenser. The beautiful blonde appeared quite agitated, and Patience understood her frustration. She laughed when she saw Spenser with

Granny's hand clasped in his while singing, "*Oh baby, will you drive me crazy, love me crazy, make me crazy...about you.*"

"He's good," Patience said loudly enough for Mark to hear her.

"Yeah, he is, but don't do anything to stroke his ego. He earns enough praise, believe me."

"I'll bet," she said, watching as Spenser kissed the older lady's cheek. He returned to the stage and the audience gave him a standing ovation. Spenser waved and then made his way toward them.

"You came!" he exclaimed.

Not yet, she mused. *Sing to me like that and I just might.* Suddenly, no one else existed in the room except the McCoy brothers. Her mouth dried and she realized why. This was a déjà vu moment.

Her palms turned clammy. The light-headed sensation made her shake off an unusual euphoric feeling. Enthralled, she blurted out, "You're amazing."

"That's what she said," he replied, copping a devilish smile.

"Grief," Patience said. "*She said* jokes? Really?"

"No, I'm serious here. The old lady said I'm amazing."

"Told you not to stroke," Mark whispered in her ear.

Rolling his thick tongue over his bottom lip, Spenser said, "Ah now, Mark, come on now, let the pretty lady tell me what's on her mind."

After the arousing way Mark's hot breath covered her ear and the "she said" joke that never was, God help her if she told them what delicious possibilities she imagined right there in a public bar. The words she wanted spoken teetered along the lines of "your place or mine."

* * * *

She closed down the bar with all the wild hellions running loose in Myrtle Beach. The night could've gone on forever, and Patience wouldn't have noticed. The seconds turned into minutes and those

minutes quickly turned into hours. Soon it was after midnight and she approached her front door with two magnificent men.

Seconds later, she stood under the mistletoe in the doorway of her condo. Mark kept eyeing the greenery. Spenser shoved his hands in his pockets like he expected an invitation inside.

"I had a really nice time, guys," she said. "Thank you for inviting me."

"We did, too," Spenser replied, nudging Mark.

Don't ask to come in. Don't ask to come in. Don't ask to come in.

Mark cleared his throat. "We're spending Christmas here. Are you?"

"We already covered this."

"You're right. I asked," Mark gently reminded. "You didn't answer."

Her lips quivered. This time Spenser eyed the mistletoe and really focused on her mouth.

Wondering why she hung up mistletoe when she certainly hadn't counted on meeting someone who'd want her to pucker, Patience said, "I'll stay until after New Year's Day."

"Makes three of us," Spenser said, delighted.

Super, she thought. This might get messy. This could turn dangerous. This situation resembled the very thing she left behind in Asheville, North Carolina.

"Do you have plans for tomorrow?" Mark asked, turning toward their unit as if he'd walk away once he received her answer.

"I'll probably do a little shopping."

"Still have a few last minute gifts to pick up?" Mark asked.

No. "Yes," she replied.

"Sounds like fun," Spenser said. "What time do you want to go?"

She opened her mouth to say something but when she did, the spirit of Christmas magic must've stopped her because she drew a blank. Unable to think of the first reason why she didn't want the

McCoys tagging along, she stood there waiting for one of them to speak.

She needed to find a logical explanation in all of this, outside of the obvious. She had an apparent and undeniable appetite for sexy, smooth-talking cowboys in expensive snake-skin boots. That was it, the answer to her man woes. The problem must've been hereditary. Her mother barely survived the same addiction, for which she never sought a cure.

"Patience?" Mark snapped his finger in front of her face. "Would you like company tomorrow?"

"Sure," she said, forcing enthusiasm. "Why not?"

"Whew," Spenser said with an impish smile. "For a minute there, I thought you might turn us down. If you'd denied us, you would've become the first woman in the world to ever tell us no."

She sighed. "Oh, I can whisper a no and stop an eager man from going anywhere, trust me."

Mark leaned in and slid a kiss on her cheek. Pointing up at the mistletoe, he said, "I hope you don't use the word much."

Spenser winked, inched closer, and pointed, too. "I'm not letting you off that easy."

He lifted her chin, lowered his lips and whispered. "You have two seconds to say no."

"One," he teased, closing the distance. "Two." Bam! His lips claimed hers and she shivered instantly. His tongue thrust inside her mouth and gaining momentum with the kiss, with the aggression, he cupped her neck and drew her to him.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

She should have said no.

Chapter Five

Patience sipped a glass of chardonnay. Preferring a tropical fruit taste, she found one of her favorite Fetzer Vineyard selections when she first entered the condo and carried the entire bottle to the balcony. She sank into the long lounge chair. The calming sounds of the ocean soothed her and, after an exciting night out, she needed to unwind.

She couldn't believe she sat on an oceanfront balcony comfortably warm in the middle of December. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. Sliding out of her windbreaker, she moved her hands up and down her arms. Was it really warm or had her body temperature risen to this enticing level of heat that provoked all four seasons to change?

Nothing would surprise her. Since meeting the McCoys, she'd walked around in a constant state of heightened awareness, searching for them by the pool or looking for them on the beach. She'd even started strolling around the hotel on the chance she'd bump into one or both of them in the elevator or lobby.

She couldn't remember when she'd had such a good time. Spenser sang to her. Mark danced with her. Actually, Spenser did, too, if the brief sandwich-hump-and-grind qualified. They drank and laughed until every eye in the place turned toward them. Normally, Patience wouldn't like the center of attention, but with Mark and Spenser at the core of the party, the pulse behind the energy felt strangely *right*.

Her cell phone rang and she snatched it right up, barely noticing Ansley Cartwell displayed on the caller ID. "Tell me about them," she probed excitedly.

"What would you like to know?" Patience asked, giggling.

“Oh, come on, Patience! The suspense is strangling me. I’m facing sudden death if you don’t give me play-by-play action!”

“Drastic,” she said, pouring another glass of wine. “Merry Christmas to you, too, Miss Cartwell.”

“Yes,” Ansley said. “Feliz Navidad. Now, talk, woman! Talk!”

Patience indulgently sipped from her glass. Setting the goblet down, she said, “Remember when I told you I decorated the place for the holidays?”

“Yes...and...”

Patience placed the phone down on the glass end table and hit the speaker option. Crossing her legs, she leaned back and watched the waves break. “Well, I placed some mistletoe over the front door and—”

“Oh my God, you kissed them on the first date?”

“What are we, twelve now, Ansley?”

“Funny, I just can’t believe my ears. We’re talking about you here, not me. Okay, I’m ready,” she said rapidly. “Finish your story. So you kissed them.”

“No silly, they kissed me.”

Ansley squealed. “At the same time? Oh my God! That’s so fucking sexy!”

“No, Ansley, I didn’t kiss them at the same time. Good Lord.”

“Oh,” she said, sounding disappointed. “Well, damn, I had a picture in my head, and I was ready to paint the images straight across my mind.”

“Yeah, me and you both,” she sighed. “After Spenser kissed me, I saw all sorts of fantasies unfold and didn’t even close my eyes to get the best of them, let me tell ya.”

“Spenser?” she asked. “He’s the biker one, right?”

“Yes,” she said.

“What about the other one?”

“He’s hell-hot, too.”

“Damn.”

“Don’t get too carried away, Ansley. This isn’t leading anywhere.”

“Oh yeah, I can see that.”

“I’m serious, Ansley. I’m not ready for a relationship or even a romp.”

“Why the hell not?”

“You know why.”

“Please tell me this isn’t about dickslapper and his little brother. You’re going to have to forget them, honey. Move on!”

“Oh, I’m over them. Trust me.”

“Then what’s holding you back?”

“For starters, I don’t really know them.”

“So? It’s the holidays. Think of the possibilities. Have them dress up like Santas and you can help them with their packages!”

“Ha! Aren’t you full of smiles and giggles tonight?” Patience asked, sipping again. A few more minutes of talking to Ansley and she’d gulp the whole bottle.

“Patience, look, you wanted to get away, forget.”

“Run,” she corrected.

“Whatever.” Ansley made a big deal out of an over-exaggerated sigh. “Who says you can’t dash from one bed straight into the plush comfort of another?”

“Ansley, sex with strangers isn’t that easy!”

“Uh, yeah it pretty much is. And when you come to your senses, you’ll see I’m right. What better gift to unwrap on Christmas morning than two handsome cowboys?”

* * * *

Mark shot his brother a knowing smile. Then he pointed toward the sliding glass door leading back inside and away from the balcony. Quietly, they tip-toed into their private unit and stood there for a minute, completely dumbfounded.

“She can unwrap this cowboy any day of the week and three times on Christmas Eve,” Spenser said, plugging in their Christmas tree lights.

“Yeah, but you heard her, too. She’s running from a past relationship. She isn’t ready for the likes of us.”

“Did you miss the part where she further explained the break-up? She parted ways with two guys, not one.”

Mark grinned. “No, I paid real close attention there. I promise you.” Sitting on the leather sofa, he said, “Damn shame her friends didn’t tell us everything they could when they contacted us through the service.”

“Wouldn’t have mattered to me either way,” Spenser admitted. “After seeing her picture and those dimples etched in her wide, beautiful smile, I wouldn’t have cared if she had ten kids and about as many ex-husbands. One look and I’m telling you, I took the bait and the hook.”

“So no regrets after meeting her?”

“Are you kidding me? After the kiss I received?” Spenser fell against the large cushions behind him, crossing his legs. “Man, I’m telling you what, those soft lips of hers tasted like Christmas if nothing else ever did.”

“And what flavor is Christmas exactly?” Mark asked, folding his arms over his chest.

“You’ll have to try out those luscious lips and taste her for yourself. She’s addictive like the rock candy we used to make for the holidays, back when we were kids. Totally addictive and every bit as sweet.”

Mark grunted. “What I wouldn’t give to suck on a little *pebbled* candy.”

“You’re telling me.”

“I don’t have your self control,” Mark pointed out. “After hearing her conversation, I won’t stop with her mouth if I ever take the first kiss while standing under the mistletoe.”

Chapter Six

One Week Later

Christmas Eve

Patience couldn't remember when shopping had been so much fun, or exhausting. The McCoy's knew everyone on the Myrtle Beach Strip, which slowed their progress as far as browsing stores and taking in the Christmas decorations.

Since meeting the McCoy brothers, Patience had shopped with them several times. She had started to enjoy herself more while warming up to the idea of pursuing one or both of them for more than friendship.

After a busy morning, they strolled down South Ocean Boulevard, heading for the Bay View. Spenser stopped in front of a display window. Mark tapped her arm. "Hold up a minute."

Patience turned around and Spenser said, "Would you like to know what I want for Christmas?"

"What?" she asked.

"To see you in that," he said, pointing.

Patience walked closer to the storefront. "Are you serious?" she asked, eyeing the thong-style two-piece swimsuit.

"I could go for seeing you in anything black," Mark said, adding, "or skimpy."

Patience giggled uncomfortably, suddenly aware of the ten pounds she'd packed on, primarily in her bottom. "If you're good," she teased, "I'll consider it for next Christmas."

Spenser was all over the remark. Adding a little swagger to his walk, his eyes pierced through hers. “I’m always good, darlin’. And as much as I’d like to think we’re at the start of more Christmases together, when it comes to seeing you in that little number, my patience is thin.”

“Well,” she drawled, “this Patience isn’t!” She bit down on her forefinger and studied the swimsuit. Come to think of it, she would look good in that particular style. The scant top would only compliment her large breasts.

“Come on, Patience. It’s Christmas. I’ll buy the damn thing if you try the swimsuit and like it.”

“If she likes it?” Spenser asked. “What if I do?”

“It probably wouldn’t fit you,” Mark teased. Offering Patience a little more encouragement, he said, “That little beauty would look great on you.”

“I’ll go for sexy,” Spenser said.

“Guys,” Patience reminded. “We have thirty minutes before *What a Ham* closes for the holidays.

Spenser grabbed her arm and rushed her inside the store. “Then you’d better hurry!”

* * * *

Spenser nearly swallowed his tongue. Mark went pale.

Patience stepped out of the dressing room in the itty bitsy teeny weenie too-tight—well he didn’t know quite what to call it since there wasn’t much there.

“Okay guys,” she said faintly. “Frontal view only.”

Mark grinned and his gaze darted where Spenser’s did, first to her spilling breasts and then to the glorious full length mirror behind her.

Good Lord, what an ass, Spenser thought. Mark extended his index finger and twirled it in the air. *That a boy, Mark, make her think we still require the whole show.*

“Come on now,” Mark encouraged. “Don’t be shy. Turn around.”

He bought them a little more time to gawk in that beautiful well-placed antique mirror. Behaving like men, they continued to stare beyond her thin shoulder and take in the shape of one gorgeous ass. The thong style couldn’t possibly look better on anyone else.

Patience blushed. “So you like the front?” she finally asked, running her hands over her voluptuous curves.

“Very much,” Spenser said, surprised he could speak at all after seeing her apple-shaped bottom.

Mark’s gaze returned to the mirror. Spenser’s met his there.

“I like the back, too,” Mark said.

“God, yeah,” Spenser agreed.

Patience quickly turned around to stare into the lust-filled eyes of two horny men. Spenser couldn’t help but readjust things in his slacks. His balls tightened and his dick was in a true bind.

“I like this view a hell of a lot, too,” Mark said, once she faced the other way. “This is even better.”

“Much,” Spenser said.

“Guys! Please!” She bolted in the dressing room and Mark followed her.

Spenser tapped the closed curtain. “I’ll distract the sales clerk while you try and convince her a new swimsuit will only compliment her beach wardrobe.”

“I’ll work on it,” Mark called out.

What a brother, what a pal. Mark had all the fun.

* * * *

Patience reminded herself of her promise. She wasn’t chasing trouble, but she didn’t impose any ridiculous guidelines about being pursued, or more specifically, followed into a ladies dressing room.

Mark’s hot gaze settled at her breasts. “Drop the top,” he said with a guttural, low-pitched growl.

His request was a demand. His demand, undoubtedly serious.

“I beg your pardon?”

“Don’t beg or pardon me...Just.” He reached behind her neck and untied the strings. “Take.” He watched those long, thin rope-like ties fall. She cupped her hands over the material to hold herself under cover. “This.” He removed her hands. “Off.”

The top dwindled to the floor.

He ran his thumb back and forth over his bottom lip, in deep concentration. “Damn woman, it ought to be against the law for you to wear clothes at all.”

Patience swallowed over and over again. The way he studied her made her hot and wet. Hearing his masculine approval, enticed her nipples. They became sensitive, anticipating the first touch.

She should’ve been shot for contemplating the thoughts she considered then. At best, arrested for the public sex acts she wanted performed.

He licked his lips and took a step forward. “Damn.”

“Do you always pursue your women to this extreme?”

“No,” he said, wrapping his thick arm around her bare waist. “Sometimes I kick it up a level.” He yanked her forward. Her heavy chest slammed against him as fast as his lips crashed against hers.

Like silk, his tongue claimed hers while his hands ran up and down her spine. His kiss started out as gentle and sweet, but soon turned hot and bothersome.

Shivering, her body melded to his and, rather than grasp for resistance, she arched in submission, her hands tangling in the soft texture of his hair. He nipped at her lips, a throaty, masculine sound of a hungry male taking his time in search of pure pleasure.

And he knew where to find plenty.

He lowered his head, breaking their first contact and lapped at her nipple. His flat tongue moved over her point with precision and attention to detail, and he spared her nothing.

Cupping her bottom, he raised her to him, locking her legs around his waist. Then, he twisted his hand under her, working to free himself and loosen his belt.

“Oh, God,” she whispered when she felt the sensation, the undeniable feel of an excited man ready for friction and a lot more action. “You have to stop.”

He took three steps and pushed her against the wall. She asked him to slow down, stop, but he moved forward. God, how did he know? How could he possibly understand she needed this more than she needed anything else? Right then, she wanted whatever he had to give.

Painfully conscious of where he perhaps wanted the foreplay to lead, Patience cursed her sexuality, cursed the man making her all too aware of her needs. But the words never formed. She kept them all inside, spinning around in her virtually empty head.

Right then, she possessed only one thought. Right there, she owned one motivation. Right away, she sighed when he pressed through the thin bottom half of the bathing suit. She had one concern, one need, and it existed as the most basic.

She yearned for sex. And she wanted a hard, thrashing fuck from Mark and Spenser.

Her mouth opened as he ground his hand against her pussy, still manipulating her sex but hesitation keeping him from crossing over the threshold and plunging his fingers into her center. Oh, she longed for his cock now—but thank God—one brother made sure the other denied her.

* * * *

Spenser gave the curtain a sharp tug and the metal rings slid across the slick, shiny bar at the top, clanging together all at once.

“Holy cripes!” he exclaimed, stepping inside. “You two don’t waste seconds, do you?”

Breathless and embarrassed, she counted her blessings. She was glad Spenser stopped them and thankful the invasion came from Spenser, rather than another customer.

“Damn your timing,” Mark said, releasing her.

Yes, his timing sucked.

“I’ll remember you for this,” Mark bit out.

Spenser grinned. “Those are some great tits you have there,” he said wide-eyed and frisky as all hell, if the bulge in between his thighs gave an unsubtle hint.

He thumbed the area behind him. “The clerks said the store closes at noon for the holiday.”

“Yes,” Patience said, her voice quivering. “I’ll um...if the two of you will just give me a minute?”

Spenser slapped his brother’s back. “We’ll wait out here, won’t we, bro?”

Mark gave her a quick peck on the cheek. “We’ll continue this later,” he promised.

God, she hoped not.

They disappeared behind the curtain and she studied her reflection in the mirror. Her face was flushed, her nipples pointed forward like beaded pearls someone puckered into all-out arousal.

Someone did, she reminded. Oh hell, what had she done? Good grief, what kind of woman did she turn into overnight?

She touched her parched lips. Damn, what a kiss. She closed her eyes and wished she could turn back the gentle hands of time.

“This is ridiculous,” she whispered to herself. “Groping in a public dressing room was nothing short of...incredible.”

* * * *

They made their way back to Bay View without mentioning what happened between them. Mark and Patience exchanged lust-filled glances and Spenser didn’t mind.

Mark needed to break the ice. Now, Spenser planned on crushing the broken pieces up all nice and fine in order to move things right along. He never possessed a particular fondness for wasting valuable time, especially when erotic pleasures guaranteed hours upon hours behind closed doors. The sooner they moved Patience there, the better.

When they stepped out of the elevator onto their floor, Spenser said, "We'd like you to join us for Christmas dinner."

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Eager little thing aren't cha?" Spenser asked.

"No, I just meant—"

"We generally celebrate around three on Christmas Day. Can you make it?"

"Sure," she said. "I'd love to."

They walked toward their rooms and Mark asked, "Do you have plans tonight?"

"Not yet," she said.

"Sounds promising," Spenser said. "I like *yet*."

"I do, too," she said, sliding the key card down the front pocket on the door.

"We'll put our heads together and think of something," Mark promised.

"I'll wait by the phone."

Chapter Seven

Ansley answered on the first ring.

Patience blurted out, “What am I doing?”

In Ansley-style—because everything was always about Ansley—she said, “I’m not sure what you’re doing, but I’m in your room raiding your closet right now. Your mom asked me to feed the animals while they’re away, and I have to tell you, I’m so glad she did. I have unlimited access to your wardrobe. You still have stuff in shopping bags, Patience!”

“Yes, Ansley. I know.” And she would’ve liked to have worn the new off the clothes before Ansley and Kimberly snipped the tags.

“Anyway, so what are *you* doing? I hope you’re calling to tell me you’ve already let down your defenses. Heck, just tell me something juicy like ‘I just enjoyed the best fuck of my life.’ Which one has the biggest—”

“Ansley, really.”

“I’m serious, here. By now, you should know size, shape, and of course—the one I hate—any limitations. There’s nothing to stand in your way. Grab the bull by its horns. Ride those stallions. Fuck their chickens.”

“Fuck their chickens?” Patience tried to keep in mind her best friend was a tramp.

“Just give me the goods. Have you humped and bumped one or both of them yet?”

A proud tramp.

“No, Miss Promiscuous, I have not.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Because,” she began, “for heaven’s sake, try to remember I just met these guys a few weeks ago.”

“You try to remember you’re a gal with two years experience with two domineering Doms who fucked you in every conceivable way known to mankind, not to mention every public place in Asheville. This ain’t your first gig, baby,” she drawled.

“Oh, I get it. I’ve slept with two men in my entire life and now I’m a trained whore?”

“No, but you’re not,” she paused, “let me say this as delicately as possible. You’re not a virgin either, deary.” She took an exasperated breath and seemed to blow the bulk of air right into the phone. “You are a grown woman. There is no reason why you can’t knock on the McCoy’s door and say, ‘Hey, I’m horny. What do you say we get naked and play?’ I’ll bet they’d yank your little ass inside their condo so fast you wouldn’t know what hit you.”

“Ansley Cartwell,” she gasped when she heard a noise next door. “Oh, dear God,” she said. “Hang on a minute.”

“Whatever you say,” Ansley said. “I’m going through your handbags now trying to match something to this new little red pantsuit I found shoved in the back of your closet.”

Patience slipped her cell phone onto a nearby glass-top table and crept over to the balcony railing. She took deep breaths. *I can do this.* She took short ones. *I-can-do-this-I-can-do-this.*

Then she pushed her entire upper body around the concrete wall and peered over at the McCoy’s empty balcony. Relieved, she hopped down and returned to the phone. “Okay, as you were saying?”

“I’m finished. It’s your life. I want you to have the best one you can possibly have. Try and remember that, okay?”

A loud knock interrupted their girly chat. “Let me call you back.”

* * * *

“Merry Christmas,” they both chimed.

Most women would have swooned. In fact, she might have hit the ceramic tile flooring under her if she hadn't gripped the door so hard.

"Can we come in?" Spenser asked, grinning.

"Yeah, we don't want to give the neighbors something to talk about," she said, stepping out of the way.

"Do you know all the neighbors?" Mark teased.

"Only the sexiest ones," she said, blinking twice. Sure, Santa Claus invaded chimneys, but the McCoy brothers blasted their way right into every girl's fantasies—particularly hers—reminding her why good girls were rewarded at Christmas.

Dressed in silk red robes, the men came prepared. Carrying a beautifully wrapped package and two bottles of Cristal champagne, along with crystal wine goblets, these guys left nothing to chance. The evening held promise and started with nothing more than a very provocative insinuation.

A devilish smile spread across Spenser's mouth. "We're horny," he said, closing the door.

"We came to play," Mark added.

Patience thinned her lips. "Eavesdrop much?"

"With the gifts we're bearing," Spenser said, snaking his arm around her waist, "you'll swear Santa *came* early."

Chapter Eight

Patience forgot how new lust engulfed a person, but as she led the way into her posh bedroom, her excitement grew. Every nerve ending in her body prepared for the night ahead. For several weeks, she'd thought of nothing else.

Mark and Spenser McCoy could've taken her to bed on day one and she probably wouldn't have resisted much. Now, she found herself submerged in desire.

She drew the heavy curtains and plugged in the lights on her large Christmas tree. The undeniable smell of pine filled the room and she inhaled the scent as if the aroma would only heighten her senses.

Mark set the glasses on the nightstand and Spenser popped the first cork. Patience watched the golden fluid sparkle as he poured the first glass of champagne and then filled two more goblets to the rim.

Offering Patience her glass, their fingertips touched and he said, "To Christmas and the magic found in the holiday."

"To sex on the beach," Mark chided, smiling.

"Really? I mean, you don't mean literally, right?" Patience asked nervously.

A twinkle appeared in Spenser's eyes. "If you're a very good girl," he said, "you can have us wherever you desire."

She liked the idea of sex and sand.

After she sipped in the toast, Spenser slid the glass away from her fingers.

"Now," Mark said, "for your present." He handed over a beautifully wrapped Christmas gift.

"But I didn't get you anything," she said.

“You weren’t supposed to,” Mark said.

“Shh...” Spenser whispered against her lips. The kiss was brief but oh so sweet. When he left her mouth, her lips remained parted.

Oh, good Lord, she thought, what was she doing? *Wanting*, she reminded. *Needing*.

“Open it,” Spenser instructed excitedly.

She ripped the box apart and felt her skin heat. Handcuffs, a dildo, a very large vibrator, a silk blindfold, multi-colored condoms, and various lubricants looked specifically placed in the box to provide a beautiful assortment of a girl’s favorite naughty toys.

“My goodness,” she said. “You two thought of everything.”

“What do you think?” Spenser asked.

“It’s...” *A little assumptive*. “All this is...”

This ain’t your first gig, baby. Ansley’s words rang out in her spinning head.

Both men anticipated her answer. They each watched with hopeful expressions. Finally, she said, “Exactly what I wanted for Christmas.”

Mark released a huge sigh of relief. “Good,” he said, untying his robe.

“Yeah,” Spenser added. “Now you can open the rest.”

* * * *

Mark felt ridiculous. He let his brother talk him into attaching a ribbon around his waist. Naturally, he then followed by his suggested example. Then the little shit hooked the largest red bow he’d ever seen to the front and positioned the ribbons so they hung right in front of their peckers.

“Oh, my God,” she whispered, covering her mouth. She shook with laughter even when she tried to conceal the outburst. “That’s the funniest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Not exactly what a guy wanted to hear when he stood dressed in nothing more than a great big, satin Christmas bow.

Spenser said, “Don’t you know you’re supposed to act like a gracious recipient regardless of the gift?” Stalking forward, he used her laughter for their advantage. “Go ahead, snicker,” he drawled. “The harder you laugh, the more I’m gonna spank your ass for making Mark blush.”

Please, Mark thought. He’d love to see her pretty little tail tanned pink.

“Spenser,” she said, on the verge of explaining. “This is just so unexpected and so adorable.”

Mark really felt out of his element now. Most women didn’t look at his cock—all ten and a half inches, thank you very much—and say, “Ah, look at it. How cute.” Hell no, he thought. Some even trembled. Many women realized upon first sighting that both pain and pleasure waited. What they didn’t do is eye his thick dick and call it out as darling.

“It’s precious,” she said, sitting on the bed.

Oh God, it went from bad to worse.

Mark stood in between her parted legs. “All right then,” he grated out. “Open your present and I’ll show you something precious, sweet thing.”

Since the vixen failed to notice the growing extension found in between the silver and red ribbons, maybe he should do the honors. He wasn’t opposed to unwrapping the gift he couldn’t wait for her to see.

Nervously, she rubbed her lips together and he took her hands, placing them at his waist. “Whenever you’re ready sugar,” he said.

She glanced at her toys and then studied Mark and Spenser. She showed a sudden interest in the champagne flutes, too. Then, she said, “I’m as ready as I’ll ever be.”

Chapter Nine

Mark and Spenser stood side by side. Kneeling on the bed, Patience experienced one emotion after the next.

Joy, because men like the McCoy brothers brought a lot to any table, or rather, a woman's bed. Longing existed and some measure of irritation since she couldn't find it within herself to resist them.

She was also nervous. She'd only been with two men in her life and while she gave her all to their ménage relationship, somehow it wasn't enough.

Spenser loosened his robe. She smiled at the two bows in front of her. Both men were tied up all neat and pretty, packaged in sex appeal, wrapped in temptation.

Her mouth, watered. Her legs, wobbled. And by damn, her pussy wept.

"This is one of the best gifts I've ever had for Christmas," she said, grinning.

"We all thought you might like it," Mark said.

She was so busy loosening the thick ribbon around the massive bow that she almost didn't hear the "we all" in Mark's statement. She almost let the comment slide all the way around. Only, she looked at Spenser's cross expression and the exchanged glances between brothers. Something was up and she wanted to know what.

Before she had her sneak preview, she backed away from her man-presents. "What did you mean by 'all'?"

Trying to play it off, Mark pulled her forward. "Slip of tongue," he said, licking her lips and pulling her into a savory kiss.

"No, you implied more than two."

“Patience,” Spenser said, kissing her shoulder. “You have all you can handle in two, sweetheart. I promise.”

Realizing she must sound absurd, she didn’t care what he meant or said. The present moment, the action pending, held more delicious possibilities than anything either of them could say.

Mark steadied himself with her shoulder. She yanked his ribbon and eyed his thick dick, slickened at the top by the pre-cum oozing from the slit.

She was too tense to lower her head and take the first swipe. Instead, she moved forward and kissed him. “Thank you,” she said. “I like my gift.”

Mark winked. “I thought you might.”

Spenser pointed down. “One more over here to unwrap.”

Without wasting time, she quickly snapped his ribbon by pulling it until the thread popped.

“Ouch!” Spenser exclaimed.

“Baby,” Mark sneered. “You’ll do anything to gain her attention first.”

“Nope,” he said. “We’re both going to give and receive at the same time.”

“I hope so,” Patience said, touching him.

Mark and Spenser were large men and they sported similar size. Mark, while quite sexual in the dressing room, seemed to wait for Spenser to move them forward now.

Spenser didn’t have a problem leading them anywhere. Once she released his bow, he cupped her neck and pulled her into a ravaging kiss. He thrust his tongue deep inside her mouth, bunching her hair at her nape.

“You taste like Christmas,” he said.

“What does Christmas taste like?” she muttered against his lips.

“You,” he said, winking at his brother.

Dressed only in a camisole and pajama pants, Patience’s nipples scraped against the soft material of her sheer shirt. Before she had

time to consider the acts they'd soon perform, Spenser pressed his mouth against the cami and sucked.

More erotic than she expected, the heat from his mouth saturated her clothing. She wanted to peel it off. She wanted his teeth teasing her, his tongue lapping at her flesh.

Mark pressed her flat against the bed. He worked her pajamas over her hips. Spenser discarded the top.

Lying on his side, Spenser leisurely kissed her, pinching her nipples and twirling his fingers over the tight nubs. He wasn't in any particular hurry and his sensual kisses were mind-blowing. His caresses warmed her skin and she moaned when he left her stretching to see where he headed in such a hurry.

On the edge of the bed, Mark watched his brother take the lead, but when Spenser worked to free some of their newly-purchased toys, Mark moved into action. Only then did she notice he had already opened the box of condoms and scattered them about.

"Have you ever had sex blind-folded?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I've been blind-folded but not during the act."

Spenser grinned. "Want to try it?"

"You don't want me to watch you while I'm having sex with you?"

"Scared?" Mark asked.

"Very," she admitted.

Spenser shrugged. "Then we won't do it."

"No. I want to." The idea of penetration from one of them without knowing which one she had first suddenly excited her. She wanted the kink factor to weigh in heavily. If this experience was a gift, then she planned to enjoy every aspect.

Spenser retrieved the blindfold. "I'm not binding your hands and I'll leave this loose," he said, when he slid it over her head. "If you are frightened at any time, jerk it off and let us know."

"My safe word is pussy willow," she said.

Mark laughed. "Pussy willow?"

“Yes,” she said, adjusting the blindfold. “Would you like to know why?”

“Uh, the word pretty much says it all,” Spenser informed.

Once she stopped fiddling around with the blindfold, they deserted her, leaving her on the bed. She patted down the mattress, trying to feel for a hand or even the better part of a man. Then she reached up and started to pull the scarf-like fabric away from her eyes.

“We’re across the room,” Spenser informed.

“Oh,” she said, relaxing.

“Remember, you can use the safe word whenever you want, or you can look at us at any time,” Mark reminded.

“Yes,” Spenser said. “But don’t do it because you’ll spoil this first experience.”

“Exactly,” Mark agreed.

“O-kay,” she stuttered. Damn she was nervous.

She felt a breeze, like someone walked by her. Then, she felt a light feather around her nipples. “Oh, that feels nice.”

“I bet,” Mark said. “And this will feel nicer.” He dropped the feather to her pussy. The tickling sensation continued around her folds and then across her bare mound.

“Yes, nicer, much nicer.”

“I thought you’d like that.”

She started to touch her nipples and someone slapped her hand away. Spenser said, “Let us please you in our own due time.”

She gasped when she heard the familiar sound of a vibrator. One of them pushed her legs apart. She waited for the sudden impalement of the toy. The buzzing sound of the vibrator continued. Her legs splayed, falling apart.

“Do you want your toy, Patience?” Mark asked.

“Yes,” she pleaded, opening her legs wider, bracing for the sudden thrust.

“Where do you want your toy?” Spenser asked.

Where did she want the vibrator? Heavens to Betsy, did she really have to educate these two? She wanted the damn thing where every other woman in the world wanted their toys—between the legs!

The humming sound of her new little friend stopped abruptly. A shuffle was heard around the room and then one of them slapped her pussy.

“Oh, shit,” she cried out. She loved that. God, yeah, she loved a man who knew how to manipulate her lust.

The thick end of a dildo was used to part her lips. “Open your mouth, Patience,” Mark said.

“What?” she exclaimed.

“I love to get head, but I want to see how well you perform first. Give me something to think about. Show me,” he said, a guttural tone used to make his demands.

She didn’t object even though she’d never performed oral sex on a dildo. She gripped the shaft and sucked.

“Take it to your throat,” Spenser said, slapping her pussy again.

She mumbled against the dildo.

“That’s what I like,” Mark whispered, close enough to tower over her. “When you have my dick in your throat, I want you mumbling against my cock.”

She nodded, licking the shaft of the toy. Spenser rubbed the vibrator over her pussy. “Keep sucking, sweetheart. I’m like Mark here. I want a good visual first, see how well you manage two cocks at one time.”

Oh, she’d manage all right. And if they didn’t love what she did for them, they could show her what they liked, what they craved. She’d learn fast and have a damn good time working for perfection.

Spenser swatted her again with his hand and she jerked. The soft buzz started humming in the distance and he stuffed the vibrator inside her vagina at the same time his hand came down against her mound once more.

She released the dildo. “Oh, God,” she said, her hips flying off the bed when Spenser pushed the joy toy higher and turned up the speed.

“Nice,” Mark said.

“Oh, shit,” she said, fisting the dildo and licking the tip, rolling her tongue over the crest of the toy.

“Keep sucking,” Mark told her. “You can’t ignore one cock just because another one gets your attention.”

Breathless, she moaned, “I...know.” She tried to give the dildo its due, but Spenser slapped her mound again, removed the vibrator, and dropped his mouth over her pussy.

“Oh, my...God!” she screamed, dropping the grip she had on the flimsy toy and forgetting she was supposed to perform while enjoying the benefits of her own pleasure.

“What did I tell you about ignoring one of your cocks?”

Spenser stopped eating her pussy and both men moved away from her. “Where’d you go?” she asked, raising the blindfold to see for herself.

“No peeking!” Mark said.

Too late. She saw the way Spenser stared at her with nothing but pure lust. Mark held his cock in hand and pumped it slow and easy, watching her from a safe distance.

She fell against the bed again, securing the blindfold over her eyes once more. Reaching down her body, she needed to find her pleasure. She was dripping wet and in need of an orgasm.

“Don’t,” Spenser said. “We’ll give you what you want.”

“Tell us, Patience,” Mark said softly. “What do you want?”

You, she thought, breathing rapidly.

“Patience,” Spenser said. “Do you want us to fuck you now?”

“God, yes.”

It had been too long without two men in her life. Toys and dirty romance novels hardly did the trick after two years of a sex fest. After the Joseph break-up, she’d had to resort to self-service sex and she’d

missed out on the physical connection she only found in another warm body.

“No peeking, remember,” Spenser said.

“Okay, I won’t.”

“Don’t,” Spenser grated out.

The room was quiet. No one said anything at all. Soon, a hot mouth covered her opening. A warm, thick cock parted her lips.

She licked the tip, gripping the shaft. She sucked and sucked, trying to draw out sound, any kind of tone to let her know which man she took first. Nothing gave it away but she suspected Mark thrust in between her jaws.

She looped her arm around one of his muscular legs. She remembered both men possessed shapely, thick thighs.

Sucking, she licked the end, teasing more than she should when she fiercely licked the top. That’s when she heard. “You gotta stop, baby.”

So Spenser was in her mouth, she mused, savoring his length even more now that she knew who slivered across her tongue. And Mark. Good heavens, the man could’ve provided intimate services and been paid well.

He sucked her folds, stroking his tongue over the tender flesh. Thrusting inside her walls with rapid fluttering, his tongue was swift and firm one minute, soft and slow the next. Her thighs trembled. The orgasm was rising, rising, rising.

She nuzzled the tip of Spenser’s dick once more before reaching up and yanking away the blindfold. “All right, game over. I have to see where everyone is positioned if I’m getting ready to hit a home run.”

Chapter Ten

Spenser wanted everything perfect for Patience. He had openly discussed his concerns with Mark on several occasions, explaining how important it was to make sure Patience felt safe and secure in their arms.

They'd never shared a woman before, but for years they'd longed to meet someone who would act on their desires. Spenser never imagined they'd find someone who also tugged at their heart strings.

Four months ago, they'd signed up for an online dating service. When they received a phone call from an interesting woman, they never imagined she'd lead them to this.

Patience lay perfectly still on the king-sized sleigh bed. Her legs were wide, waiting for acceptance. Spenser pushed her legs as far as they'd spread. "Beautiful," he said, placing his palm against her mound and manipulating her clit with his thumb.

Mark dipped his head and captured one breast. The sucking sounds filled the room and the soft whimpers of a woman ready to show her appreciation soon followed.

Mark raised his head and studied her expression as though he couldn't look away from her. Shifting his weight, he knelt beside her face, aiming the tip of his cock at her lips. "That's my girl," he coaxed. "Suck my cock, Patience. Suck me dry."

He rubbed the head of his dick over her lips, and Patience's mouth moistened. She dropped her jaw and followed him, trying to catch him in between her cheeks. After he denied her, refusing to give in, she lapped at his balls, stretching her neck to suck on his scrotum.

She didn't seem to mind when they talked to her, Spenser noted. If anything, the more they whispered sweet nothings, the wetter the little siren became.

Spenser teased her. Suited up to play in the damp channel of one beautiful woman, Spenser tore through his inhibitions and any she may have had by slipping inside her vagina and giving her a chance to adjust her body to the intrusion.

Securing her ankles behind his back, he soon saw she didn't need time. "Please, Spenser, more!"

"You got it, sugar," he said in a husky tone. "Fucking hell, you're tight." A trail of sweltering sweat soon formed across his forehead. Thrusting inside, he held her hips and watched her eyes change. The beautiful soft color of brown turning into deep milk chocolate highlighted her bedroom persona, a seductress in waiting.

"That's it, darlin'," he said. "Come for me."

Resisting, she continued to touch Mark. He fed his cock to her nice and easy. "There, kitten," he said. "Now, suck the daylights out of it, sugar."

She slurped at first. Mark held the back of her head and started fucking her mouth like he would her pussy. She grunted as he moved into her, but he didn't slow down, and her facial expression showed nothing more than pure pleasure.

Harder than a man earning his given right, even in the midst of screwing, Spenser kept reaching for the climax, waiting for the beginning of an earth-shattering end. He climbed higher and higher, fucked harder and harder, until her breathing changed.

"That's it, Patience, milk my cock, hon."

She thrust up and down, rolled her hips forward and back. "Coming," Mark said, fisting a handful of her auburn hair.

"Holy shit! That's it. Right there!" Mark exclaimed, pushing her head closer and closer to his groin.

The hot heat inside her pussy surrounded Spenser's cock and he worked harder for his release. Fucking and fucking, he felt the building pressure in his balls.

Mark stroked her hair and backed away. Spenser noted the filmy substance at the end of Mark's cock and looked away. She kissed Mark's belly and said, "Now, it's my turn."

Spenser yanked her from the bed then, realizing she'd somehow managed to postpone her orgasm. Claspings one hand to her ass, he squeezed her bottom and pulled her on top of him.

"Good Lord, I can't come," he said. "This is too fucking hot."

She giggled. "You'll come," she said confidently. Then, she seated herself on top of him and rode the fucking hell out of his cock. And, by damn, she was right. He shot off like a rocket and he was ready to go again a few minutes later.

* * * *

The next morning, she climbed out of bed and slipped into her robe. She giggled when she noticed the full champagne glasses. With two gorgeous men giving her more than enough to sip on, who needed alcohol?

She traipsed into the kitchen and found a pot of hot coffee and a note.

You were terrific. We didn't want to wake you. Come on over when you're dressed and ready or just come on over the way we left you. Clothing is so overrated when it's hanging on you.

*Merry Christmas, beautiful,
Spenser and Mark*

"Oh, my God," she whispered. "What have I done?" She grabbed her cell phone and paced. "Please answer. Please answer."

“So? How were they?” Ansley asked.

“Fabulous,” Patience said. “How’d you know?”

“Intuition. Any guilt?”

Patience studied the cascading waters. “No, worse.”

“Worse than guilt? Honey, I can carry a lot of weight around on these shoulders but guilt is something I’ve never been able to successfully manage. What could be worse than feeling guilty?”

“Falling for two guys who are bound to lead me straight into trouble.”

“I knew it!” Ansley exclaimed excitedly.

“You knew what, that I’d fall for them if I slept with them?”

“No,” she said. “Listen, now that everything seems to be going just as I imagined, I have a confession.”

Patience felt her heart stand still. She closed her eyes and waited.

“First, you have to promise you won’t get mad. Promise?”

“Ansley, what have you done?” she asked sternly.

“Remember that Kimberly and I love you. We only want you to be happy. Remember, I told you last night. We only want you to have the best life possible. Keep that in mind, okay?”

“What the hell have you done, Ansley?”

Ansley cleared her throat. A few moments of complete silence passed and then Ansley blurted out, “Kimberly and I signed you up for an online dating service!”

“You did what?”

“The McCoys were perfect matches for you and after we interviewed them, we knew you’d flip over them.”

“You. Did. What?”

“The McCoys are our Christmas present to you. Merry Christmas.”

“Ansley! Normal people do not give away men as Christmas gifts!”

“If they did the bow thing I suggested, then I’m not sure why you’re complaining. That’s always been a personal fantasy of mine.”

Oh, God, she was so embarrassed. Her friends had orchestrated this whole thing from start to finish? Hell, they probably even knew all about the little things that truly turned her on. She thought back to the night before.

Sure they did. Strawberry lube, Cristal champagne, a vibrator with an extra-large head in various speeds, and the place that really cranked her cranny—behind her knees, the erogenous zone they seemed hesitant to leave when they'd played their bedroom games. Naturally, her big-mouth friend filled them in on every detail, regardless of how small.

Tears streamed down her face. Not because she was sad, oh no, she'd have time to drown in sorrow later. Right then she was mad as all hell. She felt like a fool, a blatant idiot. "Ansley, how could you do this to me?"

"Easy," she said. "I love you. Kimberly and I want to see you happy so we hired a professional to find your soul mates and if you ask me, Hook-Up Online Dating did one hell of a good job."

"You found these guys through a place called Hook-Up Online Dating?"

"Yes, we actually chose them because of their business name, but after we met Spenser and Mark, I have to tell you, we fell in love with them. Figuratively speaking, of course."

"I have to go," she said.

"No! Wait, Patience. You have to tell me all about—"

"I need some time, Ansley. I'll call you in a few days. Merry Christmas." She hung up the phone and glared at the empty beach. What a foolish woman she'd been. What a dead-level idiot. The McCoys might as well have been hired hands.

She squeezed her eyes shut. "Damn it!"

She slammed the door and locked it. She went to the front door and made sure she secured the dead bolt lock, too. Then she went into her bedroom and cried herself to sleep.

Chapter Eleven

Resilient, Patience was a lot like her mother. She wondered what her mom would do in a circumstance like this so when her parents called from France to wish her a Merry Christmas, she asked. Her mother made her promise she'd follow her advice before she shared any. What a mistake that had been, but she planned to keep her word.

Since it was Christmas, her mom wanted her to follow through with her original plans. One dinner wouldn't hurt, and she didn't want her spending the holidays alone.

She knocked on the door and Spenser immediately opened it. "Hey," he said, sliding a simple kiss on her cheek and watching her curiously.

Great, she thought. Ansley must've made a phone call and advised the enemy of incoming fire. "Merry Christmas," she said, handing them a platter of deviled eggs and returning one of the bottles of Cristal.

"The champagne was for you," Mark said, setting the table.

"I don't think I'll be drinking champagne for a while."

"Oh?" Spenser asked, raising a brow.

"No," she stated flatly. Keeping her cool and her distance, she said, "Dinner looks delicious."

Mark held out her chair and Spenser popped the cork on a choice Fetzer selection. Wonder how he knew?

He started to fill her glass, but she waved her hand over the top of the goblet. "No, thank you."

Mark took a deep breath and started carving the turkey. "Something on your mind?"

“No,” she said. “Yours?”

“Can’t think of anything specific,” Mark said.

“I can,” Spenser said, reaching across the table and patting her hand.

She pulled away from him and watched Mark carve thick slices of the white meat, piling it high on the platter. “Ham or turkey?” he asked.

“Turkey,” she said, holding out her plate when he offered her a piece of meat.

“Dressing?” Spenser asked, passing the tray.

“Sure, why not?”

“Green beans? Corn?”

“Yes. No.”

“How about a good, old-fashioned *roll*?” Mark said, slapping the carving kit next to the turkey platter. “Are you up for that?”

Spenser’s head snapped to attention. Patience stared at the dark, hungry eyes of a man who didn’t let a woman pout at his dinner table.

“This was a bad idea,” she choked out, standing. Addressing Spenser, she said, “Thank you for the dinner invitation. I’m not feeling well.”

“Stay, Patience. You can’t pay any attention to Mark. He’s just in a mood because he didn’t get to sink in between those soft thighs last night.”

The fucking nerve.

Mark moved around the table. “Yes, that’s exactly what my problem is. I say we solve it right now.”

“I’m not feeling well,” she explained once more.

“You’re fine,” Mark said. “You might be a little embarrassed, but outside of a little humiliation, you’re better than you’ve ever been. Freshly fucked, admired, and adored, I’d say you’re better off than a lot of women this Christmas Day.”

She raised her hand to slap him. Then she hit mental rewind. Did he say admired and adored?

Spenser stood. "Patience, we should've told you."

"Damn straight, you should have."

"If we had told you, would you have given us a chance?"

Hell no. "I don't know."

"I do," Mark said. "Because in the short time I've known you, I've discovered a few things about you. Your friends have been very gracious and provided some details about your life, but they also guarded your privacy. They wanted you to have someone who would care for you and respect your wishes. We've done that so far, haven't we?"

"Yeah buddy," she spouted off. "Right down to the perfect vibrator and my favorite champagne, you guys didn't slip one time, did you?"

"I hope we got it right," Mark said sincerely. Then, his entire expression changed. "Look, Patience, we worked hard here. We wanted to make sure we did everything the perfect way after we heard you wasted time on two losers who did everything the wrong way."

She stared at them blankly. "Did anyone ever tell either of you that a good relationship is built on trust? How am I supposed to trust you if we started out like this?"

Spenser said, "We haven't been entirely dishonest."

"You were dishonest by omission."

"Not necessarily," Mark pointed out. "We watched you walk down to the pier every morning. We were here several days before we approached you and we asked you out on a somewhat traditional date...three times before you accepted."

"And then showed up on my doorstep wrapped in pure delight with nothing on but...but..."

Mark and Spenser smiled. They had to know her defenses were shot to hell. Looking at them made her pussy turn to heated cream.

"What do you say we start over? Sit down, eat a nice Christmas dinner, have a glass of wine, and then—"

"And then we have a nice repeat performance of last night?"

“Something like that,” Spenser said. “Sounds all right to me, how about you, Mark?”

Mark only gave her a heated stare. “What do you say?”

“I say you’ve both lost your marbles.”

Spenser nodded. “Okay, so maybe you’re right, but I know where I can find mine.” He walked over to her, cupped her hand in his. “Come here. I want to show you something.”

They walked across the dining room. He had to pull her along and she pretended to resist. Good Lord in heaven knew, she wanted to put up a fight, but she didn’t know how to say no when she was around them.

She didn’t know how, she mused, because she didn’t have the desire to turn them away. Sure, she was angry at the twins. She had every reason to feel betrayed. Best friends didn’t manipulate their girl friends or the relationships they wanted them to form.

She’d deal with Ansley and Kimberly later. No, she’d get even when they least expected it.

Spenser nudged his bedroom door open and her eyes lit up as soon as she saw the illuminated room. Over fifty candles flickered around the area.

Red and green satin sheets covered the bed and, bedside, a small banquet table was prepared with sex in mind. The table consisted of champagne, chocolate-covered strawberries, an entire assortment of more fruits, and dips ranging from fruit dip to a warm bowl of chocolate, more candles, and body flavorings.

“You did this for me?”

“Yes,” they said simultaneously. “But there’s more,” Spenser said, leading her into the bathroom. Mark opened the door.

“Oh, my God,” she said.

“You mentioned having sex on the beach and since it rained today, Mark and I made arrangements to move the beach indoors.”

“Arrangements?” she asked, scanning the area. At least three feet of sand covered the floor. A skin board—and upon closer inspection,

she noticed it was in fact hers—leaned against the corner, along with a beach ball and surfboard. The Jacuzzi tub had been filled with salt water, and the undeniable smell of sand and sea filled the air.

“So we called in a few favors,” Mark said.

“You must’ve phoned the Coast Guard,” she whispered.

“Ah, you know what they say. Those fellows in the Coast Guard can’t wait to ‘be part of the action’.”

“Why did you do this?” she asked, eyeing the beach blanket and the large stereo set up on the vanity. “Do you have any idea how long it’s going to take you to clean up this mess?”

“The tub drains. A vacuum cleaner can take care of the rest.”

“But—”

“We did this for you,” Mark said, drawing her close.

Spenser stood behind her. Sandwiched between the McCoys, she felt the kind of affection she’d lacked in her last relationship. Spenser moved her hair to the side and placed a kiss at the nape of her neck. “We want to do things to please you.”

“How are we doing so far?” Mark asked, brushing his knuckles from her chin to her ear and back down again.

“You’re not striking out,” she said, feeling her heart race forward.

“I hope not,” Spenser said. “We’re sincere here, Patience. We want to make you happy and give you a Christmas to remember.”

Patience inched toward the bathroom door. She stared back at the bedroom. “Do you know I can’t remember what I ate for Christmas last year?”

“Really?” Spenser said, a light coming on his eyes. “Me neither.”

She juggled the top button on her blouse. “I can’t recall what I’ve had for dinner on any holiday.”

Mark looped his arms around her waist. Nibbling on her lobe, he said, “I went to all this trouble to prepare a meal you’ll never forget. That’s a promise.”

To hell with buttons, she thought, grabbing the front of her blouse with both hands. She yanked the material apart and the men stared at

her dark red lace demi-style bra. “I’m starved,” she assured them. “Question is, are you two ready to eat?”

She pushed her black pants over her hips and stepped out of her high heels long enough to ensure she didn’t hit a snag. Then she slipped back into the spiked heels a street walker would’ve been proud to wear, and she worked her walk all the way over to the banquet table. Once there, she pressed her bottom to the edge and struck a pose.

“Which one of you boys will help me hop up here? You’re missing your centerpiece on this big table of yours.”

Chapter Twelve

They plucked strawberries from her pussy and sipped champagne from her lips. Spenser continued to devour her chocolate-covered nipples and Mark hand-fed her various fruits for one purpose—so they could tease one another with their tongues while they battled for the largest bite.

After the teasing reached a climactic point, it was her turn. She sucked cock smothered in chocolate, lapped at the wine she drizzled down their backs, and finally decided nothing was more personal or pleasing than a sixty-nine when whipped cream was used as an edible lubricant.

When they'd played all they cared to play on the banquet table, they carried her into the bathroom. They turned on the Jacuzzi jets and tried to simulate a make-shift ocean but decided the sand held the most appeal. Spreading out on the blanket, Spenser and Mark sheathed themselves.

Immediately, she felt the butterflies in her stomach. Her head was swimming, and she finally said, "I can't handle both of you at the same time."

"Sure you can," Spenser said. "We're going to make this enjoyable for you."

"No," she protested. "You don't understand. My body isn't large enough for two cocks at once. I can't physically do it."

"Then we won't," Spenser said, removing his condom.

They didn't look disappointed. They didn't act like they expected something in place of what they preferred. They simply took a no as a no, without pressure or guilt.

A few delicious moments later, Spenser's cock stroked her tongue. He pressed the tip to the back of her throat and withdrew. Mark pushed her legs apart. Holding on to her thighs, he stayed on his knees and lowered his head. Sticking out his tongue, he swiped once.

God help her, she came undone. She shifted, encouraging him to use his exquisite tongue for all the right reasons. Instead, she felt the tip of his cock.

"Damn, I'm horny," Mark whispered, almost as an excuse since he failed to deliver oral sex.

Seconds later, he pounded into her pussy with obvious restraint. His thrusts were uneven, and she tried to look around Spenser and see Mark's eyes as he fucked her. God help her, she wanted to capture the intensity of his gaze and ride out the first orgasm she experienced while honing in on his hazy, lust-filled eyes.

She tapped Spenser's balls and he slowed down with a groan. "Coming," he muttered. But he remained slow and easy, keeping the same gait he maintained the entire time. That is, until the hot spray of his cum jetted against her cheek and he lost all control. Fucking her mouth, he screamed as he came. "Yes! Yes! Suck, oh, God yeah, take me all the way, baby. All the way to your throat, sweetheart."

Mark followed a timed pattern. His in-and-out sequence changed. He screwed himself all the way in and then pulled out. He gave her short strokes, barely on the inside of her vagina, and then he pounded inside again.

When Spenser moved away from her face, Mark grabbed her hands and clasped them above her head. Then he fucked to the finish, but even as they came together, Patience knew there would never be an ending to this.

Mark and Spenser McCoy belonged to her. They were hers to have and to hold, to love and to cherish. And this was one Christmas she'd forever remember.

* * * *

“So did you have a good Christmas?” Spenser asked her the next day while scrambling eggs.

“Yes,” she said, eyeing the opening at the back of his apron.

“What did you get?”

“Great sex.”

“Is that all?” he teased.

“Good wine.”

“Anything else?” Mark asked, entering the kitchen. “Nice apron,” he said, shaking his head. “It’s a sad day when I have to see my brother’s ass first thing in the morning.”

Arching her brow, she said, “I got everything I wanted for Christmas and more than I deserved.”

“You’re entitled to the best of holidays,” Mark assured her.

“Are you kidding me? After the tantrum I threw yesterday? Please. Haven’t you heard, bad girls get a bag full of switches, but good girls find packages under the tree?”

“What about grown women behaving badly?” Spenser asked, quick to catch her staring at his bare bottom.

“Oh we find cowboys under ours.”

Spooning the eggs in the bowl, Spenser said, “You must’ve been very, very naughty this year.”

Mark pulled her on his lap. She continued to eye Spenser. Damn aprons looked better on him than they ever did on her. She loved to find her men in the kitchen, especially those who wore an apron like a man should. Spenser’s scantily covered body never looked more inviting.

“Patience?” Mark’s tone softened. “You know we don’t have anything to offer you but ourselves.”

Ansley probably told them she was richer than the average Jill.

Cautiously, she said, “When the time comes, I’m willing to negotiate all terms.”

Spenser and Mark exchanged a quick glance. Mark said, “Does that include marriage?”

She closed her eyes. “Let’s see. Yes, I can definitely picture a wedding.”

“Can you imagine two grooms?” Spenser asked.

“Two?” she looked up all at once and acted appalled, like she’d never heard of such a suggestion. She should’ve told them about her three domineering fathers right then but why scare them away before breakfast?

“Yes,” Mark said. “You don’t think Spenser will let the two of us go on a honeymoon alone, do you?”

“I like the idea of a honeymoon right now,” she drawled, reaching for the ties on the back of Spenser’s apron.

Mark pinched her nipple. “You’re so bad, Patience McKay.”

“No,” she purred, reaching for Spenser’s flaccid cock. “I’m naughty.”

Mark helped her out of her robe and kissed her shoulder. “Then let me show you how to play nice.”

“Good luck,” she hummed. “After the gifts I received for being a very bad girl, I may never behave again.”

Mark slid her hand down his pants. “Fine by me,” he whispered, nipping at her ear. “Because Santa Claus is coming again, and at this rate, he’ll come again real soon.”

THE END

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