



CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

CENTREFOLD

KRIS NORRIS

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Centrefold

ISBN #978-1-907280-61-0

©Copyright Kris Norris 2009

Cover Art by April Martinez ©Copyright December 2009

Edited by Christine Riley

Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-E-Bound Publishing.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-E-Bound Publishing. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution.

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork.

Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spredlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

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

Christmas Crackers

CENTREFOLD



Kris Norris

Dedication

To Mark, for always insisting I'm as beautiful as any centrefold. To my kids, who never tire of doing the happy dance with me whenever I sign a contract. And to my family and friends, for politely listening to all my ramblings about my books. I'm truly blessed.

And to the best editor a girl could have. I've won the lottery with you, Chris, and I couldn't be happier. Thanks for making my work shine and for believing in me.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Mr. Universe: World Physique Federation

Chapter One

Glade Manor – home of Spyce Magazine

“That’s it, Scarlet. Now cross your ankles...a bit more...good. Hold still.”

Scarlet tried not to breathe, afraid any movement would bare her breasts even more. The camera already had a full view of her ass as she lay on the fluffy white carpet, chin resting on bent fingers, feet crossed at the ankles. She didn’t need her nipples on centre stage too. She looked at her reflection in the mirror behind the photographer. Her brown hair hung in long curls, the red Christmas hat tilted off to one side, and other than the leather version of elf shoes laced up her feet, she was completely bare.

“Nice, now push your chest out just a bit. We want men dying to see what your nipples look like, so give them just a hint.”

She fought the dizzy feeling as she chanced a glance at her partner. Roman leaned against the wall, his dark eyes following her every move. His gaze swept down her body, pausing in all the right places. Heat danced along her skin when his eyes met hers. They were heavy and dark, like a leopard gazing at a newborn calf. He’d never looked at her like that before.

“Great work, Scarlet,” said the photographer, capping his lens. “If that doesn’t make grown men wish for their own Christmas angel, nothing will.”

She feigned a smile, but knew it didn’t reach her eyes. She accepted the robe he handed her, wrapping it tight as she rose off the floor.

“You’re very beautiful, Miss December. I’m glad Mr. Glade decided to shoot a teaser pose with all of next year’s centrefolds. Men will be aching to see your full spread.” The photographer moved closer, ignoring the hooded glare Roman flashed him. “Perhaps you’d like to continue this shoot...in private?”

Scarlet stepped back just as Roman grabbed the man by the scruff of the neck and threw him against the wall. “I thought I’d made it clear. Scarlet’s my lover.” He inched his face closer, ruffling the man’s collar. “She’s not interested in playing with you.”

The man laughed. "You know something, Roman. You keep claiming she's yours, but I haven't seen you so much as kiss her outside this room." He pushed Roman back and straightened his shirt. "I've been watching you two. Sure, you go to all the games, but you don't participate in any of them. Why, just this afternoon there was a pussy eating contest." He licked his lips as he shifted his gaze to her. "I don't recall seeing your sweet little cunt up there on display, your lover's head wedged between your thighs." He turned back to Roman, a sneer spreading across his lips. "I'm starting to think maybe you two aren't what you appear to be. There're rumours the cops are trying to infiltrate events like this. Maybe..."

"Do I look like a cop?" interrupted Scarlet, moving in beside Roman. "Please, give me some credit. I learned early that when you've got breasts and an ass like mine, you don't have to do more than wiggle them to make a living." She wrapped her hands around her partner's arm, easing into his embrace. "Roman's just following my lead. I don't mind posing nude, Mr. Everett, but I'm a bit shy when it comes to public displays."

Everett eyed her. "Shy?" He shook his head. "If you say so. But if you don't want me to pass my suspicions along to security, you're going to have to convince me."

Roman's cock peaked at the man's words and she couldn't halt a soft whimper from feathering across his shoulder. He bent down, brushing his lips along her neck, tasting the sweet spot behind her ear.

"What exactly did you have in mind?" asked Roman.

"There's no one else here, and this was my last shoot." He waved at the bearskin rug. "If you want me to believe you're her lover, then show me." He patted his chest pocket. "I'll even take you with me tonight to meet my supplier. I know you both want more of what's been floating around."

Scarlet tensed. This was it. Their big break. Seven days on the damn job and they were only one fuck away from nailing this drug dealer and his mob supplier. But could she go through with it? Would he? She clenched her jaw, not sure how to answer, when Roman's voice sounded above her.

"So you want to watch?" His shoulders shrugged around her. "That's cool. I'm sure Scarlet won't mind one set of eyes watching her. But you'd better be serious about your meeting. That shit you've been trying to pass off as heroine isn't going to cut it." He slid his hand down and cupped the mound of her ass. "My baby deserves the best."

Everett mumbled something back, but it got lost in the thrumming of her heart. He was going to do it. Make love to her, right here on the damned floor of the studio. While another man watched! The world dipped a moment before she realised she was in Roman's arms, moving over to the rug.

She looked up at him, captivated by the erotic gleam in his eyes. He didn't look upset...he looked like a hunter claiming his prize after a long hard chase. And if his cock was any indication of his enthusiasm, she had a feeling he was in the mood to put on quite a show.

"Roman..."

"Easy, darling," he soothed, lowering her to the rug. "I know this wasn't how you envisioned me loving you tonight," he began, his voice loud enough for Everett to hear. "But under the circumstances..." He motioned back to where the man had taken root in a chair. "Just close your eyes, and feel everything I can do for you."

She tried to speak, but he caught her lips in a primal kiss, dipping his tongue into her mouth like a man who'd dreamt the act a thousand times. He traced every hollow, every dip and curve, until his taste was all she knew. She moved with him when his fingers twirled through her hair, tilting her head back to deepen the kiss. His soft moan drew her back, his lips still touching hers, their breath mixing.

"I'd like to say, I'm sorry," he whispered. "But I've wanted you for a long time, and I don't plan on wasting any opportunity I'm given." He kissed the soft shell of her ear, making her body arch into him. "By the time I'm finished, no one in the room will doubt I'm your lover."

Scarlet moaned as he slanted his lips over hers again, this kiss more demanding than the last. He didn't taste her this time, he conquered, thrusting inside, devouring her mouth, eating her without mercy, without hesitation. Every flick of his tongue sent a pulse to her groin, heating her juices until they coated her velvety lips. Hell, if he didn't stop soon, she just might come.

Roman pulled back, swiping his tongue along her lower lip. "Damn, you're beautiful. Your lips all full and wet." He drew a deep breath. "Smells like your other lips are the same, darling." He bent forward, placing a quick kiss on her nose. "Now let me see your sexy body."

Scarlet snagged her lip as he pulled the edges of her robe apart, easing it over her shoulders until it pooled around her wrists. She skirted a gaze at Everett. He sat in the chair, brushing his cock through his jeans, his gaze focused on her breasts, as Roman reached down and held one heavy mound in his hand.

"God, I love your breasts," he said, grazing his thumb over her hard nipple. "So big and firm. And your nipples...they're so quick to respond." He looked into her eyes. "You like it when I pinch them just a bit hard, don't you?"

She cried out as he tweaked one turgid bud, rolling it around then pulling it firmly away from her body. She couldn't stop from arching into him, begging him to use his mouth. Roman smiled, his reply a heated breath across her skin.

"Oh yeah. I'm going to use my mouth." He nodded towards her hands. "Now get rid of that robe and hold your breasts for me."

A shiver tingled along her spine. His voice was rough, dominant, and edged with a tone she hadn't heard before. Her nipples tightened further as she slipped the fabric off her wrists and placed her hands beneath her breasts, lifting them towards his face.

"Very nice," he praised, licking each one. "Like sweet little strawberries." His head dipped down again, this time taking her full nipple into his mouth. A moan vibrated through her chest as he drew on the hard bud, nipping at it then rolling it around his tongue. Her hands reached for his head, needing to thread them through his thick hair. Roman moaned as she anchored him to her chest, plucking her other nipple with his fingers. "It's too bad you can't have a taste, darling," he said, switching sides. "They're absolutely delicious."

Scarlet tilted her head, brushing her hair against the curve of her ass as the hat teetered and slipped to the rug. She thought about tossing it aside, but that meant releasing Roman's head, and she couldn't seem to get her fingers to let go. Roman pulled back, lifting just enough to meet her gaze.

"Lay back. I can smell your arousal, and if I don't get a taste of you soon, I might just die of thirst."

She moved with him, one large hand braced against her chest, the other cradling her head. He fanned her hair across the rug as she settled onto the soft fur, her hands still gripping his head. "Roman." She forced herself to swallow, hoping to ease the dry rasp of her voice. "I'm a bit self-conscious of..."

"Of what?" he interrupted, circling one nipple with a single finger. He looked behind him, smiling at the man now openly caressing his shaft. "Everett?" he asked, turning back to her. He flicked it off like the man was nothing more than a fly. "He's just jealous I'm the one who gets to touch you. Hell, this is as close as he'll ever get to having such a fine piece of ass." He reached down and cupped one pearly cheek in his hand. "And you do have an incredible ass. One I'd love to play with. But first..."

Roman trailed his finger up, drawing it through her narrow slit. He hummed his approval, as he brought his drenched finger to his mouth, licking the moisture clean. "Like peaches and cream." He made another pass, dipping deeper. "God, I can't wait until you come all over my tongue." His eyes narrowed as he gazed down at her bare sex. "Okay. Now I want you to open up nice and wide for me. I want our friend over there to see just what he's missing. Every drip of your juice. Every pulse of your clit. I want him to know what a lucky man I am." He hooked his thumbs along the inside of her knees and drew them apart. "Keep them like that, or I'll be forced to punish you. And I'm sure our friend would love nothing more than to see your pretty ass get spanked."

Scarlet could only nod, shifting her gaze between Roman and Everett. The man was pumping his cock, making it weep with anticipation. Roman brushed her skin and she skirted her eyes back to him. He eased back, giving Everett a better view of her pussy as he drew her velvety inner lips apart, and gazed at her clit.

"So delicate. God, it amazes me how something so fragile brings you so much pleasure." He swirled his finger around the tiny nub, arching her hips forward. "You like it when I touch you there, don't you. But I think you like it even more when I lick you."

The breath she'd been holding hissed free as Roman dipped his tongue into her sex, curling it around her clit. Darkness threatened, her body so sensitised she had to will her release away. Too much. Too many sensations building her up, and she couldn't seem to stop the ascent.

"Fuck, Scarlet. I've only just started eating you, and already I can tell you're close. Damn, you're such a responsive little minx." He lapped at her. "That's it, fight it. Wrap your fingers around my hair and make me work for my sweet prize."

Scarlet moaned, and when Roman growled in reply, she couldn't stop another from rumbling free. God, he was good. Plunging his tongue deep inside her, then spreading the

warm liquid around her clit. She lost track of time, of the man moaning in the background, as Roman slipped his finger inside, touching her deeper than any man ever had.

"Damn, you're tight." He wedged two inside her this time, pushing against her tender flesh. "I'm not going to last long once I get inside you. I've never felt such sweet pressure."

"Oh God. Please. Please let me come." She didn't care how desperate she sounded. He'd taken her higher than she'd ever been, and she knew, if he didn't let her come soon, she might just melt into a puddle of lust.

Roman chuckled against her flesh, pulsing her clit. "Okay. I'll let you come. Now throw your head back and scream for me."

His name vibrated the walls as he latched his mouth around her clit, his fingers pumping her slick flesh. Everett groaned his release as hers rocked through her, sending her pussy into spasm, her vision exploding into shards of coloured light. Roman hummed against her clit, the sound of him drinking her release only prolonging her orgasm. She'd never come that hard before, and was almost frightened at the thought of him making love to her. What if she lost consciousness? Or worse. What if she lost her heart?

Scarlet fluttered her eyelids open just as Roman moved over her, his cock nudging her weeping sex. She didn't know when he'd stripped off his clothes, but the feel of his hot skin against hers made another ripple of pleasure shiver over her. He smiled at her reaction, inching inside her, when Everett's voice sounded behind them.

"Fuck this," he whined. "I can't see anything if you fuck her that way." He scraped his chair closer, remnants of his climax still clinging to his skin. "I want her on her hands and knees. I want to see those tits bounce as you pound her from behind. What good is having an ass like that if you don't use it?"

A deep flush laced down her skin as the man moved into a more favourable position. She'd always considered her ass to be a bit on the ample side, its mounds matching the large swell of her breasts. But the way the men at the Manor had been sizing it up, she was starting to see it in a different light.

Roman tensed above her, and for the first time since he'd touched her, she saw uncertainty. She met his gaze, reading his thoughts in the shift of his eyes. He didn't want to take her like that...didn't want to cheapen what they were sharing for the first time. She smiled, and brought her lips to his ear. "Nothing can change what this means to me. So take

me anyway you want." She dipped her tongue inside the shell. "You can make it up to me next time."

Roman moaned, whether from her actions or words, she didn't know. But before she could feel the loss of his cock, he had her flipped onto her knees, one hand wrapped around her hair, the other cupping her waist. He tugged on the strands, arching her head back as he whispered against her neck. "You'll pay for allowing me to take you like this our first time, and I can't wait to spank that pretty ass. But for now, give him a good show, 'cause he's right. Every man dreams of thrusting against an ass like this."

Scarlet cried out when his hand connected smartly with her ass as he plunged his cock home, sheathing himself inside her in one fluid motion. He tugged on her hair again, adding a sharp sting, as he pulled the heavy length back through her tissues, rimming the edge of her sex with his crown before reclaiming the lost inches, making the flesh on her ass shimmy from the impact.

"Ah, fuck. You're so damn beautiful." He moaned as he slammed home again, locking his sac against her clit. "I'm not going to last long. You're just too damn sexy."

"Then fuck me hard!" she screamed, tossing her head back as he tugged even harder on her hair. God, when had she turned into a masochist? She'd never allowed any lover to inflict even a hint of pain. But every sting of her scalp, every firm slap on her ass only increased her desire until she begged for more.

Roman answered her plea, peppering her ass as he drove into her, pumping his hips like a man on a mission. He rode her hard, plunging deep with every stroke, grazing his cock against her womb until she wondered if she might split. She'd never had a man claim her so completely, taking her to the threshold between pleasure and pain. Every thrust set her on fire, every slap intensifying it until she didn't know which pleased her more. His body clenched and his hand tightened around her hair a moment before he shouted her name, the hard pulse of his cock sending her over the edge. She echoed his scream as her pussy clenched his shaft until she wasn't sure how he stood the pressure. His fingers locked around her hair, tugging her head back, granting him access to the sleek line of her shoulder. Scarlet had one last coherent thought before his teeth locked around her flesh, and her world exploded.

Pain and pleasure merged into one, draining her strength, Roman's grip the only force holding her up. She fell back to earth, her body spent, tears threatening, his name a whisper from her lips. Roman curled into her, easing her against his chest, his hands holding her possessively around the waist. He mumbled something, but all she could do was breathe.

"Now that's how you fuck a woman." Everett praised, joining them at the rug. "I can see why you want to keep her undercover. She's one hell of a feisty little fuck. Okay, you've proven your claim. Meet me back here...ten o'clock sharp, and I'll take you along. But make sure you bring cash. My supplier doesn't take credit."

His laughter followed him out the door. It'd all be over tonight, and Scarlet couldn't help but wonder if they'd finish more than just the assignment.

* * * *

"Fuck, Scarlet!"

Roman dashed through the warehouse doors, Scarlet cradled in his arms, looking for the damn ambulance as chaos broke out behind him. He spotted one beyond the police line and headed for it.

"Needtoknow," she mumbled, threading all the words together.

Her feet were cold?

"Hush, darling. Don't talk." He glanced behind him. A circle of men surrounded Everett, his body splayed out across the floor, blood pooling at his head. The girl he'd used as a shield clung to one of the S.W.A.T. guys, crying hysterically, though the man didn't seem to mind. *Why would he*, cursed Roman. The girl was young, beautiful and had more cleavage than sense. Why else would she have run to Everett when the first wave of cops had crashed through the doors, barking out orders, releasing a short burst of ammo at the thugs guarding the supplier. Hell, it'd all happened way too fast.

"Roman."

He looked back as her head lolled against his chest. She'd read the bastard's intentions—used the initial confusion to slip away and circle around, cracking him over the head as he pinned the helpless girl to his chest, gun pressed against her temple. Scarlet had

snagged his arm, but he'd managed to rotate the gun in the struggle, and she'd taken two to her shoulder...point blank.

Now her blood soaked his shirt, like warm sticky patches of honey on his chest, as her eyes fluttered and rolled. Her lips moved, but no words came out as he laid her down across the stretcher, watching the paramedics swarm over her. He stayed close, his chest too tight to speak, her hand sandwiched between his. She opened her eyes once as they lifted her up.

"I love you."

He let her hand slip from his, unable to move as they pushed her into the back, mumbling something about meeting them at the hospital. But he couldn't think. Couldn't breathe past the lump in his chest as reality slammed back. He'd already spotted Aiden pushing his way through the crowd, his eyes locked on him, and for the first time in his life, he felt completely lost. His heart was bound to two people, and he had absolutely no idea what to do about it.

Chapter Two

Six months later

Scarlet sat opposite the Lieutenant, halting him mid-sentence. Surely she'd heard him wrong. "Am I crazy, or did you just ask me to become Miss December...again?"

The Lieutenant grimaced. "Now, Scarlet. I realise you're still harbouring a few...bad feelings about the previous assignment, but..."

"Bad feelings," she interrupted. "I've spent the past six months pulling copies of my naked ass off every bulletin board in the damn station!" She stalked to her feet, moving roughly to the window. "Hell, Lucas and James are using it as their bloody screen saver."

The Lieutenant chuckled as she glanced back at him over her shoulder. "You could take that as a compliment, Detective. You've got one hell of a cute ass."

Scarlet sneered, and if the man hadn't done everything possible to get the damn DA's office to slap an injunction on the magazine, she would've slapped the smug smile off his face. "Not funny," she sighed, looking back out the window. December used to be her favourite month. Now it was just a name she wanted to forget.

"You know I wouldn't be asking if we weren't desperate. But we've got four dead models and only two weeks left before the year's up." His chair squeaked a moment before his hand squeezed her shoulder. "This Christmas Retreat the magazine's putting on is our best chance at catching the creep. All the other women will be there. And Miss December's our only way in."

Scarlet huffed and pushed past him, palming his desk. She knew the man was right, but the thought of resurrecting her alter ego sent a cold shiver down her spine, and a hot flash straight to her groin. Parading around in bikinis and fuck-me-boots was one thing, but reliving the memories of her ex-partner was another. They'd crossed the line, and just thinking about him touching her made her knees tremble and liquid moisten her panties. Well, it would've, if she'd been wearing any.

She cursed as her now engorged clit rubbed against the seam of her jeans, sending shards of heat blasting to her sex. She hadn't been with a man since Roman had fucked her senseless, saved her life and ran as fast as he could from it, and she just didn't know if she could be that woman again. She looked up as the Lieutenant slid back into his seat, his lips a thin line across his face.

"I won't order you to take the job."

"I'll do it." She met his gaze. "Don't go looking all surprised when you knew I wouldn't be able to turn it down. Not after going to the last crime scene." She pressed her hand to her mouth, trying not to taste the bloody scent. "No one should die like that."

The Lieutenant nodded as she sank back down. "I know this isn't easy for you. But if this psycho's going to carry through with his threats, he'll have to crash that Retreat." He flashed her a genuine smile. "I'm just thankful you weren't Miss July."

Scarlet couldn't help but laugh. She'd found that fact ironically pleasing as well. "So, who's my back-up?"

The Lieutenant's jaw twitched as he glanced at the door. The soft press of boots whispered across the room a moment before a voice answered. "Hello, Scarlet."

She turned, breath lodged tight, eyes locked on his. Her heart kicked twice as she stood up and stalked towards him, slapping the sexy smile off his face. "You fucking bastard!"

Roman took a step back, his hands braced for another attack. "Now, Scarlet, honey..."

"Don't you 'Scarlet, honey' me. Six months, Roman. Six months! The last thing I remember is you carrying me out of that warehouse. Then I woke up two weeks later with a couple of bullets for souvenirs and a letter saying you'd joined the Feds." She shook out her hand, clenching her jaw to keep the sudden rush of tears at bay. "After two years as partners, you owed me more than that."

Roman shuffled his feet, brushing his fingers along his jaw as he shot the Lieutenant a desperate glance. The man sighed as he scraped his chair back and shuffled over to the door. "I'm sorry. I realise these aren't the best circumstances for a reunion, but..." He shook his head when she whirled on him, stopping her protest with a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Roman's the only other officer we can send in and not raise suspicions. Despite how the last job ended, your cover's still intact. At least that asshole Everett took your identity to his grave."

"But he's not an officer," she countered.

"Not exactly, but the F.B.I. has graciously offered his assistance. So until this serial bastard's caught, consider your partnership reinstated." He moved back over to his desk and eased into his seat. "I'll make sure you both get a copy of everything we've got. He'll be targeting Miss May and her sister, Miss June next. Let's just hope they make it to Glade Manor alive. You've got two days. Go home and scour the records. See if you can unravel anything that might narrow down your search. Roman will pick you up Saturday. Just be careful, and for God's sake, Scarlet, call in the damn cavalry if there's even a hint you're next on his list."

Scarlet huffed as she glared at Roman, trying to ignore how her nipples tightened and her pussy wept. Hell, just looking at him made her treacherous heart leap for joy, resurrecting the pieces she'd buried inside. "Fine!" she snapped, storming the doorway, muttering to herself.

"If you'd just stop being mad for one minute I can explain—"

Roman's voice cut off as she spun around. "I might have to work with you, but I don't have to like it." She bit her lip to keep it from quivering. "And your explanation is six months overdue."

She smiled at the curse that followed her out the door and down the hall. Guess December was going out with a bang.

* * * *

"This can't be all of it, Roman," cursed Scarlet through the bathroom door.

Roman chuckled. He could see her. Hands palmed on her hips, staring at the closed door with the cutest little pout edging her lips. He'd picked her up two hours ago, hoping to finally bridge the gap. But she'd met him with a toss of her bag and an icy stare. She'd pushed past him, stalking out to the car with a sexy little swagger that'd had his cock straining against his jeans. Then she'd come across Aiden.

She hadn't expected his roommate and current partner to be leaning against the car, tight jeans slung low, leather jacket accentuating the broadness of his shoulders. She'd crossed her arms, accentuating the tight press of her nipples, as she'd motioned to the man

with a flick of her head. Scarlet had known Aiden for over a year, had even flirted with him when she'd had a few too many tequilas, but Roman knew Aiden's presence was a complication she hadn't planned on. She'd held her tongue and had conceded to Roman's statement that Aiden was part of the team with little more than a roll of her eyes, but he knew she was cursing him now.

As soon as they'd opened the door to their room, her eyes had rounded in shock and she'd shot him a scathing look. One bed, an oversized king, and he'd made it more than obvious they were sharing...everything. Since then, she'd hidden in the washroom, probably plotting their murder, or maybe the Lieutenant's.

"Come on out, and let us see you," he rasped.

She cursed again, louder, flinging open the door. Roman's breath stalled as blood surged to his cock. God, she was hot. Wearing nothing but high heels, white velvet boy shorts and a matching bra she looked like a fallen angel with a new faith...one that had absolutely nothing to do with saving the righteous.

"Fuck."

It didn't help when she stomped over to him, her hair bouncing across her creamy skin. "Are you sure this is the least revealing outfit in the bunch? Or is this payback for not talking to you?"

He answered her with a growl and moved before she had time to react, backing her into Aiden's chest. "Do you really think I want all those slimy bastards looking at your sweet body, wondering what it'd be like fuck you?" He shook his head. "I thought you knew me better than that."

She tried to move, but he blocked her way, nodding to Aiden as the man wrapped his hands around her waist. A low moan broke from her chest as he caressed her skin, stopping just below her breasts. She forced in a quick breath. "Roman..."

He cut her off with a single finger grazed to her lips. "Not this time. I've been trying for hours to get you to listen, and I'm done waiting." He moved impossibly closer, brushing his chest across her nipples. Her head fell back against Aiden's chest as the light motion tightened them further, pushing them out against the thin material. Roman smiled, flicking his thumb over one turgid bud as he lowered his lips to her neck.

"I know I hurt you, darling, and I'm sorry. But after our last assignment..." He sighed, feathering his breath across her skin. She arched into him, clenching her jaw as he scraped his teeth along the hollow of her shoulder. "Our first time together was like a dream come true. Then we went to the warehouse..."

He closed his eyes as the images shifted in his head, forcing a smile when he looked back, skimming his fingers over the scars on her shoulder. "I still remember your blood warm against my chest...your body limp in my arms...your voice whispering you loved me." He touched her cheek. "I didn't know what to do."

"You could've just told me you didn't feel the same. You didn't have to leave. I—"

He stopped her with a firm nip to her shoulder. She gasped and met his gaze. "Don't you see? I did feel the same, but there were...complications." He looked past her at the man holding her captive and took a deep breath. "Aiden and I had been lovers for three months before I went with you on that assignment. After drifting from women back to men, I'd finally thought I'd figured out who I was. Then we got sent there, and everything changed." He shook his head as he trailed his fingers down her side, feeling her skin bead beneath him. "Posing as your lover...living with you." He sighed. "I realised I loved you, and had for some time. I just needed an excuse to show you. So when Everett..."

He shifted his gaze as his voice dimmed. "At the hospital, I was so confused. How could I be in love with a man and a woman at the same time? I couldn't explain it, so I ran. I took the job Aiden had been offering for months, and tried to put it all behind me. But I couldn't." Roman looked at his lover, and nodded.

"I knew when I saw Roman standing beside the ambulance you two had become more than just lovers," Aiden whispered, his voice just as low, just as gravelly. "Roman was in love with you. But the jealousy I thought I'd feel didn't surface. Instead, I felt like a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I'd been trying for months to put you out of my mind—ever since you kissed me at that bar. I knew it was the alcohol talking, but I just couldn't forget the way my heart raced whenever I was around you. The same way it races when I'm with Roman. I couldn't put my feelings to words, but I got the sense Roman was experiencing the same strange emptiness. While I never questioned my love for him, I knew we needed more. Someone to complete us. And I knew that someone was you." He dropped a soft kiss behind her ear, smiling at her whispered gasp. "When the Lieutenant called, I

knew my prayers had been answered. Roman finally opened up and we made a decision.” He lifted his hand, cupping one breast, holding it out to Roman. Roman held her gaze as he dipped down, laving her nipple through her skimpy top. “We want you to be with us. We want to show you how much we treasure you.”

Roman looked up, his teeth holding her nipple captive. He bit down just enough to make her moan before releasing and raising his face to hers. “We love you, darling. All we’re asking for is a chance. Just give us this time away from the rest of the world to show you we’re serious. If you don’t feel the same by the time we catch this creep, we’ll walk away.” He brushed his lips over hers, tasting her anticipation. “Just. One. Chance.”

He didn’t wait for her reply. Her lips were too close, too damn full to wait. He slanted over her, testing their softness, forcing himself to go slowly. If this was going to work, he and Aiden needed to seduce her into their bed. Lure her with soft tempting touches and fleeting caresses designed to leave her wanting more.

She hesitated, her lips touching his, her breath a sweet bounty of chocolate and spice. He hedged his bet, tracing her bottom lip with his tongue, dipping just the tip inside her. A breathy little whimper was the only indication he’d won before her hands curled around his neck, raking through his hair.

Roman moaned his victory, plunging his tongue inside her wet heat, using Aiden’s shoulder to tilt her back and deepen the kiss. His lover growled, shifting his hands to cover her breasts, his fingers finding just the right pressure to make her groan into Roman’s mouth. Roman pulled back, watching her eyelids flutter open, her mouth still parted, the edges wet and swollen. She moaned again when Aiden tweaked her harder.

“So what’s it going to be?” he asked.

Scarlet snagged her bottom lip, tilting back to look at Aiden. He dipped down, brushing his lips across hers, tracing their fullness with his tongue. He eased away when she tried to kiss him, his smile hissing the breath from her chest. She glanced back. “Roman...”

His heart jackhammered.

She sighed. “I’m just a bit nervous what you...what you both expect of me. I’ve never...” Her voice faded as a deep flush laced down her chest. “I don’t want to disappoint you.”

"You could never do that. Just trust us to guide you along." Roman cupped her chin, raising her eyes to his. "We'd never hurt you."

A slow smile spread across her face. "Then let's begin," she said, shaking her finger when he rimmed her shorts. "But I want a chance to taste you first, Roman. You denied me six months ago, and I won't be denied again."

Scarlet's heart thrummed as Roman's eyes narrowed, his breath a rough caress across her neck. She'd never been with two men before and wasn't certain if she was ready to make that particular fantasy a reality. There was no question she wanted Roman, but her desire for Aiden made her feel light-headed. She'd felt it once before, when she'd kissed him at the bar, but she hadn't expected it to lead to anything, not as long as Roman was her partner. But they'd changed the rules of engagement, and she needed to take stock. Roman had a male lover—a very attractive one that was currently holding her breast captive—and she needed to come to terms with that. After all, picturing the two men in bed together wasn't an image she'd considered. Though she had to admit, it aroused the hell out of her.

Scarlet released her breath, allowing the heat of their bodies to burn away her doubts. There'd be time to figure it out later. Right now, she had a fantasy to indulge in. She shifted her gaze to Aiden, flashing him an inviting smile before sliding her fingers to Roman's waist. The sharp hiss of metal echoed her moan as she lowered his zipper, freeing his erection. He looked even larger than she remembered, and both men groaned as she traced a single finger along his length, making the head flare beneath her gentle touch.

"Pants, lover. Now." She turned to Aiden watching his eyes flicker between Roman's shaft and her. "You too," she tossed out, loving how his gaze settled on her face, his lips cocked into a sexy smile. "Or were you just going to watch?"

"No fucking way," he bit out, fisting the rough material, tearing the seam in his rush to strip them off. Scarlet purred. Aiden was just as delicious as Roman. Thick rippling muscles, tight little ass and, oh my, a cock that would make any woman drool. She smiled as the two men tossed their clothes to the ground, bracketing her between them. Aiden released the clasps of her top, letting it fall as Roman pushed her shorts over the curve of her ass, pooling it at her feet. A chorus of moans had her clenching her thighs, hoping to keep her juice from dripping on the floor.

Aiden eased forward brushing his lips down the curve of her neck. "That's how Roman wants you, baby. Naked. Wet. So hot for his cock you can't see straight. Now kneel down in front of him, but make sure you keep those sexy legs nice and wide. He'll want to see what he does to you...what we both do to you."

Scarlet tiptoed up, kissing the rough stubble on Aiden's chin before turning to Roman, and lowering to the floor. His cock arched proudly towards her face, the tip glistening with evidence of his arousal. She leant forward, breathing in his heady scent. It reminded her of fire and spice, and she didn't wait for his invitation. She distended her tongue, bathing the head with long, slow pulls, humming at the exquisite taste of him.

"God, damn. You keep licking me like that, and I won't last a minute."

She smiled up at him, taking just the head inside her wet heat. "That works for me," she said, pausing to sink half his length inside her mouth. He cursed as she drew back, flicking her tongue along the underside. "It'll give me a chance to taste Aiden next."

Roman groaned, threading his fingers through her hair, tugging on it just enough to cause a slight sting. She moaned around his cock when Aiden knelt down beside her, laying his hands on her thighs.

"Open wider, baby. We can't see that beautiful pussy near enough."

She did as he asked, spreading her knees further apart, giving them a clear view of her sex, and her arousal. It slid along her silky inner lips, a small amount easing down one thigh. Roman cursed and tightened his hold as Aiden nipped at the side of her neck.

"Nice," praised Aiden, tracing a finger up her thigh, pausing to gather some of her cream on his finger. He smiled as he brought his hand to his mouth, licking her juice clean.

Scarlet released Roman's cock, dragging Aiden to her with a curl of her fingers. He took her challenge, thrusting his tongue into her mouth, claiming her as Roman had their first time. She matched his hunger, shadowing his mouth until her lungs burned, and she pulled back.

"He tastes good on you," rasped Aiden, the smile on his face gushing more cream along her slit. She moaned when he shifted his gaze, nodding at the juice trailing down her thighs. 'Soon,' he mouthed, motioning back to his lover's shaft.

She licked her lips, devouring Roman's cock, swallowing his thick length in one determined motion.

“Yeah, darling. Just like that.”

Roman's voice echoed in her head, his fingers still caressing her scalp. Aiden shifted closer, testing the edge of her sex, dipping just the tip of his finger inside her. She closed her eyes, loving the feel of Roman's cock sliding along her tongue, as Aiden caressed her body, spreading traces of her juice across her nipples and stomach, as if he intended to lick it all clean later. She paused when his tongue traced her lips, flicking over Roman's shaft as she moved up his length. She pressed back on her heels, holding Roman's cock out to Aiden, arching her eyebrow in challenge. Aiden accepted, easing forward, sampling his lover's crown with such feral intent she had to stop herself from coming on the spot. The act was erotic and hot, and she loved watching the men battle for dominance.

Scarlet leant forward, wrapping her hand around the length Aiden couldn't reach, pumping in time with the bobbing motion of Aiden's mouth. The man was masterful, applying a suction she doubted she could've given. She leant in, tracing Aiden's lips, then trailing her tongue down Roman's length, dropping beneath him to suckle his sac. She revelled in their unified groans as she retraced her steps, once again licking at Aiden's mouth. Aiden pulled free, his hand pumping with hers as he filled her mouth with his tongue, the heady taste of Roman's precum mixing with the coffee scent of Aiden's mouth. She moaned at the combined flavours, turning back to Roman when the man groaned, his thighs tensing.

Scarlet pushed Aiden back, reclaiming Roman's shaft for herself. If he was going to fill someone's mouth, it was sure as hell going to be hers.

Aiden chuckled, roaming his hands across her body as she quickened her pace, edging Roman even closer. Roman thrust his hips, taking her mouth in long steady strides, fucking her soft heat. His lips were pursed tight, his head tilted back. She sucked harder, massaging his sac, locking him deep in her throat when his cock shuddered, then flared, filling her mouth with the spicy fluid of his release. Her name hissed from his lips as he jerked against her, his body purging every drop. She looked up, his cock still trapped inside her mouth until Aiden pulled against her, leaving Roman's shaft to fall free.

She moved with him, easing her body against his, loving the feel of his skin on hers. He dragged kisses along her shoulder and she tilted her head, giving him better access. A low moan floated around them as he clenched her muscle between his teeth, leaving his mark, his

ownership. She fluttered her eyelids open as Roman knelt down in front of her, framing her face with his hands.

“Better than any fantasy, darling.”

She welcomed his open mouthed kiss, encouraging him to feast as Aiden’s hands discovered every dip and curve of her body. Roman swallowed her cry when fingers danced across her mound, teasing her clit.

Hard pants racked her chest as Roman pulled back, his gaze settling on her pussy. Aiden parted her drenched lips, revealing her clit to the cool air. A hiss sounded in her head when her body clenched at the sudden chill, making her clit pucker.

“Damn, I love it when you do that.” Roman lowered between her spread thighs, swiping his tongue through her slick crease. She threw her head back against Aiden’s shoulder unable to keep the fire at bay. The thick strands of Roman’s hair twisted in her fingers as she anchored him to her, pushing her pussy hard against his mouth.

He chuckled once, lapping at her sex, nipping her velvety lips until she was certain she’d explode. She tilted her hips, needing him to increase the pressure, but he pulled back, meeting her gaze, his face covered in her juice.

“Sorry, but I already got to taste your sweet release. And I promised Aiden he’d get his chance.” He laughed as his lover scooped her up and carried her to the bed. “Now be a good girl and show Aiden just how delicious you are.”

She whispered Aiden’s name as he draped her across the bed, shuffling her against Roman’s hard body. Roman groaned and hooked her knee, lifting one thigh over his as Aiden settled between her legs, curling the other around his shoulder. Aiden drew a deep breath, licking his lips at the sweet scent mixing around them. Roman reached over her, using his fingers to open her to Aiden’s gaze, moaning when the man bathed his fingers before tracing the soft folds of her sex.

“Oh, God, Aiden.” She arched back, fanning her hair across Roman’s shoulder as Aiden worked two fingers inside her, moaning at the tight clasp of her pussy.

“Fuck, Roman. She’s so tight.” He pushed again, making her body convulse around him. “Oh, Scarlet. I can’t wait to feel you do that to my cock.”

Scarlet fought the rush of pleasure, wanting to come, but not wanting the surreal moment to end. She still couldn’t believe she was sandwiched between two gods, praying

they'd take her before she melted in their arms. Her body arched up, seeking release, but stilled at the feel of Aiden's finger against her nether hole.

"So beautiful, baby. Damn, you have the most magnificent ass." He probed again, inching inside.

She blinked in surprise, shifting her gaze to Roman.

"Easy. Aiden only wants to touch you." He dropped a wet kiss on her open lips. "Have you ever had a man fuck you there before?"

She snagged her lip between her teeth, shaking her head as Aiden's finger sank deeper, igniting a fire inside her hot channel.

"Then we'll be honoured to be your first." He nipped at her lip this time. "Relax, Scarlet. Trust us."

She nodded and closed her eyes, unsure if the sensation was pleasing, until Aiden locked his finger inside her as his mouth engulfed her clit. A sound, primal and raw, broke free from her lips as spikes of pleasure rippled through her, starting in her ass and ending in her sex. The feeling was nothing she'd experienced before, and she cried out as her released loomed closer, arching her hips off the bed. Aiden hummed, sucking her clit, pumping his finger back and forth until the coil inside her snapped, unleashing waves of heat so fierce she expected her skin to singe. She screamed, both their names harsh on her breath, as she twisted on the bed, consumed by the sheer pleasure of her release.

"God, I love watching you come." Roman bent over her, teasing her lips with just the hint of a kiss. "Let's do it again."

Two sets of hands lifted her up, shifting her around until she was resting on her hands and knees. Roman moved in behind her, skimming his fingers along her ass, tracing the valley between her cheeks as he grazed his finger across her anus. She moaned, watching Aiden move in front, the bed dipping against his weight. His cock was hard and thick, stretching achingly out towards her. She didn't wait for his hands to spear through her hair before wrapping her lips around his heavy shaft and taking it deep in her mouth.

"Ah, fuck, Scarlet. Damn your mouth's hot."

She purred as Aiden stroked her face, tracing where her lips met his cock. She loved how he flared inside her, making her mouth feel as stretched as she knew her pussy would.

Roman landed a smack on one side of her ass, his lips feather soft against her ear as he covered her with his body.

"You'll pay for making me take you this way again. Only when it's time, Aiden will help me spank you."

She moaned around Aiden's shaft, picturing the scene. Both men sitting opposite each other, their legs entwined, her body curled over them. Her ass would be raised, ripe for their choosing, as they took turns caressing her pale skin. She could sense their carnal intent, feel their lingering promise as they each raised a hand, connecting with her flesh in turn, raining down her punishment until she begged for mercy. Then they'd pleasure her, fingers pumping through her ass and pussy, each feeling the other's penetration until her body surrendered, locking them both in place.

"You're imagining it, aren't you," rasped Roman. She could only nod, his finger circling her ass. His breath washed over her shoulder as he licked his reply. "Good, 'cause you're ours to pleasure. Ours to protect. Make no mistake about that. And if you put what's ours in danger, you'll be treated accordingly."

Scarlet released Aiden's cock just long enough to glance back at Roman over her shoulder. She wanted to reply, but he picked that moment to ring his cock around her swollen lips, thrusting it home in a single motion.

She cried out, latching back on to Aiden's shaft, wanting him to come in her mouth as Roman fucked her like a man possessed. Aiden cursed as she scraped her teeth along the ridge, making the head flare.

"Fuck. I'm going to come. Open real wide, and take me deep, baby."

She complied, her body filled by the two men consuming her. Roman picked up the pace, driving into her, shuffling her across the bed with the force of each thrust. She pushed back, wanting to savour every moment, knowing she'd blush when she recalled the way he'd fucked her. Aiden reached for her head, twisting her hair, adding one more sensation.

The sharp sting pushed her over the edge, her convulsions milking Roman's cock as she clenched around Aiden's. They shouted her name a moment before they exploded, filling her channel and mouth with spurt after spurt of pearly fluid. She took it all, pumping Aiden's shaft, angling her hips against the spasmodic jerks of Roman's hips. She smiled when Aiden finally pulled free, collapsing beneath the weight of Roman's body.

“Easy, darling. Rest.” Hands soothed her skin, lulling her into a light sleep. “We’ve still got a bit of time before we’re expected downstairs.” Roman chuckled. “And with any luck, there might be a pussy eating contest.”

Chapter Three

Roman followed Aiden and Scarlet through the door, sighing when she sat down on the bed, toed off her boots and curled up in the middle, drifting to sleep before her hair settled around her shoulders. While it was well past midnight, he knew it was more than exhaustion wearing on her.

Two more dead.

He'd received the text shortly after dinner, the few words confirming their fears. The missing models weren't late...they were dead. Killed in their car fifty miles from the Manor, their month carved across their skin, their blood staining the snow. Scarlet had taken the news hard, turning her fears inward, distancing herself from them. Aiden had tried to talk to her, but she'd looked away, tears pooling behind her blue eyes, guilt hunching her shoulders. It'd hurt them to watch her, but they weren't sure how to battle her demons.

A soft sigh drew his attention. Aiden stood beside the bed, brushing her hair back from her face, tracing the smooth curves of her silhouette.

"You ok?" asked Roman, stepping up behind the man, wrapping his arms around his lover's chest.

Aiden curled his fingers around Roman's arms, leaning into the embrace. "She's scared. And she's right. We don't have a clue who this creep is, and we're running out of time."

Roman lowered his mouth to Aiden's neck, kissing the strong muscle threading into his shoulder. "We won't let anything happen to her. I promise."

"I never knew how much we needed her until today. You know I love you, but..."

His voice trailed off, but Roman knew exactly how it ended. "We'll catch this guy, and when we leave, it'll be together. I'm not going to lose either of you...I can't." Hell, it'd be like trying to remove an arm. "She wants this. She's just nervous."

"God, I hope you're right." He turned in Roman's arms, wrapping his hands around Roman's neck. "'Cause I need both of you."

Roman groaned as Aiden took his mouth, thrusting his tongue as if he had nothing to gain, and everything to lose. Roman fought back, determined to show Aiden he meant everything he'd said. Scarlet belonged to them. He refused to see it any other way.

Aiden sighed when they parted, some of the tension expended in the kiss. He smiled when Roman rubbed his cock against him. "We should probably get some sleep too," he muttered, turning back to gaze at Scarlet. "Which do you want? Breasts, or ass?"

Roman laughed. "You know how much I love a nice ass, but I'll let you have the honours tonight." He smiled when Aiden's cock peaked. "Just don't get too used to it."

* * * *

Scarlet sighed, relaxing back against the rim of the tub. She'd just spent another day romping around in clothes that would make a hooker blush and shoes she was certain were used for torture in the middle ages. And if that wasn't enough, she'd had to endure two hours of group photo shoots, forcing a smile every time the new photographer cupped her breasts, trying to make more of them spill out above the lip of her Christmas red bustier. She'd thought Aiden was going to pummel the guy through the wall, especially when he'd asked if she'd like to join him for a threesome. She'd declined—she had her own threesome to contend with—but she'd gotten a strange feeling when the man had nodded and watched her leave, her hands wrapped around two chiselled forearms.

Then they'd spent the next four hours scoping the mansion, chatting up the women and searching for clues. Roman had managed to sweet talk one of the maids into allowing him a quick glance at Glade's office, but nothing they'd found had turned up any leads. Now they were banished to their rooms while Glade prepared his usual extravagant dinner. God, she hoped the man wasn't planning a spanking contest or she just might need another bath.

Scarlet smiled at the thought, dragging her tired body from the water. She still wasn't sure how to take the sudden change in lifestyle. Admitting her love for Roman was easy, but her feelings for Aiden confused the hell out of her. She wasn't one to believe in fairy tales or magic, but every time he smiled at her, or ran a gentle hand along her thigh, butterflies fluttered to life in her stomach and her chest tightened. It was the greatest high she'd ever experienced, and somehow, walking away didn't feel like an option anymore.

"This is one crazy Christmas," she said, grabbing a towel. She fisted the door, cracking it open only to have the breath rush from her chest. Aiden leant against the wall, naked, muscles rippling, head pressed back as pleasure twisted his expression. His lips were pursed together. His eyes clenched shut. He'd tangled his fingers through Roman's hair, as the man moved between his legs, feasting on his cock as if he'd never tasted anything quite as delicious.

"Oh. My."

The words sprang from her lips and she hadn't realised she'd spoken until both sets of eyes turned in her direction. Roman pulled back, allowing Aiden's shaft to slip from his mouth, the heavy length held like a sword in his hand. His lips were wet and swollen, and just the sight of them pooled liquid between her thighs. She moved towards their outstretched hands, linking her fingers through theirs.

Aiden planted a hot, wet kiss on her lips before moving to her neck, nibbling at the sensitive spot behind her ear. She arched into him, meeting Roman's heated stare.

"I've been wondering. Do you both..." she waved her hand at their erect shafts. "Give and receive?"

Aiden chuckled against her skin, making it prickle. "I didn't take you as the shy type, baby."

"I'm not shy, it's just...Fine. Do you both fuck each other's ass?"

"Roman prefers to be the one fucking, but yes, we both fuck each other." He raised his eyebrow. "How does that make you feel?"

"Curious." She stepped back and waved at the bed. "Show me."

Roman pushed up, trapping her against Aiden's chest. "Pardon me?"

"You heard me, Roman. I want you to show me." She trailed her fingers down his chest, scrapping his skin until she circled his cock. "I'm still trying to wrap my head around how I fit into all this. You love each other, but you say you love me..."

"We *do* love you," he interrupted, framing her face with his hands. "You're not just a toy to us. You're our soul. A fact these past few days has made very apparent."

"Then let me share what you feel for each other." She tilted her head against Aiden's chest, allowing him to tug the towel free. "Please. I need this."

The men exchanged a look, and she wasn't certain they'd conceded until Aiden nipped at her neck, urging her forward with a pat on her ass. "All right. But it'll cost you. We'll let you watch, but next time, it'll be you between both of us."

She couldn't quite crush the soft rumble in her chest, and both men smiled as they moved to the bed. Aiden sat down first, flexing his abs as he leant back, watching Roman retrieve the lubricant from their bag. She found the way his muscles rippled fascinating, showing off every inch of his firm body. He was slightly smaller than Roman, but just as taut, with arms that could hold you prisoner when he took what was his.

She hummed at the thought as Roman advanced, his strong body a symbol of masculinity. He didn't waste time caressing Aiden, but took the man's mouth in a kiss so carnal, her lips swelled in response. Aiden fought back, battling for dominance, never truly submitting to the man. Roman growled when he pulled back, pushing his lover over, demanding the man present his ass to him.

Aiden acquiesced, but it wasn't a submission. The way he moved, the steely look in his eyes let Roman know he obeyed because he chose to. Because the act would bring him pleasure. Roman acknowledged the truce with a firm slap to Aiden's ass, making the muscles jump. Aiden clenched his jaw, but rolled onto his hands and knees, a low moan feathering from his luscious lips when Roman caressed his ass, penetrating him with a single finger.

Scarlet drew closer, watching Roman pump the digit back and forth, making Aiden's cock pulse. She'd never touched a man like that and wondered how it felt to be the one stroking their flesh. Roman turned towards her as she climbed on the bed, his lips finding hers. She ate at his mouth, her arousal so tight her clit pulsed. God, she'd never expected it to have this effect on her, but they were so beautiful – strong male bodies moving together in a primal act of desire – it made her feel dizzy.

She reached out, tracing the cleft of Aiden's ass. The man's head whipped back, his gaze meeting hers across his shoulder. She arched her eyebrow, silently asking permission. A low rumble was her only reply, as she smeared some of the lube on her finger, and slipped it inside his tight channel.

"Oh, God, Roman. Does it feel like this when Aiden touches you?"

Roman licked one distended nipple, making her breath hiss. "Hot? Raw? Hungry?" He pinched one. "Oh, yeah. And soon, you'll feel it too." He nodded towards his lover. "Add another finger, darling. I need him nice and stretched."

The moan that greeted her intrusion had her dripping juice, desperate to feel him come around her finger. She moved faster, loving how his ass clenched, daring her to withdraw, to deny him. A light sweat broke across his back as he arched under the attack. She almost thought he'd come when Roman stopped her with a firm hand.

"You said you wanted to watch," he rasped, smacking her ass. "So be a good girl and let me have a turn, or we'll stop and concentrate on your spanking."

Scarlet pouted, but removed her hand, sighing at the sudden loss of heat. She thought about begging for one more turn until Roman placed the head of his cock against Aiden's tight pucker.

"Oh. My. God."

Her breath stalled as Roman inched his way inside, pausing crown deep in Aiden's hot channel. Aiden groaned, and levered back, sinking Roman inside him.

"Ah, fuck, Aiden. Don't do that. You know I can't control myself when you fuck yourself on me."

"Then stop babying me, and fuck me hard!"

Roman bowed his head, a hint of defeat in the hunch of his shoulders before he reared back, pulling all but the bulbous head free before pistoning forward, claiming the man's anal canal in one forceful stroke.

"Fuck. Yes."

Roman dragged his cock back, slapping Aiden's muscles with enough force the man shuffled across the bed as Roman drove in again, locking his balls against hard flesh. "Damn, you're so fucking tight." Roman threw his head back, plunging again. "So hot and tight I feel like my head's going to explode."

Aiden huffed out his breath and reached for the headboard, using it as an anchor against the punishing blows. "Damn it, Roman. I said to stop babying me. Go. Harder."

Another slap landed on Aiden's ass. "Looks like Scarlet isn't the only one due for a spanking," he rasped, bending over and scraping his teeth along Aiden's shoulder. "Maybe she'd like..."

Roman's voice keened into a strangled wail as Scarlet pressed against him, slipping one lube coated finger down his buttocks, rimming his anus. He snapped his head around, releasing one hand from Aiden's hips to drag her closer, twisting her lips open as he thrust his tongue inside her mouth, mimicking the motion of his cock. She submitted, surrendering her body as she moved her finger through his nether hole, revelling in his muted curse.

"Fuck, Scarlet." He squeezed his eyes shut, slamming his hips against Aiden's flesh. "So fucking good."

She moaned, forging her finger back and forth as she reached for Aiden. He cursed when she wrapped her hand around his cock, pumping it hard, using his weeping cum to ease her way. Muted cries shadowed her name, their bodies moving as one. She felt Aiden's cock flare a moment before Roman pinched her clit.

"Yes."

Two male voices echoed her cry as Aiden punched his hips forward and creamed her hand, spurting his release across the sheets. Roman followed his lover, jerking against him, throwing his head back with a cry of pure ecstasy.

Scarlet gloried in their release as she eased back on her heels, watching Roman hunch over Aiden, resting some of his weight on the man's back. Something shifted inside her, but she lost sense of it when Roman pulled her in for one more drugging kiss.

"So much for just watching, huh, darling."

She could only shrug, smiling as she raised her hand, licking the remnants of Aiden's release from her fingers. The man groaned, and pulled her down, sidling her between them.

"Get some rest," he rasped, linking his hand with Roman's as it draped across her hip. "'Cause once we catch our breath, you're going to wish you had."

* * * *

"God, damn. Son of a bitch!"

Roman stormed in the room behind Scarlet, slamming the door. He punched the cushions, anger twitching the vein in his temple. Aiden followed a few moments later, slamming it shut even harder.

"Fuck, I thought we had him!" Aiden kicked a chair across the room. "Everything pointed to him!"

Roman cursed, plunking down on the edge of the sofa. "So did I." He raked a shaky hand through his hair. "Damn, he even had the fucking pictures pinned up. How the Christ is he not the *right* pervert?"

Scarlet sighed, watching the two men fume. They'd finally caught a break. Glade's chauffeur had an alias, with a rap sheet a mile long. They'd followed the man for two days, staking out his room, gathering enough evidence to get a warrant. PD had picked him up an hour ago at a stripper joint. But it hadn't panned out. The bastard wasn't the killer, just a sick jerk who liked filming pretty women without their knowledge. He'd had alibis for all six murders and the partial's they'd retrieved from the last victim's car hadn't matched.

She looked down at her hands, trying to ignore how much they trembled. The stress was getting to her. Every day the photo shoots got more risqué, and they all knew it was just a matter of time before he struck again. Just her luck. Her first full nude centrefold, legs spread wide, nipples pinched against her skin, would turn out to be her obituary picture.

She tried to laugh, but it came out as a hysterical hiccup. Both men turned at the sound, watching her through lowered lids. Their affair had taken second seat to the job, but they'd still managed to surround her with soft gentle touches. It'd pushed her even further over the edge. She'd fallen in love with them...and she feared this time, there was no turning back.

Roman sighed and joined her on the bed, cradling her into the crook of his shoulder. "I'm sorry, darling. You're the one taking all the chances here. We just feel so damn helpless." He brushed a kiss across her forehead. "We've got a few more days before Glade's tastes turn completely pornographic. If we haven't caught the guy by then, I'm pulling you out."

Scarlet pulled away, breaking his embrace as she surged to her feet. "Since when did you become my keeper?" she challenged.

"Since I told you we loved you." Roman towered over her. "Maybe you still don't believe us, but we're not about to lose you because of your stubborn pride."

"Pride! I've spent the last four days strutting around half naked, and for what? So you can get all possessive on me and pull me out?" She took a step back. "I don't think so. We stay until we nail this bastard, or..."

Her voice trailed off, but Roman finished it for her. "Or until the creep kills you." He moved, snaking one hand around her waist as the other grabbed her back. She tried to resist, but Aiden moved in behind her, locking her against him. She beat at Roman's chest, tears falling down her cheeks.

"What good will it do? He'll track me down, one way or another."

Aiden rasped his lips along her neck, breathing across the shell of her ear. "We'll never let that bastard hurt you. Hell, we'll shadow you every second of the day if that's what it takes. He'll never have you...you belong to us." He dipped down and placed a hot kiss on her shoulder. "Perhaps it's time we showed you just how much."

"But..." Her voice faded as her gaze met Roman's. He looked as scared as she felt, and for the first time, she saw the case through their eyes. How would she feel if someone was stalking them? If their fate was nothing more than a carved up photo in a file on a desk? Just thinking about it made her stomach heave.

Strong hands removed her clothes, caressing each inch of skin. This wasn't sex. It was a loving...a physical show of their commitment. She let her head fall back on Aiden's shoulder, loving how he pulled her against him, rubbing his skin across hers. It was always so warm, and she loved how he touched her until their temperatures matched. Who was she kidding? She loved him.

"You're so beautiful," said Roman, picking her up and laying her across the soft sheets. "Everett was right. You're the perfect Christmas angel." He eased closer, tasting her lips with a fleeting kiss. "We'll do this nice and slow. Just know this. Once we're finished, you'll never be free."

"I don't want to be," she whispered, loving how both men watched her, their eyes narrowed, lips turned up at the edges. "And I don't want easy. I want you to claim me." She nipped at Aiden's lip, knowing he loved the slight pain as much as she did. "I need more than just a gentle fuck. I need you to love me like you'll never let me go."

The men exchanged a heated glance before flipping her over, straddling her legs around Aiden's thighs. Roman moved in behind her, jerking her head back with a sharp tug of her hair. "Oh, we'll never let you go, darling. But you can only push us so far." He nipped at her neck, slapping his hand across her ass. Damn, why did the pain feel so good?

Aiden cupped her waist, drawing small circles across her hip. "We were going to spend hours worshipping you. Licking your sweet pussy, building you up slowly. But, damn, when you talk like that." He wrapped one hand around her back, pulling her forward. "Guess we'll do that next time. Now place those lovely breasts against my chest while Roman gets you ready."

Scarlet moved with him, certain his grip would've shifted her regardless, and laid her chest on his, moaning out at the sensual way her drew patterns along her back. Aiden smiled against her hair, dropping a quick kiss.

"Do you know how hard it's been touching you these past few days without taking you like this?" His breath rustled her hair as he blew it out in a long sigh. "Just watching Roman get the lube is driving me crazy. Damn, I can't wait until it's my turn."

Scarlet tilted her chin, meeting his gaze. "Roman doesn't have to be first."

Aiden smiled and reached for her cheek, drawing his finger down the soft curve. "That's very sweet, baby. But I haven't even had a chance to love you yet, and I'm not about to pass up this opportunity." His eyes darkened as the bed dipped against Roman's weight. "But I'll have you next. Make no mistake about that."

She smiled, and caught his finger in her mouth as he traced her lips, sucking it inside with the same motion she'd used to drain him the other night. He groaned, and punched his hips up, wrapping her wet lips around his thick shaft. She matched his motion, riding his cock, closing her eyes against the sharp pulse of her clit. She'd never responded so quickly before, going from hopeful to horny in a heartbeat, with coming full force two after that. But just feeling Roman's hands trace the full curve of her ass as she rode Aiden's cock had her release hinging on the edge, one touch away from exploding.

"You've got the most amazing ass." Roman massaged her skin, easing some of the nerves fluttering her stomach. "I've been dreaming about this since that first time on the bearskin rug, but there was something missing." Aiden's hands joined his. "It's not missing anymore." He leant forward, licking her earlobe. "I'm going to enter you first. Let you get used to the sensation of having me inside you. Then Aiden will join us. You'll be full of us. So damn full you won't be able to tell which part of your body belongs to you...because it all belongs to us. We told you you're our soul, and we'll prove it." He eased back, keeping one

large hand pressed between her shoulder blades. "Stay just like this, and trust me not to hurt you."

Scarlet shot him a quick glance over her shoulder, licking Aiden's nipple as she anchored her hands around the man's shoulder. The smile she flashed him ended with a resounding smack to her ass, making the juice flow from her slit and her eyes squeeze shut.

"I suggest you rein in that saucy attitude, or I'll spank your ass red before I fuck it." He landed another whack, slightly harder. She tried to find anger in his dominance, but her clenching pussy begged for more. Roman chuckled and smoothed his hand over her flushed flesh. "Never knew the pain could be so hot, did you?" he moaned, sinking two broad fingers inside her sex, building the need. "Just wait. This is going to be blow your mind."

"Oh. God!"

Her voice was husky and raw, as if it'd been dragged out from deep inside her, as Roman circled her anus, easing his slippery finger past her tight muscles and sinking it inside her. She tried not to hunger for the impalement, but couldn't stop from thrusting back when he retreated. Roman grunted and plunged again.

"Damn. You're so fucking tight." He pulled back, adding a second finger to her virgin tissues. "Can you feel how badly your body wants me inside you? Every inch is clinging to my fingers, begging me to give you more." He removed his hand smearing more lube against her pucker, spreading it inside, coating her hot walls with the slick fluid. "Okay, darling. I can't wait any longer. Just try to relax."

Scarlet wanted to, but the tight press of his cock against her tender hole had her tensing. Aiden shifted beneath her, pulling her closer, capturing her lips as his fingers danced through her slit, swirling juice around her clit. She cried into his mouth, losing herself in his intimate caress as Roman tried again, pulling her cheeks apart, pressing his crown against her hole. There was a moment of intense pressure before his cock slipped inside. He stopped, the bulbous head lodged tight.

Her cry was dark and deep, keening into a hungry wail as he surged forward, burying himself to the hilt.

"Fuck, Aiden. Get you cock inside her, before I cream her ass."

Aiden lifted her hips, angling her deeper, wrenching another moan from her chest. She was full, so full of Roman she didn't see how Aiden would fit inside her. She stilled when he

swirled his cock around her sex, coating it with her thick cream. She unclenched her eyes long enough to look at him, stunned by the love in his eyes as he lodged his head at her entrance, pulling her onto him in one strong thrust.

Scarlet screamed. There was no other way to express the sheer pleasure and pain coursing through her. Aiden's rough entrance sent her pussy into spasm, the rough play of his pubic hair over her clit making her orgasm. She reared up, arching around two sets of male hands, her body exploding into a thousand pinpoints of light. She couldn't open her eyes, couldn't move as they started up a gentle rhythm, countering their thrusts, filling one channel then the next. Colours blurred across her vision, sounds she didn't recognise floated in her head as their bodies became one—a writhing mass of flesh and muscle.

Roman called out behind her, twisting her hair around his fingers, tugging on it as if it would save him from falling into the abyss. She locked her hands around Aiden's shoulders, knowing she was scratching his skin but unable to stop. They were thrusting together now, claiming her body as one, then leaving it empty and wanting. She tried to scream, to beg them not to leave, but couldn't get her voice to do more than moan. Pleasure and pain became one, the sharp sting of Roman's cock up her ass shadowed with the sheer ecstasy of Aiden's shaft in her pussy. She arched further, unable to control her release, but desperate for it to shatter her. They moved faster when her body trembled, tears washing down her cheeks.

A wail of sexual bliss was the only indication she'd climaxed. Their names swirled in her head, but she didn't have the strength to even whisper them. Somewhere in the distance her name joined theirs, their cocks thickening inside her until she was certain she'd split. Then they were jerking against her, their combined releases soaking her tissues, filling every crevice inside her.

"Scarlet! Oh, God. So good...so fucking good, baby."

Hot hands possessed her, words lingered in the air, but all she knew was the feel of their cocks inside her, completing her when she hadn't even realised she was incomplete.

Aiden ran a shaky hand down her back, pressing her close, whispering sweet words as Roman eased his weakening flesh from her body. She moaned at the loss of contact, humming softly when he eased down beside her, rolling her onto her side, cradling her body between them.

“Scarlet? Baby are you ok?”

Roman’s voice, or was it Aiden’s? It didn’t matter. Her words were meant for both. “I love you,” she whispered, fading into the comforting darkness.

Warm lips peppered her skin, their reply a distant whisper as she succumbed to sexual exhaustion, knowing that tonight, they’d keep her safe.

Chapter Four

"I don't like this." Aiden stuffed his hands in his pocket, grazing another look inside what Glade called his Aquarium.

Scarlet smiled, cupping his face in her hands. "It's a girls only Christmas party, big boy. So unless you think you can fool those security guys into thinking you're just packing socks, I doubt they'll let you in." She brushed a kiss along his shadowed chin. "I'll be fine. There's more muscle in there than at a Mr. Universe contest. Besides, it's only for an hour. I promise to keep my ass planted on the lounge until you come for me." She winked at him, tracing the firm mounds of her rear. "Besides, it needs a bit more rest if you're going to hold true to your promise."

Aiden huffed, as he pulled her close, slipping a single finger beneath her bathing suit, gathering some of the juice already leaking from her pussy and circling it around her ass. She shivered in his arms, already close to climaxing, when he slipped the digit inside her tight pucker, stroking it back and forth. "Oh, I'll have you. And you'll love every thrust of my cock inside you." He removed his finger, loving how her body leant into his. "Okay. But you'd better not move until I send for you."

Scarlet swayed as he eased her back, her eyes rounded, glassy. "Aiden..."

He silenced her with a light kiss. "Roman and I will be upstairs, running your hunch through the database. I think you might be on to something. Maybe this guy isn't out to kill the girls as part of some sick fantasy. I never thought about connecting it back to Everett or your first assignment." He edged closer. "But if you're right, and the creep's out to get revenge on the model responsible for Everett's death, then you're his real target." He reached in his pocket and removed a small knife. "Take this. It isn't much, but..." He forced a deep breath. "Stick it in that darling boot, and leave it there."

She nodded, hiding the gift down one side before walking to the door. She turned when she bridged the threshold, glancing at him over her shoulder. "I love you, Aiden. Just in case you had any doubts." She flashed him a smile that made his knees tremble. "One hour."

She disappeared behind the thick glass, her silhouette wavering in and out of focus. He didn't want to admit he'd had fleeting thoughts her love was directly towards Roman. But not now.

He growled as he headed for the stairs. Damn, he hoped Roman wasn't in the mood to play, because with his cock straining against his jeans, he'd definitely be the one fucking.

* * * *

"About bloody time," cursed Aiden, threading his way back to the Aquarium. He'd managed to make it through forty-five minutes of hard-on hell as he and Roman had worked the case. Scarlet's hunch had panned out. Seems Everett had a partner he'd been screwing around on, and it didn't take a genius to connect the dots. Roman was still on the computer, trying to uncover a name or a picture...anything to break the case wide open. He'd only sneaked out to check on their girl. He wasn't one to put stock in premonitions, but ever since she'd disappeared behind the glass, he'd had a strange feeling in his stomach. One he needed to put to rest.

Warm air caressed his skin as he stepped inside, the door clicking shut behind him. Count on Glade to give you July in December, not that he minded. It just didn't feel much like Christmas with the Beach Boys singing in the background.

"Hi, Aiden."

He turned, smiling at the auburn beauty sidling up beside him. "Miss October."

She giggled and batted at him, wrapping her fingers around his forearm. "You can call me Sarah," she flirted.

"Ah, but you do remind me of a sexy little witch, so I'll stick with Miss October."

She laughed again, the sound a bit too juvenile for his tastes. "Did Scarlet find you?"

His smile faded when he glanced at Scarlet's chair, finding it empty. "Find me? Why would she need to find me?"

Sarah frowned, looking over his shoulder at the lounge. "You sent her a message...to meet you." She motioned towards the other side of the room. "She left about twenty minutes ago."

"What?" He spun on the girl, grabbing her by the shoulders, all but shaking her hair loose from its perch on top of her head. "Where did she go? Who told you that?"

"I..." She choked back a sob.

He released her. "Please, Sarah. I never sent anything to Scarlet."

"But..." The woman nodded at the bar. "The bartender asked me to pass on a message. Said the photographer stopped by and told him you were looking for Scarlet. That you needed her to meet you out back...something about a murder."

Aiden didn't wait for more. He stalked across the room, his cell already in his hand. Roman answered on the second ring.

"Aiden, I've got a name..."

"He's got her," he hissed, nearly breaking the door as he threw it open and cleared the hallway. "The bastard's on to us."

"What!" A chair scraped back followed by the dull thud of a door bouncing off the hinges. "Where are you?"

"Heading for the rear entrance." He stopped just long enough to run a trembling hand through his hair. "It's the fucking photographer. Damn it, I knew I didn't like the way he was looking at her. I should've..."

"It's not your fault," echoed Roman. Aiden turned as the man sprinted down the hallway, sweat beading his brow. He slammed his cell shut, trying to ignore how much his hands shook.

"His real name's Dwayne Dobson," said Roman. "He was Everett's lover. I can only imagine he heard the rumours surrounding Everett's death and snapped. Details aside, everyone at the Manor suspected one of the girls was a cop."

"And since he doesn't know which girl it is, he's decided to kill all of them. Fuck!"

"Easy, buddy. There's not many places he could've taken her without anyone seeing. My guess...he's heading for the cabin where they're doing the next shoot. What better way to flaunt his revenge than to have Scarlet on centre stage." Roman pulled him back when he fisted the handle. "We'll get her back, but we have to stay calm."

Aiden nodded, knowing he'd kill the bastard if he'd touched one hair on his lover's head. And it wouldn't be slow.

* * * *

Scarlet groaned and rolled to one side, the rough brush of wood rousing her. She cracked one eye open, wincing as the room dipped and swayed, bleeding one image into another. A heavy feeling swirled in her head, but she recognised the hard bite of rope against her hands and feet.

"Ah, you're awake. For a moment, I thought you'd sleep through all the fun."

The man's voice was bitter and low, sparking fear through her chest. She tried to turn, only to have hard hands knock her down.

"Don't move until I give you permission, slut." He lowered until he was even with her face. "Whores like you belong on the floor."

"You," she said, groaning as his image doubled then spun. "But, why?"

The man sneered and shoved her against the wall. "Because Everett was mine and you took him from me." He stormed over to his camera, aiming the lens at her. "Smile pretty," he mocked, snapping a shot, blinding her with the glare of the flash. He laughed as she flailed on the floor, twisting her legs behind her. "Go ahead. Try and free yourself. You might be a pretty little cop, but I doubt you're an escape artist as well. But I do love watching those tits shake when you move." He sauntered back over to her. "Perhaps I'll fuck you before I carve your month in your chest. Maybe then I'll understand why Everett wanted you so bad."

Scarlet held his stare, working her fingers into her boot until the small handle brushed against her knuckle, slipping into her palm.

"What's the matter, Detective? Not in the mood to play?"

She cried out as he grabbed her top, ripping it off, freeing her breasts to the cold air. Nausea threatened as he lowered his face to her chest, burying it between her breasts, pinching them roughly with his fingers.

"Oh yeah. Even for a guy who doesn't like girls, you're pretty hot. Bet your cunt is tight. Am I right?" He laughed again, easing back to stare at her thighs. "Unfortunately, that's not my forte. But I bet your ass is even tighter." He moved closer, ringing her neck with one, large hand. "And I love a good ass fuck."

Scarlet screamed and pulled, breaking the frayed rope and plunging the knife into the man's shoulder. He reared back, grabbing the handle, pulling the small blade from his skin.

He snarled and lunged at her, cutting her leg as she rolled away, trying to free her feet. There was a moment of frenzy when he wrapped his fingers around one foot before a black blur whirled past her, toppling her captor and knocking him across the floor. The dull sound of bones connecting echoed across the room followed by a shrill cry of pain.

"Scarlet!" Roman knelt down, ripping the rope from her feet, cradling her against his chest. His heart thrashed beneath her fingers, his breath heavy across her shoulder. Warm tears spilled down her cheeks as she relaxed against him, not sure why she was crying, but unable to stop.

"Fuck, darling. I'd thought..." He didn't finish but his eyes told her all she needed to know. He scooped her off the floor, rocking her close to his chest.

Another man groaned and she shifted just as Aiden dropped the man's head, blood smeared across his knuckles. He stalked over, framing her face, kissing her until her lips swelled beneath his. She sighed when he rested his forehead on hers, his breath washing across her skin.

"How did you know?" she asked, smiling when Aiden lifted her from Roman, cuddling her close.

"We dug through Everett's history and found a reference to an estranged lover. When I went down to tell you, Sarah filled in the pieces. Roman had a hunch the bastard would bring you here, so..." She nodded, moaning when the room swayed again. "Looks like he injected you with a mild sedative. Best to get you back home so you can rest."

Roman moved in closer, slipping his shirt over her shoulders before dropping another kiss across her forehead. "Looks like you've got another spanking coming, darling. We warned you not to put what's ours in danger, but..." He shook his head, sighing. "Guess that makes it an even...three." He blew a wispy breath across her lips. "My favourite number."

Aiden laughed as he hoisted her higher, walking towards the door, sirens wailing in the distance. "Hey, Roman. Think she'll fit under the tree?"

Roman smiled, sizing her up. "Nah. Besides, angels always belong on top. And that's exactly where she'll be when we get home."

About the Author

Kris sees herself as somewhat obsessive and feels she tends to push the limits sometimes. But her friends graciously see her as passionate and adventurous. After all, speed limits are only guidelines and shouting is just her way of rising above the chaos. Besides, she thinks the air is cleaner out there on the edge.

Kris started writing erotic stories a few years ago, but didn't try putting them out into the real world until recently. She loves penning independent leading ladies who aren't afraid to kick a bit of butt, especially when it only fuels the desires of their men. But of course, it wouldn't be any fun if the men didn't get to play... Most of her stories involve elements of suspense and quite often have a downright creepy villain lurking in the shadows. But all the better to get the hero's protective instincts going. After all, Kris still loves having a knight ride to the rescue...

Email: contactme@krisnorris.ca

Kris loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

Also by Kris Norris

Voracious Vamps: Sacred Talisman
'Til Death: Deadly Vision

Total-E-Bound Publishing



www.total-e-bound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™
erotic romance titles and discover pure quality
at Total-E-Bound.