



*New Year's resolutions have never looked so good.*

New Year's Eve. The party is rockin', and Claire is in her usual spot holding up the wall. It's all right. She's much happier scribbling in her trusty little notebook than mingling. Especially since those notes turn into the sexy erotic romances she pens in secret. Those two gorgeous gods across the room are perfect hero material and...oh dear, are they headed her way?

Mason and Hunter know she won't remember them as the scrawny geeks they were in high school. She also doesn't know they've been lusting after her for ten long years, waiting for her to meet a man and have a normal relationship. They're through waiting. The time has come to make their move—and show her exactly how much they've changed.

One night in the middle of a Mason/Hunter manwich, and Claire has enough research material to fill a hundred notebooks. Good thing she's got OfficeMax on speed dial to order more. Except suddenly her two hunks have this crazy idea that keeping her is selfish. Selfish? She may be mousy, but this mouse is about to roar...

Warning: Threesomes! Light bondage, blindfolds, breakfast made by two hot men who used to be geeks. Parades, cotton candy, more sex, and convincing said men they are **WRONG** and threesomes are **RIGHT**.

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# Make Mine Midnight

*Annmarie McKenna*

## Dedication

To Sasha, my editor, who likes nerds-to-heroes stories. Thanks for everything! And no, you can't remove the exclamation points from the dedication page, sorry.

# Chapter One

*New Year's Resolutions:*

- 1) Dye hair...platinum! Don't they say blondes have more fun?*
- 2) Exercise more. Or at least exercise at all...*
- 3) Get an agent. Nah, my editor's too good. Who needs an agent?*
- 4) Ooh, ooh, buy new clothes! Something that shows off my...what? Lack of boobs?*

Grass-green eyes—no, no, scratch that.

Claire Crater set her glass of definitely spiked punch on the chair next to her, took her glasses off and wiped away the smudges before putting them back on her face.

Emerald. Those eyes were emerald, not grass. They sparkled like the twinkly lights strung around Paul's more-generously-sized-than-her-own studio apartment. They were framed beautifully by thick black lashes and set perfectly spaced over a nose that had been broken perhaps. The dark tan of his skin and squarish jaw created the face of a hero. His head was capped by unruly dark chocolate-brown hair that looked as if he'd only tried to tame the strands with his fingers.

She wondered why he looked familiar. Surely she would remember someone as hot as him. If she'd worked with him, she'd be doing her best to avoid him simply because she wouldn't want to be caught gawking. But no, she worked from home, penning erotic romances and creating a world for herself she'd never achieve in real life.

Then where had she seen him?

Claire shrugged, licked her lips and dug in her back pocket for the little notebook she always kept there. Whoever he was, the man was a god personified, and if she didn't get those looks down on paper, the thoughts would be gone before she took her next drink of rum punch. She eyed the fruity red beverage next to her and giggled. She probably ought to stop sucking it back like it was water because already her arms felt like they were floating and her cheeks were hot. And she'd only had half a glass. Someone had gone heavy on the rum part and light on the punch. Two glasses might put her on top of the table. Doing the chicken dance. Nekkid.

Hmm...maybe she should shoot for something bigger than the chicken dance like...winding up in some man's bed tonight in a drink-induced haze. Alcohol loosened the inhibitions, right? Well hell. She'd

need twelve drinks before her body loosened up enough to go to bed with a stranger. Five or six, at least, to do it with someone she knew.

Can you say loser?

She cocked her head and thought about it. It *was* New Year's Eve after all. Time for resolutions to be made. Maybe one of hers ought to be to get some. Just do it. Pull on the big-girl panties and jump into bed with the first man to proposition her. She wrote it in her notebook before her brain could tell her fingers not to.

*5) Sleep with the first man to offer.*

Claire looked around the room then promptly put a line through number five and rewrote it.

*5) Sleep with first non-squicky, non-stalkerish, non-ew-type man to offer.*

There were a couple at the party she might want to pass on.

She thought about scratching that line out too, but didn't. What good was a resolution if you scratched it out? How could it possibly come true? Claire eyed the room and waited for divine intervention to point out the man of her dreams among the thirty or so guests Paul had invited. Some were dancing, some were sacked out on the couch watching the party in New York on TV as it closed in on the moment the ball of sparkling lights dropped—which had always seemed strange to her since the damn thing had already dropped an hour earlier for New Yorkers. Most of the other guests were standing around conversing and drinking. All looked like they were having a good time. Who knew? One of those men mingling might be the man she'd just resolved to sleep with.

But, alas, nothing happened. No halo of lights illuminating her would-be roll in the sack, no neon flashing arrows pointing the way.

Outside, occasional fireworks lit up the night. She got a glance of one every now and then through the floor-to-ceiling windows gracing the north side of Paul's studio. Lucky bastard. She didn't get near the view he had. Then again, she also didn't have the monthly rent he did.

With a sigh, she went back to scribbling down every juicy detail of the godlike man for the hero in her next book. The scrumptious, emerald-green-eyed hottie wore a tight black T-shirt that accentuated his biceps and abs and a pair of well-worn, soft blue jeans that hugged a tight ass and cupped a rather impressive bulge in front.

Claire glanced up from her description to see if she'd missed any details and sucked in a sharp breath. Mr. Gorgeous was staring at her. Her heart thudded, her belly flopped and her pussy—she cringed even thinking it, but if she didn't use the word pussy, what kind of erotic romance writer would she be?—tingled. It freaking did a tingly, throbbing little flippy flop. The kind she wrote about.

The kind she'd never really experienced.

And then reality smacked her in the face with a two-by-four, making her forget all about her stupid resolution.

He wasn't looking at her. Nobody ever *looked* at her. Only through her to see the person behind. She sighed and twisted to see what incredible woman she'd find catching his interest. Faded blue-gray paint offset by the abstract paintings Paul, her happy-go-lucky gay best friend, found so fascinating, filled her vision. She'd forgotten that she'd found a couple of chairs butted up against the wall where she could sit and watch the partiers mingle. The position made her the most comfortable, and despite knowing Paul would scold her mercilessly if he saw her huddled away, she'd plopped herself down, content to observe from the outside as she'd done most of her life.

Now she had to turn back to Mr. Gorgeous again.

He wouldn't still be facing her, would he?

The hairs standing at the back of her neck said yes. She swallowed and slowly rotated in her seat.

He winked at her.

An honest-to-goodness wink. Not a something-in-his-eye kind of blink, but a wink. Directed at her. Her face went from flushed with alcohol to drained of blood in a second flat. Might have had something to do with the fact that she suddenly couldn't breathe. Claire dropped her gaze to the small notebook now fisted in her hand.

Holy. Chimoly.

Mason Ledbetter smiled at the panic written on sweet little Claire's face. How long had it been since he'd seen her? Had it really been ten years? He'd definitely have to remember to thank Paul profusely for the invite when they started back to work after the New Year's holiday break. From the first day Mason had gone to work at CAP Technologies, he'd become fast friends with the eccentric man. Paul had hit on him, and Mason had firmly let him know that he was only into women. He might like to share women with his best friend, but he'd never gone both ways.

Paul was also a talker. The more he talked about his cute neighbor, Claire, the more Mason wondered if Paul's friend and the girl he'd gone to high school with were one and the same. He'd been looking for her since the second he'd walked in the door and there she was. Just as he remembered her. Except a bit more grown up. Still beautiful, still holding up the wall. And watching her from across the room, he was pretty sure she had no idea who he was. How would she? He could jog her memory by producing a yearbook, but where would the fun be in that? He'd changed a lot since those god-awful high-school years.

Claire Crater. She thought she could hide, blend in with the wall or something. She still wore glasses, another thing to hide behind. But they didn't detract from the clear blue of her eyes or the way they sparkled when she laughed or dulled when she hurt.

No matter. Mason wasn't about to let her slip through his fingers this time. Her eyes jerked from him to the TV, back to him, to the windows and back to him again as if she were trying to decide if he was really looking at her.



He was looking, all right. His dick tightened painfully behind the fly of his jeans.

He couldn't wait to spread her out across his bed, all that beautiful dark hair flowing around her in a curtain of curls. First he'd take her lips with his until she writhed beneath him. Then when he had her breathless, he'd move down to what he imagined would be dusky pink nipples. He'd suck them until they were hard and she begged him to give her more.

And more he would give. With Hunter. Another man she probably wouldn't recognize. Ten years ago neither one of them would have stood a chance of winning Claire's attention. She'd been painfully shy, hadn't dated even once that he was aware of, and he and Hunter had both been...well, non-existent. Part of the outside crowd. Computer slash math geeks minus the pocket protectors, really. They most certainly hadn't resembled the men they did today. Scrawny might best fit their former descriptions. Late bloomers?

He eyed his best friend and scratched his chest, their signal to move in for the kill. They were about to rock Claire's world, whether she was ready for them or not. No more hiding. Paul had renewed their interest in Claire. Ten years was long enough. Claire was about to discover that *they* were exactly what she needed to finally come out of her shell.

Hunter Morris swallowed the last of his beer and set the bottle on the bar behind him. Time to conquer. His cock grew thick with anticipation of seeing Claire in the raw for the first time. He tried to think—as he had since high school—of what he wanted to do to her before anything else. Lap at her nipples until they peaked taut or go straight for the creaminess between her legs?

No matter the course, he and Mason planned to have Claire begging for mercy before the night was over, and with any amount of luck, they'd keep her for good.

Damn but she was beautiful. Even more so than he'd thought she'd been ten years ago. He'd hoped, prayed, to see her at the reunion a few months ago, and when she hadn't shown up he'd been disappointed to say the least. He and Mason might share women—something they'd learned worked very well for them in college when a woman had decided she wanted to try them both on for size—but in the back of his mind, Claire had always been there. Like a rash that wouldn't go away. A good rash.

Okay so maybe rash wasn't the right word. A dream then. He'd dreamed about her often enough. Wondered where she was, what she was doing. Who she was sleeping with.

Since he worked with Mason, Hunter knew as much about her as his friend. Paul had certainly been a wealth of information in his yapping about his quirky neighbor, the erotic writer.

Jesus. Claire wrote erotic romances. Who'd have thunk it? The wallflower wrote sex better than most people had it. He'd read her stuff. Gotten hard picturing himself and Mason as the heroes and her as their heroine. They could certainly give her some ideas.

Reading her books had made them speculate if perhaps she didn't fantasize about being a part of a ménage herself. They knew from Paul that she was single—in fact Paul made it sound like she never dated. Ever.

He liked to think it was because she was waiting for them.

Hunter snorted at the image of her pining for the geeks they used to be. Well, they were here now. Still geeks, but by God they'd grown into buff geeks.

He just hoped to hell they didn't ruin things and scare her off.

"Hunter."

Before he could take a step, the sultry voice behind him stopped him in his tracks. Kelly, another of their coworkers, traced a red-tipped fingernail down the center of his chest. He barely refrained from snarling. She'd been in half of the beds of the men they worked with already. Even if she hadn't, Hunter didn't go for blonde bimbos with fake eyelashes and even faker tits.

"I don't have anyone to kiss at midnight." Her bottom lip turned out in a pout.

The mere thought of putting his lips anywhere near hers made him gag. "Hm. Well I think Paul is free."

Kelly's mouth fell open. "Paul is gay."

Hunter shrugged. "Even gay people need a kiss at midnight."

"Hunter."

He was surprised she hadn't stamped her foot. "Kelly, I'm sorry. I've got my kissee all picked out. In fact, I'm headed that way right now."

"With Mason, no doubt."

"No doubt." He left Kelly glaring at his back and met his friend not quite ten feet away from the woman they planned on having spread eagle and panting at midnight.

## Chapter Two

Claire swallowed back the giant lump of holy-shit-he's-coming-this-way that threatened to choke her. Or tried to anyway.

The god stalked toward her. Her heart thumped. His gaze roamed to his left, and she followed the movement only to have her breath get caught behind the huge lump. There were two of them. Two gods. One tanned and dark-haired, one paler with blond hair. Both equally muscular, both tall, both lickably yummy.

Both sending her sex into overdrive.

Had that ever happened to anyone?

She'd thought that kind of thing happened only in books. She hadn't really believed the phenomenon was real, that a woman's sex could actually respond to a look. Lust at first sight? What would it be like to sleep with one of them? Hell, with both of them?

And why in the fuck did they *both* seem familiar?

*Jeez, Claire, you sound like a desperate whore, but whoo mama, what would it be like to be with two yummilicious men showering you with all their attention?*

Her fingers itched to jot down every fantasy her wicked mind could create. The alpha weres hunting their prey, a tri mating written all over their faces. They would take their mate without questions, lead her off into their lair, enthrall her, strip her of all her clothes and fuck her until she begged for mercy.

Claire's nipples tightened beneath the silk of her bra, pebbling the pale blue shirt she wore. Oh sweet baby Jesus. She wrote this stuff for a living but writing and doing were two totally separate issues. Would she take them up if they offered? Live vicariously for one night? Fulfill her resolution?

And then she laughed. Out loud. Pausing both of them in their tracks. Claire didn't consider herself the ugliest of ducklings, but cover-model material she was not. She had no delusions of grandeur. She wasn't a virgin, but she also didn't attract the gods of the opposite sex. She cleared her throat and returned her attention to the now-wadded notebook in her fist. Shoot. Claire forced herself to release her hold. Whatever those two were after, it wasn't her body. Things like that didn't happen to her.

Two work-booted feet stopped in front of her. Then two shod in what she expected were expensive running shoes. Certainly not knockoffs. She gulped and prayed they'd get whatever request they had of her over with.

"Dance with us."

Claire whipped her head up and stared in shock at the low, deep, seduce-me-now voice. Those emerald-green eyes glittered back at her with a heat she'd only written about but never once imagined would be directed at her.

"Scuse me?"

The corners of those green eyes tilted up, and he offered her a palm. "Dance with us."

Somehow she didn't think it was a question. At least, her body felt the need to obey.

"Please." Number two offered this, his dark brown eyes seeming more suited to the darker man next to him than on his own paler face.

*Oh man, oh man, oh man. Chalk it up to fantasy and dance with them, you fool.*

Ignoring the little voice inside her head that said somehow she'd end up having her heart stomped on, Claire sucked in a breath and took Green Eyes' hand. Time for a bit of real-world experience. It'd be great fodder for her next book. The scene, the atmosphere, the party—all perfect.

She wasn't stupid. If the men wanted to indulge her for whatever reason, then by golly she would be accommodating. It wouldn't be the first time she had to pick her heart up off the floor.

*You are pathetic, you know that, right? Suck it up and dance with the men. Search deep down inside and pull out your inner woman. Remember those big-girl panties?*

"Dance." She stared at them, trying to decipher if they were for real.

"Yep." Green Eyes pulled her to her feet and both men enclosed her in a sort of manwich.

She'd always wanted to be a part of one of those. And this felt and smelled like a flippin' homerun of sandwiches. Green Eyes chuckled when she glanced at him, and her tiny shred of confidence flapped away like a balloon released before it got tied. Her shoulders sagged.

"Uh-uh, sweetheart." Warm, strong hands landed on her shoulders and squeezed. "Mason's not laughing at you."

She hated that the stranger bumping against her ass with something definitely resembling a hard-on had assessed her mood so easily.

And what was it about them that made her once again wonder if she knew them? The way they moved? Their voices? Something else too though, because she'd subliminally recognized Green Eyes earlier from across the room.

"It's been a long time." The smooth timbre of Mason's words caressed her skin.

Mason. Shit. Why did she know that name? She looked up at those green eyes, her own eyes narrowed as she searched his face.

He laughed again, a throaty rattle that skittered across her nerves right to her...*pussy*. The party continued on around them, the music and talking seeming louder than it had a few moments ago. The flash of fireworks more brilliant. The scent of appetizers more fragrant. Not to mention the heat surrounding her body. Since she'd never before been in this position, she wasn't quite sure how to react.

One of the hands on her shoulders moved to her throat to gently encircle her neck and a thumb rubbed at her nape. The touch felt so good, her knees wobbled. Green Eyes lifted her face to his with a finger under her chin, a grin still splitting his face.

“Don’t you recognize me, Claire?”

And suddenly it all clicked into place. “Oh my God. Mason Ledbetter?”

He nodded, his fingers trailing down her arms, setting off little frissons of desire throughout her body.

*Mason Ledbetter?* No way. No way in hell. Mason Ledbetter from high school had been scrawny and nerdy and...and...just like her. Mason Ledbetter had not been a drool-worthy, captain-of-the-football-team, muscly god, tie-me-to-a-bed-and-have-your-way-with-me-right-now type of man—boy.

Claire closed her eyes and counted to ten. If she remembered right, Mason had been best friends with another persona non grata. Hunter...what was his name?

“So that would probably make you—”

“Hunter Morris, sweetheart.”

Holy chimoly. Mason and Hunter were no longer the geeky boys from high school. They were honest-to-goodness, please-take-me-to-bed men.

Apparently they were still best friends. So this wasn’t about wanting her. This was reconnecting with a high school friend, er, acquaintance. Please God, don’t let it be about showing her how much they’d changed while she still looked the same as she had on graduation day. Wouldn’t that be a great capper to the evening? She’d been making Mason a hero and he only wanted to show off.

She had to be wrong. Had to.

Because she’d never heard of a reunion complete with erections.

Claire felt damn near perfect in Mason’s arms. Based on the expression on Hunter’s face, his friend felt the same.

“Mason? Really?” The awe in Claire’s voice said she clearly didn’t believe him. He chuckled and forced himself not to nibble the delicate lobe. Dark blue eyes glittered back at him, her cheeks flushed in excitement.

His cock throbbed. It wasn’t time yet. He hardly thought she’d take kindly to being thrown over his shoulder and marched off for sex. He’d have to move things a tad slower.

“Really.”

“But how...? What...? Why...?”

“College did a lot more for us than give us degrees.” Hunter’s lips curled into a grin over her shoulder.

“Damn.” Claire’s shoulders deflated. “I went to the wrong school.”

Mason laughed out loud and hugged her tight like she was a long-lost friend. If they had their way, she'd be a whole lot more than a friend by morning.

"You most certainly did not. You're just as we remember."

"Exactly. You guys look...wow, and I..." She glanced down her body. "I am the same."

"Right. Beautiful never goes away." Mason tipped her chin so she had to look at his face. He didn't want her to think for one second he was teasing.

She snorted. "Let me guess. In order to get sexy you had to sacrifice the eyesight."

"Damn. I see you're still as stubborn as ever." Mason tucked some loosened strands of hair behind her ear.

Hunter leaned closer to that ear. "Even if you don't see it, we do."

She frowned. "Just how did you get invited to this anyway? Not that I'm not happy to see you."

"We work with Paul."

"Well that makes sense. You two always were computer ner—I mean, you were into computers. *Only* into electronics. So that's one thing that hasn't changed, huh? I imagine you get along quite nicely with Paul then."

"Paul's been a good friend, yes." More than Paul would ever know, since somehow fate had stepped in and made Paul a conduit in reconnecting Claire with them.

"He speaks very highly of you," Hunter murmured, nuzzling her cheek.

Claire shivered at the touch, but didn't push away. Mason counted that in their favor.

"Paul has a big mouth." Did he imagine the breathy tone in her voice?

"We'll thank him later." Mason grasped her hand and put it on his shoulder.

"Thank him for what?"

"Leading us back to you." Hunter gripped her hips from behind.

Mason had wanted to take things slowly but his body had other ideas.

Unable to hold off any longer, Mason took her cheeks in his hands and lowered his lips to hers. Hunter held her up when her knees buckled.

So sweet. She tasted of the loaded punch he'd seen her sipping. Mason had watched her drink and decided to step in before she had too much. He and Hunter wanted her completely sober for the night to come. Wanted her to remember every single detail of their first time together.

He lifted his head to see Hunter's lips making their way up the side of Claire's neck, tasting her, teasing her with little kisses. She'd closed her eyes and the tip of her tongue darted out to the corner of her lips. Hunter finished by whispering something in her ear which made Claire's cheeks burn fire-engine red and her eyes shoot open. She stared at Mason, her breath coming in pants, making her perfect breasts move against his chest.

Mason caressed her cheek with his thumb.

“What did he say?” Her voice squeaked. At some point she’d grabbed onto the shirt at Mason’s waist, and now her hands were fisted in the material. Well damn. He and Hunter had made her nervous. Something they hadn’t intended on doing.

But, beyond the nerves, there was something else written on her face. A spark of interest? A hint of desire? More than a hint. Her heart beat hard against his chest, her nipples stabbed at him through their shirts as the three of them swayed to the music. The rest of the party ceased to exist.

Hunter’s mouth returned to mapping out whatever skin he could reach, and Claire tilted her head to allow him access. Mason slipped a hand between them and cradled one delicious palm-sized mound. He thumbed at a distended peak, triumphing when a moan escaped past Claire’s lips.

“Let us take you home tonight, Claire,” he murmured in the ear not currently being feasted on by Hunter’s still-roaming tongue. “Let us make love to you.”

She stiffened between them, alternately thrusting forward against Mason’s cock and then back into Hunter’s. He prayed he hadn’t scared her off by moving so fast.

“I’m dreaming.” Her whispered words had him grinning again.

Hunter lifted Claire’s hair and tasted the skin at the back of her neck. He wanted more. Wanted to strip her naked and lower her to the floor where he could taste the rest of her. Since Mason had hold of her right breast, Hunter went for the left, lifting its slight weight and lightly pinching the taut bud.

They had her pinned between them, and with Hunter’s back to the rest of the party, he was pretty sure no one could tell they were doing anything other than slow dancing.

“Mmm...” Her head fell onto his shoulder, and he bet if her eyes were still open they’d be rolled back.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked, breathless.

“Ten years is a long time to wait for something, Claire.”

“Ten—”

“Years.” Mason rotated his hips and pressed against her.

With her legs wobbling so much, Hunter was certain if he stepped back, she’d fall on her sweet little ass. An ass he hoped like hell to be entering before morning. He wondered if she practiced what she wrote or if she only played at being kinky in her writer persona. If he knew anything at all about their Claire, he had a feeling she only played with kink in her fantasies. They’d go slow but they would win her over.

“I’m drunk.” Claire dropped her chin to her chest. “So stinking drunk I’m imagining being in a manwich. This is so not fair.”

Hunter shifted to her side and lifted her chin. “You are not drunk, I can assure you. No way would we have let you imbibe more than you did. We want you sober.”

Her eyes narrowed. “For what, exactly?”

“For what we’ve both been waiting for.” Mason kissed her again, this time deeper. Hunter watched his friend’s tongue invade Claire’s mouth, watched as Claire returned the kiss. His cock jerked. Watching Mason and Claire together made his mouth water and his balls tighten. Reality was definitely proving to be better than the imagination.

Somewhere in the background the partygoers started shouting. “Ten, nine, eight...”

“It’s almost the new year.” Hunter licked delicately at Claire’s ear. “Let us take you home and make it special.”

“Five, four...”

“Uh-huh.” Claire nodded and Hunter wanted to pump his fist in the air.

“Two, one, Happy New Year!”

Hunter turned her around in his arms and savored her mouth, tasting the punch, her sweetness, reveling in the softness of her lips. “Auld Lang Syne” serenaded them for a brief moment before fading into the background. Nothing else mattered but the woman in his arms, the scent of her hair tickling his nose, the feel of her skin under his palms, the desire in her eyes when they’d said they wanted to take her home.

Mason cleared his throat next to him, an indication that the man wanted another turn too. Hunter sighed against Claire’s lips and rubbed his tongue along hers one last time before surrendering his prize.

Her lips were puffy and red, thoroughly ravaged when Mason finally retreated. She sagged between them, her forehead settling on Mason’s chest.

Hunter grasped her nape and caressed her with his fingers.

It was time to take Claire to bed, to make her completely theirs.



## Chapter Three

She'd melted. Somewhere on Paul's floor was a pile of her goo. Paul would have to suck her up with a wet-dry vac and pour her down the drain.

This was the best damn dream she'd ever had, that was for sure. As soon as she woke up she'd have to write every scrap of this down so she didn't forget. Because she was fairly certain they didn't know about her writing, Mason and Hunter would never know how prominently they featured in the creation of her next heroes. Talk about a female wet dream. Mason and Hunter were all hers for the night. For the first time in her life, Claire was going to be greedy and take what she wanted.

"Are you ready?" Mason's question rumbled through her.

Was she? She had no clue since she'd never been with two men at once. Her previous experiences with just *one* man at a time were few and far between, but no way would she let this opportunity slip through her fingers.

And it wasn't like they were strangers. While they hadn't necessarily been best friends, Claire had known who they were. She didn't have a clue why they'd chosen her now and she didn't particularly care.

Did that make her a slut?

She sucked in a breath and released it slowly. "I'm ready." Time to actively practice what she wrote about on a daily basis. Maybe she'd even learn something new. Pretty damn likely she'd learn something new.

"Good. Let's go."

Mason's hand settled at her waist and Hunter's at her elbow. A nervous shiver shook her core. Was she really doing this?

They met Paul at the door.

"Paul." Mason shook hands with the host. "Thanks for having us."

Claire couldn't be positive but she thought she saw a knowing look pass between the two men. Paul had most definitely been a part of getting her together with Mason and Hunter. She'd decide later whether to thank him or kill him.

Hunter nodded his echoed sentiments.

"You made the night sizzle, to say the least," Paul cooed. "Don't worry, I'll say your goodbyes for you."

"Thanks." Mason nudged her again.

“Paul?” Claire halted in the doorway, not allowing Mason to shove her through.

“Yes, sweetie?”

She narrowed her eyes at him in suspicion. “What do you know about this?”

Paul winked. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

She glared at him and didn’t even try to resist the gentle nudge from behind.

“I want the whole scoop later, sweetie,” Paul called after them as Mason and Hunter practically frogmarched her down the hall to the stairwell. There were no slow feet, no stopping or pausing, just a straight, quick arrow to the stairs. Two short flights down had them on the next floor where they proceeded to continue down the hall like they’d done so a million times. Like she had so often. Before she could say a word, they stopped right in front of 13A.

Interesting since she’d never given the directions. They should have had to ask where she lived, not known how to take her right to her front door.

Her suspicion rose again. “How did you know where I lived?”

“Paul.” Hunter felt her jeans pockets and victoriously extracted her set of keys.

“I knew that man had a big mouth, but damn. He told you everything, didn’t he?”

“Don’t get mad at the middleman, sweetheart.” Hunter pecked her cheek as he fumbled the key in the lock then pushed open the door to her place.

“I still want to know what’s going on.”

“Later,” Mason growled in her ear. Literally growled. “Time for talk later. We need to see you, want to touch you, taste you.”

Claire wondered if it were possible for one’s heart to actually explode. The thing was beating so hard surely it was close.

“And what if I don’t want to do those things?” The act of defiance pretty much fell flat. She knew it based on their twin predatory grins.

“If you really didn’t want this, you’d go inside and slam the door in our faces. One thing we remember for certain about you is your stubbornness.” Hunter turned serious and touched her cheek. “If there’s anything we do that scares you or you don’t want, just tell us. We’ll back off.”

They would. She didn’t know how she knew it, but she did. They wouldn’t hurt her. Maybe leave her heart crushed in a million pieces when they left, but they wouldn’t physically hurt her. They weren’t that kind of men. Not ten years ago, and she could see they still weren’t.

What could she say to that? She nodded and stepped inside, letting them follow her in. Not want this? Pfft. The door sounded with what seemed like an ominous click and then Hunter spoke again.

“Take off the shirt, Claire. I can’t wait to see you.” Mason’s hands fisted and she wondered if he were trying not to pounce on her. His expression clearly showed he wanted to do just that.

She swallowed and reached for the hem of her shirt, revealing inch by inch of smooth, creamy skin in an almost provocative dance. Where her inner vixen suddenly came from she didn't know and didn't particularly care. When her bellybutton appeared, Mason dropped to his knees and placed a kiss on the indentation. The act startled her and Claire bumped back into the wall. Mason took advantage. He held her hips and kissed a circle around her navel, tickling her into a rush of giggles.

Beside her, Hunter groaned. Because he wanted to do the same thing? Damn, she wished she had a better handle on all things sex in real life, not just in the written word.

A moment later, Mason backed off, a silly grin on his face. "Sorry."

She had a feeling he wasn't. "Right."

"Off." The impatience she remembered Hunter having shone through in spectacular fashion.

"Geez. It's not my fault I was interrupted." Claire shimmied the shirt up, reaching her arms to the ceiling to remove it, but before she could take it completely off, Hunter grabbed her bound arms and kept them raised above her head. As a result, her face was covered by the material as well. "Hey."

"Stay." Hunter had been reduced to one-word grunts, which made a thrill go through her.

A mouth latched on to one of her silk-bra-covered nipples, puckering the bud tight before the cup was pulled below her breast. Fingers manipulated her other mound. Claire's knees wobbled and someone pressed her into the wall.

Her nipple was sucked deep into a hot, wet mouth and then a tongue wrapped around it. Teeth bit gently and Claire cried out into the fabric of her shirt. She'd never experienced such a sensation, the sharpness of teeth followed by the soothing lap of a tongue. The clip between her breasts popped open with deft fingers and the cups fell to her sides, leaving her practically naked from the waist up except for the bunch of fabric around her face. She knew her nipples were standing out from her small breasts, and somewhere in the back of her mind she thought about being embarrassed but couldn't summon the energy when what the two men were doing to her nipples felt so damn good.

"Sheeeesh." Claire's legs buckled on a particularly strong suck.

She squealed when Mason laughed and scooped her up in his arms. "Where's the bedroom, baby?"

"Down the hall." The shirt still shrouded her face but try as she might she couldn't wiggle loose. She had a feeling Mason wanted it that way.

Light filtered through the hole at the top and she wondered what they thought of her scrawny apartment as they lit the rooms one by one. She knew what they'd find in her room. The walls were dark red—where red she called it—the comforter plaid in a matching shade of red mixed with browns and navy. Not very girly, but then she wasn't a very girly kind of girl. A touch of makeup on the dresser, a few simple dresses and a bit of jewelry were about as feminine as she got.

There was a shuffling sound and then the world spun as Mason turned and laid her on the bed. Her bare back on soft sheets told her the shuffling had been Hunter pulling off the comforter.

“Can I take this off now?” She squirmed in an attempt to extract herself. Who knew it’d be so hard to get your shirt off when you really wanted it off?

“I don’t know, Hunt, I kind of like her blindfolded.”

Claire stilled, her heart racing. Blindfolded? As in not being able to see? Anything?

She’d written the scenario lots of times. And the idea of doing it here and now made her clit throb in excitement. But still, if she didn’t at least pretend like the idea scared the shit out of her, what would they think of her? That she did this sort of thing all the time?

She fumbled out of the shirt. Her glasses came off with the material, and she eyed their blurry forms. “What do you mean?”

Hunter pulled a black, silky-looking scarf from his back pocket and showed it to her. “A little something to force you to feel, sweetheart.”

“Do you always carry little black scarves in your pocket, Hunter?”

“I like to be prepared.” His lips split into a sexy smile that made her belly flip-flop.

“Huh. I like prepared.” What the hell. It was the chance of a lifetime, right?

Hunter dragged the silky cloth over Claire’s skin, watching as it pebbled with goose bumps in the fabric’s wake. For a second she looked unsure and tried to cover her naked breasts from his and Mason’s sight.

“Ah-ah, sweetheart.” Hunter grabbed her hands and put them at her sides.

He wrapped the blindfold around her head and tied it, ensuring it wasn’t too tight, and tested to make sure she couldn’t see anything. Claire whimpered once, then settled.

With a hand at the V of her throat, Hunter coaxed Claire onto her back and swung one leg over her thighs, settling himself on her. She tensed until he kissed her, pushing his tongue into the depths of her mouth. His hands slid down her arms from her shoulders to her wrists, spreading them out above her head where he held them to the mattress.

“Leave them,” he whispered.

She bit her lip as if contemplating his soft command and nodded.

Hunter continued to ravish Claire’s mouth, every now and then thrusting his hips so she could feel how hard she made him. Her legs parted beneath his, and she pushed her core against his erection, seeking contact. Soon he’d be inside her, pressing as deep as her body would take him, penetrating her until her pussy contracted around his length, milking him to completion.

She writhed under him.

Hunter lifted himself off Claire, missing her heat the second he did so. Her skin was flushed, her back arched, pushing her breasts upward. Mason had already started to shed his clothes, his cock pointing like a beacon toward her. Hunter followed suit, tearing at his clothes to get them off.

Claire moved, bringing her arms to her sides.

“Uh-uh.” Mason lifted her arms and repositioned them once more. “Leave them. We like you spread out like this, all open and available to us.”

“You’re perfect.” Hunter reassured her by cradling a breast in one palm and flicking the nub with his thumb.

She cried out. He wanted to know if the rest of her was as primed as her breasts. They needed to get her out of her jeans.

Mason took to task on those, carefully unzipping them, letting Claire hear the hiss of the teeth as they separated, and then worked them and her panties off her long legs. Soon they would wrap around Hunter’s waist as he plunged in and out of her. Or they’d hold her up, trapping his thighs as he took her pussy and Mason took her ass. Either way, those legs would be getting a workout.

Hunter sat on the bed next to her, rubbing circles on her belly, moving closer to the silky curls shielding her entrance while Mason coaxed her inner thighs apart so he could lie between them and feast on her pussy.

A shocked gasp parted her lips when Mason found her taut bundle of nerves. The sound was definitely something Hunter could get used to hearing every day for the rest of his life.

## Chapter Four

Holy shit.

Holy. Shit.

Claire had never ever in her wildest imagination thought she'd be in such a position. Blindfolded and spread eagle while two men looked their fill of her nakedness. Her stomach rolled. What did they think? She panicked, her breath hitching in her throat. What if they didn't like what they saw? What if they left her here, vulnerable?

"Relax, baby." Mason spoke from somewhere down the bed so he must be the one caressing her thighs and making her sweat the closer he got to her mound.

"Just how in the hell would you like me to accomplish that?" She practically barked at him, her anxiety shooting through the roof. Being spread out for their perusal suddenly didn't seem like such a good idea, research or not.

Then a tongue probed her outer lips, circled her clit and headed back down the other side and Claire forgot all about bad ideas. Nothing could be better than whatever Mason was doing to her with his mouth. She dug her heels in and tried to get closer.

"Look at these nipples." Hunter plucked at them first with his fingers and then with his teeth. Claire swore she saw stars in her dark world. This had to be what she commonly referred to in her books as ravishing.

She'd never been ravished, so if this was what it felt like, then she would like an extra helping, please.

Something penetrated her opening. A finger? Two?

"More." *Wanton hussy, here I come.*

"Patience." Hunter's lips tickled her ear.

"No." She shook her head against the mattress, wanting more than anything to dislodge the blindfold so she could see them, and gripped the headboard in an effort to keep her hands where they'd placed them.

Mason latched onto her clit and sucked, his fingers pushing in and out of her, each time touching something deep inside that set off a riot of nerve endings, making her clit throb.

"Whatever you're doing, don't stop." She'd wanted to scream, but the words came out on a croak.

"What? This?" His fingers touched the spot again.

It wasn't possible. The G-spot? Her few sexual experiences had made her doubt its existence, but perhaps it had been her lover's lack of attention to detail that had been the problem. Apparently that was not the case anymore.

Again and again he stroked her, his lips suctioned to her clit, his tongue swirling away, leaving her almost dizzy. Her climax raced to the surface, aided by Hunter's mouth and hands on her breasts.

She exploded, her body seizing as she tried to prolong the sensation throbbing at her clit while Mason continued torturing her.

When the orgasm finally faded, she lay limp, sweaty and breathing hard from the best climax of her life.

And she had contemplating not doing this.

"I don't think I've ever come so fast in my life." Not even with her trusty vibrating rabbit.

"Mmm..." Mason's lips vibrated on her clit, shooting little ripples of leftover shock waves through her.

Her thighs tightened on his head and he pried them apart, spreading her open to him again. Maybe she should be thankful she couldn't see him after all, because she hated the idea of them seeing her completely naked. She also hated being so self-conscious, but she wasn't used to having men look at her so intimately. Every one of her prior dalliances had been in the dark, thank you very much.

"Our turn." Hunter's deep rumble brought her back to the matter at hand.

The bed shifted as they moved. Cool air wafted over her, leaving her chilled, and she heard them whispering to one another. A package ripped open. Condoms? Thank God they had the good sense to think about such things because she certainly hadn't. She might be on the pill, but she wasn't stupid. You don't sleep with a man on the first date and not worry about things. Even if you already knew the man. Or men as the case may be.

The mattress creaked when they returned to her side.

"Hunter's going to take your pussy, Claire, and I'm going to take your mouth."

Claire swallowed and licked her lips. "Can I warn you that I pretty much suck at doing that?" Her last boyfriend, Kevin, had complained often enough anyway.

"I have no doubt that you'll be pretty much sucking, baby."

She stuck her tongue out at him.

"I like licking too."

A warm tongue swiped her pussy and Claire squealed.

"Tasty." Hunter picked up her thighs and draped them in the crooks of his elbows, spreading her wide.

The bed dipped near her head when Mason crawled next to her. She smelled his muskiness a second before the head of his penis touched her lips. Excitement raced through her. He'd gotten her off so quickly. She could definitely do this for him.

Even if it killed her. Which he could very easily do by choking her with his length.

"Stick out your tongue, baby."

She did and was rewarded when he wiped the head across it, trailing precome in its path.

Between her legs, Hunter put his cock at the entrance to her pussy, and plunged inside. Her seldom-used inner muscles welcomed Hunter and she moaned, loving the feeling. But she didn't get much chance to cherish the moment because Mason filled her mouth with his cock.

Beads of sweat dropped from Hunter's brow and he hadn't even started thrusting yet. Claire's sheath was heaven on earth, a place he could stay forever if she'd let him. Her inner walls gripped him in a hot wet vise, squeezing to the point he thought he might come without ever moving.

Mason's forehead glistened with sweat also, telling Hunter that Mason was living the same pleasure in Claire's sweet mouth. Her body undulated beneath them, her pussy slick with the aftermath of a strong orgasm.

Absolutely beautiful. Hunter drew out, withdrawing almost completely before sliding all the way in again. He didn't know if her moan was from his penetration of her pussy or Mason's of her mouth, and he didn't care. The fact that she sounded in rapture herself meant the world.

He clenched his teeth. "I'm not going to last, Mase."

"Me neither." Mason's hips pumped. His head dropped back and Hunter saw his eyes were shut tight.

Claire's pussy pulled at Hunter, sucking him in when he tried to move out. Her thighs squeezed his waist, and she locked her ankles behind him. He couldn't remember a time when a woman had made him lose his senses, but Claire was well on her way to doing so. There'd been a time when he could fuck and make a shopping list at the same time, so not being able to say what day it was meant that going after this—Claire—had been the right thing.

"Jesus, Claire. So fucking hot. That's it, baby, suck me just like that." Mason's voice wobbled.

Hunter thrust in again, imbedding himself inside Claire's depths. He wanted so badly to be without a condom, to feel every nuance of her, most of all to spill his seed in her womb and watch her grow with their child. For now though, he'd have to compromise.

At least until he and Mason won her over and made her theirs permanently.

His balls drew taut. The base of his spine tingled. His cock, if it were possible, got harder.

"I'm there," he warned, gritting his teeth and trying to hold off.

It was no use.

"Me too." Mason's neck corded with his effort to keep from coming.



“Mmnhmmnn.” Whatever Claire said was lost to Mason’s dick.

Grasping her hips, Hunter reared back and plunged in one last time, holding himself deep within and spurting into the condom.

“Uh-mm. Uh-mm.” Claire bucked upward, frantically trying to rub her clit against him.

“Okay, sweetheart, okay.” He thumbed her clit, making slippery circles on it as she humped him.

Seconds later, her back arched as much as possible under Mason’s body and she sighed. Her orgasm pulsed against his thumb. With regret, Hunter slipped free of Claire’s sheath. He thought for a minute about running a bath for her, but they were all going to be exhausted. How big could her tub be anyway? Not big enough for all three of them, and he knew Mason wouldn’t be willing to let her go just yet. They’d settle for a warm damp cloth and a group snuggle for now. There’d be plenty of time for showering later. He left the sweet clasp of her legs and headed to the bathroom.

Mason gritted his teeth as he came with Claire’s mouth wrapped around his cock. Her mouth still worked him, draining every last drop.

His cock popped free of her lips, and it was all he could do not to collapse on top of the precious woman. He nuzzled her forehead, resting on his elbows, careful not to squash her.

“Can I take this off now?” Her nose bumped his cheek as she tried to dislodge the blindfold.

Mason chuckled and lifted it off her head. “Hey.” He kissed the tip of her nose then her lips, his heart jumping when she returned the kiss.

“Would it be too much for me to ask when we can do that again?”

“Anytime, baby.” He flipped a piece of hair from her sweaty face. “Beautiful.”

She snorted and turned away, which pissed him off. She didn’t know her own worth. “I told you Hunter and I have waited a long time to be with you, Claire. We’re not about to just walk away.”

Claire fidgeted and narrowed her eyes. “Why?”

Mason sighed and shifted to her side. He pried her fingers from the headboard and rotated her arms down, massaging the blood back into her shoulders. He kissed her nose, loving the dazed, well-fucked look in her eyes, so the last thing he wanted to do was talk about the future. Time enough for that later. For now he wanted her to enjoy the afterglow. “We’ll talk later.”

“What will we talk about?” Hunter returned from the bathroom carrying a washcloth, which he used to gently clean Claire’s heated skin.

Mason caressed one of her softening nipples.

“Us.” Mason lifted one of Claire’s hands and put his lips to her knuckles.

“Right. Later. Tomorrow. Tonight we sleep. With you between us.” Hunter grinned and tossed the washcloth to the floor, then joined them on the bed opposite Mason so they sandwiched her.

Mason licked a nipple, Hunter the other, making Claire arch in response. Mason loved how quickly she responded to them, how easily she'd taken them into her body when he had a feeling she hadn't had many sexual partners. It made him even more secure in their decision to finally make her theirs.

"Why do I get the feeling...there won't be...much sleeping going on?"

"Mm...smart girl." Hunter's fingers brushed over her pussy and clit again, stroking the sensitive bud back to life.

Tonight she'd opened up to them, let them into her home, into her bed. Tomorrow would be soon enough to convince her they wanted more than one night.

"Happy New Year's, baby." He passed his lips over hers, sweeping his tongue inside when she thrust her own tongue out. His cock rose to the occasion.

There were so few hours left in the night. Better make the most of it.

## Chapter Five

Claire blinked her eyes open. The sunlight streaking through the blinds she for some strange reason hadn't closed made her cringe.

"Ugh." She rolled over and buried her face in the pillow. *Too damn many spiked punches.* Her head was killing her. Her body too, she noticed, when she brought her leg up.

Her body? Sheesh. What else had she done last night? Run a marathon? Claire snorted. A mile would have made her feel like this. A marathon would have her lying in a nice padded fiberglass box.

And then it all came back to her in a rush. The god at the party, his friend, them coming to her and dancing. A kiss, a bed, and the most delicious sex she'd ever had.

Her next book.

Man. She hadn't seen Mason and Hunter for so long. What in the hell had made her incorporate those two into her dreams? And why had she altered her remembered vision of them so drastically? Making them into perfect hero material.

Not that they weren't back then. They may have both been tall and skinny and...dorky, but she'd been attracted to them anyhow. Best friends to the end, you would have never seen one without the other. Somehow that had been comforting.

Claire sighed. Maybe she should look them up and try to reconnect. She hadn't gone to the ten-year reunion. Had they? Shoot. She should have gone. But damn. There had been so many other people she hadn't cared to see ever again. People who had treated her like less than the stuff stuck to the bottom of their shoes.

Hindsight was twenty-twenty, right? If she had to live through her dreams, so be it. She didn't want to, but there it was. Men tended to shy away from the wallflowers.

No matter what, she had to get out of bed and put her words on paper or the whole scrumptious night would slip out of her mind. Wasted ideas.

She struggled to sit up and, without her glasses on, gasped at the slightly blurry sight before her. "Sweet baby Jesus, woman, how much did you drink?" Naked? She'd freakin' gone to bed naked as the day she was born. She never did that. It was...weird. Shorts and a T-shirt were her norm, at the very least a T-shirt and panties if she didn't have shorts handy. "Lord." She hung her head and wiggled her toes in the carpet. She so needed to stop living in her head and dreaming about her heroes.

Oh well. One night right? And they'd been celebrating the new year. Partying. Paul was known for his parties. She'd have to ask him about it since she couldn't seem to recall a damn thing other than what happened in her bed, in her dreams, *after* the party.

Claire stood and stretched the kinks from her body before slipping her glasses on. Man, she was sore. In places she wasn't typically sore in... Like she'd actually participated in the dream she'd had.

"Dur. Bathroom, coffee, computer. Get it together, girl."

After freshening up she wrapped herself in her practically threadbare robe. Her feet shuffled on the floor as she headed out of the bedroom. Dragged more like. As she entered the kitchen, a yawn cracked her jaw then it nearly dropped on the floor.

"Should we wake her up?"

Claire came to a standstill, sure her glasses were dirty and that she wasn't seeing what she thought she was.

Shit. It hadn't been a dream. Mason and Hunter were standing in her kitchen. Her way-too-small kitchen complete with Formica table and retro cabinets in beautiful seventies green was much smaller with two big men crowding the space. Wearing only pants. Mason scratched his chest, Hunter poured a cup of coffee. Neither of them had noticed her standing in the doorway.

The coffee wasn't the only thing they'd prepared. Scrambled eggs and bacon, toast and juice all sat on the table waiting to be eaten. Her stomach rumbled. Loudly.

Mason spun around. Hunter grinned.

"Hey, sweetheart." Hunter came to her, his hand outstretched.

Claire stood frozen in her spot. His head descended, his lips going straight for hers, and she could do nothing but let him in. Soft and warm, he teased her mouth open and allowed his tongue to slide in. Thank God she'd brushed her teeth.

He pulled back only to be replaced by Mason, who kissed her just as thoroughly.

"We were just talking about whether to wake you or let you sleep." Mason dragged her to the table, jerked out a chair, sat down and tugged her into his lap.

Claire yelped when her robe gaped open to show off her breasts, and shoved the two sides together, holding them with her fist.

"After all we did last night, you're going to hide from us now?" Hunter dished up the eggs onto a plate in front of Mason. Claire noticed there was only one plate and one fork. Were they supposed to share or had Mason already eaten?

Why did the thought of sharing intrigue her so much?

She swallowed, completely at a loss for what to say. "I thought it was a dream. I was going to get coffee and write it down before I lost it."

One of Mason's eyebrows rose. "You were going to put us in one of your books?"

*Idiot. You weren't supposed to say that out loud.*

"You know about my writing?" She pursed her lips. Not too many people knew what she did. Mostly because she didn't want people to know. She liked the anonymity. Liked going into a store and seeing her books all while the person next to her had no clue they were standing next to an honest-to-goodness author.

Hunter shrugged and stuck a forkful of eggs in his mouth. "There's not a whole lot we don't know about you."

"And that seems a bit stalkerish." Claire balked at the eggs Mason held to her lips, but he coaxed her to open and accept his offering by pressing lightly on her lower lip. They were surprisingly good—cheesy and salty. She normally wasn't the biggest fan of eggs but the boys had done a good job. Mason followed the eggs with a bite of bacon, then leaned in and licked the residual grease off her lips.

"Not stalking, baby. Studying. Talking to Paul, learning what you like now."

"Why?" She was flabbergasted. Mason rubbed circles on the small of her back.

"We were worried about scaring you off, you know, that the two of us might come on too strong. We thought maybe if we were up to speed, things wouldn't be quite so awkward." Hunter scooped up some more eggs and shoveled them into his mouth.

"Awkward as in, 'Hello, Claire, haven't seen you in ten years, would really like to blindfold you and make love all night, oh and by the way, Mason and I share everything now, including women', kind of awkward?"

"Exactly. In those words even." Mason nibbled on her ear.

"We're just asking you to give us a chance, Claire." Hunter's long fingers wrapped around his mug. They were white from him gripping it so tight. "Date us. Let us see if we can make it work."

"Date you? I think we're a bit past dating already, don't you think?" She squirmed on Mason's lap, her pussy clenching with the memories of their time in bed. How could she have ever thought that had been a dream? Even her books weren't *that* good.

"Besides sex, which by the way is not something I'm willing to give up, sweetheart. But dates. Movies, dinner, musicals. Start this morning by letting us take you downtown to the parade."

"Parade?" Claire shivered just thinking about it. "It's friggin' cold out there."

"And we have just the thing to warm you up when we get home." Mason's smile made Claire's whole body sizzle.

She may be a wallflower, but who was she to deny herself a chance at something this big?

Life-changing big.

And deep down inside a little voice was screaming at her to take it. It was only her heart she'd have to scrape off the floor if it ended badly.

## Chapter Six

The damned wind was bitter against Hunter's nose, making it run, but he wouldn't miss being in this space and time with Claire and Mason for the world. The floats rolled by, the bands marched, the balloons drifted. He couldn't have said what any one of the helium-filled attractions depicted, because the woman between them and the way she smiled in the frosty air held all of his attention.

January first in St. Louis could be down-parka bitter cold, or moderate light-weight jacket weather. It truly was a completely unpredictable place to live.

Hunter couldn't help himself. He grabbed Claire and held her cheeks so he could kiss her soundly. She melted into him, her arms wrapping around his back, and she angled her head to give him better access. Hunter loved the taste of her cotton-candy-coated mouth—something they could both tell she'd wanted the second she'd seen it offered by one of the roadside snack stands.

Mason intruded by pushing his hands between them. "Sharing is nice."

Claire laughed and turned her face to Mason, her lips puckered for another kiss. Mason ended their smooch by licking his lips. "Mmm...blueberry."

Hunter wanted this. Wanted them to be a family, to share more than kisses. His insides warmed at the thought despite the cold.

"Disgusting."

Hunter turned at the repulsed mutter to his right. The woman eyed them with barely contained disdain and Hunter's light, happy mood dissolved in an instant. The woman wasn't looking at him, but at Claire wrapped in Mason's arms, her lips reddened by both their kisses. He suddenly knew she wasn't saying Mason and Claire's embrace was disgusting, but that Claire had kissed them both at practically the same time.

His heart pounded violently. This was exactly what he hadn't wanted to happen. He hoped to hell Claire didn't turn in the woman's direction.

The sound of drums grew closer but Hunter wasn't into the festivities anymore. As far as he was concerned the parade, and his plans for the future, were over. They'd taken a chance by introducing Claire into their lifestyle, but having people treat her as dirty wasn't something he was willing to put her through.

Nausea built in his stomach while Claire had no clue anything was wrong.

She clapped her thick-mittened hands and whistled as their alma mater marched by. Hunter barely heard them, so intent on trying to burn the memory of Claire smiling and laughing into his brain.

Damn it.

He swallowed past the thickness in his throat and willed Mason to look his way. His friend didn't. He too had no clue of the hateful atmosphere around them. The looks and whispers surrounding them.

A group of girls in coat-covered tutus and tights on a passing float threw candy and necklaces in the air, and with a giggle Claire reached down at the same moment a girl of about four did. A girl whose mother happened to be Ms. Disgusting. Before Hunter could stop her, Claire spoke.

"Would you like this?" She handed the child the plastic purple beads. The little girl nodded vigorously, a huge grin on her face, and took the gift.

"Missy." Her mother's scolding tone made the girl jump. "Give that back."

Claire gasped and Mason's face screwed up in confusion.

"It's all right. She can have it." Claire smiled again and started to stand, oblivious to the scorn.

"No, she can't." The woman seized her child, scooping her up into her arms and scampering her away as if the three of them had the plague.

Claire's mouth dropped open. Mason grasped her hand and Hunter felt like shit. If the mother had been a man, Hunter would have punched him for treating Claire that way. He did, however, envision his fist leaving a mark on her upturned nose. That was the only compensation he got as he watched her huff away.

Claire's gaze, strangely enough, was centered on the child, as if she hadn't been affected whatsoever by the snub. Instead her expression seemed wistful.

On the other hand, Mason's posture was more like Hunter's. A muscle in his jaw ticked and his nostrils flared.

"Well. That was awkward. Guess she didn't like her kid taking candy from a stranger, even if it wasn't candy, huh?"

Mason cleared his throat and glanced at Hunter, his look saying he felt the same way Hunter did. How on earth could they subject her to this kind of prejudice on a daily basis?

Hunter choked back a curse and decided to switch subjects. Claire was having a good time at a parade she'd never been to. He didn't want to ruin it for her even if a part of him had died inside.

Mason beat him to it, handing Claire his hot chocolate. "Do you want kids, Claire?"

Hunter hoped the chocolate warmed Claire's insides all while wondering if he'd ever feel warm again without her in their lives.

She shrugged and took a sip of the chocolate. "I think so. You guys?"

"Absolutely." Mason licked a bit of cream from her upper lip, acting as if nothing were wrong. Perhaps if Hunter held back, if he didn't touch her again with the people around, they'd get through the morning without any more incidents.

Mason took his drink back and sipped from the same spot she had.

Would Hunter be able to remain standing in the background so it looked like Mason and Claire were the couple and Hunter a tagalong? It fucking tore at his guts to even think about doing such a thing.

The parade neared the end and the crowd began thinning. Hunter took in everyone, trying to find any hint of dislike on people's faces. He didn't see any. No one stared, no one pointed and more importantly, no one glared as if they were committing a sin by being together in public.

Still, he never, ever wanted to see Claire hurt or insulted. How could he and Mason continue to try and worm their way into her life?

He shook the thoughts off for the time being. He couldn't do a damn thing about the situation with half of St. Louis in attendance.

"Ready?" Hunter grasped her elbow and led her toward where their car was parked.

"Yep. This was fun. I've never come down here for a parade. Lived here my whole life and haven't seen one yet. We always stayed in and watched the Rose Bowl instead."

They walked slowly, admiring the downtown buildings lined with leftover snowdrifts from a few days ago. The sound of the bands playing could still be heard on the crisp wind. Mason took Claire's hand in his and Hunter couldn't resist taking the other. This no-public-displays-of-affection stance sucked. They'd have to work something out later but for right now, fuck anyone who took offense. They were done here anyway.

"Does this make you nervous?" He hoped to hell not.

"No. Should it?"

"Most people would see our relationship as an abomination." Hunter squeezed her hand and slowed his pace to accommodate her shorter legs. He wanted to throw up, but he hoped, despite his renewed thoughts about the future and the possibility they may not get to stay together, that she didn't see them that way.

"Most people shouldn't stick their noses where they don't belong."

Mason laughed, a hollow sound that dug the knife deeper in Hunter's stomach. Hunter faked a smile. At least she'd *said* she didn't feel uncomfortable being seen with them this way. Still didn't mean he could go through with it. Saying something and believing something were two different things. People lied about things every day.

"So what do we do now?" Claire bounced like a kid as Hunter opened the door to his SUV and helped her into the front seat. Mason got into the back and sat in the middle where he could lean forward and be a part of their conversation.

"Now? Now we play." Mason blew on his hands to warm them, a smile behind his fingers. He looked over her head to Hunter, and Hunter sucked in a breath.

Mason was right. Now they played. For probably the last time.



Rip his heart out and stomp on it because no way could he allow Claire to be hurt by his and Mason's wants. Sleeping with a woman in the privacy of her home was a complete one-eighty to taking it public. He'd hoped to hell no one would care how they lived their lives. Apparently some people did.

And they had to put Claire first.

The drive back to Claire's seemed to take forever. All of them were quiet and nothing could take Mason's mind off what waited ahead. He envisioned the taste of her skin, the way she enveloped his cock in her mouth, the way she gripped him in her pussy.

And then he wanted to punch something.

This wasn't fair of them. Even if Claire hadn't seen the brush-off the woman had given them, he and Hunter sure the hell had, and just as he was sure Hunter was feeling the pinch, he was too. He tried hard not to let either of them know he'd seen it. The whole thing made him sick to his stomach. Why hadn't it bothered him with other women? Because they hadn't taken those women out in public? Because they weren't as special as Claire?

As much as he wanted to be with Claire, above all else he wanted her to be happy. She might pretend society's views didn't bother her but at some point they would.

"So. This is awkward, huh? All of us sitting here thinking of only one thing as if we didn't get enough of each other last night?" Claire sounded as nonchalant as if they were talking about the weather.

"We didn't." Hunter's growl made Claire jump. She slapped his shoulder. "What?" he asked, as if offended. "I don't think Mason or I will ever get enough of you."

"Here, here." Mason lifted his hand to receive a backward knuckle bump from Hunter. Even if they were both feeling shut down inside, he didn't think they were ready to end things quite yet. And the enthusiasm of hearing her say she was thinking about last night was enough to bowl over the wariness of their future.

"Sheesh. Excited much?"

"Hell yes. We were as excited as hell when we realized you were the Claire Paul constantly talked about."

Mason clasped the back of her neck and caressed her nape. "Paul talked about you all the time, his best friend from the apartment one floor down, the smut writer whose books made him so hot he couldn't read them without his boyfriend nearby. One day he mentioned your name and both of us started paying more attention. We dragged your last name out of him and had him tell us how you were doing. He told us every time you sold a book or got stuck with a plot."

"He told us about your dates," Hunter grumbled.

"What dates? I've only been on like three. And those were probably with Paul and his friends."

"They involved a man, didn't they?" Hunter's hands fisted on the wheel.

Claire consoled him with a pat on the shoulder. "Jealous?"

"Yes."

"Then you should have acted sooner, goob."

"Did you just call me a goob?"

"Yes I did. I remember you two being shy in high school, keeping together, doing your own thing. I wanted so badly even then for one of you to ask me out, but you never did."

"Ah, sweetheart." Hunter grabbed her hand and held it on his thigh. "When you said we were shy you were right. And too damn involved in computers. Facing rejection wasn't something we were prepared to go through back then."

Mason tipped Claire's face back so she could see his. "We aren't too keen on facing it now, I might add." Which made what they had to do suck all the more.

"But why now, after all these years, after you've changed so much, when you could have any woman in the world, would you still choose me?" Claire's words crushed Mason. She had a legitimate right to ask them that, but it hurt all the same that she didn't feel worthy of their attention just because they'd changed their appearance.

They'd both loved her back then, something neither had really realized of the other until later when they'd started sharing their women. Had they subconsciously wanted their female partners to be her? Had they done so much physique-wise in hopes of one day catching her eye?

In hindsight, yes. He had to think that was the reason he'd changed.

"We did it for you, baby."

Her eyes widened. "For me."

"Yep." Hunter brought her hand to his lips for a kiss. "If you saw us now as the dorks we'd been back then...well, we thought you'd only be interested in being *friends*."

She laughed. "You say that as if being friends is the worst thing in the world."

"It is when the woman you want between you every night only wants you to be friends." Mason pulled her ponytail, forcing her head back so he could kiss her. She opened to him like their kissing was the most natural thing in the world, making his hopes rise that she'd give their relationship a shot no matter the unconventionality.

Damn it. All of his thoughts were consumed with keeping her and now they were faced with letting her go.

Fuck.

When he finally released her, she took a moment to catch her breath. "Didn't I just mention wanting you to ask me out? Why would you think I'd need you to change now if I wanted you the way you were back then?"

“We didn’t know you wanted us then.” Mason brushed her bangs from her forehead, a tingle of that hope rising again.

“Right. Because I hardly spoke to you. That would have been waaay embarrassing. I would have made a fool of myself.”

“Never.” Hunter took his eyes off the road to glance in her direction.

The silence returned. Mason realized how close they were to her place. He hadn’t been paying any attention to the drive, only making Claire understand their feelings. Now, as they pulled into the apartment complex, the only thing on his mind was getting her naked again. They’d think about later, well, later.

Hunter found a parking spot, and Mason opened Claire’s door and helped her out. He prayed she was anticipating the same thing he was. As soon as they were inside and had the door to her apartment closed he backed her up against the wall, hating the bulkiness of their coats separating them.

“Time for warming up,” he murmured against her lips.

## Chapter Seven

Claire needed less clothes between them. Her body was so revved, practically vibrating, she wondered how her skin had stayed intact instead of sloughing right off. Being trapped in the car with them, hearing how much they'd done for her, she'd wanted to cry. Stupid idiots. They didn't need to change for her.

"I was going to go blonde." Having blurted something so inane in a heated moment, she cringed.

Mason pulled back.

"Like hell." Hunter tangled his fist in her hair. "I saw that on your list and crossed it off. No blonde."

"My list?" Her mouth gaped. "You read my resolutions?" She tried to remember what she'd written on there.

Mason was the one to answer. "Your little notebook fell out of your pocket when I picked up your clothes. And let me just say I'm damn glad we got to you when we did, Ms. Sleep With the First Man Who Offers."

Holy chimoly. She waved her hands in the air. "Oh. Well. You know. That was just me spewing...crap."

"Uh-huh." Mason crowded her. "No changing. We like you just the way you are. Except of course for this coat."

"And the pants, and the shirt, and the underwear..." Hunter reached for the zipper and removed her coat. Mason went for the rest.

"You...didn't read any more out of my notebook, did you?" Claire moaned when Mason bit gently on one of the nipples he uncovered.

"Just the part about my emerald-green eyes and my god-like stature." Mason wiggled his eyebrows and went back to his feast.

"Oh my God." Claire closed her eyes and leaned her head against the wall when Mason took a particularly strong draw on her nipple.

"And the part about his equally beautiful friend."

"You suck."

"No, but I'm going to." Hunter knelt, divested her of her pants and panties and spread her legs apart. Before she could react to the cool air on her nakedness, Hunter zeroed in on her clit. Claire rose to her toes. The dual sensations at her apex and her breasts made the room spin.

"Bed." Hunter rose and pulled off his own coat and shirt.

“Too far. Couch,” Mason panted, tugging off his clothes. He and Hunter dragged her to the couch and before she could blink, Hunter was naked and sitting, his legs sprawled and his hand lazily circling his hardened cock.

Claire licked her lips and dropped to her knees. She tentatively reached for his erection.

“Touch me, sweetheart.” Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he waited for her to proceed.

Last night she’d had Mason in her mouth. Right now she wanted Hunter. She leaned in, pulled his hand away and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, delighting when his back arched and his thighs grew taut. That she could do this to him excited her. She took more of his length, sucking until she gagged and had to back off.

Mason positioned himself behind her. His hands stroked her back then wandered to her front to cup her breasts. Her pussy creamed, readying her to take the cock currently prodding her backside. She wiggled against it, wanting Mason to bury himself in her.

Hunter’s long fingers twisted in her hair, keeping her from escaping, not that she would have. She laved the head of his cock, swiping the precome that gathered there. His head fell back on the couch, the muscles of his neck corded.

*She* was doing that to him. He bit his lip when she lowered her head again and allowed him to touch the back of her throat.

His length was too much, gagging her. She added her hand to the base of his cock, gripping him in her fist as she bobbed on the upper half.

Mason pressed on her hole. Not the one she expected him to. She clenched against the new-to-her intrusion. No one had ever touched her *there*.

“Let me in, baby.” Mason’s crooning made her relax. They wouldn’t hurt her.

“Fuck.” Hunter’s grip tightened in her hair.

A wet finger worked into her hole, leaving a pinching sensation in its wake. Mason draped himself over her back and whispered in her ear. “We want to be able to take you at the same time. Think about it. Hunter filling your pussy, me in your ass.”

Her hand slipped off Hunter’s thigh with the thought. Mason’s finger pushed deeper. She squeaked, bearing down on the digit and its foreignness.

“That’s it, baby.” Mason tugged on her nipple.

“Shit. You gotta stop, sweetheart. I don’t want to come in your mouth this time.” Hunter pulled gently on her hair.

Claire gave him one last lick and a slow pump of her hand.

“Come up here,” Hunter growled.

With a wicked smile, Claire crawled onto Hunter’s lap, his cock dragging on the skin of her belly as she did.

She hovered over his length.

“Mason. Condom.”

Claire shook her head. “I don’t need one, Hunter. I’m on the pill.”

“Oh, sweetheart, you don’t have any idea what you saying that means to us.”

She swiveled her hips, rotating around the head of his cock and teasing him. “I think I have some idea.”

Hunter put his hands on her waist to hold her still. “Take me inside you, Claire, now.”

From behind her, Mason helped guide her onto Hunter’s length. Hunter tucked his cock into her entrance and allowed her to set the pace from there. She went slowly, lowering her body onto his, connecting them in the most elemental way. He filled her, stretching her inner muscles until she gasped with the feeling of being too full. Her clit throbbed, screaming for attention.

Hunter palmed her breasts, tweaked her sensitive nipples, rolled them until they stood out, hard and proud.

It wasn’t enough.

She cried out for help. “Maaason.”

“Right here, baby. Right here.” His touch reassured her. His cock lined up with the crack of her ass, sliding between her cheeks and pausing with each pass at her tight hole.

She stared at Hunter, his face serious. He nodded. Claire knew exactly what he wanted her to do. Give up control. Let Mason take her ass while he took her pussy. Could she?

The finger returned to her ass, slippery and cool with something—lube? Where the hell had he gotten lube?—and pressed against the opening.

“Relax, Claire. Push back on my finger and let me stretch you.” Mason’s calm voice soothed her nerves. She wanted this.

With a deep breath she did what he asked, and his finger dipped into the forbidden entrance. He paused, letting her get used to the feeling, then moved, in and out, emulating what he’d do with his much bigger cock. How would she even take something bigger?

Hunter kissed her, opening her mouth and pushing his tongue deep to tangle with hers, and every single thought fled. She tilted her head, giving him better access and reveling in his taste.

The stretching in her ass increased and she didn’t care. Claire rubbed her breasts on Hunter’s chest, the tickling of his hair making her nipples go crazy. Fingers reached between them and touched her clit. At the same time the pressure in her ass went supernova.

She yanked her mouth off Hunter’s. “Shit.”

“Shh...” Mason did something with his fingers inside her, making her eyes cross.

She squeezed him, bearing down on the fullness invading her, and then, just like that, the fingers were gone and her ass was empty.

“Wait, wait. Where are you going?” She wanted to scream in frustration. How dare he just leave her hanging like this?

“The next to come is my cock, Claire.”

For a brief moment of lucidity she balked, unsure of how things were actually going to work even though she’d written plenty of ménages. Writing and doing were obviously two entirely separate things.

Hunter captured her in another kiss, another distraction, and before she could argue, Mason pressed his cock beyond the tight ring of muscle.

The burning was there, but not overwhelming, not anything like she’d imagined it might be. If anything, the sweet burn only added fuel to the fire happening inside her.

Her ass was so tight. Even more so with Hunter filling her pussy. Mason eased further inside, the lube he’d pulled from his jeans pocket letting him glide without painful friction adding to the pressure.

He played with her clit, rousing her passion, not giving her a chance to let a new kind of pain take away her excitement. With one hand on her belly he worked himself deep into her channel. She was taking him much easier than he could have imagined.

“Can you feel us both?” Hunter’s voice was strained.

“How could I not?”

Mason rocked forward. Claire moaned and dropped her head onto Hunter’s shoulder. The line of her spine called to Mason and he placed tiny kisses on every vertebra he could reach. She arched back into him, stretching like a cat and pushing her breasts toward Hunter’s waiting mouth. Hunter suckled her.

There was nothing more erotic than a flush woman between her two men, taking them both at the same time.

Mason couldn’t stand it any longer.

“Move with me, baby.” He pulled out of her and lifted her at the same time, dragging her off Hunter’s cock, then set up a rhythm where he would enter as Hunter exited. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, her teeth imbedded in her lower lip, her eyes closed.

He wasn’t going to last.

“Hunter, you almost there?” He wanted his friend at the same place.

“Ohhh yeah.”

“Good.” Sweat dripped from Mason’s brow to the small of Claire’s back. He watched his cock emerge then disappear into her perfect body. She’d shared herself with them and nothing could ever please him more.

Except, of course, if they could continue on as her lifetime lovers.

Last night he’d believed it was possible that day would come.

Her body bowed, and she cried out. “Please let me come.”

Mason pressed on her clit, bringing her closer to completion. He waited for the moment of her release then slammed himself deep into her channel and came with her. A growl from Hunter said he'd done the same.

They stayed that way, tangled up in each other's arms until they could breathe once more. Their sweat glued them together but Mason had no desire to move. Only Claire's discomfort made him do so.

He carefully extracted himself as did Hunter. She lay on Hunter's lap, exhausted.

"I'm going to run a bath for you." Mason willed his legs not to collapse when he stood. He grinned when Claire could only nod.

Then he turned and left the woman that he loved with his best friend, every inch of his soul cracking in despair.



## Chapter Eight

Hunter twirled a lock of Claire's hair around his forefinger. She sighed and snuggled deeper into him. Her skin was soft, slick with sweat, and the air smelled of their shared sex.

When Mason returned, Hunter lifted her and carried her to the bathroom and the hot water awaiting her. He lowered her into the tub and knelt beside it, Mason next to him.

"You make me happy." She startled Hunter with her announcement.

He swallowed. "You were unhappy?" He hated thinking how she would feel when they told her things wouldn't work.

"No, just...I guess part of me was missing. But I didn't really know it. And it's only been one night, for goodness' sake, yet I can't imagine you guys leaving here tonight and me going back to the way things were."

Hunter hung his head. This was exactly what they'd wanted and now they were just supposed to let her go?

"Claire..."

"Wait." She held up a hand, a stunned look on her face. "Wait. If this is where you tell me you had fun but that's all it was, just leave. Leave now before this goes one second further."

"That's not it." Mason spoke before Hunter could.

"Then what? You both seem like someone you love just died. I'm not stupid. It was stupid of me to blurt out my feelings when I knew you didn't feel the same way, yes, but I am old enough to realize this wasn't forever."

Hunter growled. "We wanted it to be, lady. We came to that party last night fully intending to make you ours forever. To make you see things the way we did."

"Great. So I didn't hold up to your ideal woman." She sank into the water and closed her eyes. "Leave."

"Goddammit, Claire. That isn't what we're saying at all." Mason's words were punctuated by a tear slipping down Claire's cheek.

"Trust me, we want nothing other than to hear you say you want to stay with us 'til the end of time." Hunter reached for her leg and washed it with the soapy washrag, gently working his way up to the area he knew would be the sorest. "You have to know by now how we feel."

She looked at each of them from beneath her lashes. “Then why the hell do you appear as though you can’t get out of here fast enough?”

Hunter felt like shit. He eyed Mason and sighed. “We decided we couldn’t do this to you.”

Her arms went across her chest, her eyebrows came down. “Do what, exactly?”

Mason rubbed the back of his neck. “Make you uncomfortable.”

“How do you figure you’re making me uncomfortable?”

“Come on,” Hunter cried. “You saw the way that lady reacted to us together at the parade. No way could we put you through that kind of thing on a daily basis. I want you and Mason wants you. Neither of us would be okay with standing in the background when we were out in public.”

“So because *you* guys think I’ll be uncomfortable in front of other people you’re going to take off?”

“We’re going to let you go. Let you have a normal relationship.” Hunter eased his thumb over her instep. She had to understand before they left this apartment that they were leaving for her sanity, not because they didn’t want her.

“You two are full of horseshit. You know that, right?”

Mason straightened from his slouch. “What?”

“I told you when we left the parade that people shouldn’t stick their noses in other people’s business and I meant it. What I do or don’t do with my life isn’t of anyone’s concern except my own. And yours, I guess, if you decide to man up and give it a chance.”

She scowled for a minute but Hunter couldn’t care less. His heart soared.

“We were trying to make things easier for you.”

“And you think that by storming into my life, making me feel special for the first time ever, then running out like a couple of babies is making things easier for me? I live in a fictional world, boys.” She glared at both of them. “A world I create where everyone has a happily ever after no matter how many people are involved. If I didn’t think a threesome would work, I wouldn’t write about it.”

“God I love you.” Mason leaned over and kissed her, hard and deep.

“Maybe that bitch was jealous that she didn’t have her own two men to share,” Claire whispered when Mason backed off.

Hunter barked out in laughter.

Claire smiled and dragged her toe up her bare leg in a sensuous movement, the warm water sluicing down her thigh as it lifted above the line of the water. “So you all started this last night. I guess if I want it bad enough I’ll have to persuade you to stay?”

The pretend pout did him in. Hunter took her lips in the same fashion Mason had and devoured her essence.

When he finally let loose, she was panting. Big blue eyes peeked at him. “Is this for real now?”

Hunter hated the fear he heard in her voice. “For us it always has been, but neither of us could fathom making your life awkward.”

“One hundred percent real.” Mason echoed Hunter’s reply and cupped one of her breasts, thumbing the nipple.

“It’s so weird.”

“Why? Because there’s two of us?”

She waved him off. “No, not that. The fact that yesterday, in 2009, I was sitting at a party trolling for a fictional hero and here I am in 2010 with two of my very own real-life heroes. It really is like something out of one of my books. Happy endings don’t really happen like this.”

“They do if you let them.” Hunter used the cloth at her pussy, wiping away the evidence of their lovemaking. He’d make sure to replace that seed later.

“And you’re saying I should? Give you another chance not to flake out on me?”

Mason kissed her again. “Yes. We’re saying you should at least give us the chance to make you happy. Happier. We promise to try not to flake out on you. Or at least not quite so easily.” He glanced around the bathroom. “We might have to move you into our place, though. Much more room.”

“And where do you guys live?”

“We bought a house. With a big fenced-in backyard. Three bedrooms, a basement, the whole nine yards.” Mason’s eyes shone with excitement.

Claire laughed. “What do two men need with all that?”

Hunter threaded his fingers through hers and held on tight. “They need it for their wife and the children they hope she’ll give them and the dog or two.”

Tears glistened in her eyes.

“We need it for you, Claire.” Mason rubbed a thumb over her bottom lip. “Stay with us. Be with us. Marry us. Let us make you fat with babies. We know you can’t legally marry us both, but whoever you choose will be fine with us, and in our eyes we’ll both be married to you. No one else has to know a damn thing about our relationship.”

The tears spilled down her cheeks.

They were killing Hunter. “Are those happy tears or I-can’t-do-it tears?” His heart thudded. He didn’t know what they’d do if she told them to get lost.

“They’re happy ones.” She laughed through a snuffle and wiped the tears away with her wet hands. “It’s not every day a wallflower gets propositioned by two gorgeous men in her bathtub.”

“Thank God for happy tears.” Hunter reached in and pulled Claire to her knees, hugging her tight. Mason did the same, their naked skin soaking up the heat from the water.

No one could have ever asked for a better New Year’s wish. They’d gotten what they’d wanted. Claire in their arms forever.

## Author Note

Okay, so I realize there's no parade in St. Louis on New Year's Day but darn it, I wanted there to be and so I made it happen! You can achieve anything if you believe strong enough, right? Hunter and Mason seemed to think so too...

## About the Author

Annmarie McKenna lives in Missouri where she stays busy writing, shuffling four kids to various activities and trying to keep sane. She loves to hear from readers and can be reached at [annmarmck@yahoo.com](mailto:annmarmck@yahoo.com). To learn more about Annmarie, please visit [www.annmariemckenna.com](http://www.annmariemckenna.com) or join her Yahoo! group for updates on her latest releases or other information. [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Annmarie\\_McKenna/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Annmarie_McKenna/).

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*One fateful detour. A raging storm. She didn't see this love coming...*

## Merry Christmas, Paige

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Holding a knife against a child's throat isn't exactly how Dr. Paige Weston had planned to spend her Christmas holiday. But a jolt from an air pocket and here she is, performing an emergency tracheotomy as her flight to Fiji diverts to Kauai. The one place she swore never to return.

Beside the fact her patient comes first, what's the chance she'll run into her ex-fiancé—the man who jilted her when another woman turned up pregnant? Then she realizes the island hospital is woefully understaffed, forcing her to lend a hand. And upping the odds that her heart will hit more turbulence before she makes her escape.

Nathan Cross can't believe his eyes. The emergency room doctor tending to his daughter's cut foot is the woman he's dreamed about every night since he was forced to walk out of her life. He should have been prepared for her indifference, but he's blindsided by the need to hold her in his arms. Just one more time.

Yet Fate is a trickster, leaving him wondering if he should grasp for a second chance...or take his punishment for one, long-ago choice.

*Warning: This book contains two lovers destined to make up for lost time, which means moments of deep emotional and hot lusty sex, including in such places as against the wall, up against a railing (my personal favorite), on the hood of a truck, in the rain, and every other imaginable place.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Merry Christmas, Paige:*

The minute Nathan saw Paige's tearstained face, guilt rode him hard. For a moment he didn't know what to say. "Are you okay?"

The small chuckle she released held no humor. "What do you think?" She held the door only slightly ajar, as though trying to stop him from entering.

Without hesitation, he pushed the door wide, forcing her to step aside so he could enter. "That I've betrayed you and hurt you so badly you don't ever want to see me again."

"Then why are you here?" She sounded so lost. She pulled the robe around her like a shield.

"Because I love you." He resisted the urge to reach for her. "You may not believe me, but I dreamt of holding you every night. The last five years have been hell."

"Nathan, I don't want to hear this. You have no idea what hell is." She walked away from him to the sliding glass doors and gazed across the panorama. "What we had is over."

*Please God, don't let her believe that.*

He eased up behind her. He flexed his fingers before placing them on her arms. Carefully, he guided her around so that their eyes met. "No. It isn't. You know it and I know it." The anguish in her expression

made it difficult for him to continue, but he did. "I've wronged you. But, baby, I never stopped loving you." Every nerve in his body sizzled like they were ready to ignite. He had to make her understand. "Paige, I was torn with the news that I was going to be a father. I should have held my ground. I should have married you." The tears in her eyes made his mist. "You're right. We could have had a life together and worked something out with Sylvia, but I didn't think." He looked away briefly, ashamed that he hadn't thought of all the options available. Why hadn't he seen a way out? "I've paid every day for the choice I made. Please don't make me continue to pay."

Pain like he had never witnessed hardened her features as she shook out of his hold. "You hurt me." Her voice cracked. "I don't know if I can ever trust you again."

The truth pierced his heart. The foundation of their relationship had been built on trust. Now it was gone. "Do you still love me?" he whispered.

"It's not that easy."

A sliver of hope burst through the gray clouds in his mind. She didn't say no. There was a chance, maybe a thin one, but a chance if he could get her to lower her guard. Then he would love her with every ounce of his being and show her she could trust him.

"It could be," he said softly. He retrieved the naupaka flower from the table. Returning, he caressed her hand with the blossom. "We can give the legend a happy ending. Take the flower, Paige. Tell me you love me and that you'll give me the opportunity to prove my love for you."

Licking her lips, she stared at the flower before turning away. "It doesn't matter if I love you."

"Then you do love me?"

She sniffled. Her fists clenched. "Don't do this to me, Nathan."

"Paige, all I want is for us to be together. Do you love me?" he repeated firmly.

She nibbled on her lower lip, silent tears racing down her cheeks. "I shouldn't. God knows I shouldn't, but I do."

Inside of Nathan a light of hope illuminated the darkness that he had lived with for five years. His chest tightened to the point it felt like he would burst. He tried to hide the joy that filled him, but it was useless. He opened his arms. "Come here, baby."

She stared at his arms as if he was inviting her into a trap. It stung to know he had pushed her to this extent, hurt her so badly she hadn't been able to go on with her life. He was a selfish bastard. She had remained his all these years, while he had attempted to make a life for Cami.

"Come here, baby," he repeated.

"I can't." Yet she took a step toward him.

"I'm so sorry. Give me the opportunity to make things right. Let me make up for the time I have stolen from us. Let me love you, Paige."



When the breath she held audibly released, her resistance melted too. She nearly flew into his arms, clinging to his neck like she would never let him go. She wept heart-wrenching sobs.

“Please, Paige.” His voice trembled. “Don’t cry.” His eyes stung, his tears joining hers.

She felt so right in his arms, even better than he had remembered. He buried his face into her hair and inhaled the familiar scent of her perfume. Sultry jasmine and something fruity surrounded him like a blanket. “I’ve missed you so much,” he admitted shamelessly. “Every night—every day.”

The need to kiss her was overwhelming. He captured her lips with a hunger that scared him. His lips opened hers and his tongue plunged deep, searching and pushing against hers. She whimpered, the soft sound more of a cry than a moan. She tasted so fucking hot, a fire inside his soul that a mere caress could not extinguish.

“Love you,” he murmured against her lips. Would he ever be able to convince her of the depth of his love? He kissed her frantically. A rough growl left his throat as his mouth slanted across hers again.

His unsteady steps drove her backward, pinning her against the cool glass door. Their bodies pressed together felt amazing.

She mewled, and he captured her mouth with another kiss.

The urge to strip her naked and take her now like he had dreamt of for so many nights was strong. Blood rushed to his groin, the heat shooting all the way to his head. His thoughts whirled. Over and over, he stabbed his tongue in and out of her mouth, while he mimicked the actions with his hips, seeking relief that didn’t come. Instead he grew impossibly harder, his cock pressed angrily against his zipper. The only way to ease the ache would be to make love to her right here, right now.

She gasped, but her cry was muffled by his starving mouth. His lips moved over hers, his tongue skimming her soft palate. When she tugged at his T-shirt, a shiver raced up his back.

She jerked away, breaking their embrace. Her eyes were dark with desire. “I need you, Nathan. Make love to me.”

Briefly, he closed his eyes and tried to hold on to what was left of his control. “I’ve waited a lifetime to hear you say that.”

He took the flower from her hand and placed it on the glass table. When he returned he undid the sash of her robe. Skin like silk met his palms as he smoothed the garment off her shoulders. The air in his lungs caught at the sight of her. To his delight she wore nothing beneath the cover-up.

Firm breasts. Sensuous curves. She was perfection.

Dammit. His hands shook as he reached for her. She came willingly, even eagerly, into his embrace, which made him quiver with excitement. He trailed a path of kisses down her neck into the valley of her breasts. The feminine scent of her skin made him drunk with desire. His arousal intensified as small bumps formed on her areolas. Rapid breathing forced her voluminous breasts to rise and fall, again and again.

“You’re beautiful.” There wasn’t much more to say, but he found himself continuing. “Do you have any idea how much I want you?” His fingertips danced across a nipple that grew taut. He squeezed it between his thumb and forefinger. She trembled in response and arched into his caress.

“Nathan. Please.”

“What do you want, baby?”

“Shirt. Take it off.”

Even if he had wanted to he couldn’t refuse her. He needed her as badly as she appeared to hunger for him. In one swift move he pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside to join her robe on the marble floor.

The second he leaned in and their chests touched it felt like fire surged through his veins. She was a living flame lighting the lonely corners of his life these past five years had darkened.

Caressing her neck with his mouth, teeth and tongue, he moved his hands down her back. “You feel so good.” A raspy groan pushed from her lips as his hands glided lower to feel the soft mounds of her ass. “I’ve missed you so much.”

“I need you inside me,” she whispered in his ear. The seduction in her voice made his balls pull tight against his body. “Love me, Nathan.” Desire burned like a candle in her smoky blue eyes. Her heated expression made his cock jerk.

His fingers intertwined with hers. Without a word, he led her toward the bedroom and the bed where they had made love so many times that summer. Rain sliced sideways, driving past the balcony cover to pound against the window. The small gate of the spiral staircase banged back and forth as the wind blew.

With a feather-light touch, he kissed her, before laying her back on the bed and following her down. “I can’t believe you’re here.” When he lowered his head, their gazes locked and her breath caught. The chemistry between them zinged clear to the soles of his feet. “Like the two parts of the naupaka flower we belong together—forever. I’ll never let you go.”

*The voice of an angel, a husband who loved her—she had it all...until a tragedy took it away.*

## Songbird

© 2009 Maya Banks

### *A Linger Story*

They called her their Songbird, but she was never theirs. Not in the way she wanted.

The Donovan brothers meant everything to Emily, but rejected by Greer and Taggert, she turned to Sean, the youngest. He married her for love, and she loved him, but she also loved his older brothers.

Her singing launched her to stardom. She had it all. The voice of an angel, a husband who loved her, and the adoration of millions. Until a tragedy took it all away.

Taggert and Greer grieve for their younger brother, but they're also grieving the loss of Emmy, their songbird. They take her back to Montana, determined to help her heal and show her once and for all they want her. They're also on a mission to help her find her voice again. Under the protective shield of their love, she begins to blossom...until an old threat resurfaces.

Now the Donovans face a fight for what they once threw away. Only by winning it—and her love—will their songbird fly again.

*Warning: Explicit sex, ménage a trois, multiple partners, a committed polyamorous relationship, adult language, and sweet loving.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Songbird:*

Emily Donovan woke with stinging eyes, her body shuddering in the throes of a nightmare. The same nightmare she had every night.

She closed her eyes against the unbearable ache in her chest and tried to fall back into oblivion, but the memories were too vivid, too alive in her mind.

*Sean.*

How she missed him. He hadn't deserved to die. He'd been too young, so full of life. He'd loved her unreservedly, picked up the pieces of her shattered heart and helped put her back together.

As always when she thought of Sean, images of his two older brothers, Taggert and Greer, haunted her. It angered her that she couldn't separate her memories of Sean from the other two Donovan brothers, but they were as much a part of her soul as Sean had been. But Sean had accepted her. Loved her. Taggert and Greer had shoved her away.

The ache in her chest stole her breath, and she opened her eyes to stare at the blurred ceiling. The lamp at the side of her bed cast elongated shadows, sometimes frightening, but the dark was scarier, so she always left it on.

The days had gotten a little easier. She managed to perform normal activities. Eating. Sleeping—finally. But her sleep was still tortured by images of that night. By Sean’s blood covering her hands. By his whispered *I love you* and his warm smile before he took his last breath.

“It’s not fair,” she whispered fiercely. “It should have been me, not you.”

Her breath stuttered out in a sob that clawed at her throat. It hurt to inhale. It hurt to exhale. It hurt to *live*.

Giving up on sleep, she crawled out of bed, feeling much older than her twenty-five years. She’d *always* been so much older than her years. Quieter, more mature. Only the Donovan brothers had been able to bring her out of her shell, and she’d give anything to go back to those days in the Montana mountains where only the skies were bigger than their dreams.

She’d lived hers. Just for a little while. Just as Tagg had always predicted. Their little songbird was destined for bigger and better things than the Mountain Pass Ranch. But she hadn’t wanted fame and fortune. She’d only wanted their love.

With a weary sigh, she walked into the kitchen clad in only her silky pajama top. Sean had bought it for her, and when she’d laughingly informed him he got ripped off because only the top was there, he smugly told her he preferred easy access and had thrown away the bottoms.

Mechanically she performed the rituals of morning. Preparing coffee that she didn’t even like, toasting a bagel she wouldn’t taste. All the things that made her life feel normal.

The chair was cool on her bare legs, and she scooted up to the small, two-person table where she’d placed her saucer and cup. She drank, barely wincing when the hot liquid hit her tongue. Chewing the bagel took effort. Swallowing took more.

What was she supposed to do today? The question filtered calmly through her mind, and she stared at the half-empty cup in her hand in bemusement. She had no job to go to. No appointments. No schedule. She only had one goal. To survive another day.

Maybe she’d take a walk. Challenge herself to face the city she’d fled to. Its size and people would swallow her up. Offer her the anonymity she desperately craved.

The mere idea of leaving her apartment without a specific destination in mind sent a wave of nausea through her belly. The coffee bubbled like a volcano about to erupt, and she swallowed rapidly.

She couldn’t go on like this, living in the shadows, afraid to step into the light. Sean would hate the life she led. He’d look at her with those intense blue eyes, and his lips would thin in disapproval.

She looked down, studying her fingers, and wondered how long it would take before she didn’t feel so flayed alive when she thought of Sean. When she couldn’t *feel* the knife that had ended his life.

A firm knock sounded at the door. Her head whipped up, and panic hit her like a sledgehammer. Each breath squeezed from her lungs, crushing her chest.

*Stop being stupid.*

No one knew she was here. She knew none of her neighbors. She was safe.

Who the hell could be at her door at five in the morning?

Renewed fear gripped her by the throat.

Maybe it was just her apartment manager. Or a neighbor.

At five in the morning?

Her gaze flickered over the four deadbolts she'd had installed. No one was getting in unless she let them.

The knock sounded again. Harder this time.

She flinched and hastily stood, her heart beating in a vicious cadence.

She didn't have to answer. She could pretend to be asleep. Or not at home.

Hesitating, she turned away from the door only to yank back around when the knocking persisted.

Whoever it was wasn't going away.

Damp palms wiped nervously on her pajama top. She glanced down, realizing she wasn't dressed for company, and then she laughed—a harsh, dry sound that assaulted her ears.

She wasn't entertaining guests. The sooner she answered the door and sent them on their way, the better.

It took everything she had to make that walk across the living room to the door. She put her palm on the surface and leaned forward to peer out the peephole.

She gasped, blinked, stepped back then surged forward again, straining to see. Her stomach plummeted.

Oh God.

Greer and Taggart Donovan stood in the hallway, their expressions grim—and determined.

How had they found her?

Stupid question.

She closed her eyes and leaned her forehead on the door. Not now. She couldn't face them right now. Maybe never. How was she to look at them knowing how much they reminded her of Sean? Of how much she loved Sean?

Of how much she loved Greer and Taggart.

Her fingers splayed out over the wood as if she could touch them through the barrier. She turned her head so that her cheek pressed against the surface and then reached for the top lock, letting her hand rest on it without moving it.

Another knock jarred her face and then she heard Taggart's voice, low and entreating.

"Emmy, open the door."

She swallowed once and slowly pulled away until she was an arm's length from the locks, her hand still on the top one. As she turned it, the click echoed harshly.

With shaking fingers, she worked down until she reached the last. She grasped the knob and turned, cracking the door and bracing her free hand on the frame.

Her gaze met and locked first with Taggert and then Greer. They filled the doorway, the entire hallway, and God, they looked just as she remembered. Stetsons, faded jeans and boots.

For the longest time she stared and they stared back. Then Greer stepped forward but halted when she retreated a step.

“Open the door, Emmy,” he said softly.

Her knees trembling, she eased the door wider until there was a gaping space, more space than she’d allowed in a year. Greer’s expression softened, his leaf green eyes filled with regret. Then he simply opened his arms.

The first step was the hardest, but suddenly she found herself in his warm embrace. She buried her face in his chest, inhaling the faint smells of tobacco and horses, two scents that seemed permanently branded on him.

She shook against him, but the tears wouldn’t come. Her eyes were so dry they hurt.

He lifted her and walked with her into the apartment. Taggert closed the door behind them, and she turned to see him fingering the locks, a scowl on his face.

“Have you cried even once, Emmy?” Greer asked quietly as he held her.

It made her sound so heartless. She hadn’t cried. Not at the hospital when they told her Sean was gone. Not at his funeral or afterward when they buried him in the family plot on Mountain Pass land. Not in the many months since. Crying made it all so...final.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and squeezed. It felt so good to be back in his arms.

“I missed you,” she whispered.

“Aww Em, we missed you too,” Greer said in a low voice.

Taggert made an impatient sound, and she pulled away from Greer to stare at the oldest Donovan brother.

“Why the hell did you disappear on us, Emmy?” Taggert demanded. “You were Sean’s wife. We would have taken care of you. The MPR is your home. It’s always been your home. Long before you married Sean. Frank’s going crazy. No one’s seen you. And now we find you holed up like a prisoner in an apartment in the city. You hate the city.”

Her hand flew to her throat, her pulse pounding against her fingers.

“I told Frank I couldn’t do it anymore,” she cracked out. “He knows. I told him not to look for me. I can’t—won’t—sing.”

“You think that’s all he cares about?” Taggert asked. “He’s your manager, but that doesn’t mean he’s a complete mercenary asshole. He’s worried sick over you. We all are.”

“Tagg, enough,” Greer warned.

Taggart threw up one hand and turned away, his entire body simmering with frustration. Then he turned back around and pinned her with the force of his stare. Warm, liquid chocolate. She'd always loved his eyes. They made his already dark looks even darker, but she'd never been afraid of him. He'd always been her Tagg, and she'd always loved him.

"Come here, damn it," he said gruffly.

She only hesitated a moment before she walked into his arms. He hugged her fiercely, stealing her breath with the force of his grip. But God, for the first time in a year, she felt safe.

His breath whispered roughly over her hair, her only signal of the turmoil that rolled beneath his tough exterior.

"Goddamn it, Emmy, what were you thinking?"

She couldn't answer. The words were lodged in her throat, so thick and swollen she feared choking. She concentrated on breathing, taking in his solid strength and the crisp, clean smell of his shirt. He still used the same detergent, the same plain deodorant. No frills, no aftershave, no cologne.

He pried her away from him, holding her shoulders as he stared down at her.

"You're coming home with us."

*The higher she climbs, the harder he falls...*

## **Bridging the Gap**

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Carter Malone is usually the first one to make tracks before a woman starts getting any ideas. Permanent relationships don't fit into his personal blueprint. Now, for the first time in his life, he's burning up the sheets with a woman who makes him think about something more permanent...like spending the night. But she's holding something back, something he can't quite pin down.

As a woman in a man's world, Ryan Cooper is used to wearing a target on her back—and hiding her vulnerabilities. She hasn't let anything, not even the ever-present threat of an epileptic seizure, stop her from working her butt off to get the foreman's job with her stepfather's construction company. Then she discovers the guy she's been dating—okay, having the hottest sex of her life with—is the architect who designed the building she'll be overseeing. The last thing she needs is anyone thinking she slept with Carter to get the job.

Or worse, feeling sorry for her.

Before the dust clears, things get a lot more complicated. The previous foreman's injury was no accident, and whoever caused it is taking aim—at the target on Ryan's back.

*Warning: This book contains almost fully clothed sex with a little bit o' spanking on an OCD-clean desk inside a construction trailer, a rogue set of pencils that just won't take stay for an answer, and sweet loving in a tub.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Bridging the Gap:*

Aware that he was smashing the beautiful woman beneath him, Carter Malone slowly extracted himself from the tight sheath still gripping his cock and rolled to his side. Ryan groaned with what he hoped was reluctance to let him go. He removed the spent condom, reached for a tissue to wrap it in and dropped it on the floor to deal with later, then fell to his back.

She was consuming him alive. Two weeks into their...dating—is that what she would call their relationship? Because there hadn't been many *dates*—and he was already more aware of her than he'd ever been about any other woman. And if he knew a lot about anything other than architecture, it was women. Precious, soft, *willing* women. He didn't get off on forcing them to do his bidding, though tying one up now and then might add to the sexual tension.

He wondered what Ryan would think of the direction his thoughts had gone. Would she run? Profess her undying love? Invite him to seek the advice of a psychologist?

Hell, what was he thinking? Outside of fucking, he didn't know a great deal about her. They'd literally bumped into each other at a charity event he'd attended at his mother's request. He didn't even



remember what the hell the event had been held for. Raising money for some affliction or another. From there they'd ended up at her place, something he was sure she'd either A) never done before or B) if she had, rarely. He had the feeling he was her first. Not partner, but taking a man home immediately after meeting him.

Made him feel possessive as all shit.

Carter rubbed a hand over his face as his breathing finally subsided into a more normal rhythm. He must be getting old.

Jesus. Was his clock ticking? Did that happen to men?

"I think I'm dead," she groaned next to him.

He smiled and propped himself on his elbow. Unable to resist, he ran his fingertips over the sweat-slicked skin between her breasts. Her nipples puckered and she shivered. "Nah. If you were dead, we wouldn't be able to do that again, and that would be a damn shame."

She lifted her head and glanced down his torso to find his dick echoing his words and hardening.

"Right this second?"

Carter laughed at the incredulous look on her face. "I'll give you a few minutes recovery time first."

"You're so gracious." She sighed and threw an arm over her eyes. "I have to get up."

"Bathroom?"

"That too."

Thank God the fact her face was covered hid his confusion. What other reason would she have to get up? "You got a hot date?"

"Yep. With my bed." She dragged herself to a sitting position and Carter swallowed.

Why should he care if she wanted to run out on him? He typically led his dates back to their house so he could make the getaway before things got to the point of wanting to stay the night.

"I was kinda thinking you might stay the night." *Pathetic, man. Pathetic.*

"I can't. Have to start a new job tomorrow which requires sleep. Staying the night here might net me an hour, two tops, knowing you." A sly smile split her lips and succeeded in completely renewing his erection.

Carter leaned forward and licked a pert nipple. It shouldn't be too hard to convince her to stay. They definitely had chemistry between them even if they didn't know too many other aspects of each other's lives.

She pushed his head away, giggling. "Don't think you can distract me, Carter."

"Damn it." He trailed his fingers down her abdomen and across her hip when she rose. Sweaty blonde bangs clung to her forehead. The rest of her shoulder-length hair she gathered in one hand while she fanned her neck with the other. He loved that she didn't try and hide her body from him. The idea was pointless really since he'd more than looked at every millimeter of her skin.

He'd nibbled, tasted, kissed, licked, bit, touched and smelled all of it. She was his addiction and he wanted more.

His fingers itched to pull her tall, slender body back to the bed. He'd kind of shocked himself being attracted to her. He usually gravitated toward women with a little more build, more voluptuous breasts for sure. Ryan's breasts weren't even what he'd call a handful, but damn if they didn't respond to the slightest touch.

She cleared her throat, drawing his attention to her face where her pale blue eyes glittered in mischief.

"You're staring."

"Yep. And they"—he nodded toward her breasts—"would like to play some more."

"They might *want* to but they aren't going to get to."

"Damn it."

She looked back over her shoulder as she headed for the restroom. "You've said that already."

"I mean it. And it's not nice to keep a man hanging like this," he called then collapsed onto his back. Where had he gone wrong? He didn't normally cause women to feel the need to run off the minute he pulled out.

"I hardly see anything *hanging*. Perhaps standing is a better word," she said through the crack of the door.

The toilet flushed and water ran before she returned, naked and swaying her hips.

"If you're wanting to leave, then perhaps you should stop trying to tempt me."

"Me walking is tempting?" She dropped to her hands and knees. "Where the hell is my underwear?"

"Everything you do is tempting, babe." Jesus Christ, didn't she realize what that particular position made him think of?

"Oh yeah?" She shook her ass.

"Son of a bitch." Carter launched himself off the bed and knelt behind that wiggling backside to press his cock against her folds. Little nymph knew exactly what she was doing.

Ryan squealed and jerked in his hands, but he held fast to her hips.

"You better be damn glad there isn't a condom in my hand or you wouldn't be leaving right now."

She lowered her head to the floor, and in the light spilling from the bathroom, he saw her suck her lower lip in. She looked like the perfect little submissive. He ran his index finger down the length of her spine, between the crease of her buttocks, over the rosy aperture and then to her opening. Gathering the wetness there, he slipped further and circled her clit. Ryan moaned and arched her back into his touch.

He had her.



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