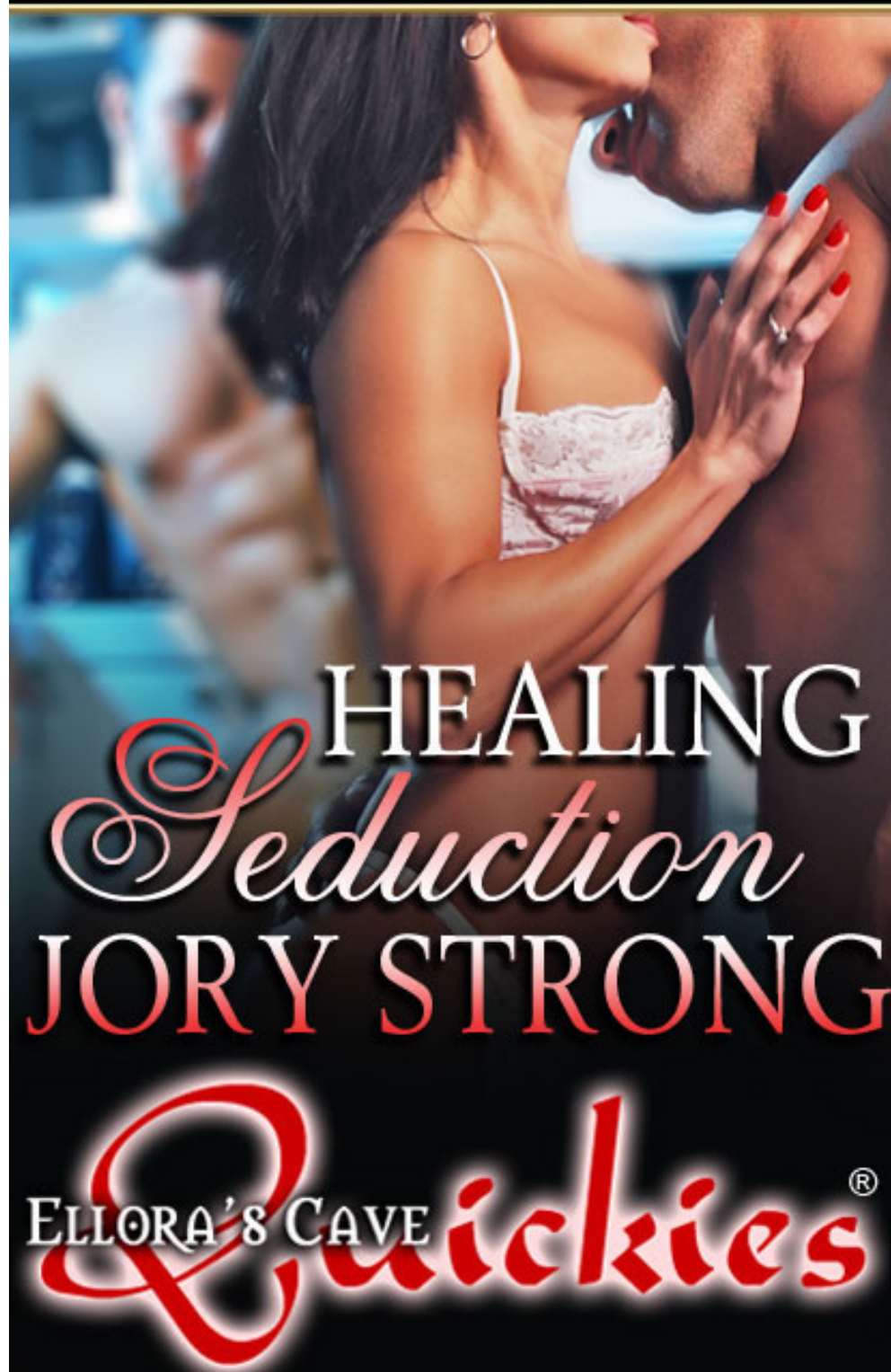


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



HEALING  
*Seduction*  
JORY STRONG

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

## Healing Seduction

Jory Strong

For years Lucca and Quade have shared women and enjoyed games of sexual dominance. While she was married, Kiera was off-limits, even in their fantasies. Now that she's single, guilt and loyalty keep them from acting on their desire.

At twenty-six, Kiera has been a widow for almost as long as she was a wife. Before pain and loss stripped her bare and changed her, she'd never craved the things Lucca and Quade want in the bedroom. Now she does. She knows they love her. But for them to have a future together, she needs to break through their emotional barriers.

Unknown to them, she's got a plan. And if it works, Quade and Lucca won't be able to resist her healing seduction.

*Note: Set in the Crime Tells world, with brief cameos from Lyric (Lyric's Cop), and Calista and Benito (Calista's Men).*

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Healing Seduction

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# *HEALING SEDUCTION*

**Jory Strong**

## *Acknowledgment*

*Thanks again to my editor, Sue-Ellen Gower.*

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## **Chapter One**

Tears threatened as Kiera lifted the framed photograph from its place on the living room mantle. It held a position of importance, sitting in the center, flanked by those of family and friends.

Her heart slowed to a painful beat looking at the smiling couple in it, captured in a moment of absolute happiness, with their future stretched out before them, full of promise and dreams. Brushing her thumb over Tripp's face, she remembered the feel of her fingers teasing over hair cut so short she'd told him he might as well shave all of it off.

No one could mistake him for anything other than a cop. He had the look though he was barely out of the academy and only a couple of months on the job the day they married.

They had backgrounds so similar, it seemed inevitable from the moment they'd been introduced by mutual friends that they were meant for each other. He came from a cop family too. Father, uncles, cousins, brother.

College was a given. A law laid down by Tripp's mother, but afterward, the choice of what he did for a living was his.

Kiera set the picture frame down.

For months now she'd agonized. Questioned.

How long was she supposed to grieve?

When would it be okay to go on with life? To love someone else? To marry and start a family? She wanted those things, and more. She wanted to experience the things she fantasized about, what her cousin Calista had with Dante and Benito.

She picked up another photograph, one taken when she and Tripp and Quade were seniors in college, and Lucca was in the States, returned from a tour of duty in Afghanistan. The four of them stood together, arms draped over shoulders and around waists. Quade and Tripp and her captured in a moment of carefree youth. And Lucca, finding his way back from experiences that had already aged him.

This time it was Lucca's face she brushed her thumb over, as though she could ease the pain already in his eyes from the things he'd seen, the friends he'd lost in a war rooted in centuries of hatred and religious intolerance. She'd been attracted to him. Quade as well. Love for Tripp didn't make her blind and they were the stuff of fantasies – not hers, not then.

With Tripp there was romance and passion. It hadn't occurred to her there was more. She hadn't craved...other things.

Maybe she was a different person now. Or maybe she just knew herself better.

Emotional pain had a way of doing that to a person. Stripping them bare. Changing them or at least making them view life differently, value the time they had with friends and loved ones more.

*I'm ready*, she thought, putting the photograph back on the mantle.

She returned to the couch and claimed one end. The two miniature dachshunds snuggled together at the other thumped their tails against the cushion but didn't move.

"It's not too late," Calista said, eyes full of compassion and question as she left the chair to sit between Kiera and the dogs. "We can set the plan in motion another day."

"No, I'm okay."

Tonight was the first step for her. Maybe she wouldn't be with Lucca and Quade in the way she wanted. There was every possibility she could never be more than Tripp's widow to them, even if there'd been times when she'd looked up unexpectedly and thought she saw desire in their eyes. Maybe they weren't ready to let go of the past and the guilt they felt over Tripp's death. But tonight she'd share a bed and experience the

fantasy of being with two men who enjoyed taking a dominant role to a woman's submissive one. If not Quade and Lucca, then the men Lyric had lined up.

Thinking about the woman married to her vice cop cousin, and the one she'd been named after, Kieran, made Kiera smile. The Burke men were all macho, saved from being complete cavemen by their absolute loyalty to the women in their families, and a code of honor requiring them to protect and serve. They preferred their wives to stay at home or work in professions viewed as safe, and they liked them law-abiding.

As far as Kiera was concerned, the oh so bossy Kieran got what he deserved when he got married. Lyric Montgomery was a private detective who didn't see the same line between legal and illegal as he did. She'd blurred the edges in his life to the point he'd even managed to accept the reality of his baby sister being married to Benito but also sharing her life and bed with Benito's brother, Dante.

Calista had paved the way for others by daring to live her dream. Kiera knew she wasn't the only one who'd watched the reaction of the various family members and determined she could live with the consequences.

If this plan concocted while sitting in the hot tub with Lyric and Calista led to a future with Quade and Lucca, she knew there would be times when choosing an alternative lifestyle would be uncomfortable. The Burkes were passionate by nature and rarely kept their opinions to themselves when it came to loved ones. But at the end of the day, while they might rant and rave, argue and scowl, they still remained close-knit, loyal and protective of their own.

Kiera glanced down at her left hand. A pale line marked the place where her engagement ring and wedding band had lain against her skin.

Taking them off had been hard, despite knowing it was time. Doing it was symbolic, a milestone reached in the grieving and healing process, but she still felt naked without them. More alone somehow.



Before she could stop herself, she looked at the picture taken on her wedding day. An ache moved through her chest, almost nothing compared to the agony of those first months, that first year without Tripp.

She accepted the lingering pain, was glad for it. She didn't want to forget. She just wanted to move on, had to. At twenty-six, she'd been a widow almost as long as she was a wife.

Kiera reached over and picked up Calista's hand, needing the comfort and reassurance of touch. "Whatever happens tonight, I'm ready."

It was so much more than that. She *needed* to do this, to submit and melt the part of her that felt frozen now, afraid to love deeply because losing again would destroy her.

The dogs jumped off the couch and rushed to the door. Calista squeezed Kiera's hand. "Good. Because I think Lyric's here."

A flutter went through Kiera's chest. An answering one followed in her belly.

She rose from the couch, feeling as nervous as a virgin getting ready to go on a first date. A knock on the door drew her forward, away from the past and into the future.

Lyric greeted her with a hug and a question. "This still a go?"

Kiera returned the hug. "It's a go."

"Great. Tyce and Jake are already at The Red Zone and waiting for an intro." Lyric released her with a grin. "Not that they'd really need me to point you out to them for a threesome. As soon as you walk in they'll be *up* for the task of delivering pure pleasure if Lucca doesn't rise to the occasion and take you home with him."

Calista snickered and joined them at the door, picking up a wriggling black dachshund. "You're bad, Lyric."

"I just call it the way I see it. We should head out now. Let Benito know we're on our way so he can get Lucca there before Kiera gets lost in the sexual fog surrounding Jake and Tyce."

"I'll do it," Calista said. She gave Kiera a quick hug and said, "Go for it. Don't worry about the dogs. They can stay at my place all weekend. You deserve to be happy and carefree."

*So do Lucca and Quade*, Kiera thought, desire rippling through her and starting to pool in her cunt at the prospect of standing between them naked, of having their eyes and hands roam her body and their cocks harden as they looked at her, touched her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lucca rubbed his chest. The ache there never went away anymore and it was a hell of a lot worse in moments like this, when Benito took a call from Calista.

Fuck, he had to be insane to keep working for Giancotti Security. Especially now, when Benito and Dante had Calista and were living the dream he wanted more fervently every day.

It was sweet torment and sexual frustration all rolled into one. A fantasy close but forever out of reach, like Kiera herself.

Christ, Kiera looked enough like Calista to make being in the same room when Benito was talking about getting home to her nearly unbearable. He knew the kind of bedroom games the Giancotti brothers liked, not that they'd ever shared the same woman at the same time. But back when they were all single, their hearts completely unengaged, and he was still a cop, he and Quade had gone out on the prowl with Dante and Benito.

It never took more than one or two stops before they'd found what they were looking for. Hot, willing women who liked being shared and wanted to submit—no strings attached.

Fuck. If only that satisfied him these days. It'd be a hell of a lot easier than waking up in twisted sheets or breaking down and jerking off in the shower, only to feel guilty after a release so sublime a lesser man would have started crying because of it.

Going solo in a fantasy with Kiera didn't eat at him anymore. Tripp wouldn't have wanted her life to be over just because his was. The possibility of dying came with putting on the badge, though the job ended far more relationships than acts of violence did.

One on one, either him with Kiera, or Quade with Kiera, he could imagine Tripp giving the thumbs up from the grave, saying "I love you, man. Like a brother. Take care of her for me, *in the same way I would.*"

And that's where the trouble started. Yeah, *kink* and *perv* might have been said jokingly, coming from an "I don't get this about you and Quade" place, but to each his own and what did it matter really?

Tripp was hooked up with Kiera. Already knew she was *the one*.

He didn't need to get it. Didn't need to get his head around wanting to dominate a woman sexually and have her love giving up the control so totally, or how much of a turn-on it was watching her, sharing her with someone you were tight with.

Fuck. *He* didn't know the why of it. Didn't really care and sure as hell wasn't going to pay some shrink to explain it to him. Though he'd thought about it...for Kiera he'd thought about it. Maybe if Quade didn't weigh so heavily into the equation he might have explored ways to adjust his needs to fit Kiera's.

Only Quade was a part of this and always would be. They both wanted her. Bad. So bad it was like some huge fucking elephant stepped into the room with them anytime Kiera's name came up.

Need and guilt, love and duty. Friendship and honor. It was all one fucking twisted knot balled up and impossible to untangle. If only –

Lucca cut the thought off. "If only" was the baton Quade liked to beat himself up with.

He'd learned the futility of it in Afghanistan before he was old enough to legally drink in the States. He'd learned it while Quade and Tripp and Kiera were in college,

the worst thing in their day a lost football game or getting a test back with a bad grade on it.

A hand waving in front of his face snapped Lucca's attention back to Benito. "Sorry, didn't notice you were off the phone."

"Yeah. I got that after I asked twice if you've heard of a club called The Red Zone."

"Heard of it but haven't been there. Just opened up, right? Owned by a couple of NFL players."

"That's the place. The guy managing it is thinking *celebrity event* and wants some numbers on how much professional security would set him back. Usually it's the kind of thing Dante would run with, but I told him I'd be willing to swing by, get a feel for the place so he could take care of some errands in San Francisco. I'd like your impressions but take your truck. Calista's on her way home and I'm not coming back to the office."

A kick to the gut would have been easier for Lucca to handle. Knowing what Benito was going home to and imagining having it with Kiera, sharing it with Quade, was enough to give him an instant hard-on. His skin went tight with need as he imagined her kneeling in front of him, sucking him into her mouth while Quade watched, hand around his own cock, getting hotter waiting for his chance with her.

Christ. How could he disrespect Tripp like that? He was fucking insane to keep working this job. It was one more link to Kiera, a constant reminder of what he wanted and how he wanted his life to be.

"Let's go," Lucca said. "So you can get home to the little wife before Dante does."

## **Chapter Two**

"There they are," Lyric said. "Tyce is the one on the left. What do you think?"

Kiera caught herself wetting her lips. *God, how did Lyric do it? How did she come up with two guys who were so perfect?*

Both were black-haired with darker skin tones enhanced by tans. Tyce wore his hair pulled back in a ponytail and everything about him practically screamed "Lucca stand-in" while Jake, with a cut that was only a shade longer than a cop's, had the muscular look and feel of Quade.

"I think being with either one of them would be a living, breathing fantasy, but together..."

"Yeah. I know. Too bad I can't talk Kieran into a foursome." Lyric laughed. "Well, I probably could but then he'd insist that turn-around is fair play, and seeing him with another woman—forget about there being two of them—would lead to a homicide investigation."

She slipped her arm through Kiera's and leaned in. "It's not too late to call Benito and have him divert Lucca. You could go with the warm-up team tonight, see if the reality of being with two guys matches the fantasy before changing the status quo with Lucca and Quade."

It was tempting. The warm-up team was hot enough to burn the sheets off any bed they happened to be in.

Kiera felt as if every inch of her skin was heating up as their appreciative gazes traveled the length of her body, and their smoldering eyes and sexy smiles made her feel feminine and desirable. It was easy to imagine giving in to the lust. Accepting it for what it would be, a no-strings-attached night of fun, fantasy and sexual experimentation.

When both men stood as she and Lyric neared the table, Kiera knew she wasn't going to lose her nerve. She would go home with them if things didn't work out with Quade and Lucca, and afterward, there would be no guilt. No recriminations. No regrets. But probably no repeats either, because ultimately she wanted it all. Passion as well as love.

"Let's stick to the plan," she said, a flutter going through her heart as she imagined Lucca walking in and seeing her with Tyce and Jake.

Lyric's arm tightened on hers. "If Lucca is a complete idiot and screws up this chance to get you where he wants you, and you change your mind about taking on Jake and Tyce, there's no pressure. They're good guys, and believe me, they won't end the night with a case of blue balls or an intimate rendezvous with their hands. They'll make sure you get home safely and greet you with a serious kiss the next time they see you. No hard feelings."

"Thanks. For setting this up. And for the pep talk."

Lyric snickered. "Trust me. I'll get my reward when Kieran gets home. You'd think he'd know better than to ask if I behaved myself while he was out ridding the streets of vice. I have a feeling he's not going to see setting things up so his cousin can spend the night in bed with two men as doing my good deed for the day."

"Could be punishment worthy," Kiera said, a blush creeping up her neck and into her cheeks. Being around Lyric and Calista, especially after a game of poker where the stakes almost always involved a show or tell forfeit for the loser, had been like peeling off a blindfold when it came to sexuality.

"Oh yeah," Lyric said, total satisfaction in her voice. "I think punishment is a given."

Kiera's blush deepened as they stopped at Tyce and Jake's table. Amused eyes met hers, but there was tenderness, too, looks that said both men loved women and appreciated differences in them.

Lyric made the introductions and left quickly.

Jake pulled out a chair for Kiera.

She sat and they did the same on either side of her, crowding close, filling the space around her with heat and the scent of cologne.

Jake took her hand in his. It was firm, calloused. And yet his touch was gentle as he brushed his thumb over her knuckles. "Don't worry, we won't bite. Not unless you beg prettily and have been very obedient."

He flashed a smile that curled Kiera's toes, even as his choice of words wet her panties with arousal. Tyce took her other hand and it was like a sexual current flowed through her, making her heart beat erratically and her breath shorten.

"We're going to do our best to make you forget about your plan to leave with someone else," Tyce said, carrying her hand to his chest and holding it against a muscular solidness hidden by the soft material of his shirt.

She wet her lips nervously. Her brain felt like it was short-circuiting, not just because of the blatant sensuality, but with the reality of being out on a date for the first time since she was in college.

Jake's hand squeezed hers in subtle reassurance. It was followed by a good-humored laugh. "You've got a deer-in-the-headlights look. Relax. We're a sure thing. There's no need to worry about what we're thinking or whether or not we're attracted. As soon as you walked in with Lyric, Tyce and I were ready to meet you at the door and head home with you."

He flashed another body-melting smile. "Lyric says you're a teacher. How do you feel about corporal punishment?"

Tyce rolled his eyes and joked, "Jake's a 'cut to the chase' kind of guy. Maybe I better take the conversational lead here."

"I am what I am," Jake shot back.

"Says Popeye the Sailor Man."

Jake sent Kiera an appealing look. “You see what I have to deal with here? He hangs out with me because women won’t look at him twice otherwise, and still I don’t get no respect.”

Kiera laughed, the earlier awkwardness sliding away. “Poor baby,” she said, finding herself ready to tease and be teased, to get to know these men she’d like to call friends regardless of what happened when Lucca arrived.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lucca pulled his truck in beside Benito’s and got out. The club’s location was prime, only a couple of blocks away from a high-end mall and within walking distance of a development famous for its integrated shopping, eating and living spaces, and the fact it’d burned to the ground but risen again like an architectural phoenix.

“What do you think?” Benito asked as they reached the door.

“Place practically screams celebrity event. First thing we’d have to do is take control of the parking lot. VIPs only.”

“Good call. It’ll add to the costs, manpower as well as finding a place nearby where cars can be diverted to.”

Benito pulled the door open. Lucca stepped into the club and all thoughts of providing security for The Red Zone disappeared in a heartbeat.

Son of a bitch. It felt like someone had punched him in the gut wearing brass knuckles. What the fuck was Kiera doing here? And with a couple of guys whose expressions said they were planning to get her stripped down and spread out between them.

Christ. He knew that look, and from the one on her face, she was eating up the attention. What the hell was she thinking? How could she even be contemplating hooking up with a couple of strangers? Tripp would—

Benito’s soft whistle cut the thought off, for which Lucca was grateful. His heart was pounding and his cock—



He felt like a bull entering the ring, ready to gore someone.

A hand on Lucca's arm made him realize his muscles were rigid and his fists ready for some serious action. Benito said, "It's been two years and she's got her entire life ahead of her. Personally, I'm glad to see she's ready to move on."

"Not with them," Lucca said. Not when he and Quade would do her in a second, and keep doing her right into old age.

"I know you and Kiera are close, but don't worry about her. She'll be safe with them."

Lucca whipped his head around. "You know those assholes? You see how they're fucking her with their eyes?"

Benito laughed. "Since when did that make a guy an asshole? Especially when the woman is a looker like Kiera?"

"Who are they?" Lucca followed it immediately by saying, "Forget it. I don't care. Check out The Red Zone on your own. I'm done for the day."

He stalked away before Benito replied. *Fuck!* Benito could fire him if he wanted to.

Son of a bitch. He couldn't believe Benito could look at the scene in front of them, Kiera all cozy with a couple of guys who looked like they stepped out of a Jockey advertisement, and not hear alarm bells going off in his fucking head.

"Personally, I'm glad to see she's ready to move on," Lucca muttered, mimicking Benito. Yeah, well, as far as he was concerned, she deserved to feel his hand across her bare ass for not coming to him to have her needs met. If she wanted to try a threesome, she had to know Quade was there for her, too.

Lucca reached the table, seething, knowing all three people at it had been aware of his approach long before he got there. The men glanced up first and it was all he could do not to take a swing at them.

He wanted to knock the cocky expressions right off their faces, and their hands away from Kiera's. She looked up then, a blush staining her cheeks but not even a tiny hint of regret in her eyes.

"Let's go. I'm taking you home."

"I'm fine where I am," she said, meeting his gaze dead-on. "Tyce and Jake will make sure I get home. If you're worried, you can give me a call sometime tomorrow evening. I should be back by then."

He literally saw red. For a split second he thought his head just might explode.

"You don't need to outsource this, baby. You want to experiment, see if you might enjoy the same lifestyle Calista has, fine. I'll call Quade from the car and tell him we're on the way. Say goodbye and let's go. Now, Kiera."

He put an uncompromising edge of command in voice, the promise of punishment. She already had one spanking coming.

Christ, if Benito hadn't asked him to swing by The Red Zone...

Lucca's eyes narrowed. He wasn't a believer in coincidences.

He didn't bother looking around for Benito. He'd get the truth out of Kiera later.

"Let's go," he said again, mentally adding another tally mark to the number of swats her sweet ass was going to feel. If she wanted to embrace the lifestyle her cousin had, then she was going to learn that he didn't like having to tell her twice when it came to getting away from other men.

Kiera's panties were soaked. Desire hummed through her at the look in Lucca's eyes and the tone of his voice. Somehow she managed to get to her feet.

Lucca's fingers clamped around her upper arm. It might set him off further, but she couldn't just walk away from Tyce and Jake as if they didn't exist. She gave their hands a squeeze before extracting hers from their grips. "I'm sorry to abandon you. Lucca and I need to talk."

“Talk is always good,” Tyce teased, making the blush on her face deepen at how obvious it was that the kind of conversation Lucca had in mind was purely physical.

Jake’s smile came like slow molasses. “It’s a damn waste of time if you ask me. Maybe I should give you my number —”

“We’re out of here,” Lucca said, and with a none-too-subtle jerk had her away from the table and heading toward the door.

Kiera suspected if she looked back she’d get the thumbs-up from Tyce and a wink from Jake. It didn’t stop her from saying, “You’re acting like a caveman.”

“You haven’t seen anything yet.”

Lucca maneuvered her through the door and into the front seat of his truck with bristly possessiveness. He shut the door firmly and was next to her before she could do more than grasp the safety belt.

He took it from her hand and tugged the harness and lap belt across her body before snapping them into place with an aggressive click. “Just what the hell do you think you were doing in there?”

Her heart plummeted to her stomach with the sudden worry he’d changed his mind. “I thought it was obvious. I was on a date.”

She put her hand on the seatbelt buckle and his was immediately there, a hot restraint around her wrist. “I’m just about out of calm, cool and collected, Kiera.”

The comment was so ludicrous her eyes jerked to his and she laughed.

A muscle ticced in his cheek.

Kiera decided to go for broke. “If you didn’t mean what you said in there, about calling Quade and taking me to your apartment, then let me go. I’ve made up my mind about this, Lucca. At least once I’m going to see what it’s like being with two guys at the same time. Tonight’s the night. It can be with you and Quade, or with Jake and Tyce.”

Lucca jerked his cell phone from his belt and flipped it open, hitting a key and holding it to his mouth, his eyes never leaving hers.

Her pulse pounded at the base of her throat. Her channel clenched when she heard Quade answer.

“I’ve got Kiera with me,” Lucca said. “I’m bringing her home to fuck. She wants you there, too.”

## Chapter Three

Quade stared at the phone in his hand as if it were something alien. He rubbed the back of his neck, finally glancing at the bottle of Jack Daniels and mentally counting the number of shots he'd had since walking into the apartment.

Not drunk. Not even mellow.

He dropped the phone onto the counter and poured himself another shot, Lucca's words spinning around in his head like a top, only it wasn't child's play that had his cock rock-hard and banging at his zipper to get free.

Quade closed his eyes and tossed back the drink.

What the hell was going on? Not once, *ever*, had they talked about sharing her. It was a guilty fantasy he figured they'd both take to their graves.

She was Tripp's wife.

Widow now.

*Thanks to you.*

With his eyes still closed Quade reached for the bottle. But the smooth feel of glass didn't block the memories any better than the liquor it held did. That day was forever etched into his mind.

The three of them on their way back home after a white-water kayaking trip. Reliving the rapids, the thrills and spills.

Stopping for munchies because he was craving chips.

A call coming in just as he was getting out of the car.

Almost letting it go to voicemail, but after five days with the boys, he was in the mood to line up some female companionship.

Lucca going around to pump gas though there was plenty in the tank. A habit from Afghanistan. Or maybe from the Marines. *Be prepared.*

Tripp heading toward the store, joking about not needing to line up action because he had a wife waiting at home for him.

And the next moment...

Quade opened his eyes, trying to head off the rest of it.

He saw it anyway. In slow motion though it had been fast then, unstoppable.

The kid leaning against the counter inside.

Sixteen years old – he knew that now.

Jeans and a red shirt.

Caucasian.

Acne-faced.

Meth-head. He knew that now, too.

Tripp walking in. Cop practically written on his forehead from living and breathing it from the day he was born.

The kid panicking. Or high. Or jittery and desperate.

Putting a bullet in the clerk then opening fire on Tripp.

Quade's hand shook slightly as he poured another round of Jack though he didn't lift the drink to his mouth. He gutted out the rest of it without anesthesia. Relived those moments when he and Lucca got their weapons and went in, taking out the kid in a righteous kill.

Tripp was already gone by the time they got to him. The clerk was alive and they managed to keep her that way long enough for paramedics to arrive and take over.

*It should have been me going in to pick up the goddamn munchies. If only...*

Quade pushed the shot glass away from him. Some of the liquor sloshed onto the counter.

His eyes went to the phone. Lucca's words came back to slam him in the gut and bring him full circle.

What the hell was going on? Sure, they'd been planning to go out tonight, even thought it was a pretty sure bet they'd come across one of the badge-bunnies who liked taking them both on at once.

Since high school, when they'd been celebrating a football victory and ended up doing one of the cheerleaders together, he and Lucca liked sharing. He didn't know why. It was kink, same as getting off on the whole dominant-submissive thing. But to each his own and they'd always been careful no one got hurt.

Imagining sharing Kiera made his cock throb. His hand went to the front of his jeans.

He clamped down on his erection. Hard.

Pain ought to drive the thought of having her out of his mind, even if guilt couldn't.

It didn't.

It never did.

For the last six months it had been getting worse, a hell of a lot worse. To the point where the shots of Jack were lowering his inhibitions and leading to a lot of time jerking off to fantasies of Kiera that only amped up the need.

He remembered the day when he'd given her a hug and his feelings changed from a friend offering comfort to a man who wanted the woman in his arms as a lover. A shudder passed through him, imagining her on her knees, lips around his cock.

Quade gripped himself harder. It only made things worse, made him think about how tight she'd be with him inside her at the same time Lucca was.

Sweat broke out on his skin. He fought the urge to shed his shirt as he heard footsteps approaching. Better not to think beyond the moment. Better not to think at all, just go with this, wait until they got into the apartment and find out what the hell had led to Lucca bringing Kiera here.

Lucca opened the door and stepped back, letting Kiera enter before following her into the apartment and locking the door behind him. His eyes met Quade's before moving to the counter separating the living room from the narrow piece of real estate serving as a kitchen.

The bottle of Jack was sitting there along with a full shot glass. The drinking wasn't a problem. *Yet*. But if Quade didn't find another way to fight his demons, it would be.

There was no doubt in Lucca's mind about it. He'd seen enough men go down that road when he did his time in the Marine Corps, and in the years afterward when he worked as a gang unit cop.

His attention flipped back to Kiera and his blood heated up a few more degrees. She was the answer to what he wanted and he'd be willing to bet she was the fix Quade needed.

"Strip, Kiera," he told her. Hands going to his belt buckle. "And be quick about it. Quicker than it took you to say goodbye to those two guys you planned on hooking up with for the night."

His balls pulled up tight against his body and his cock jerked in reaction to the shiver of erotic fear he watched go through her. But the words had their intended effect on Quade, pulling him across the room so they had her between them as she kicked off high heels that begged a man to hike up her skirt and bend her over a table.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Quade asked, voice deep and gravely and not because of the whisky.

"You want to tell him, babe?" Lucca asked. "Or you want me to?"

He pulled the belt free with an aggressive tug and doubled it over, hardly aware of doing it until her eyes fastened on the leather and her tongue darted out.

Fuck! He'd intended for her to feel the sting of his hand against her tight little buttocks but she was practically begging to feel his belt instead.



He struck the palm of his hand with it and watched the color deepen in her cheeks. Not embarrassment, but excitement. Sexual anticipation.

Christ, he was in trouble. The way his cock was already screaming, having her hot little body draped across his lap was going to have him shooting his load on his own chest.

Her skirt dropped to the floor, making his eyes follow. She might as well have not bothered with panties at all.

At the sight of her bare pussy through the sheer material, he knew Quade had better snap out of being shell-shocked and get ready to take up the slack.

Fuck. He'd never guessed she'd be smooth between her thighs, hot and ready with nothing but skin for a man's lips and tongue to explore.

He was one thin strand of self-control away from going down on his knees and putting his mouth on her. If that happened, she'd know right from the start just how much power she had over him.

Lucca dragged his eyes away from her cunt and saw Quade struggling to do the same. But when the blouse joined the skirt on the floor, his attention snapped to her chest.

Goddamn but she had gorgeous breasts and the kind of nipples a man could suck all night long. There was no stopping his hand from going to the front of his jeans and opening them.

Hunger flashed in her face as his cock sprang free, dark and flushed, the tip already wet for her. He wrapped his hand around it, knowing it was the only way he was going to last until he was inside her.

Mouth. Pussy. Ass. He didn't care which one he fucked first because by morning, he was going to have all of them.

"I was with Benito, checking out a potential job," Lucca said, putting aside his suspicion about it being a set-up until later. "We walked into this club and there she

was, holding hands with a couple of guys who'd already undressed her with their eyes and were probably half an hour away from taking her home with them. You want to know what she told me?"

"What?" Quade said. He felt like a man who'd been standing too close to an ordinance when it blew. Or a drunk who'd boarded the wrong bus and half-way sobered up only to find he had no idea where he was.

God, Kiera was beautiful. She was a living, breathing wet dream waiting to happen. Only this was real, and she was standing there, looking and doing the things he'd fantasized about.

"She said 'At least once I'm going to see what it's like being with two guys at the same time. Tonight's the night.' And then she followed it by making it plain that it didn't matter to her whether it was with you and me, or those two ass-wipes I caught her with."

Lucca was breathing hard by the time he got the words out. Quade was breathing equally hard, so hard his chest ached.

It took him a few seconds to realize lack of air wasn't what made it feel like a fist was clamped down on his heart. Before he could stop himself, he took the two steps necessary to get him to Kiera.

Her perfume and the scent that was all her hit him like a baton driven into a perp's gut. The thought of her giving herself to strangers just about doubled him over.

"Why didn't you come to us first?" he asked, blaming the Jack for not being able to mask the pain in his voice.

Her eyes flew to his. She crossed her arms over her chest in a defensive gesture that had him wanting to hold her and tell her everything was going to be okay.

"I was afraid," she whispered. "Seeing what Calista has with Benito and Dante made me want to experiment. I knew you and Lucca shared, but I wasn't sure you'd do that with me. Or even if you'd want to."

Quade scrubbed his hands over his face. She knew about the kink.

Of course she did. Tripp had and why wouldn't he have shared it with her?

They didn't advertise the fact they got off on doing the same woman at the same time, didn't brag about it while knocking back brews with cop friends, but they didn't swear their partners to secrecy or try to hide it either.

Kiera stepped into him, sending a jolt of pure fire straight to his cock by laying both palms on his chest. He cupped her hips, smoothed up and down her sides and could barely believe he was touching her like this, feeling all that skin beneath his hands.

"I thought if Lucca saw me with Jake and Tyce, he'd call you. Then the two of you could decide whether or not you wanted to..."

She shrugged a delicate shoulder, drawing his attention to the miniscule bra strap. Despite Lucca's command to strip and do it quick, she seemed to have lost her nerve once she got down to what were little more than expensive pieces of cloth meant to push a guy over the edge.

"So you set us up."

Her chin firmed. She met his gaze boldly, the look in her eyes saying *I dare you* as her lips said, "I told Lucca the truth right before he called you. I want this, with the two of you. But if you don't want it, then I'll sleep with Jake and Tyce."

She gave a little jump at the sound of Lucca striking the belt against the leg of his jeans. Fear flashed through her expression, but it was the kind that made Quade's cock turn into a steel battering ram.

Quade glanced at Lucca. He didn't see surprise there, which probably meant Lucca guessed finding her at the club wasn't a coincidence. It explained the terse phone call.

Yeah. It explained what was going on. And the hell of it was, it didn't matter.

He couldn't care about how he was going to feel about this tomorrow morning. He couldn't worry about carrying more guilt than he already did because there was no way she was walking out of here tonight and getting this from some other guys.

There was no way he could keep himself from having her the way he'd been dreaming of for the last six months. But that didn't mean she could get away with playing them. She said she wanted this, well she was going to get it, *all of it*.

Another glance and Quade saw Lucca was skating on thin ice. It was one of the hardest things he had ever done but he made himself step back, away from the press of her palms to his chest.

He forced his hands off her and crossed his arms. "Take your bra and panties off, Kiera. Then get on your knees in front of Lucca. You owe him for pulling this stunt, and I want to see you suck his cock."

Kiera shivered. She was so turned on it would be a relief to go to her knees instead of melting into a puddle on the carpet.

The looks they were giving her, like it was all they could do to keep their hands and mouths off her, were sending wave after wave of heat through her. Her inner thighs were already wet, her cunt lips so swollen that as soon as she spread her legs they'd see her slit and know just how much she wanted them inside her.

Fingers. Tongue. Cock. It didn't matter, as long as it was Lucca and Quade and not the vibrator tucked in her underwear drawer.

She reached back and unclasped her bra, watched Quade as the straps fell. The muscles on his arms were rigid, his breathing rapid. She let the bra drop to the floor and couldn't stop herself from arching her back in both an offering and a silent plea for admiration.

Her channel spasmed and she pressed her thighs together. Her clit stood at attention, thrusting like a tiny penis against her panties. She wanted to touch it while they watched, to rub and tug and pump it between her fingers until one of them pinned her thighs open and pleased her with his mouth.

Her abdomen quivered as her fingers curled beneath the waistband of her panties at either hip. A whimper escaped when her eyes went to Lucca, taking in the carnal

expression, and lower, the belt doubled up and lying along his leg while his other hand fisted around his engorged cock.

She licked her lips and his fingers tightened in reaction. It sent a rush of feminine power through her, giving her the courage to push the panties off her hips, completely baring herself to them.

The looks on their faces told her how much they wanted her and she basked in the heat touching every inch of her skin as they caressed her with their eyes. Their gazes ravishing her, lingering on her flushed mound before moving upward.

Her nipples were hard, her breasts aching. She dared to cup them, to brush her thumbs back and forth over taut areolas.

Lucca struck the belt against his jeans in warning, in a demand that she obey Quade's command. But she went to her knees because she wanted to, because it excited her to be naked while they were still clothed, to pleasure Lucca as Quade watched.

*Fuck!* Lucca thought, his grip tightening into a stranglehold on his cock as Kiera's palms settled on his thighs and she looked up at him through long, thick eyelashes. *When did he lose control of this situation?*

The answer came on a low moan, with a thrust of hips as she took everything above his hand into her mouth and sent a streak of hot ice straight through his cock and up his spine. He'd never been in control of the situation. She'd pretty much called the shots from the moment she sat down at the table with those two jokers and waited for him to walk through the door and find her with them.

That was going to change. When he could think with his brain again. He'd take control then and show her just what being in a relationship with him meant. But now...

His breath escaped in a pant as her tongue rubbed over his shaft and her lips began working him. It was ecstasy and torture at the same time. Having her here with them like this, looking down and seeing creamy skin and the delicate length of her back, the rounded, smooth curve of an ass made to be worshipped, to have the cheeks parted so a man could take her there.

He thrust, and fought to keep from doing it again and again until he came. His balls were tight and heavy.

A glance away from her and he saw Quade was unzipped, hand around his cock, pumping in time to Kiera's sucking. He looked back down and said, "Spread your legs so Quade can see your wet little pussy."

She obeyed instantly and pleasure flooded him. "That's good, baby. That's how I like it, you doing what I tell you without fighting me on it. Now put your hand on my cock and take more of it in your mouth."

When her fingers touched the hand wrapped around his penis, he let go and grasped her hair. Stopped fighting the need to thrust as she sucked eagerly, taking him deep and fast.

It felt like a hot wire ran from his dick to his heart and the only thing keeping him standing was his hand in her hair. Christ. How had he survived without this? How had he survived without her?

"That's right, baby, you're being so good now," he praised. "It almost makes me forget about finding you with those two guys. Almost. As soon as I come, you'll get your punishment and we can move past what happened before I got you home."

## **Chapter Four**

Kiera's heart did a somersault in her chest, not just from Lucca's praise and the promise of discipline, but at his phrasing. She wanted *home* to be the place where the three of them lived.

She couldn't see Quade but she heard him position himself behind her. Felt his eyes on her, caressing her back and buttocks, staring at her cunt and making her burn.

She took the hand braced against Lucca's leg and put it between her thighs. Dipped her fingers into her slit and arched her back, wanting Quade to see her playing with herself.

The sharp sting of leather against her buttock made her jerk and swallow around Lucca's cock. "You don't get that kind of pleasure until we give you permission," he said, following the first strike up with another, on the opposite cheek.

She stopped touching herself. Whimpered as her cunt clenched and unclenched, needing to be filled.

Quade's hand cupped her mound and she began trembling, rubbing and pressing against him, silently pleading with him to thrust into her, to take her clit between his fingers.

"God you're beautiful, Kiera," he said, his voice rough and growly, his mouth close enough that his words were a hot caress across her ear. "You're so wet, so perfect."

He kissed along her shoulder and neck. "Everything about you begs a man to take care of you and see that all your needs are met. You should have told us what you wanted. You should have leveled with us so we wouldn't have to start the night by punishing you."

Her body cried out when Quade's lips and hand left her. "Now suck Lucca off so I can discipline you."

She obeyed, cupping Lucca's balls with fingers wet from her own juices. Weighed and stroked, fondled the heavy globes as her lips and tongue renewed their assault on him.

Memories slipped in, unbidden. Tripp had never ordered her to her knees or demanded oral sex, but he'd loved it when she took him in her mouth. And she'd loved doing it, loved hearing his moans of pleasure and seeing it on his face.

Kiera forced her eyes open, not wanting to pretend, not wanting to lose herself to the past. It was Lucca's face in the present, Lucca's cock, hot satin and masculine essence, she wanted in her future. It was Lucca's cry of release, his taste she needed now.

She sucked. Laved. Explored with her tongue and reveled in his tight expression, in his ragged breathing.

His eyes were slitted, though not enough to hide the feral heat and desperate need.

She took him harder, deeper. Swallowed and swallowed again. Finally making him lose control.

He came with a guttural cry. Pumped between her lips and emptied himself.

And still she sucked, loved him even as he grew softer in her mouth.

His hands clenched and unclenched in her hair, telegraphing raw pleasure, an ecstasy he didn't want to end.

With a curse he stepped back. "Nice try, baby. But you're not going to get out of your punishment that way. Where do you want her, Quade?"

"On my bed. On her back with her legs spread and her arms above her head, hands touching the headboard."

Lucca's eyes met hers. His fingers went to the buttons of his shirt and began undoing them. "You heard him, Kiera. Go to Quade's room. Now."

Kiera got to her feet and turned. A soft cry of need escaped at the sight of Quade holding his cock. She would have willingly gone to her knees and taken him into her



mouth, but the remembered burn of Lucca's belt against her buttocks and her desire for carnal discipline propelled her forward.

Each step was erotic torment, not just from the feel of their gazes on her and the sounds of their clothing being removed, but because her swollen labia made it a sensual journey. Her heart sped up as she entered Quade's room.

It was cluttered with athletic equipment. A row of sports trophies lined a wall shelf while others graced several bookcases, including ones she recognized from their college days. There were clipped newspaper articles, some displayed alone and others worked into a collage his sisters had made for him during his senior year.

His diploma from the police academy was framed. Next to it was a picture of the graduating class.

Kiera averted her eyes before she automatically sought out Tripp's face. She blocked her mind to the past as she had when she was on her knees, with Lucca's cock in her mouth.

It was Quade she wanted today. And tomorrow. And the day after.

Need coiled in her belly but it didn't prevent knots of anxiety from forming in her chest as she worried that in the short separation they would change their minds before this went any further.

She lay on the bed and spread her legs, her arms lifting. She hesitated. If they walked in and found her with her hand between her thighs, pleasuring herself, there'd be no chance of the past derailing the present as it had threatened to do to her. Seeing her touching herself would have the same effect as Lucca walking into The Red Zone and finding her with Tyce and Jake.

*No.*

This had to be their choice.

She didn't feel guilty about the plan concocted with Calista and Lyric. It'd seemed like the best way to break an impenetrable barrier. But for there to be any chance of a future together, Quade and Lucca had to make their own peace with the past.

Kiera stretched her arms above her head, fingers touching the light-colored wood of the headboard. A shiver went through her at how vulnerable it made her feel to lie on the bed like this, waiting, uncertain whether or not her men would come to her.

Quade stopped in the doorway. His heart thundered in his chest, pounding a throbbing beat through his cock at the sight of Kiera naked, lying on his bed and waiting for him there, all soft and submissive and utterly feminine.

The guilt would come later.

He'd deal with it then.

Now...

He needed this. Needed her like a junkie craved a fix.

He crossed to her, taking the near side, kneeling next to her while Lucca lay down on the opposite side, facing her.

God she was exquisite. On some level he'd always recognized it, always known it. But even during the last six months, when his feelings had changed and he let himself imagine her like this, he hadn't gotten the picture completely right.

The sight of her body kept short-circuiting his intentions. Not just breasts or cunt or ass, but everything, the entire package, inside and out.

He cupped her mound, rubbing his fingers over her clit and hot, wet folds. "I'm glad you obeyed," he said, loving the way her eyes clung to his and her hips lifted subtly, like a kitten being petted.

He couldn't tell her she'd been wrong to set them up. He and Lucca had both wanted this with her. He didn't know how long it would have taken for one of them to finally say something to the other. Or if they ever would.

That didn't mean she should get a free pass. Not when he could still remember the pain at hearing she was willing to go to somebody else for this.

He lifted his hand and brought it down on her mound in a punishing slap. She jerked and cried out, color blooming not just on her bare pussy but in her cheeks.

Her eyes darkened and her tongue darted out, wetting lips parted as if begging for a kiss, or a cock.

He struck again, changing the angle so her clit got the brunt of the spank.

Her hips lifted off the bed in a silent plea for more. Revealed how wet and ready she was.

Raw need twisted in Quade's gut at seeing her cunt reddened, slick with arousal from the sting of his spanks.

He had plenty of tenderness to give, too, but it turned him on to see how much she liked it rough and dirty.

He spanked her again. And again. Lust riding him like it never had with any other woman.

The desperate sounds spilling from her throat had his cock leaking and his balls pulled up tight with the need to come. Another spank and he couldn't ignore the siren call of her parted folds and sweet slit.

He moved between her open thighs, pushed them wider and pinned them to the mattress with his forearms. "You won't go anywhere else to get this," he told her, leaning down and pressing his mouth to her cunt.

At the first taste of her pussy, need crashed through him like a tidal wave. He was beyond foreplay, well past the point where he could go slow and make her beg.

He plunged his tongue into her and nearly came as her channel clamped down on him and her hips lifted so he fucked deeper. The hot, pulsing squeeze of her inner muscles had him lapping and thrusting like a sex-starved convict who'd spent years in solitary confinement.

His cock spasmed, jerked and left a wet trail across his belly. Somehow he found the strength to pull his tongue from her slit. She was so hot, her smooth skin heated in passion and from the spanking. He licked her swollen cunt, sucked before moving to her clit.

Lucca draped his arm across Kiera's wrists, trapping them against the mattress so she was held helpless as Quade ate her pussy. He leaned in, taking control of her mouth and thrusting into it with his tongue.

She tasted like him. But the whimpers he swallowed belonged to Quade.

It made the lust burn hotter, knowing that between them they were pleasuring her so thoroughly no other man would ever match up. She might think this was a sexual experiment. He had other ideas.

His tongue tangled with hers, rubbing and twining as he covered her breast with his free hand. She arched her back, pressed her hard nipple against his palm.

Jesus, she was so lush, so responsive. She was centerfold material, without the silicon or the tanning bed.

His fingers clamped onto a nipple, rolling and tugging. Squeezing. Giving her pain to go with the pleasure.

She began writhing, bucking and twisting, her entire world honed down to what he and Quade were doing to her.

He left her mouth and kissed his way to her breast, to a nipple that was big and dark and begging to be sucked. When his lips latched on to it, her whimpers turned into panted pleas, telling them how good it felt and begging them for more, pleading with them to make her come.

He gave her what she wanted. So did Quade.

Her breathing and movements grew more frantic. Making them work to hold her down and keep her helpless. Restraining her ratcheted up the pleasure for Lucca, coated his body in a fine sheen of sweat.

Kiera's cry of release was a balm to his soul, a song he'd hold in his heart forever. The way she lay soft and replete, trembling in the aftermath of ecstasy, poured satisfaction straight into his bloodstream.

Lucca knew he'd never let her go. Quade or no Quade, he intended to make this permanent with Kiera.

He didn't need to share her to be happy. Coming home to her at the end of the day would be enough.

They'd been through hell together. Now they deserved their time in heaven.

He lifted his face, holding the nipple, stretching it until it popped free. Rubbed his palm over it as he repositioned himself to look into Kiera's face.

Goddamn, he should have used the belt on her ass in the living room instead of letting Quade send her in here. He was rock-hard again. Hurting.

"You liked that, didn't you, baby?"

"Yes," she said, turning her head and managing to lift off the bed far enough to lick across his nipple and send a hot shot of lust straight to his cock.

He managed to pull away before her lips and teeth stripped away his control. "You still haven't learned your lesson, have you? You're not in control here, Kiera."

Dark eyelashes lowered provocatively. "I was just saying thank you."

Possessiveness ripped through him, the words setting him off whether it was intentional or not. Sounding like she was thanking him for a good time after casual sex.

Quade started sucking on her nipple and her back arched, the languid look giving way to a needy one.

Lucca leaned down so his mouth was just above hers. "Who do you want to fuck you, Kiera?"

"You and Quade. Just you and Quade."

"That's the right answer, baby."

He rewarded her with kisses. Making them long and deep, and not relinquishing her lips until Quade was there, ready to claim them.

Kiera moaned as Quade's mouth replaced Lucca's. She tried to free her arms so she could smooth her hands over Quade's back, but Lucca kept them pinned to the mattress.

She shouldn't need to come again so desperately, not after the mind-blowing orgasm she'd just experienced, but she did. Their cocks were hot steel against her flesh, wet satin and velvety softness. "Fuck me," she whispered against Quade's lips, needing to feel one of them inside her, filling an emptiness she'd lived with for two long years.

"Lucca's right. You still haven't learned who's in control here. But you will."

He thrust his tongue into her mouth, giving her a carnal taste of herself. One kiss slid into another as they used the weight of their thighs against hers to hold her open while their hands roamed.

Arousal gushed from her opening. They gathered it, painting her pussy with it, her clit and taut nipples, driving the hunger for completion higher, until tears of need streamed from the corners of her eyes.

Quade's lips gentled, lifted to ask, "Are you ready to behave now?"

"Yes."

He freed her mouth and began kissing the tears away. Lucca freed her wrists and she knew it was a test.

It was hard to leave her hands above her head, to remain still and quiet when she wanted to touch Quade and Lucca, wanted to tell them how much she needed them. Not just physically, but emotionally. Not just temporarily, but permanently.

"That's right, baby," Lucca said, sucking her earlobe before brushing the tears from her cheek with his lips. "You wait until we tell you how we want it."

His fingers claimed her nipple again, sending a sharp pulse of desire straight to her clit. Her thighs pressed hard against theirs, buttocks clenching and unclenching in the same rhythm as Lucca's squeezes and tugs.

She fisted the comforter in her hands to keep from moving without permission. But she couldn't prevent her eyes from going back and forth between them, silently pleading to be allowed to return their touches and kisses.

Denying Kiera was almost impossible for Lucca. There was nothing he wanted more than to have her mouth and hands on him, to have his cock shoved deep inside her.

He was a heartbeat away from breaking when Quade saved him from it, saying, "If you don't think she needs further punishment then I'm going to fuck her."

It was enough to give Lucca the strength to roll to his feet. "I'm not about to let her skate, not after seeing those two guys stripping her with their eyes and her sitting there holding their hands while they were doing it. Get on your knees, Kiera. Ass up in the air and elbows on the mattress."

He nearly reached for his cock as she obeyed by rolling to her stomach and then rising, all feminine curves and sultry allure, a heated sexuality that made his blood burn and his heart pound. There was no way he could resist stroking a hand over her buttocks any more than he could keep from saying, "Spread your legs, baby. I want to see your pussy."

He did curl his hand around his cock then. The sight of her swollen, darkened folds had one thought dominating—climbing onto the bed and mounting her like a stud on a mare.

Somehow he found the will to lift his hand from her ass and reach for the belt, doubling it over before picking it up. He raised his arm and brought it down across her buttocks, careful to keep his strength in check as he watched for her reaction to the pain.

She moaned, her hands gripping the bed cover and her luscious breasts pressed to the material. He lifted his arm again and delivered another strike, and then another.

He didn't bother asking if she was sorry for not coming straight to them to have her needs met. It didn't matter.

He suspected he'd end up punishing her for something every day. Hell, maybe he'd do it first thing every morning, as an insurance policy against misbehavior.

Five lashes with the belt would be enough for now, he decided, bringing it across her ass for the fourth time. He'd go easy on her, make this short and sweet since Quade had already spanked her cunt.

Lucca nearly laughed out loud, might have if he wasn't having trouble breathing. Who the fuck did he think he was kidding?

He'd make this short and sweet because he didn't want to spew his seed on her raised ass or on his own belly. He needed to come inside her. And he didn't intend to go in with a condom on.

She whimpered when the belt connected for the fifth time. Rocked back, embracing the pain mixed with pleasure as he caressed her, smoothing his hand over her reddened buttocks.

Christ. He couldn't take any more.

He dropped the belt to the floor and positioned himself behind her. His eyes met Quade's. "You want her mouth on you?"



## **Chapter Five**

It took a second for Quade to shake off the shock at seeing Lucca getting ready to go in without a condom, to move, touching the head of his cock to Kiera's mouth in answer after she'd shifted from her forearms onto her hands.

He panted when her lips parted and she stroked him with her tongue then retreated, leaving him no option but to slide into the wet heat of her mouth.

Sweat coated his skin as she sucked him. His heart felt like it was going to explode in his chest watching Lucca work his way into her slit.

Even in high school, when they were drunk, disorderly and horny, neither of them had *ever* fucked without being suited up. That hadn't changed. Until now.

Quade closed his eyes and tried to shut off his brain in favor of just feeling. He burrowed his fingers in Kiera's hair.

God he loved her. But going public and having everyone know she was with Lucca and him like this. Having her family find out about it. And Tripp's—

Guilt slammed into him. He nearly pulled out of her mouth, might have if she hadn't sucked him hard, sending scorching heat from his cock to his head just as Lucca said, "You feel so good, baby, so hot and tight. You're making me work for every inch, the same way Quade is going to have to work when I'm filling your ass and we take you together."

Quade gave up fighting it. Just like he'd given up when she stepped into the apartment and Lucca ordered her to strip.

The sweet suction of her mouth and carnal lash of her tongue had him crying out, pumping and panting and wondering if he'd last long enough to slide his cock between her cunt lips before he came for the first time.

The hand tangled in her long hair cupped her breast, trapping the silky strands against equally smooth flesh. He was dying to feel her arms and legs around him, holding him tight.

*As soon as Lucca's done*, he promised himself. As soon as Lucca came the sex games would be over and he was going to put Kiera on her back beneath him and join his body to hers. He was going to stare into her eyes as he made love to her for the first time.

Lucca's heart thundered and his lungs labored. Christ, she was small and tight, and even dripping wet she was killing him inch by inch. Getting all the way inside her was like trying to cram an eighteen-wheeler into a space meant for a sports car.

He'd always liked sex, always known it would be better without a condom but...

Jesus. Going in like this, with Kiera, was enough to reduce him to crying and begging if that's what it took to get it again.

The feel of her channel, slick and clinging and scorching hot, was enough to blow his mind. He'd be lucky to manage a dozen strokes before losing it completely.

Watching her take Quade in and out of her mouth wasn't helping his control any. Son of bitch, he loved her. He wanted to tell her, to say the words against her silky back then say them again with his lips pressed to hers.

*Later.* He'd do it later. He didn't fool himself into thinking Quade was going to make this easy on any of them, no matter how right it felt having Kiera with them like this.

He closed his eyes as the last inch of cock was finally snugged hot and tight in her sweet slit. He wanted to savor the moment, burn it into his memory forever so he could pull it out and relive it when the job took him out of town and he was lying in an empty hotel bed.

He lasted a couple of breaths before the squeeze and release, the ripple of her channel made his hips jerk. There was no way he could stay still, not when she was

rocking subtly, begging with her body for him to pull out and shove himself in again, and again, and again.

He stroked her buttocks, her belly, her cunt. Petting her, demanding everything she had to give as he fucked her because it was taking everything he had not say, “You win, baby. You’re always going to win when it comes to my cock.”

Sensation bombarded Kiera. Decadent and wild. Shattering and heart-stoppingly intense.

It’d been so long. And it had never been like this.

She felt like she’d been broken apart, then put together again, changed so that only this would ever satisfy her, only them. She felt full, not just of cock, but of satisfaction, at being able to give pleasure as well as receive it.

Their rapid breathing told her how much they liked fucking her. The way they trembled, their skin slick from holding back, their hands roaming, touching, trying to be gentle even as their hips bucked and steel-hard penises pushed in and out of her mouth and slit.

It felt good. So good. She’d never get enough of them.

She soared on hope, thinking it had to mean something—even if it was unconscious on Lucca’s part—that he hadn’t asked about birth control.

Her channel spasmed, tightening around his hot length. He took her clit between his fingers. Punishing her. Rewarding her. The difference between the two was indistinguishable.

She swallowed around Quade’s cock. Sucking harder, faster. Made a sound of protest when he pulled from her mouth.

“I’m too close, Kiera,” he said, his voice husky and strained. “I want to be face-to-face, deep inside you before I come.”

The sight of him holding himself, fingers clamped like a vise, sent a thrill through her. His words added to her hope, swelled her heart with the promise of intimacy.

"I want that, too," she managed, and then Lucca ended all ability to think or speak, using his talented hands and thick cock to narrow her focus so the only thing that mattered was climbing, cresting, crying out in release.

Her pleasure was heightened by the rapid-fire pistoning of his hips, the guttural moan and hot splash of his semen deep inside her, by the tightening of his arms around her and the feverish kisses he pressed to her neck and shoulders after collapsing and taking her down to the mattress with him.

Lucca grunted when Quade's hand pushed between them, pulling her free and placing her on her back. Despite the hum of orgasm still vibrating through her, Kiera opened her arms and legs for Quade.

Her heart had been open for months, ready to embrace him as lover as well as friend. She welcomed Quade's heat and weight, combed her fingers through his short hair before trailing them down his back.

His eyes met hers as he guided himself into her. She nearly wept at the tenderness in his expression, the need and desire. He leaned down, touched his mouth to hers and the feel of his body joined to hers, so much of his skin against hers, made her want to close her eyes and lose herself completely to the promise of having this always.

*I love you* hovered on her lips but she didn't say it out loud for fear of forcing a confrontation between reality and fantasy. Instead she wrapped the words in the language of passion, in touch and primal rhythm, in kisses that merged, one into another as he moved inside her.

Emotion thundered through Quade. It was all tied up with the incredible feeling of Kiera beneath him, holding him tightly to her, clamping down on his cock and milking him of everything he had to give.

He'd been primed for six months. Hell, the truth was, he'd needed this a lot longer.

It took every ounce of self-control not to get to the finish line before her. He changed the angle once, then again, turning her kisses into breathy cries and finally a

shuddering release that had his hips jerking and his cock spasming in wave after wave of ecstasy.

He lay on top of her for long moments, just savoring the incredible softness and luscious curves beneath him, the way her fingers played with the damp hair against his nape.

"This is nice," she whispered and he opened his eyes to meet hers.

"For the two of you, maybe," Lucca grumbled, "but the boys are starting to feel cold and lonely at being on the sidelines."

Kiera's laugh made Quade smile. He rolled them to their sides but there was no way he could bear to lose the skin-to-skin contact.

Lucca positioned himself against Kiera's back. She wriggled, pressing her buttocks against his groin.

"Careful, baby, or you're going to get it in the ass sooner rather than later."

Heat rose in Kiera's cheeks thinking about the plug she'd purchased after a girl's night at Lyric's house, and a losing hand of poker had led to a tell-all talk about anal sex. She wondered what Quade and Lucca would think if she admitted to doing some "prep work" as Lyric jokingly called it.

Would it turn them on? Or remind them that she'd manipulated them into this?

Doubt tried to creep in and steal the joy she felt at being cocooned between them. She did her best to block it from her thoughts.

*No regrets*, she reminded herself. There was no going back, only forward.

She wriggled again, this time so she could lie on her back and see them both. They accommodated her, remaining on their sides, their thighs draped over hers, their hands cupping her breasts, idly toying with her nipples before smoothing over her belly and mound.

Silence descended, but it was comfortable, like a blanket. Contentment settled into her.

The places in her heart and soul that had felt frozen since losing Tripp were gone, melted by renewed hope for the future and the heat pouring off the men on either side of her.

Kiera reached up and tangled her hand in the strands of Lucca's black hair, drawing him down for a languid, slow kiss. She did the same with Quade, bringing his lips to hers with the soft caress of her fingertips against his jaw, alternating between the two of them as the light streaming into the room dimmed, the day moving closer to sunset.

Desire began coiling in her belly again. Brought to life by their touches to her breasts and clit and cunt, by the feel of their cocks hardening against her, and by the memory of what Lucca had said earlier, about filling her ass and making Quade fight to work his way into her slit.

Her eyes went to Lucca's. They were dark and hungry, no longer sated.

"You interested in a quick shower?" he asked.

"I'd like that."

He rolled from the bed, tugging her after him. On the other side, Quade got to his feet.

Kiera couldn't stop herself from admiring the view. He was in great shape, from the shoulders and back all the way down to the nice ass and thighs he'd gained from playing sports instead of spending hours working out.

He turned on a light and it reflected off the trophies like a domino-effect, drawing her to the photograph taken on the day he and Tripp graduated from the police academy. Unlike when she'd entered the room, this time she let her eyes find Tripp's face before looking at Quade again.

It felt right to be with him like this. Happiness filled her. Anticipation. They warmed her in a starburst flash of joy, only to turn into an icy chill when she noticed how self-contained and rigid Quade suddenly seemed.

He reached down, snagged a pair of sweats and pulled them on. Without turning around, he said, "You probably need to get back home to take care of your dogs. I'll drive you. Or Lucca can."

A chasm opened in Kiera's soul as a wall of pain closed around her heart, tightening until she could barely breathe. A lump formed in her throat, blocking any response.

Brittle silence filled the room. She fought against tears, Lucca's lack of response telling her he agreed with Quade, or worse, only wanted her if Quade did.

It took every ounce of courage and confidence she possessed not to reach for the comforter and cover her nakedness with it. Words were beyond her. For now. For tonight. Tomorrow...

Maybe they'd be beyond her then, too. But eventually she'd know what to say to them, how to act toward them. Or maybe they'd all pretend this never happened.

Her throat burned as she suppressed her tears. "I'll take a shower when I get home," she said, leaving the bedroom and forcing herself to walk rather than run to where her clothes lay on the carpet like discarded wrapping paper.

Lucca rubbed a hand over his heart. Son of a bitch, he'd seen the instant things were getting ready to go to hell but there hadn't been a damn thing he could do about it.

There were times, and this was one of them, when he'd like to use a baton and put Quade out of his misery. Christ.

He moved around the bed, glancing at the photograph of the police academy graduating class as he did it. At least he wasn't carrying around that piece of baggage. Or the one that came from going to college with Tripp.

It was obvious to him that Kiera was ready to move on with her life. He didn't intend to let her do it without him.

"I'll drive her home," he said when as he got close to Quade. "Don't expect me back anytime soon."

He wanted to say more. Hell, he would have loved saying it with his fists.

Time prevented him. And the knowledge Kiera was hurting.

"Fuckhead," he muttered, stomping out of the room and over to where he'd dropped his clothes on the floor next to hers.

The sight of her averted face and tiny tremors just about did him in. He pulled her into his arms, holding her tight and rubbing his cheek against hers. "No regrets, baby. No regrets. Let me put my jeans on and we'll go to your place."

He'd declare his intentions there, surrounded by the past, so she'd know he could handle it, could let it go even as he accepted that Tripp's life and death had ultimately led to them being together. He'd tell her just how much he loved and needed her, and she'd damn well better tell him the same thing.

And Quade... Quade needed to make his choice and live with it.

Lucca pressed a quick, tender kiss to Kiera's lips then released her to snag his jeans. He pulled them on, zipping up over a cock he intended to use to drive home his various points. He hoped she'd satisfied her curiosity about being with two guys, because unless Quade came to his senses, this was her one and only shot at it.

Quade emerged from the bedroom. "I'm going with you."

Lucca bit off a curse at seeing Quade's gaze shift to the Jack. "Suit yourself."

"It's okay if you don't," Kiera said, her voice barely a whisper. "I'll understand."

Lucca heard the pain threaded through her words and his hands curled into fists. If he wasn't intent on getting her home so he could get things straight with her, he'd take a few minutes to pound on Quade.

"Let's go," he said, putting an arm around Kiera and ushering her out of the apartment.

Quade took a step in the direction of the counter and the liquid solace sitting on it, then checked himself.



*Fuckhead.* Yeah, Lucca had that one right. He was well and truly head-fucked at the moment and a shot of Jack wasn't going to make things clearer.

He scrubbed his hands over his face. *God, what was wrong with him?*

No answer came, only the knowledge he couldn't let the evening end this way.

He grabbed his keys and caught up to Lucca and Kiera. Neither of them spoke as they got into his car.

He was glad for the silence even if it was laden with pain and anger and confusion. Glad to have the steering wheel to wrap his hands around while he wrestled with the chaos in his head.

It was killing him not to put his arm around Kiera, to say he was sorry for —

What?

Being alive when Tripp was dead?

For not being gone when Lucca got back to the apartment with her? Because that's the only way he would have been able to resist the temptation of having her the way he'd been fantasizing about for months.

For making love to her?

His cock begin to harden at the remembered feel of her mouth on it, at reliving the moment when he'd pushed into her hot, welcoming body and felt like he was coming home.

One minute he'd been riding high, thinking about soaping up his hands and touching every inch of her skin and the next he'd turned on the light and been reminded of graduation day at the academy. Of Kiera walking in with her family, and Tripp turning toward him, joking about the upcoming wedding, saying maybe Quade would fall for one of Kiera's cousin and it would cure him of the kink.

Guilt at being with Kiera had slammed into him, so hard and fast and painful it felt like his heart was being ripped from his chest. He'd reacted like some low-life loser trying to get away from the scene of his crime. Only how was this better?

He braved a sideways glance at Kiera sitting tense and quiet, fighting tears, her hands clasped in her lap with one of Lucca's covering them. Lucca wasn't going to let her go. He'd known that the instant he saw Lucca going in unprotected. And then he hadn't stopped himself from doing the same thing. Didn't ask about birth control.

Emotion rolled through him at the thought of her getting pregnant. Not regret, but realization, and with it disgust. *Coward.*

He'd marry her in a heartbeat. Part of him would actually welcome being backed into a corner so he could tell himself he was doing the honorable thing, when the truth was he was doing what he wanted to, despite what Tripp would say about it if he were still alive.

Quade pulled into a parking spot in front of Kiera's apartment and cut the engine. Lucca opened the passenger door and got out.

Kiera slid out after him. "I can make it by myself from here."

"Not a chance," Lucca said, reaching around her, shutting the door, shutting Quade in.

His heart felt like it belonged to a caged, panicked animal as he watched them walk away from the car. Pain seized him at the thought of always being on the outside looking in. Or worse, having a chasm grow between them because he'd made one choice and they'd made another.

He needed to move on the way Kiera and Lucca were ready to do. Either that or be left behind to slowly drown himself in whisky and regrets.

Quade left the car and caught up, wishing he dared place a possessive hand on her back the way Lucca did. But after what happened in his bedroom, he couldn't risk hurting her further by pulling away the moment he stepped into the apartment she'd shared with Tripp. He had to know he could handle this better than he had earlier.

At the door she fumbled with the key and finally got it inserted. The lack of barking made it obvious the dogs weren't home.

Lucca filled the quiet with muttered curses. *Fuckhead* and *asshole* interspersed freely among them.

Kiera unlocked the door and opened it. "We can say goodbye here. You don't have to come in."

Lucca reached out and pushed the door wider. "Get inside, baby. We need to get some things straight. One more attempt to get rid of me and you're going to feel my hand against your sweet ass."

A spike of lust shot through Quade as the image of his hand coming down on Kiera's bare pussy flashed into his brain along with the remembered feel of her wet, slick juices against his fingers.

She stepped into the apartment. Lucca followed.

Quade entered last.

His eyes went to the mantle and the collection of pictures, finding the duplicate of the one he had in his room, then moving to a wedding picture where he stood as Tripp's best man, and finally settling on the only photo there with the four of them together.

His heart thundered in his chest. In the chaos of emotion and memory, he'd expected a fist to the gut. To see condemnation in Tripp's face, as if Tripp could look out of the photographs and tell him to stay the hell away from Kiera with the kink. He'd expected to be driven to his knees by guilt and regret, crushed by it like trash underneath a boot heel, for giving into the need to make love to her. But all he found was a truth that had always existed.

There were no do-overs and nothing was going to change that or rewrite the past. Not slowly killing himself with the booze and guilt. Not denying his needs and turning his back on what he could have with Kiera.

He wasn't Tripp. But that didn't mean he didn't love Kiera every bit as much. Or that he and Lucca were offering her less. They'd cherish and take care of her—sexually,

emotionally, physically—in every way a man could be there for the woman who was everything to him.

Quade pulled her into a hug. “I’m sorry for hurting you,” he said against the silky mass of her hair. “I can’t promise it won’t happen again. I’m not where you and Lucca are yet. But I can promise to keep working my way there. I love you, Kiera.”

Kiera’s heart filled with tenderness. She wrapped her arms around his waist and held him tight. “We’ll make this work.”

“I want forever with you. A house where we can make new memories, kids. All of it.”

“And Lucca?”

Quade leaned back far enough to meet her gaze. “I don’t need to share you to be happy, *never* think that. But as long as he stays on his side of the bed or on you, then yeah, *and Lucca*.”

“I’d like to keep you both,” she said, her spirit lifting and soaring.

Lucca’s hands settled on her hips and his lips brushed kisses against her ear before taking the lobe and biting down on it. “I’m glad we’re all in agreement here because you’re not getting rid of me. Ever. I love you more than I’ve ever loved anyone or anything in my life, Kiera. Solo or with Quade, you’re the only woman I want.”

Tears born of pain escaped in joy. “I love you both so much.”

Lucca’s hand slipped under her skirt, smoothed over her ass and sent heat flaring through buttocks still tender from the punishment he’d delivered. Desire flooded into her, accompanying the need for physical intimacy, and sending arousal sliding from her channel.

His fingers burrowed into her panties, going straight to her slit. “You’re wet for us, baby. Tell us what you want.”

“Both of you inside me at the same time.”

Lucca's low laugh made her labia swell and part. "I'm up for it. What about you, Quade?"

Quade took Kiera's hand and carried it to the thick bulge at the front of his sweats. "What do you think?"

She shivered, not just in anticipation of making love now, but of loving them for a lifetime. "I think you're ready. I think we all are."

## About the Author

Jory has been writing since childhood and has never outgrown being a daydreamer. When she's not hunched over her computer, lost in the muse and conjuring up new heroes and heroines, she can usually be found reading, riding her horses or hiking with her dogs.

Jory welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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