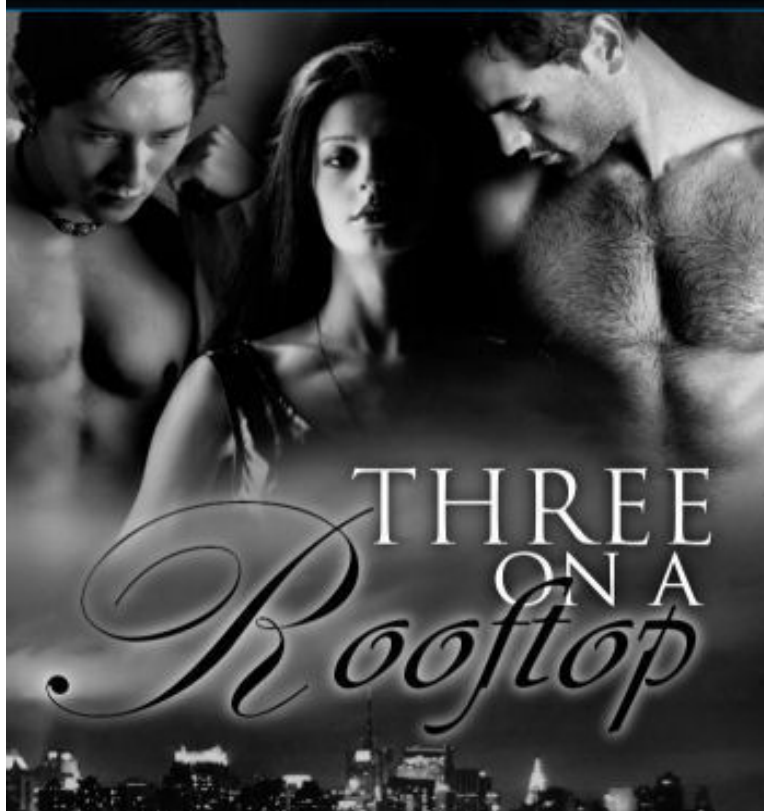


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Gail Roarke



Three on a Rooftop

By

Gail Roarke

Three on a Rooftop by Gail Roarke

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Three on a Rooftop

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Dedication

To my lovely and talented partner, my first reader and cheerleader, whose love and support have given me the opportunity to pursue my dreams.

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Leah's last scheduled event at Erie-Con this evening was a reading of her most recent short story, *Bad Touch*. It ran from eight to nine pm. Afterward, she spent a few minutes signing copies of her novels and answering questions from a few of the folks who'd attended the reading. By the time she'd shaken off the most persistent, she was more than ready to leave the hotel.

I have got to get out of here.

She loved fandom, and she loved conventions—especially now that she could write them off as legitimate business expenses—but it wasn't all roses. Her schedule today had been packed with panel appearances. She'd barely had time to grab lunch and never did get dinner. Tomorrow promised to be just as busy. She'd have to talk to the con com about leaving more free time in her schedule.

Leah's stomach rumbled, but she ignored it. She could eat later. Right now she wanted to get out. The elevators in this hotel were painfully slow to arrive, and twice she had to wait anyhow because it arrived full of other con-goers. But eventually she made it to the eleventh floor.

After dealing with crowds all day, the silent emptiness of her hotel room was a blessed relief. Leah dropped her bag on the desk and then stretched out on the bed for a moment, enjoying the solitude. Not that she'd expected to be alone, but her best friend Rachel had had to cancel her attendance at the last minute, leaving Leah with a room to herself.

A flicker of light outside caught Leah's attention. She got up and pushed the gauzy curtains aside. The sky over Chicago was low and

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heavy, with lightning flashing in the distance. It looked as if a thunderstorm was about to descend on the city.

Leah smiled. She loved thunderstorms. She chewed on her lip indecisively for a moment, then turned away from the window. Why the hell not? She dug her Iron Maiden costume out of the large canvas duffel by the bed, then stripped.

She pulled on the tights, leather miniskirt, tank top, boots, and coachman's cloak with the speed of long practice. The mask she didn't put on—not yet. She shut off the lights and only then opened the sliding glass door to the tiny balcony.

Traffic sounds drifted up from far below, accompanied by the faint rumble of the approaching storm. The air smelled of the coming storm as well. She looked around carefully; none of the balconies she could see were occupied and most of the rooms were dark. Now she donned the mask.

She launched herself from the balcony, climbing fast. In moments she was well above the skyline. She slowed to a halt, hovering high over the city. The city was beautiful from this vantage point, as most cities were. Nearly silent, ablaze with lights strung in abstract patterns that only hinted at the complexity of the machine below.

It didn't look like a wretched hive of scum and villainy from up here. She knew Chicago's reputation, of course. It was one of the reasons she'd come to Erie-Con. She was thinking of writing a mystery for her next novel, and the city seemed like an ideal background for it. She could do some research, see the sights and talk to some locals to add authenticity to the story.

Leah took a moment to set a waypoint in the GPS unit strapped to her wrist so she could find the hotel again. It was always embarrassing to have to land and ask for directions or fly low enough to follow street signs in a strange city. Then she began flying over the city, changing direction on a whim, investigating any sights that caught her interest.

The thunderstorm continued its advance, arriving at last as a shimmering curtain of rain. She plunged into it and was soaked within moments. The rain was falling in blinding sheets, illuminated by frequent

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jagged bursts of lightning, close enough sometimes to make the fine hairs on her arms stand up. She felt the force of thunderclaps roll through her body. She loved it all.

She swooped and soared through the falling rain, reveling in the freedom of flight. She looped through the air, did barrel rolls and other maneuvers, sometimes driving straight up at speed before letting gravity slow her to a halt and pull her earthward again. During one such dive, Leah flashed past a figure on a rooftop of a high-rise building. A man—dancing.

Leah pulled out of her dive, arcing low over traffic and then back up into the night sky, retracing her path. Yes, there he was. An athletic Asian man dancing on the ledge that surrounded the rooftop. He had short, dark hair plastered to his skull by the rain. He was wearing black kung fu-style pants with white trim. His feet and upper body were bare.

And what an upper body it was. He looked as if he were carved out of wood. Muscles bunched and relaxed smoothly beneath his skin, and he moved as though his hips were on ball bearings. Strength and grace all in one very attractive package.

If he'd noticed Leah, he gave no sign of it. He continued his free form dance with no hint of self-consciousness. Leah drifted closer, wondering who he was and why he was dancing here and now. One slip and he'd fall to his death. Was he suicidal? High? Crazy?

Leah really didn't want to have to deal with someone like that now. But it wasn't as if she had a choice. If she didn't, who would? Leah drifted closer still. The man moved with remarkable grace and fluidity.

"I'm not a jumper," the man said, never pausing in his dance. He had to shout to make himself heard over the torrential downpour.

"That's good, then," Leah replied. She alighted on the ledge a few yards from the man. "Why are you here?"

"I love a rainy night." Dancing closer, he spared a glance for Leah. "I know you," he added.

"Yeah?" Leah asked.

"Yes," the man said, moving closer still, facing Leah now. If he had any concern for falling, it didn't show in his movements or his face. He

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looked Leah up and down. "You're Iron Maiden. You're far from home, aren't you?"

"I am," Leah agreed. "And who are you?"

"I am Jiang Wu," the man said, dancing up into Leah's personal space.

Jiang Wu. Leah knew that name. It had come up when she'd Googled Chicago. There were lots of rumors about him but not a lot of solid information, though he seemed to be on the side of the angels. Very few pictures either, though this man did seem to match Jiang's reported appearance. He was reputed to be a martial artist, or maybe a sorcerer, but definitely capable of the sorts of feats usually confined to over-the-top kung fu films, swift and dangerous but overall a good guy. He was often seen in the company of another Chicago legend, The Dark.

Jiang continued dancing to unheard music while Leah studied him. He reached out and took Leah's hands, swinging her into his arms. "Please, dance with me," he urged her.

Leah remained still for a moment, then shrugged and started dancing with the man. He grinned, clearly pleased by Leah's cooperation. They moved back and forth on the narrow ledge, his free form dance segueing into something more formal.

He pressed close to Leah, took her left hand in his right and wrapped his other arm around her waist. "Do you tango?" he asked.

"Uh, actually...no," Leah said.

He shrugged faintly. "Eh, neither do I. We'll just have to fake it."

And so they did, a little clumsily at first, but with increasing grace. They stalked first one way along the narrow ledge, then turned and stalked the other. Leah yelped when he abruptly dipped her. For an instant, she hung suspended over the precipice by his grip, shielded from the rain only by his face inches from her own.

Leah saw the moment when he considered closing the gap and kissing her. Before Leah could decide whether she'd welcome it, he seemed to sense her indecision. He abruptly jerked her upright. She felt his hard-on pressing against her. She held his gaze for a moment, saw the flickering glance he gave to her left, toward the high rise across the street.

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Leah's nod was almost imperceptible. He pulled her tight against his body once more as they turned to press their cheeks together. He stepped out into thin air. She stepped with him—and they danced on the void in the falling rain to the music of thunder.

It was a surreal experience, and one she wouldn't have missed for the world. They danced until the thunderstorm had moved on. Now they stood on the ledge again with bodies pressed together and watched the curtain of rain recede to the west, flickering and grumbling in the distance. The city smelled of the rain and of ozone, and gleamed like new.

"It looks beautiful after a rain," Leah said, looking down at the city. They were the first words either had spoken in half an hour. She was breathing deeply and felt a little flushed, not from exertion but from excitement. There was tension in the air that had nothing to do with the storm just past.

"You can't see the warts from this height," he replied. "But trust me, they're there."

She could hear the weight of experience in his voice. Leah thought about her own childhood experiences with violence and crime. Here was someone, she suspected, who knew the things she knew, the same way she knew them. It was a rare feeling.

She looked at him until he met her eyes. "I know," she said. "All the more reason to enjoy the good things in life whenever you get the chance, don't you think?"

"Hell, yes," he said. She didn't know which of them moved first, or if they acted in unison. His mouth was warm and soft and hungry for her, but no more so than hers was for him. She ran her hands across his rain slick skin, marveling at the softness of it and the way hard muscle played beneath it.

Leah wanted to feel that skin against her body, wanted it desperately, and there was too much fabric between them. Without breaking their kiss, she reached up with one hand to lift her mask off and discard it. She fumbled with the clasp of her cloak, then tossed the mass of fabric aside. His hands tugged at her tank top, slipped beneath and grazed her sides as he pushed it up to bunch beneath her arms.

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She broke their frantic kiss, gasping for air, and raised her arms long enough for him to peel the tank top away. She took two quick steps backward, and they looked at one another across that space. His gaze roamed her body, and he drew a long, slow breath as if the air had grown thick with the force of the energy between them. His silk pants, soaked by the rain and clinging, did absolutely nothing to hide his arousal.

She unzipped her leather skirt with deliberate speed, watching as he stripped out of his sodden pants. His whole body was of a piece, smooth skin over muscles that bunched and relaxed with obvious power. He was perfectly proportioned. His cock, pointing skyward, fitted him perfectly. It, too, looked perfectly proportioned and filled with promise.

Her miniskirt fell away. Before it touched the rooftop the world blurred, and steadied in a new configuration. Leah was pinned between Jiang's body and the concrete wall of the rooftop stairwell exit. He stood between her legs, her weight supported by his hands on her ass. Her hard nipples brushed his chest with every breath they took. His cock pressed against her, separated from her only by the fabric of her tights.

She grabbed a double handful of *his* ass and pulled him hard against her, groaning at the delightful pressure. Jiang's eyelids fluttered, and he made a soft moan of pleasure. She laughed and wiggled lasciviously, provoking another delightful noise. His hands tightened on her ass. She felt one hand shift, fingertips dancing between her legs for a moment before closing on a fistful of nylon and tearing a hole in the crotch of her tights. He lifted her with both hands again, drawing the length of his cock along her labia until only the tip touched her, nestled between her lips.

She gave him a smug grin. "What're you waiting for? An engraved invi—"

He abruptly relaxed his hold on her, letting her own weight drag her down his length, impaling her. She drew in a loud breath, thrilled by the feel of his hard flesh parting hers. Her toes curled and she dug her fingers into his ass, pulling him closer, wanting him deeper, much deeper.

His buttocks relaxed beneath her fingers, then flexed as he pulled back then thrust himself into her. She gasped, then grinned at him,

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wrapping her arms around his torso and pulling him hard against her body. "Oh yeah," she breathed into his ear. "More like that."

"As you wish," he replied equally softly, with a firm thrust to punctuate each word. She laughed, delighted, then gasped again when he nipped at her earlobe. The sharp sensation sent a chill through her body. She felt his smile against her skin as he nuzzled her neck. His hips moved with a steady, relentless rhythm, sending waves of pleasure through her body.

She slid one hand up to comb her fingers through his hair. She turned his head with a gentle pressure and took his mouth with hers, her thrusting tongue echoing his penetration of her. She felt his panting breaths against her cheek, steady but deeper and faster now as he worked at pleasing her. She clenched her vaginal muscles, claspng him tightly. His rhythm faltered for a moment, a moan of pleasure vibrating through their joined mouths.

He resumed his efforts, fucking her with increased urgency. She continued squeezing him, heightening the slippery friction every time he pulled out. He was breathing harder, his skin slippery. He plunged into her faster and faster, with growing desperation, losing his rhythm. She felt herself floating, buoyed on a rising tide of pleasure, rising toward climax.

He leaned against her, pinning her to the wall, his hips moving with fierce speed. His whole body was taut now, trembling on the edge of control. Her legs were rigid and trembling with the unbearable tension, booted feet bobbing behind his back with every thrust of his hips. She arched her back, breaking the kiss and dragging in a huge lungful of air—only to lose it again in a wailing cry of ecstasy. She convulsed helplessly against Jiang's body, lost in the pleasure. It rolled through her body in waves, slopping over and dissolving her self-control. She slapped her hands against the wall at her back, felt cinder blocks give way beneath her clawing fingers, a safer target for her strength than the man giving her such pleasure.

As she relaxed, her orgasm fading, she felt him reach his own climax, slamming himself into her with all his strength, impaling her as deeply as possible once, twice more before he groaned and shuddered in

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ecstasy. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him close. She felt his cock spasm inside her, the hot jets of semen filling her.

All too soon it was over. She remained pinned against the wall by Jiang's weight against her, her legs wrapped around his hips. She kissed him again, repeatedly, kisses interrupted by their mutual need to gasp for air. She caressed him everywhere she could reach. They continued exchanging kisses as their breathing returned to normal.

"Well," she said between gasps. "That was fun."

"Yes." Gasp. "It was."

She unhooked her ankles and stood, taking her weight on her own feet again. Jiang shifted to accommodate her. Freed of the need to support her weight, he too caressed and stroked his new lover in contented silence. They continued the intimate embrace until she felt Jiang's softening cock slip free, and the inevitable trickle of fluid that followed.

She pulled away then. She removed her boots, then peeled off her ruined tights to blot the worst of the mess with the wadded fabric. She glanced at Jiang as she did, feeling faintly embarrassed. Taking care of this mundane task under his gaze felt somehow far more intimate than the sex itself. He politely averted his eyes.

Leah's stomach growled loudly.

Jiang looked at her. "Someone's hungry."

She smiled lopsidedly, more embarrassed still. "Yeah," she said.

"You like Chinese?" he asked.

She just looked at him. "You know I do."

"Food," he said with a pleased smile. "Chinese food."

"Yes."

"Great," he said. He collected the pieces of her costume and offered them to her. "Get dressed. I know just the place."

He had only his pants to pull on. He waited while she dressed hastily, pulling on her sodden cloak and mask with reluctance. When she was ready, he leaped to a rooftop across the street. She took to the air, following him as he bounded from one rooftop to another for several blocks. His last leap took him down to the streets of Chinatown. She followed.

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The streets were crowded with pedestrians now that the rain had passed. They drew curious looks as they walked but no one approached them. Jiang led Leah to a nondescript building from which emanated the mouth-watering scent of food. The only signage was a small brass plaque by the door identifying it as the Golden Palace.

"We're going in there like this?" she asked.

Jiang pulled the door open and paused, looking at Leah curiously. "Like what?"

"Wearing masks, for one thing."

"I'm not," he said with an impish grin.

She frowned at him. "Fine. Soaked to the skin, then."

"But we're not," Jiang said.

She opened her mouth to argue, and then realized that her costume was dry. So was her hair and skin. It was as if she hadn't been rained on at all. He looked similarly dry. "How the hell did you do that?"

"Do what?" His tone was entirely innocent but the smirk gave him away.

"Nevermind." She followed him into the building.

She recalled reading that Jiang was reputed to be able to create illusions or work magic or manipulate reality, depending on who you asked. Whatever the answer was, she could understand better now why he had such a frightening reputation. When the world around you could change on a whim—at his whim—well, getting on his bad side would be scary.

* * * * *

Leah pulled apart a crab puff, dipped a piece in Chinese mustard and popped it in her mouth. It was delicious. But then, everything they'd eaten so far was delicious. The Golden Palace was even better than Jiang had said it would be.

They sat in a private room just off the kitchen. The owner of the Golden Palace had welcomed them effusively when they entered, escorted them to this room, and seated them personally. Jiang, she gathered from

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the owner's heavily accented but enthusiastic description of the event, had protected his family—and his restaurant—during a turf war among the local street gangs.

"He won't let me pay when I eat here," Jiang told her while the owner was out of the room. "So I like to introduce other people to the place. They always come back and spend money, so I don't feel like I'm taking advantage."

"Mission accomplished, then," she said. "Any time I'm back in Chicago, I'll be sure to come by here. The food is fabulous!"

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm...visiting."

He rolled his eyes, but said nothing. He poured himself more tea. "Tell me something I don't know. What—you're afraid I'll ferret out your secret identity?"

"Not afraid," she said. "But...cautious. Habits can work for you or work against you. I prefer to have them work for me."

He nodded. "Very orderly and organized of you."

"Thank you."

He shrugged. "It's not necessarily a compliment. Everybody needs a little chaos in their life."

The owner returned and placed a small bowl with two fortune cookies in it between them. Leah picked one up and broke it open. "I've had chaos enough to last a lifetime, thanks," she said, nibbling on the cookie shards. "Doesn't mean there won't be plenty more. It's unavoidable. But I work hard to minimize it."

"To each her own," he said with a shrug. He grinned then, eyes bright. "Me, I love chaos."

"So I gathered. Not many people dance on rooftops in thunderstorms."

"Or fly around in them. I wasn't alone up there."

She grinned. "Touché. Now, what does your fortune say?"

He picked up his cookie, broke it open and read the enclosed fortune. "'Plan for many pleasures ahead—'"

"In bed," they chorused.

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"I like the sound of that," he said. "Now you."

She unrolled the paper. "'You will be invited to an exciting event—in bed.'" She glanced toward the kitchen. "Are you sure the fix isn't in?"

"Very sure." He leaned in. His kiss was gentle but filled with promise. One hand cupped her cheek. His fingertips brushed the edge of her mask.

She laid her hand over his, stilling his fingers. "Not here," she said. "And not tonight. Much as I'd love to, I'm too full of good food. And I need to get back. It's late."

"Tomorrow evening, then," he said. "That should give me time to arrange that *exciting event*—if you're game?"

She felt a flutter in her stomach that had nothing to do with food. "I'm game. Same time, same place?"

"You're on, Iron Maiden."

* * * * *

Leah swooped down out of the night sky to alight on the rooftop in front of Jiang. He was dressed in full kit tonight, black silk pants and blouse with white piping and a mandarin collar, and black slippers. He looked ready to participate in—or teach—a kung fu class. He smiled brightly at her arrival.

"Jiang," she said. She felt a tingle of anticipation. She didn't know what he had planned for her and the uncertainty added to her excitement. She kissed him briefly, until he pulled her into a breath-stealing kiss that went on until she felt lightheaded.

"Hi," he said when the kiss ended. They leaned back to look at one another, still wrapped in one another's arms. He cocked his head. "What shall I call you?" he asked. "It need not be your real name, but..." He reached up to caress her cheek. "You are not made of iron, and I have firsthand knowledge that you are not a maiden." He grinned. "Not since last night, at any rate."

"Not for years, handsome," she said with a matching grin. "Call

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me...Marie." She hoped she'd have better luck using that name than she had the first time she'd tried it on. "So, what's this exciting event you promised me?"

In answer, he turned and gestured at a corner of the rooftop, where the shadow of the stairwell was deepest. As she watched, the shadows darkened and stirred and then a cloaked figure stepped out into the light—The Dark, Chicago's own supernatural protector. Leah recognized him from news photos. He was tall, broad shouldered, with an angular frame. His face was shadowed by the floppy-brimmed hat he wore. The voluminous black cloak he wore fluttered like a thing alive.

Leah watched him walk up to throw an arm around Jiang. He was at least a foot taller than Jiang. Even at close range and against the light, the brim of the hat shadowed his features. She had an impression of a weathered but handsome face, but she couldn't have described him to anyone.

He smiled in greeting, and took her hand in his. "Pleased to meet you...Marie," he said, leaning over to touch his lips to the back of her hand.

"Likewise," she said.

"You may call me...Dylan."

He released her hand and straightened, then turned his attention to Jiang. She gasped in surprise when he leaned over to meet Jiang's upturned face in a passionate kiss. It was a long, fierce kiss that went on and on. As she watched, the kiss transmuted into a fierce, full body clinch.

She glanced away once or twice, thinking that she shouldn't be seeing this, only to look back again, unable to resist. It was incredibly hot. Two attractive men kissing one another with great enthusiasm. After all, what was there not to like? And besides, Jiang had arranged this for her entertainment, hadn't he? She had a moment of dismay when she wondered if he'd invited her here only to watch. Surely not! If he'd hoped to get both lovers—for surely the two were lovers—into his bed, she was willing to go along. Hell, not just willing—eager!

Eventually the men came up for air. They leaned against one another, turning flushed faces toward her. Dylan's hands on Jiang's waist

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and Jiang's hand resting possessively on the other man's chest was maybe the sexiest thing she'd ever seen. The intimacy those gestures implied turned her on incredibly. Jiang's slow smile tugged at things deep down. "Well?" he asked. "Are you still game?"

"Both of you?"

"Yes," Jiang said.

"If you like," Dylan said. His eyes glittered.

"Oh, I like," she said.

"Excellent."

Dylan's cloak billowed dramatically, billowed and seemed to unfurl endlessly until it encompassed the three of them. Everywhere it spread, inky darkness swallowed her field of vision. The darkness enveloped her, and she gasped, shocked to feel herself drifting as if falling in slow motion.

She tried to catch herself, to fly, but nothing happened. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her as well. An instant later the sensation of falling faded. Light reappeared. Leah found herself standing in a large bedroom with Jiang and Dylan. The cloak was just a cloak again.

Not just a large room, she realized looking around. A penthouse bedroom. More than half of the wall space consisted of floor to ceiling windows. Gauzy curtains covered the windows, though heavy draperies were folded into the corners. A city skyline blazed beyond the windows.

The room was sparsely furnished. Indirect lighting provided a pleasing illumination. A huge bed stood against one wall, a desk and chair against another, and a sofa, chairs and table arranged for conversation in the far corner. All of it looked incredibly expensive but well used. It reeked of old money, and lots of it.

She felt her mouth hanging open when she turned to Dylan. "You did that?"

He nodded.

"We're still in Chicago, though, right?"

"Yes."

"That's...a pretty handy ability."

Dylan inclined his head. "It has its uses, I admit."

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A dozen questions yammered for her attention. She ignored them all. It wouldn't be polite to quiz him, and he probably wouldn't answer her anyhow. Besides, that wasn't why they were here. Leah looked at Dylan and Jiang, reminding herself of why exactly they had come here. Judging by the way Jiang's silk pants were tented, she wasn't the only one thinking about that.

After only a moment's hesitation, she pulled her mask off and tossed it on a nearby chair. Jiang smiled and stepped forward, taking her into his arms. His mouth on hers was fiercer this time, more aggressive. She kissed him back with equal intensity, exploring his mouth with her tongue.

His arms tightened around her, one hand slipping down to cup the curve of her ass and pull her hard against him. She could feel his hard-on jabbing her. She ground herself against it for a moment, making a pleased sound.

She broke the kiss and pulled back. He released her. Behind Jiang, Dylan had removed his hat, cloak and overcoat. He began unbuttoning his shirt. She turned her attention to Jiang. "Strip," she told him.

"Yes ma'am."

She watched both men undress. God, they were so sexy. Jiang undressed quickly, revealing the body she'd seen and felt and tasted last night, sleek muscles sliding beneath smooth skin. Dylan was taller, broader, just as well muscled but in a rangy, rough hewn way. He was no less a work of art than Jiang, but he reminded her of a charcoal sketch, all sharp angles and flat planes. And, she noted happily, the artist hadn't skimped where it counted.

They were naked now, both of them. As Leah watched with skin-tightening excitement, they invaded her personal space. Dylan, behind her, reached around to unclasp her cloak and lift it from her shoulders. She reached down to unzip her leather miniskirt but Jiang caught her hands. "Allow me."

He kissed her softly as he slowly unzipped the skirt. It fell to the floor around her feet. Dylan's hands found their way under her tank top and pushed it up, baring her midriff. His hands cupped her breasts,

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fondling her gently. She leaned into him, moaning her approval, and gasped when he pinched her nipples.

"You like?" he inquired as he nipped at her earlobe.

"I like," she said. She groped behind her back, feeling the hard plane of his stomach before she followed the line of hair down to his groin. His cock, when she closed her hand around it, was hot and firm and growing harder and longer beneath her fingers. He stopped kissing her neck long enough to shudder and groan at her touch.

Leah turned her head. "You like?"

"Oh yes," he said. He pushed her tank top higher, exposing her breasts, clearly wanting to remove it entirely. She released her hold on him and raised her arms overhead. He peeled the tank top off and tossed it aside. Leah half turned to admire his hard cock, taking it in hand and stroking him from base to tip.

Jiang knelt to unzip her boots. Leah leaned against Dylan for balance as she lifted each foot in turn. She didn't stop fondling Dylan. Jiang pulled her boots off and put them aside. He looked up at her with a knowing smile and ran his fingers between her legs, caressing her through the damp fabric. Leah drew an excited breath at his touch.

Jiang hooked his fingers in the waistband of her tights and peeled them off, leaving her as naked as her lovers. He rose smoothly and pulled her into his arms for a kiss she felt all the way down to her toes.

"Excuse me, but may I cut in?" Dylan asked.

Leah blinked, feeling dazed as Jiang released her to step aside. Then Dylan was looming before her, his smile crinkling the corners of his eyes—the eyes that took their time admiring her before they caught her gaze again. His hands settled on her waist, then drew her against his body. His cock was large and erect. The crown dimpled the flesh of her belly as he pulled her close, then the length pressed long and hard and hot against her skin as he leaned in to kiss her.

Leah held his eyes as his lips closed the gap. Whatever else happened between them, this first kiss would never happen again. This whole evening was a never-to-be-repeated first time. Her arousal threatened to boil over, leaving her breathing shakily and feeling as if her

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whole body was oversensitive.

Dylan's lips brushed hers. His tongue caressed her lips, then passed beyond, exploring her mouth. Leah closed her eyes and melted into his embrace, returning the kiss. His arms tightened around her, pulling her close. He straightened, lifting her feet off the floor. She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist and did her best to breathe him in. He turned with her in his arms and shuffled toward the bed.

Dylan settled her on the bed. He bent over, maintaining the kiss as he lowered her to a reclining position. When she was lying down, he pulled his mouth away, a lazy smile showing just how much he'd enjoyed the kiss. He looked up, across the bed, at Jiang standing opposite him. "Well?"

Jiang joined Leah on the bed, stretching out beside her. She looked at Dylan. "Over there," she told him. He smiled and walked around the foot of the bed to the far side before climbing on, putting Jiang in the middle.

Leah propped herself up on one elbow to admire Jiang and Dylan. They were gorgeous, a beautiful pair she could hardly believe were sharing a bed with her. "You're beautiful," she murmured, enjoying the feel of Jiang's skin beneath her hand.

"Yes he is," Dylan agreed.

"I meant both of you," Leah said, meeting his eyes. She let her hand slide down to caress Jiang's cock only to find Dylan's hand already there. Her gaze followed her hand, and her pulse jumped with sudden excitement to see Dylan caressing it with casual expertise. Jiang's groan of pleasure vibrated through her body, sparking echoes between her legs.

She grabbed Jiang's face in both hands, kissing him again, capturing his groans of pleasure with her mouth. He writhed beneath her for long moments, then caught her head in one hand, crushing her mouth against his. His left hand cupped her breast, rolling the nipple beneath his thumb or squeezing it between finger and thumb, sending jolts of pleasure through her body.

Jiang's hands lost their focus even as he gasped loudly. Leah broke

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the kiss and turned her head, knowing what she would see. She wasn't disappointed; Dylan lay sideways across the bed, draped over one of Jiang's thighs, giving Jiang a blow job.

"Oh my God," Leah said. Dylan glanced at her for an instant, then concentrated on his efforts once more. She watched, spellbound. She'd never seen anything like this before and found it incredibly sexy, more arousing than she'd imagined possible. Dylan stroked the base of Jiang's cock with one hand, caressing his balls and thighs with the other. He engulfed most of the length of Jiang's cock each time, then slowly drew his lips up to the crown.

Jiang arched his back and groaned, capturing her attention again. She leaned in to observe his expressions. Her hair brushed his shoulder, and he opened his eyes. Seeing her watching, he gave her an open-mouthed grin of pure joy. "Like this, do you?"

"God, yes!" she said. "It's so fucking hot." She turned her head to watch Dylan again.

"Hey," Jiang said, touching her cheek. She looked at him. "There's a great seat right here." He gestured vaguely at his face. "Climb on up."

She wanted to refuse. She wanted to let Jiang enjoy the pleasure Dylan was so clearly giving him without distraction. But she wasn't that selfless. She was incredibly aroused by watching these two men together. It was more exciting than anything she'd ever done before and she wanted more, wanted to be a part of it.

Leah scrambled to take Jiang up on his offer. She crouched above his face, then leaned forward to support herself with a hand on either side of his waist. That gave her a much closer look at Dylan's efforts. He smiled indulgently and winked at her before swallowing Jiang's cock again.

As she watched Dylan avidly, Jiang began kneading her buttocks. His tongue flicked across her clit, and she caught her breath. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and she felt his fingers open her up as he drew his tongue along the valley between her labia. Leah closed her eyes and let out a shuddering breath, goose bumps dancing on her skin.

She was already highly aroused by what she'd witnessed. Jiang's

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marvelously agile tongue sent her racing toward an explosive climax. His fingers dug into her flesh, holding her in place as his tongue danced over her swollen labia or delved between them to lap up her juices. The staccato flicker of his tongue on her clitoris sent her over the edge. Ecstasy sizzled along her nerves, bowing her back and driving the breath from her lungs.

When she could breathe again, Leah opened her eyes. Dylan was watching *her* now, a benevolent smile on his face. She smiled back at him, sharing a moment of perfect understanding. They both knew the pleasure of sharing a bed with Jiang. She felt a sudden intense desire to kiss him, so she did.

Jiang's renewed attentions interrupted the kiss. "Oh god," she murmured. A finger joined Jiang's tongue, stroking her gently before penetrating deeper. She was still sensitized from her orgasm, primed to come again without much additional stimulation. She stared at Dylan, eyes wide as Jiang's thrusting finger and prehensile tongue did the trick.

She held Dylan's gaze this time as she trembled through another orgasm. He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her into another kiss, breathing in the incoherent sounds of pleasure she made—sounds that escalated as Jiang buried his face between her legs, redoubling his efforts. She groped for one of Dylan's hands and clutched at it as she came *again*. Dylan's mouth on hers muffled her cries.

Jiang lashed her with his tongue, intent on driving her to orgasm yet again. All at once it was too much, his tongue stroking over-stimulated nerves. She broke the kiss with Dylan and pulled away from Jiang. She flopped down on her side, curling up so she wasn't touching either of them, one hand cupped protectively over her pussy between tight-pressed thighs. She laughed, lightheaded and giddy, twitching as aftershocks of pleasure rolled through her body.

She rocked on her side, hiding her face with one hand as she giggled and trembled through another shock. She heard Dylan ask mock severely, "Do you see what you've done?"

"Yes." Jiang sounded proud of himself.

Leah uncovered her eyes. Jiang lay on his back, propped up on his

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elbows, watching her with a smug expression. Dylan, still draped across Jiang's thighs, eyed her with amusement. "Are you going to live?"

"I think so," she said, feeling her face warm. She hadn't lost control like that in a long while. "But, please, don't let me interrupt you. Carry on." She wanted them to continue, wanted to see them together. Wanted it very much.

Dylan looked at Jiang. "You heard the woman." A look passed between them, full of significance but opaque to her. Dylan rose and took Leah's place above Jiang. He resumed the blow job he'd been giving. As she watched, Jiang began giving Dylan the same single-minded attention she'd experienced.

She couldn't say how long she watched, only that it was the most arousing thing she'd ever witnessed. Two beautiful men making love, giving and taking pleasure from one another, sharing those gloriously hard, utterly masculine bodies. They took her at her word, paying her no attention. Their focus was only on one another.

She watched silently, happy to remain unnoticed. If she found herself breathing heavily, face flushed, and her hands sliding down to finger herself as she watched, well, who could blame her? She'd imagined scenes like this, but the reality of it was so much more intense. She watched them caress one another, using their hands and mouths to lick and kiss and swallow one another. She could feel the warmth of their bodies so close, smell the scent of aroused male bodies, hear the soft liquid sounds of lips and tongues engulfing hard flesh repeatedly, hear the hissing breaths and groans of excitement.

She watched Jiang fuck Dylan. She watched as he prepared his lover with great care and plenty of lube. She watched as they stretched out on their sides facing her. She watched as Jiang penetrated Dylan, slowly, lovingly. She knelt on the edge of the bed with knees spread, one hand pulling and twisting her erect nipples as the other teased her clit, gaze glued to the sight of two men making love in front of her.

Both men were sweating now. Jiang's face was buried in the crook of Dylan's shoulder. Dylan's eyes were open but his attention focused elsewhere. Leah watched Jiang kiss or nip at Dylan's shoulder,

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occasionally moving his attention to Dylan's earlobe to nip at it or whisper things that made Dylan close his eyes and groan dramatically.

Jiang drew back then thrust his hips forward slowly, drawing a moan of pleasure from both Dylan and Leah. He glanced at Leah then, the first time he'd showed any awareness of her presence in some time. His gaze was tangible, a caress she could feel across the width of the bed. The way his lips curled in a knowing smile told her as clearly as words could have that he knew exactly the effect they were having on her.

Then he dropped his gaze, focusing on Dylan again, and the moment was over. Dylan turned his head and they shared a desperate kiss as Jiang began thrusting his hips more vigorously. Leah watched with growing anticipation as they moved toward climax. She had both hands between her legs now, finger-fucking herself with one hand and stroking her clit with the other.

Jiang closed his eyes now, clinging to Dylan with both arms, teeth clenched as he thrust himself harder and faster with every stroke. Leah fingered herself at the same pace, trembling on the edge of orgasm, wanting to share in the pleasure she was witnessing. Jiang grunted and buried himself in his lover, who pushed backward with equal force. They groaned in unison, Jiang's body trembling in release. Leah thumbed her clit and curled around her spasming center, mouth open in a silent cry of ecstasy.

* * * * *

"Oh my God," she said afterward. "That was so fucking hot!"

Leah sat on the end of the bed. Jiang and Dylan reclined against the headboard. All three of them were sipping champagne Dylan had produced after he and Jiang had cleaned up. Leah was certain she drank from the most expensive crystal she'd ever touched.

"Glad you enjoyed it," Jiang said with a smirk.

"We aim to please," Dylan added.

"Yeah?" Leah rose and knee-walked closer to the two men. She drained her glass and then met their eyes, gazes darting back and forth

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between them. "So please me."

Jiang and Dylan looked at one another. Another inscrutable look passed between them. They put their glasses aside, then each raised a fist and pumped it three times. Dylan's scissors beat Jiang's paper. He sighed heavily. "Oh all right, if I must."

Jiang plucked Leah's glass from her hand as she narrowed her eyes at Dylan. "Talk like that will *not* get you laid—"

Dylan knelt in front of her and cut her off. His mouth was soft at first, and yielding. Leah slipped her arms around his neck and kissed him harder. Her breasts pressed against his chest, her sensitive nipples sending thrills through her body when they slid against his skin.

His arms closed around her. His mouth went from soft to hungry in an instant. She moaned faintly, expressing her pleasure in the taste and feel of his mouth on hers. She had closed her eyes when she began kissing him and now she opened them.

Almost as if he'd sensed it, Dylan opened his eyes as well. Meeting one another's gaze at this range with their mouths plastered together suddenly seemed...weird. Only minutes ago she'd seen him having sex with Jiang. Now they were naked and moments from having sex together.

Her mouth twisted as she struggled to suppress a nervous giggle. His did likewise. Then their mouths parted and they both snorted with laughter that quickly turned into a full-blown belly laugh. She clung to him and shook helplessly with laughter, her forehead pressed to his. He laughed just as hard.

The laughter nearly died out once. Then she noticed Jiang lying beside them, propped on one elbow watching them as if they'd lost their minds. That just set them off again. But eventually they wound down. She leaned back a little, resting her hands on his shoulders, to look at him more easily. His arms were still around her, his hands still on her back.

"I guess this is kind of weird, huh?"

"A little."

She kissed him again. Nothing fierce or passionate, just a soft kiss. Then another, slightly longer. She let her hands slide down from his shoulders to caress his chest. His skin was soft, the muscles beneath firm.

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When she broke the kiss it was by pulling away just far enough to ask, "What's a little weirdness between friends?"

"Good point." He sounded a little hoarse.

"Yes, isn't it?"

She leaned in to kiss him again, more intently this time. His tongue intercepted hers. She felt one hand leave her back. A moment later it came to rest on her thigh, stroking it gently. The kiss continued, becoming more passionate. At some point she grabbed his other arm and placed his hand on her breast.

She looked into Dylan's eyes from only inches away and this time she didn't feel the slightest bit awkward or uncomfortable. She felt powerfully aroused and she let it show in her eyes. His eyes flashed with the same unmistakable heat.

"Let's try this again," he said, turning and pushing Leah down onto her back. He rained kisses down across her throat and breast before taking a nipple into his mouth. He raked his nails across her inner thigh before he caressed her mons and very gently began to explore.

"I hope this isn't too big a burden on you."

Dylan's slow smile was full of promise. "Not at all."

"I'm a Missouri girl at heart."

"Then I guess I'll just have to show you."

Dylan kissed her again, on the mouth. Then he brushed his lips across her cheek to tickle her ear with his breath and nip at her lobes with lips and teeth. She shivered, as she always did at that. He left a trail of love bites like breadcrumbs down the length of her neck to the hollow of her throat just above her collarbone.

His hands weren't idle either. He caressed and stroked her body from head to mid-thigh, as far as he could reach in this position. His hand moved unceasingly, as if he couldn't get enough of touching her, exploring the curves of her body like a blind man.

His mouth descended on her stomach, then trailed down from her navel to flick his tongue at her clitoris. A spasm of pleasure flashed through her body. She cried out, her voice muffled by Jiang's mouth descending over hers without warning to swallow her cries. She felt a

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moment of dismay when Dylan's mouth drew away from her body. Then the bed shifted slightly and she sensed his body looming over hers. Yes, please!

She felt Dylan's cock press against her mons. She pushed her hips upward; she couldn't help it. His erection slid over her swollen lips once, then again. She gasped. Jiang broke their kiss but she knew from the way his hair brushed her face that he had only turned his head to watch. *Oh God*. Jiang was going to watch. He was going to *see*. The knowledge that Jiang was right there, watching his lover fuck her—

"Let me help," Jiang said, and his words seemed to give her an electric jolt. He didn't, he *couldn't* mean what she thought he meant! But she felt the brush of his fingertips as he seized hold of Dylan. She heard Dylan's shuddering breath—and then felt the touch of Jiang's hand on her own sex, opening her up.

She struggled up onto her elbows just in time to see Jiang's hand wrapped around Dylan's cock, guiding him into position. She felt the first inch slide into her. Dylan looked up to meet her gaze and then he thrust himself forward, filling her up, and that was it.

She came. The unimaginable excitement of the evening reached a peak and crashed over her. She went completely rigid for a few moments, unable even to cry out; then her arms grew weak and she flopped back onto the bed, twitching as the ecstatic sensations rolled through her body. The pleasure peaked and began to fade.

Then Dylan drew his hips back, instantly focusing her attention on the feel of him, the slippery friction as he slowly withdrew. He stopped, then thrust forward abruptly. She drew a stuttering breath at the sensation.

Dylan fell forward to cover her, supporting himself through another cycle of movement. She wrapped her legs around his hips. It wouldn't take long before she came again now. He leaned close long enough to give her a soft kiss. "More?"

She nodded, unable to speak yet. Dylan smiled. He began fucking her again, slowly at first. She clung to him with her arms and legs, doing her best to give as good as she got. At first she was aware of Jiang

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watching. She liked being watched; she knew that about herself. But soon she forgot about Jiang. Her world consisted only of Dylan and the pleasure she was sharing with him.

Dylan was a *machine*. She had begun to think he was tireless when his steady rhythm faltered. He was kneeling between her thighs, her legs over his shoulders, moving with less deliberation and more desperation now. She grinned up at him, though his eyes were closed just now. It wouldn't be long now. She clamped down on him, evoking a sexy groan.

She glanced at Jiang again. He lay on to her right, where he could kiss and fondle both of them. The combination of four hands, two mouths and Dylan's cock had reduced her to sweaty, screaming incoherence before they relented—before she'd begged them to stop, really. Now it was all about Dylan.

He grinned once at Jiang then turned his attention to Leah. She met his gaze and began moving her hips in time with him, smiling lecherously. He fucked her faster and more vigorously, his hands clutching at her thighs with frantic strength, his gaze never wavering.

He thrust one last time and went still, throwing his head back with a shout. She felt his orgasm, felt him throbbing inside her. She met Jiang's eyes, sharing the intimacy of the moment and the thrill of seeing their lover experience such pleasure, and of knowing that it was their doing.

Then it was over and all the muscle tension drained from Dylan's body. Jiang held him upright while they untangled her legs so that Dylan could stretch out beside her. She wrapped her arms around him. She could feel the laboring of his lungs and the way his heart was racing.

Jiang settled in against them as well. Surrounded by her lovers and full of endorphins, every muscle in her body limp—and a little sore—Leah smiled to herself. This trip to Chicago had turned out better than she could have imagined. She would almost hate to leave.

"I hope," Dylan said, between breaths, "that that was satisfactory?"

Leah turned her head. He looked like she felt, flushed and sweaty and utterly sated. She smiled. "Yes, you were more than adequate."

One eyebrow rose. "'More than adequate'? I'm flattered."

Leah's smile broadened. "As well you should be."

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"I, too," Jiang said, rising on one elbow to gaze down at Dylan with obvious affection, "have often found him to be more than adequate." His gaze shifted to Leah. "Nor is he alone in that."

"Ooh," Leah said. "Does this mean I can hope for a rematch next time I'm back in Chicago?"

Jiang and Dylan glanced at one another. Another of those inscrutable silent communications followed. Jiang looked at her.

"You have to ask?"

The End

Author Bio

Gail Roarke grew up reading genre fiction of all sorts-science fiction, fantasy, comics, pulps, and decided early on that she wanted to write it. She's been writing ever since, though for a long time she wrote solely for her own entertainment. Eventually that palled, and she started writing and submitting stories with the intent to be published. It came as something of a shock to her when she realized that what she was writing consistently was as much erotica as it was genre fiction. But as long as she's having fun, why not?

You can contact Gail on her blog, at <http://gailroarke.blogspot.com>, with comments or questions.