

A romantic painting in a classical style, featuring a man and a woman in an intimate embrace on a staircase. The woman, with her eyes closed and a gentle smile, rests her head against the man's chest. The man's face is partially visible in profile, looking down at her. The scene is set on a staircase with an ornate, dark metal railing. The lighting is warm and soft, creating a dreamlike atmosphere. The overall color palette is dominated by warm, earthy tones like browns, tans, and soft blues.

Loose Id

ANOTHER NIGHT  
ANOTHER DREAM  
*Mechele Armstrong*

# *Another Night, Another Dream*

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## **Another Night, Another Dream**

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## About this Title

**Genre:** Full-figured Heroine; Multicultural Ménage

Cassie *thought* she'd convinced her friends not to throw her some lame birthday party, but when her 25th rolls around, boy was she wrong. Not only is there a birthday party, but there's a stripper, and a bitchy little tramp who insults Cassie's plus-sized curves at her own party. Pissed off beyond belief, Cassie storms out, only to get trapped in a stairwell.

The stripper, Aden, and the security guard, Leo, follow her out to check on her, but just their luck, they get trapped in with her. Aden can't believe his luck at being stuck with the gorgeous birthday girl and the Hotty McHotass he's been looking at all night. Hotty McHotass takes the whole thing pretty stoically, just like he does everything else—but you can't judge a book by its cover.

To distract Cassie from a claustrophobic panic attack, the boys start up a game of Truth or Dare. Cassie reveals her secret fantasy to have a threesome, and one by one, hearts, souls, and bodies are laid bare. It's a fantasy come true, and so much more, but when the game's over, will it turn out to be just another night, another dream?

**Publisher's Note:** *This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: Anal play/intercourse, male/male sexual practices, ménage (m/m/f).*

## Chapter One

A quarter of a century.

Cassie tapped on her steering wheel with her freshly manicured nails and pulled into a prime spot by the side door. Looked like her birthday would be her lucky day. She glanced into the mirror to survey herself. The errant curls stacked up on top of her head remained secured in place, instead of running wild as usual. Her lipstick hadn't smeared yet, nor had her eye shadow. She'd concentrated on keeping her hands away from her face for the last hour. It wouldn't last. By the time she got to the club, her hair would be wild and her makeup would be smeared. It never failed. She'd enjoy the illusion for now though.

A night of dancing. Maybe even romancing. If she was lucky. It had been too long since anything bordering on romance had crept her way.

She needed tonight.

Her work projects had been stacking up on top of her like some dizzy pyramid until she thought she'd collapse from the bottom up. *Good thing Elly asked me to go dancing.*

Much better idea than some lame-ass birthday party.

She patted her hair down. Good thing she'd put a stop to that idea when some other friends had mentioned throwing her one. She hated birthday parties. Had ever since she was five and the clown had scared her into hysterics. All parties did was remind everyone else how old you were. Maybe fun for the single digit years or the teens, but not now.

She'd snag Elly from her office about ten minutes later than she'd said she would, and then they'd hit the club for a night of making Cassie forget she had just turned twenty-five.

As if.

The balmy night air warmed her skin as she walked through the parking lot to the side door of the building. It was unlocked. Breezy and springlike weather put an extra pep in her step as her high heels clicked a rhythm up the metal staircase.

She could have gone through the front entrance and taken the elevator up one flight, but hyperventilation and heart palpitations weren't a good look for her. Small spaces did that to her every time. Hell, even the little stairwell up to the second floor got her nerves firing apprehension. Good thing she only had to go up one level. Of course if the office building was bigger, the stairwell would be bigger too. She'd have to talk to Elly about that.

She reached the door to the second floor and pressed on the handle with shaking hands. Yeah, this stairwell was way too small.

Nothing happened.

She made a little "Eep!" sound and pushed on the door again, but this time it opened, pulling her toward it and a man holding a broom.

"Good thing I was here, honey" -- the man's wrinkled brow scrunched up even further -- "or you'd have had to go back down. Even better, if I'd already been done -- and I'm finishing up now -- the door downstairs would have been locked by a chain. You'd have been stuck in this here stairwell until morning."

She didn't point out that if the door downstairs was locked, she never would have gotten inside. Best not to argue with a rescuer. "Well sugar, good thing for me that you hadn't left already." She gave him a wink, which made his weathered face light up.

Yeah, her friends would say she'd lost her mind. Flirting with a codger. But he had been nice and let her inside from the nasty, too small stairwell. It was in her nature to flirt.

Which made the lack of dates lately that much more puzzling.

Granted when you worked eighty-hour weeks, that made it hard to meet anyone outside the office of men much the same age as the codger here. But if she wanted to get ahead in business, she had to play the games. For now. Until she could make her own games. That was already happening.

Even as her friends and parents started asking her about settling down and telling her how work wasn't everything. Cassie knew that. But except for an aloof cat, she didn't have anyone else to share her life with. Her friends and parents all had their own lives, their own tapestries to make with others. While their lives intersected with hers, they didn't overlap.

Cassie hadn't yet found the man that she wanted to intermingle her life threads with.

God, she needed to get back to her hobby of weaving if it was going to make her use loom metaphors.

Another reason she needed tonight's celebration. To both treat and remind herself that she was human. She had needs. Several of them were hoping to get assuaged tonight.

"Where you heading, honey?" The man's gruff voice broke into her thoughts. His eyes twinkled at her.

"To Lassiters, Lowry, and Levine. My friend's there waiting on me." Probably wondering where she was. Was it still vogue to be fashionably late?

She took her leave of the old janitor as he headed downstairs, presumably to lock the door she'd come through.

Would have to remember that. Last thing she needed to do was get stuck in the stairwell. She opened the door with LASSITERS, LOWRY, AND LEVINE printed in gold flowery script on the glass.

And plunged herself into darkness.

The lobby was pitch black. She couldn't see anything. But she swore she heard a collective holding of breath.

She'd never seen the office so dark.

Which gave her great pause.

Gamely she called out, "Elly?" Her hands were already grasping to the doorknob to open the door again and let the light in from the hallway. Her mind was already rushing through the scene that she would probably face, garnered from years of horror movies and reading Stephen King.

She didn't need the other source of illumination.

Instead, the lights switched on as familiar people bounced out from every corner of the lobby. "Surprise!"

Elly beamed as she snapped a picture. "Happy birthday, Cassie. Surprise!"

As her heart decided to skip another beat before it plunged headlong into racing, Cassie could honestly say, "That's for damn sure."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But Cassie, it's a birthday party!" Elly frowned as she stared Cassie down. "*Your birthday party.*" Her lower lip trembled, a sure sign she was upset because Cassie was upset and would act accordingly.

"I didn't want a party. I told you that." Cassie gritted her teeth together as she spoke through them. Why was that so hard for people to understand? Cassie saw Jen's hand in this. She didn't know the woman well but at their last encounter, Jen had suggested such an affair. "I appreciate you doing this. I do. But I thought we were going to go dancing..."

"I thought a party would be better." Elly brought her hands together and wrung them out a little like old laundry. "All your friends are here." She suddenly beamed. "Hi, Jen. See? All your friends are here. We can have all the fun we want. Drinks too. Until eleven. That's when my boss said it has to be over."



Cassie's thoughts of shutting down a local bar had been abbreviated. Instead, they had to shut down the office. Not to mention any hope of going home with some cute guy was getting torpedoed. She knew everyone who was out there, even though most were like Jen, who was closer to Elly than to Cassie. Cassie had a few other friends that she didn't see in the crowd of ten.

The party was definitely of the hen variety, but it was a party and these were sort of her friends. Elly had to have worked hard to plan this, and she had asked her boss for the use of the office. Didn't matter if this wasn't the way Cassie had wanted to spend her birthday. She plastered a smile on her face. "It'll be great." *Yeah, right.*

Elly visibly relaxed. A smile curved her lips and her worry lines vanished. "Yes! It will be. Wait until you..."

A knock sounded on the door.

"That must be it." Elly's expression grew crafty. A look that Cassie had seen on her cat before he started to pounce. "Get the door. It's another surprise."

*I'm not sure my heart can take another one.* Cassie didn't say it aloud. Her friend was trying to make her birthday special and do things for her. She'd keep telling herself that.

Elly clapped her hands together. "Everyone! Listen up. Cassie's going to *get the door.*" She pulled out her camera again and focused it on Cassie.

A collective "oohhhhhh" spread around the room.

Cassie winced. This was not going to be good.

What could her friends have in store for her? She looked around the room. Everyone's eyes were trained on the door and her. *Everyone.* She pursed her lips and put her hand on the door. Yanked it open.

A police officer stood there. With a bigger dude in back of him who stood with his hands behind his back. The fluorescent lights shone off the gold badge pinned to the cop's massive chest. "Cassie Lincoln?"

She blinked at him. What the hell? “Yes.”

“I need to ask you a few questions.” He stepped inside, coming so close to her she could feel his body heat. Could smell his spicy scent.

A slight shiver raced across her. He smelled of a popular cologne. And a breath mint. She backed up a couple of steps. Not because she wanted to but because he used that big body to move her. He stepped into her personal space with the sureness of a panther.

The other man followed the police officer into the room and shut the door behind him. It clicked into place.

The cop smiled, showing even white teeth against his mocha skin tone. He was wearing sunglasses so it was impossible to see his eyes. She wanted to. His head was covered by a hat but she saw a tuft of tight, curly hair. It was cropped close. He was tall and muscular, even though the other man was taller and wider. “Cassie Lincoln?” He repeated her name in a gruff, authoritative voice.

She squared her shoulders. Looked around to her friends. None of them were freaking out that this cop was here asking her questions. Which gave her pause. She looked back to the cop. “Yes?”

“Is this your birthday?” His teeth continued to gleam as his lips curled up. What did his eyes look like behind those dark glasses? She wanted to pull them down and peek.

“Yes.” She glanced back to her friends. No sign of anything on their faces except maybe a dose of lust for the burly policeman.

Elly snapped a picture. A flash of light snapped across Cassie's nerves.

She turned back to the cop. Looked him up and down. Oh hell. Surely they hadn't done what she was thinking. That would be way too cliché.

“You're twenty-five?” He stared down into her face. His mouth tightened in a harsh line, instead of a grin.

“Yes.” For some reason she liked the somber look better on him. The wide grin had gotten on her nerves. This look made her think she was in trouble. A position she liked to be in.

He pulled out a baton. “Well, in that case...I’m going to have to bust you.” He said the words in a singsongy voice.

The other man placed a boom box on the floor beside the door and punched a button. Music blared from the little speakers. The song was “Another Night Another Dream” by La Bouche.

The man started bucking his hips and twirling the baton.

Cassie pinched her nose. It was what she'd thought. “A stripper?” She turned toward Elly, who snapped another picture of Cassie. “A stripper?”

Elly grinned. “Surprise! I figured you could use the attention after working so hard lately. From someone hubbalicious.” She looked even prouder than Cassie's cat now. “I have dollars for you too.”

Cassie had to admit as she turned back toward the stripper that the man was fine. He could dance. She shifted back, watching him move gracefully, keeping his eyes on her at all times.

His body stretched and turned, the muscles bunching up and relaxing. He looked like a finely carved statue. Was that an erection?

She didn't want to look too closely but couldn't help a quick glance. Her gaze scanned the rest of him, paying attention to the muscular dips and bulges, which were everywhere.

Okay, maybe this was a better idea than she'd thought it would be. A little eye candy never hurt anyone. The music rolled over her, catching her in the sensual strains. She could get lost watching this man dance for her. How much would he take off? Probably not as much as she'd like, but she'd enjoy what he did. She licked her lips.

He reached down, pulled something on his white shirt, and it ripped apart. Showing off rolling pecs, he dropped the remnants on the floor. Bounced so that his nipples rolled.

Her mouth went dry. She could taste him. He'd taste better than coffee on a cold morning.

The other man stood impassively by the door with his hands behind his back. His jaw tightened.

His eyes met Cassie's for a second, but then he looked away. *Interesting.* What was that all about? Was he as drawn to the stripper as Cassie was? Maybe they were already lovers? Who knew? She imagined the two of them in bed with each other.

She almost had to fan herself. What a picture that would make. Two huge cocks battling it out. Large, sweaty, hairy bodies coming together in a perfect pitch of domination. Yeah, she definitely needed that fan.

Jen moved up behind Cassie and Elly. "You did a good job Elly, finding that one. He's a hottie."

"Oh, yeah." Elly bit her lip and snapped another picture, all of which Cassie saw from her peripheral vision. Because she was *not* taking her eyes from the man dancing in front of her. Maybe he'd do a lap dance later. Elly did say she had dollars for her. She was the birthday girl, she'd take advantage. Hottie didn't do him justice.

Jen piped up. "I bet this is nice for you, Cassie. Having been so long and all."

Cassie did look away from the man to stare at Jen this time. "So long and all?" What the hell was she talking about? The comment seemed underpinned by something more substantial.

"You know. Since you got laid." Jen sighed. "I'd be curling up with my electric friend every night if I were you."

"Shh." Elly motioned to Jen. Her face flushed a light shade of pink. She nodded her head to Cassie.

Cassie ground her teeth together again. She forgot about the stripper and what he'd look like in bed with the other man. "How do you know how long it's been?" Cassie knew but wanted to hear the words from Jen.

Elly looked guilty, but didn't offer up anything. Instead, she looked away.

"It's been a while since you and Dewitt broke up" -- Jen, however, continued instead of staying silent -- "Course with..." She put her hand over her mouth. "Oh, never mind." She did a little oops smile like she'd said too much.

"No, whatever it is, say it." Cassie now watched the stripper from her peripheral vision. He wasn't doing lap dances yet. Damn shame because right about now she needed one. If she was going to have a stripper, might as well experience the whole thing. He hadn't yet yanked off those black pants either. But his dancing was sinful. He moved with sensuality etched through every line of his body.

"Well, with your weight and all" -- Jen waved a hand dismissively -- "I'm sure it's hard to find guys into that."

Cassie straightened up while Elly slumped. "Jen." Elly shook her head. "You and your big mouth."

"I'm just saying, El." Jen's face took on a look like she was pleased with herself, instead of fake upset by making the comment. "Not everyone can be thin." She smoothed down her shirt over her tiny size-3 waist.

"Yeah, not everyone can be a twig." Cassie turned her attention back to the stripper. She bit her tongue to keep from saying any more. *Don't say anything else. Don't give them the pleasure.*

Jen gasped. "Well, at least I don't have to have a friend hire a stripper so I can find some action."

Cassie's jaw jutted out. Couldn't ignore that comment no matter how many men were dancing in front of her. "Excuse me?"

Elly groaned. "Jen. You know that's not what I said. I said with her working all the time. Not because of her weight."

"Is that what you think? That Elly has to farm me out like a cow to get me a man's attention?" Cassie put her hands on her hips.

The stripper was suddenly there. He danced around Cassie, pushing his body up against hers. He still wore pants but seemed to be going for a lap dance. "The first dollar must come from the birthday girl." He grinned, exposing more straight teeth. His face was angular. Almost beautiful. She itched to run her hand along his cheekbone.

Elly handed Cassie a dollar, looking relieved at the distraction. "Here you go." She must have figured that the matter of discussion was dropped now that the hot male had come over.

The stripper thrust out his hips to get Cassie's attention.

Normally, she would have given him her gaze and more. It was all she could do not to reply to that suggestive move. She couldn't right now though. Cassie stuffed the money back into Elly's hand. "No, you keep it. You'll need it for him, not me." She shook her head. "I'm out of here. Sorry, Elly."

Elly stammered. "B-b-b-but it's your party. Your stripper." She grabbed Cassie's arm. "Come, on. Stay."

"I appreciate this. And everything else you did for me." She hugged her friend. "But, I can't do this." Not if everyone here thought she needed a stripper so she could have a date. Jen would make sure everyone thought that. Cassie had dealt with girls like this in high school. She'd learned it was better to walk away than to punch them.

Yeah, she was a plus-size woman. So what? She didn't lack for male attention. Not most of the time. Lately there had been a dry spell. Her last

boyfriend had been a jerk who would have dumped her even if she'd been Tyra Banks or any other supermodel.

"Cassie. Don't do this." Elly bit her lip, looking as though she might cry.

If Jen and another woman hadn't broken into peals of laughter, Cassie might have stayed. For Elly's sake. Elly was a good friend, but easy to manipulate by people like Jen. But most of these people were closer to Elly than her and that meant they were friends of Jen too. Not the people she wanted to spend her birthday with. Not after that comment.

The stripper looked confused. "What's going on? I'm supposed to dance..." He broke off. "Are you leaving?"

She patted his arm. It bulged under her touch. Fired her senses. As did his spicy scent. "You'll still get lots of money. I've got to head out."

She rushed for the door. Cursed herself for letting Jen get to her. She collided with the big guy standing in front of it.

He caught her with his huge hand at her elbow. His fingers wrapped around her arm, which meant they were damn long. "Watch out."

His hands were warm on her cold skin. Tight. Large. Made her tingle with awareness. She blew out a breath. "I'm all right."

"Are you sure?" His dazzling blue eyes glanced down into hers. His gaze probed her. The stripper might have been oblivious to what had gone on but this man wasn't. His full lips looked so soft. Kissable. She'd like to know what they felt like. His eyes looked like pools of sparks.

Had the stripper ever removed his glasses? She'd wanted to see his eyes, but it was too late now to turn back. These looked like the sky on a cloudless day. "I'm sure. I need to...leave." This was turning into a bad birthday all the way around. This man's concern did nothing for her feelings of angst. So much for this being her lucky day.

"Cassie, don't go." Elly tried one last time, but Cassie ignored her.

She loped for the stairs as her face grew hot. Her hair came spiraling down, and she reached up to help it fall. Didn't feel much like dancing anymore. Her eyes tightened. Damn Jen. She shouldn't be crying over one lame bitch's opinion of her. Hadn't she done enough of that in high school? Hadn't she resolved to love herself and see that there was more of her to go around than most?

Easy to say. Hard to do all the time.

She was at the halfway point when she remembered. The outgoing door would now be locked with a chain. Tight. No longer outgoing. The door had shut behind her upstairs and would now be locked.

"Dammit." She turned around. She should have remembered that. What had she been thinking?

The second level door popped open. "Cassie?" said a gruff voice followed by one even deeper. "Cassie?"

She scrambled up the steps as fast as her feet would move. "Don't let the door shut!" Good thing they'd followed her.

With the *click* that followed, her order meant nothing. The door had automatically slammed shut before they could catch it.

"Dammit." She reached the top of the steps to find the stripper, still wearing black pants and no shirt or glasses, and the other guy, holding the boom box.

"What's wrong?" The other guy had a nice baritone voice.

She looked up at them both with a shrug. Another place and time, she might have thought her luck was continuing. Not now. "I hope you like stairwells. Because we're locked in one now."



## Chapter Two

Aden watched as Leo pushed on the door. The man's muscles strained against the confines of his T-shirt to an eye-popping level. As Aden knew the reaction that a heterosexual male would give to a man looking at his body, he downplayed his reactions to Leo. As usual. He didn't know Leo's sexual orientation and wasn't asking. He didn't have time for the complications of relationships, so he stayed away from both sexes. "Man, I don't think it's opening."

Leo released the door handle. "I don't think so either."

"Do you have a cell phone?"

Leo shook his head. "I left it in the car because we aren't supposed to take them into a client's place. You aren't carrying one either?"

"I never do when I strip."

They both turned to the woman standing near the top of the stairs. Her eyes widened. "This is not happening."

"Do you have a cell?"

"In my car. I thought I was going right back to it."

Aden made his voice sound even. Relaxed. "Anyone waiting at home?"

She grimaced. "A cat who will barely notice I'm gone."

Aden looked at Leo. "You?" He hesitated a little at asking and didn't want to hear the answer.

Leo shook his head. "Not even a cat. You?"

Shaking his head, Aden looked around the stairwell. "I'm sure someone will come find us." He didn't see any way out up here. "Soon." He put more

conviction in his voice than he felt. This was going to be a long confinement. He eyed the two he was trapped with. At least they were both eye candy of the highest caliber.

Leo started banging on the door with so much force, Aden thought he might break his hand. "Hey! Hey!"

Both Aden and Cassie jumped at the man's loud voice suddenly reverberating around the empty space. Empty except for the three of them.

Cassie shook her head. Her blonde hair swung side to side. "It's useless. They'll never hear us. Not with them all talking. Celebrating."

Leo stopped pounding and turned to face her. "Will anyone else come this way when they come out of the party? The elevator is on the other side."

Cassie blew out a breath. "No. They'll all take the elevator down. Elly knows the doors will be locked. None of the rest of them mind the elevator." She said something low under her breath. "Like I do." Her hand slapped the railing. The *ting* echoed too.

Aden took off the cop's hat. Wasn't like he needed it now. He tossed it to the floor. "Someone'll come." Wouldn't they? He wouldn't have noticed the stairwell except that the woman he followed had darted through that door.

Her brown eyes stared back at him with lots of disbelief reflected. "Probably not until morning."

He couldn't argue the point of timing. Looked like they'd be spending the night in a locked stairwell. At least, he'd have something to look at while he waited. His gaze sought them out. Two nice bodies. "We'll be fine." He looked back to Leo who seemed to have come to the same conclusion because he no longer tried to beat or push on the door. Leo looked a little grimmer than either he or Cassie.

"Why did you two follow me?" She moved up onto the landing from the steps. In the dim light, he could see her red eyes. She'd been crying.

The bitch had made her cry.

Cassie asked a good question. One that he couldn't answer. He wasn't sure why he'd followed her. Other than he hadn't liked how things were ending. How cold and callous the other woman had been toward Cassie. He might have been focused on what he was there to do, but he'd heard every word. Someone needed to be bitch slapped for hurting a woman on her birthday for Christ's sake. Especially one as beautiful as Cassie.

Yeah, he'd never gone for the twig look. Give him a woman with meat on her bones any day.

Leo moved away from the door. "I go where he goes." He folded his burly arms in front of his chest.

*If only.* "He's my..." Aden hesitated. He didn't want to use the term that most strippers normally did. Bodyguard didn't seem to fit what Leo did. If only Leo was guarding his body. His naked body. "...backup."

A mad giggle broke free from her lips. "What? In case you have a wardrobe malfunction? Or it takes two to make it right?"

He glared back. "No, but in case I get into a situation over my head, he's here to make sure I make it to my gig and back home again."

She pinched her nose. Blew out a big breath. "Can we go downstairs? There's more room down there. If we're going to be stuck here, we might as well be as comfortable as we can be."

He motioned to the steps with a nod. "Okay." She swished to the first step and continued down. Her hips sashayed back and forth under the tight material of her skirt. Her ass bounced along with the natural sway of her hips. Yeah, give him a woman with curves any day.

A warm body came up behind him. Didn't quite touch him but he could feel the heat radiating from the body.

*Leo.*

The closeness of the man's body made his own cock tighten more than it had been from watching Cassie. He possessed awareness of Leo's every move,

especially when it brought him closer to him. Aden swallowed. This was going to be an interesting evening. He couldn't help where his thoughts roamed.

*Nice sandwich. A woman in front and a man in back.*

As if.

He kept himself moving forward until they arrived at the bottom of the steps. Leo kept close behind him.

Too close.

He'd never gotten vibes from Leo before now but he'd never looked for any either. The stoic man was good at keeping his reactions tight. This wasn't enough of a vibe to even comment on. But he couldn't help feeling that Leo's invasion of personal space meant more than going down a staircase.

Not that he cared.

Only he did.

Leo was his favorite of the bodyguards. Sometimes he arranged his schedule based on when Leo was working. Not that Leo ever indicated interest in him. Nor did the laconic man give much indication about anything.

Aden didn't have time to start anything anyway. Best not to even look. Only now he was stuck looking.

Cassie sat down. Her skirt rode up a little on her thigh, and she shoved it back down with a sigh.

He liked the tiny peek at leg he got. Her thighs were supple and probably creamy white like the other peeks of skin he'd had. He'd enjoy more of a show. Too bad she'd pulled the material down. He'd give anything for it to ride up again.

She tapped her foot. "What are your names?" A winsome smile came across her face. "I know you know mine."

"I'm Aden." He sat down across from her and put his back against the wall. "Aden Dupres."

She looked at him with a cocked eyebrow.

"It's my real name, not a stripper name." Yes, his mother had fun naming him and considering his line of work, he'd been asked that question before. Multiple times.

Her head swung toward Leo.

He looked down at the floor. "I'm Leopold Barskin." His deep voice resonated in the small space. He set down both the boom box and the backpack he'd been carrying.

"Leopold?" Aden looked up at him. He'd never known what Leo was short for. Guess he'd be finding out a lot of things he didn't know about the big man tonight. He wasn't the only one with the odd name.

Leo nodded. "Yeah. Most people call me Leo though." He looked out of the small glass window of the door, peering into the darkness. "Maybe we can get people's attention when they walk out. We can bang on the glass and yell. It looks deserted now but when the party breaks up..."

She snorted. "I doubt that they'll pay enough attention. They aren't known for their powers of observation." Her face wrinkled in a frown. "My car is right there. If only..."

Leo continued, "We know they'll be out around eleven. We were told we had to be out before then. That was how long they had office for."

Aden didn't get up to look. He didn't hold out much hope of attracting anyone's attention from a tiny window. "You think they'll stay the whole time? After what happened?" After all, they now had the star of the party trapped in a stairwell with the stripper and another guy. Why would these women stay at the party without the birthday girl?

Leo nodded. "Sure do." He tucked his hands into his black jeans' pockets as if he'd said too much. Lowered his head to look out the window again.

Cassie didn't get up either but leaned back. "I'm sure they'll stay the whole time without me. Until they have to be out of that office. But I'm not sure how we'd get their attention from that small a window." She swallowed, looking

up at Leo. Her breathing seemed to get shallower. Faster. "Can you sit down please?" Her voice creaked in the middle of her sentence.

Leo pulled back from the door and sat. He looked concerned as he peered at her. "You all right?"

Another swallow. Her pulse raced in flutter time at the base of her throat. "I'm all right." She reached up and wiped off lipstick from her full lips. "I'm claustrophobic. This space is big but not big enough." A cautious laugh sounded. "With you two big 'uns here, it seems even smaller." She appeared to be trying to get her breathing back under control. "How tall are you anyway?"

"I'm six feet one." Aden sat up, watching her carefully. Was she ready to have a panic attack? Considering they were trapped without communication with the outside world, this wasn't a good thing.

"I meant him." Her breathing still sounded fast. "I figured you were a little over six feet." Her face wrinkled. "My last boyfriend was about as tall as you."

Leo's baritone came easily. "I'm six feet six."

Aden had known Leo was tall. Hard not to. He hadn't realized he was *that* tall. Was he that big...everywhere? Inquiring minds wanted to know. He wanted to know. His gaze dipped down to Leo's crotch but quickly shot back up.

She nodded. Her face paled. Still breathed fast and shallow. Her body shook slightly.

She was in the midst of starting up a panic attack. Which they wouldn't be able to contact help for.

Aden motioned to Leo. Waved his hand in front of his mouth. They needed to keep this woman talking. Needed to get her mind from her fears.

Leo nodded to show he'd seen. He'd probably noticed what Aden had. He hemmed a minute. "So, come here often?"

She blinked at him. "To the stairwell or to the office?" The question did seem to distract her.

He settled his large hands on the floor. Huge hands. "Office."

"A bit. Lunches and such."

"Ah." Leo looked down at his feet. Large feet too, encased in sizable sneakers.

Aden looked at the hand resting on the floor to Leo's right. If the size of hands and feet determined how big a cock was, Leo had to have one monster of a dick.

Several seconds passed while Aden postulated about the size of Leo's cock by looking at his big body, hands, and feet. He soon realized the quiet was deafening.

He looked at Cassie. Her breath was still shallow and fast. Not good. And silent man wasn't going to be any help distracting her. Leo seemed to have run out of conversation ideas after "come here often?" "How do you know Elly?"

Cassie looked over at Aden. She blew out a short breath through her mouth. "What?"

"How do you know Elly? The one who...hired me." Maybe it hadn't been the best plan to bring that subject up. But he had to think of topics to distract her from her growing panic.

"We were college roommates. We've kept in touch though we aren't roommates anymore." She fanned herself. "Is it hot in here?"

He shook his head. "It's a little chilly."

"You left your shirt...well, what was left of it, back there, didn't you?"

"Yeah." It had been ripped apart so it didn't do him any good anyway. He stretched out his back. Sitting on this hard cold floor wasn't going to be good for anyone's posture. Noticed her glance at his chest. It was hard to miss. Maybe there were other ways to distract her besides conversation. He boldly spread his arms to show every wickedly defined part of them.

She almost couldn't tear her gaze away but managed to finally as she spoke. "Are you a stripper?" She turned to Leo with a quizzical look. "Or the muscle to keep the strippers safe from overzealous fans?"

“Now wait a minute.” They both looked at Aden. “I can keep myself safe, thank you very much. Like I said before, he's the backup.” Aden wasn't a slouch. He might not be as tall as the behemoth but he could bench press a good three hundred pounds.

Cassie giggled. “Didn't mean to hit a nerve there.” Her attention turned back to Leo. “Do you strip, Leopold?”

Aden blinked at her use of Leo's full name

Leo didn't seem to mind. “I don't.” Leo shook his head. “I did...once or twice, but they felt my talents were better put elsewhere.”

Aden would have liked to have seen him strip. He would like to see them both strip. He could bury his face in Leopold's crotch or Cassie's bosom and be a happy man.

“Did something go badly? I can't imagine it did.” Cassie's voice was starting to sound more even. Calmer. The distraction method must be working.

“It was okay. I'm...not a dancer though.” Leo smiled, still looking down.

Hot damn. Aden had never seen Leo smile before at anything or anyone. Cassie was a charmer. Maybe that meant Leo was straight. Damn shame for anyone who took hits for the other team or those like Aden who pinch-hit for both sides.

Leo looked up. “Not as good as Aden anyway.”

Aden blinked. Just when he thought the man was hetero, Leo said something that made all of the muscles in Aden's abdomen clench. Among other things.

“How did you get into this job?” Cassie shifted her butt.

Leo's smile faded. “I...answered an ad. I needed money for some medical bills.” He stretched out his arm. “I might not have worked out as a stripper, but I had muscles.” He flexed his arm, making the muscles bulge.

Fucking A. Aden would have paid to see him stand there. And flex. Hell, Leo didn't even have to flex. What medical bills had he needed to pay? “What



medical bills?” Maybe he shouldn't ask Leo the question. But they had time. Wasn't like they were going anywhere. But he didn't want to upset Leo either.

Leo's wide shoulders hunched. “My sister had cancer. She passed away six months ago.” He shrugged. “Bone cancer. It's bad.” His voice barely changed inflection. Face didn't change either. But his body seemed to tense unconsciously. This was a man still grieving.

Aden vaguely remembered some collection for someone who'd lost a family member happening at work several months ago. He hadn't had the cash so hadn't paid attention. Damn, it had probably been for Leo. “Sorry to hear that.” Sometimes Aden got so wrapped up in what was going on in his own life, he didn't pay much attention to anyone else. Wasn't the first time he'd ever regretted not listening to details, and probably wouldn't be the last. Even though they weren't close, he should have been there for Leo.

Cassie scooted over and touched Leo's arm with a gentle pat. “I'm sorry too.” Her hand lingered on his forearm. They were about the same shade of pale.

Aden could imagine how they'd look against him. Cream against mocha. He'd always liked cream. He shifted his legs on the floor. He liked seeing her touch the other man. He'd like to see her touching him too. Feel her hands on his skin. Would be delightful.

Leo smiled again at her. Yes, she definitely was a charmer. “It was for the best. I stayed on because the money is good.” He looked away, not meeting Aden's eyes.

Good thing he'd stayed on. Aden always enjoyed seeing him. Requesting him for backup. He made a note to share more tips with Leo when they worked together. Least he could do after being an insensitive prick back those months ago. Damn finals.

Cassie looked over at Aden as she released Leo's arm. “So what about you? What's your story? How did you get started stripping?”

"I answered an ad." Much like Leo. He hesitated about revealing any more to this stranger. Granted the conversation was going well. She was no longer close to hyperventilation. He needed to keep her talking. 'Course he did like the sound of her voice. Her accent and throatiness made him harder still. She'd make a good phone-sex operator.

She turned more toward Aden. "But why stripping? I mean" -- she let out a laugh -- "it's not conventional."

Aden opened and closed his hand. No, it wasn't conventional, which suited him because that was the last thing he'd ever been. Was stripping lucrative? Oh yes. But he'd never discussed his personal life with anyone he worked with. Yes, he saw Leo a lot but they'd never talked. This was the most they'd said to each other in the three years they'd worked together. They'd never talked about their lives outside of a job. Not like this.

What the hell? He was stuck with the man and woman of his dreams until morning. Then they'd probably never see each other again. Or at least never see Cassie again. He plunged forward with information that no one else at work knew. "I'm a college student."

They both stared at him.

Their expressions struck him funny so he laughed. "What? A stripper can't go to college?"

Leo recovered first. "No. I just didn't picture you as a...college student." His shoulders moved in a broad shrug.

Not many did. Aden liked to break molds. Often he succeeded. "You're not the only one. I get that a lot." Although something in him twinged every time someone was surprised. He shouldn't feel that way. After all, he liked the unconventional so that should help him anticipate other's reactions.

"What are you majoring in?" Cassie looked intrigued. He liked her brown eyes zeroing in on him as if they could eat him up.

He'd like more than her eyes to eat him. Much more. "Prelaw. I want to be a lawyer." He blew out a breath. "I attend the University of Richmond. It's expensive." He snorted. "Expensive for me, at least. My family can't help out." Nor did they want to, believing that he needed to make it on his own. "I didn't get much in the way of scholarships." He was lucky to have gotten in. He waited for the inevitable question about basketball. Everyone assumed because he was black and tall, that he played. That those two attributes must be how he'd gotten into college.

To her credit, she didn't go that direction. "So you're working your way through school by stripping?"

Maybe she was as unpredictable as him. That could be fun to prove. "Slowly working though school." He moved over slightly, closer to her. Her blonde hair would feel silken along his fingertips. A lock of her hair lay across her shoulder. He was tempted to stroke it. Then go even farther down to what lay under that lock of hair. She'd be softer there and firmer. "Incredibly slowly." At a snail's pace, it seemed like. Some days he didn't think he'd ever finish. He'd not been able to qualify for financial aid. He wanted to limit his student loans as much as he could. "I had a friend who already worked as a stripper for the same company when I answered the ad. It's why I thought I'd go that route. He'd made it sound..." What? Glamorous? Fun? None of those. All Aden had wanted was the easy money. "...like a good way to earn a lot in a short time."

Leo spoke up, quietly as usual. "Who's your friend?"

"Holt." They'd been lovers once upon a time. That experience had descended into a solid friendship. "He told me how much could be made, so, I answered the ad." Holt had been the first lover who'd understood Aden. The first lover he'd ever had a threesome with. "I thought the job would work well for me." And it did. Stripping was lucrative. It gave him the free time to concentrate on his studies. His studies were all he'd done besides stripping this last year. He needed to keep his spot in school. Needed to do what he'd set out to do.

He'd been lonely this past year though. Hadn't had time to get to know anyone to have sex. Yeah, he had one-time fucks every now and again. But that was dangerous in this day and age.

Leo nodded. "Holt's a popular one. 'Course, so are you." He didn't meet Aden's eyes as he said it.

Was that a semicompliment? Aden blinked. Because Holt was one of the most successful of their ilk. To even compare them was a boon for Aden. "Am I?"

Leo didn't answer right away. He looked away again. "I see how often you go out on calls."

He did. Aden had made sure of that. Not for that reason though. "Oh. Yeah. Well, I do all right."

"You do more than all right." Leo looked at Cassie. "You didn't get to see much of his act. It's good."

Cassie blew out a breath. "You're right. I didn't. I was paying attention to other things." Her lips pursed together as though she was contemplating something. "So, why don't you finish it?"

Aden stared at her. "What?"

"Why don't you finish your act?" She pushed the errant lock of hair behind her ear. "Do it for me."

"Here?" He looked around his surroundings. Not the most extravagant of accommodations.

She nodded. "It's still my birthday. Which is what you were hired to dance for." Her face lit up more than he'd seen it in the short time they'd been stuck in the stairwell.

"I have the music." Leo reached forward to grab the boom box.

The ever helpful Leo.

Why was he feeling so odd about this? Aden stripped for people all the time. But somehow this seemed different. More intimate.

Stripping in front of several women or men you didn't know was one thing. But this was two people. One he'd lusted after for a long time. The other he'd lusted after for a short time. That made it different.

"I mean you don't have to rip off your clothes or anything." Cassie grinned. "Unless you want to. I want to see what I should have seen." She sobered. "Before."

He wanted that somber look driven from her face. Forever. Didn't like it lingering there.

He had a surefire way to knock it from her features.

He stood up.

Cassie put her arms across her chest. A smile started across her face. Made deciding to do this seem worth it.

A throat cleared.

He turned toward Leo.

Leo's face revealed nothing of what he was feeling. Shit. He didn't look intrigued. Only bored. 'Course he'd seen the show many times. "Let me know when you're ready for the music."

"Okay." He took a deep breath, Leo's reaction having deflated him a little. Moved forward. What act was he doing? He'd been in police officer garb... He struck a pose. "Music."

The strains of the dance song filled the stairwell. Infused him with the beat as they always did. He might be going into law because it called to him but music also did a siren's song for him. He started with little moves that grew bigger. Wider. Wilder. He thrust his hips in time with the beat. Lost himself to the pumping rhythms.

Sidled up to Cassie, who sat looking up at him with an expression he'd seen many times before. Lust. And wonder.

He didn't dare turn around to look at Leo.

Didn't want to see if he had the same expression. Because if he didn't, Aden would get knocked down a peg or two. While he could take it, he'd prefer not to know. He'd prefer to imagine Leo's face with that look driving him.

Oh, but he wanted to look.

## Chapter Three

Leopold sat stoically with his back against the wall. Pushed his hands farther underneath his legs.

Because if he didn't he might reach out to the man dancing in front of him. Might touch him. Once he did so, he'd be lost.

The way the man moved made every hair on Leopold's body sit up and take notice. Want to take names. That was something he could never do. He'd vowed that to himself long ago. Aden tempted him more than anyone else ever had to break that vow.

Now they were stuck together. Along with a tempting woman. How come he hadn't gotten stuck in here with two old ladies? That was his usual luck.

Aden hadn't removed any more clothing. But the outline of his hips underneath the black pants he wore drew Leopold's eyes.

He was mesmerized by the movement of the body in front of him. Each shake made him stare. Each stretch of a muscle made it bulge and made Leopold want to capture it. With his mouth.

Why was the dancing so much more bone tingling tonight? He'd seen Aden dance many times. But never with such a small audience.

Good thing Aden faced Cassie. Because if Aden looked at him, he'd see what Leopold wanted all over his face.

*Him.*

Not to mention Aden would surely notice Leopold's cock, which stood at attention between his thighs. His erection wouldn't quiet. He usually had one when he watched Aden dance. But he'd never been sitting before. He wanted to

drape something over himself but that would draw more attention to his state of arousal.

Would Aden mind the attention?

Leopold had found out a long time ago that Holt and Aden had been together. They'd been lovers. But that didn't mean that Aden was looking for a new relationship with another man. Didn't mean he wasn't, either.

*He's interested in Cassie.*

He'd seen that truth in Aden's eyes from the moment Aden had run after her from the aborted stripping event. Aden had a soft heart, no matter how much he pretended otherwise.

Aden's hips swiveled as he lowered them down in a pivot move.

Was he going to give her a lap dance? Was he going to remove his pants? How far was he going to take this impromptu strip?

How far did Leopold want him to go?

Aden without pants would be a sight to see. One that Leopold had seen before and never tired of viewing.

Aden moved to the side, giving Leopold a good view of Cassie watching Aden dance around her.

Aden was a good-looking man. Muscular. Brown skin. The lightest hazel eyes that Leopold had ever seen. Tight, curly hair. Long limbs. A big cock. But Leopold would never term him beautiful. He was too rough looking for that. Way too rough looking.

Cassie, on the other hand, was beautiful. He'd put a capital *B* on the word for emphasis. Longish blonde hair. Brown eyes. Pale skin. A curvy figure that proved she was a woman. He liked the way her hips splayed out.

Botticelli would have painted her. She would have been a highly sought after woman of the Renaissance.

Only in these modern times would the world term her fat.



Maybe one day, he'd paint her. 'Course that would mean revealing that he painted. Was an artist. The fruit baskets at least never called him a fruit.

People always had preconceived notions about other people. They saw Aden as a person of low morals because of his occupation. Nothing could be further from the truth. The world would see Cassie as somehow less of a person due to her weight. Leopold was aware that the world saw him, a big man, as someone probably stupid, coarse, and unappreciative of the arts. He shook his head. The world always got it wrong.

Aden swiveled his hips, bringing Leopold's attention back to him. If only that were during a different dance...

How on earth had he ended up in a stairwell with *two* people he was attracted to? And had shots with neither of them. Not that he could ever take anything offered. How cruel was that?

The music blared to an end.

Leopold quickly reached over to stop the CD.

Cassie licked her lips.

His eyes followed her tongue's movement. Cock jerked. He wanted to let himself inside her mouth and feel her. Everywhere.

Aden sounded breathless but not winded. "There you go." He smiled down at her as he did a bow.

He'd never once looked at Leopold. His attention had been focused on his dancing and on Cassie. Somehow that disappointed Leopold. Stupid notion. Wasn't like Aden should have glanced his way.

"That all I get?" She curved her lips up into a pretend pout. "No lap dance? Nothing more coming off?"

Aden swallowed. "You want more?"

Leopold had never seen him uncomfortable doing this job. Until right before this dance and right now. Odd.

"You don't have to rip off the pants. God, no." She traced a pattern on the piece of skirt resting on her thigh. "But I wouldn't mind seeing more of your fine dancing. If your pants happened to fall off...or something..." She chuckled. Shot Leopold a wink. "Then it will be *your* turn."

Leopold blinked as Aden's head finally turned his way. Cassie's words sank in. "I'm not the stripper." No way he would take a turn.

Aden's lips curled up into a huge smile as he glanced back and forth between the two. "You said you did it once."

"Once was enough." Leopold did much better as a bouncer than he'd even done as a stripper. He'd been described as an "unemotional drone." Not anything he wanted to hear from Aden's lips. Or Cassie's.

"Come on, Leopold. It is my birthday." She lowered her head and her eyes shone up at him. "Can't I get what I want? You wouldn't deny the birthday girl anything, would you?" She batted her eyelashes.

Leopold felt his reluctance begin to fade away. After all, it *was* her birthday. He liked the way she looked at him. How would she look at him while he stripped? His hands clenched. What the hell was she doing to him? He shouldn't even be contemplating this. Talk about a siren. A seductress. He'd never make it with the full impart of her charms directed his way. Especially if Aden ever joined in. Not that he'd shown one iota of interest.

Aden strutted over toward him. Reached down and grabbed his hand to tug on it and pull Leopold up. "Come on. Dance with me."

Leopold protested even as he stood. "She said when you were done with your stripping. You're not done." His hand tingled from Aden's touch. From Aden's nearness. From Cassie watching. Awareness crackled along Leopold's skin like wildfire. Once wildfire started, it was impossible to put out. He would have to find a way.

"Hey now, I'm not complaining. Two gorgeous guys dancing together for me?" Cassie shook her head. "Hot damn."

Aden kept Leopold's gaze in his. Reached down and undid the fly to his own pants. He splayed the edges so his white underwear peeked through. And he began swiveling his hips around and around.

Leopold swallowed. His mouth went dry.

He wanted a peek at what lay under that cloth. No matter how many times he'd almost seen Aden's cock or actually viewed it, it would never be enough. Hell, an in-depth study wouldn't be enough.

Aden shimmied down the pants. Usually he ripped them off but he probably didn't want to chance not having anything to wear in the stairwell because it was chilly.

Leopold started. He had a shirt for Aden in his bag. There were pants in there too. He'd forgotten about the backpack contents with the distractions they offered. He wasn't about to offer the garments now. Not while the show was ongoing.

Aden rocked back and forth on his feet, sliding the pants slowly down his legs. Each tug revealed more skin. He easily flipped off his shoes and slipped the pants down his ankles. He swiveled his hips and looked at Leopold. "Your turn." His grin spiked upward. "You need to lose something."

Cassie let out a whoop and clapped her hands. "I like this game." Her smile grew huge. "Seriously, you are one heck of a dancer, Aden. Sure you shouldn't be dancing instead of becoming a lawyer?"

Aden frowned. Looked contemplative. "I like to dance but...I need more." He looked away. "It will always be a part of me though." The sincerity in the statement overflowed the words.

Leopold swallowed. How was it that Aden knew that about himself? Leopold liked to paint but it didn't consume him and he didn't know what else to do. He was at least five years older than Aden, if not more. He didn't seem to have anything figured out.

Both sets of eyes turned to him expectantly.

Yeah, they expected him to strip and dance for a woman on her birthday. He would like their gaze on him. No matter what they thought of his dancing. Maybe he should go ahead and do it. Get them out of his system with a dance. He surveyed them both covertly.

Aden stood there in his tighty whities. The white accentuated the color of his skin. His lithe body and firm butt were cupped by the small pair of underwear. As was a bulging cock. Was that hard-on for Cassie? For him? He blinked. Maybe both. His heart raced. Wouldn't that be an interesting turn of events? There were things Leopold had always thought about, but had never done before.

No, this wouldn't be happening tonight or ever. He'd made a vow to himself a long time ago. They were simply passing time while stuck in a stairwell. He was probably the only sap having these thoughts.

Cassie's brown eyes bore into him with sureness. "It is your turn." She leaned back against the wall.

He swallowed again against his dry mouth. His hand came up to his button-down shirt. Undid the top button.

Aden stepped over to the boom box. "Let me find some music." He pushed Fast Forward and then Play when it finished. The strains of a hard rock song sprang out. He didn't look at all cold but he sure did look fuckable.

Leopold didn't recognize the music. He blew out a breath. Was he going to strip for these two? It looked like he was.

Cassie's gaze wandered down his body with barely concealed arousal lighting her eyes as his hand hesitated at the second button.

Both of them were staring at him. With lust in their gazes.

Yeah, he was going to do this. For them. But not without a push back. "I only go as far as him." He jabbed a finger at Aden.

Aden wagged his brows. "Who said I'm not going any further?"

If only. Leopold swung his finger around. "And her."

Aden let out a guffaw. "Oh, he's good."

If only that suggestion had been offered at a different time.

Leopold wanted to experience their lust, but he'd never be able to follow through on anything. Would never chance the consequences.

Cassie's mouth opened, and she sputtered for a second. "What do you mean 'and her?'" Her smile narrowed.

"If I'm doing it, you're doing it too." He held his hand at the top button without going down further. Waited. Kept his gaze on the woman in front of him.

A flush rose up her cheeks. She didn't seem as jovial as before. "I have to have incentive to strip."

Aden chimed in. "What, and I don't?"

"Hey, you got paid." She tapped a hand on her knee. "That'd be your incentive." She shook her head. "I don't think so, guys."

"What incentive do you want?" Leopold moved his hand down to the second button. Waiting again. Holding his breath this time. Surely they could work this out. He wanted to see beyond that fabric.

"I...don't know." She pulled her legs up under her. Suddenly seemed serious. "I don't know about this." She didn't meet either of their eyes.

Aden humphed and switched off the music. "If she's not stripping, and you're not stripping, I'm putting on my clothes." He went over and started pulling up his pants. "Hey, don't you have a shirt for me?"

So much for that.

Leopold had turned everything around like he always did. Now Cassie seemed uncomfortable. *Way to ruin the hell out of that.* He was always ruining things. Like his father. No wonder he'd never be with anyone.

He didn't bother buttoning up the one button. He sat in front of the bag and pulled out Aden's T-shirt. Tossed it over to him.

Aden sat down after pulling on his shirt but he didn't put on his shoes.

Leopold tipped his head back and closed his eyes, cursing his lack of finesse with women and men.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cassie blew out a fast breath.

They'd been sitting in silence for what felt like an eternity. After the decision not to strip, no one seemed to feel like talking.

Leopold opened his eyes to gaze at her. Found he didn't like what he saw. He should have continued the stripping game without asking her to do anything.

Her breathing was quick and shallow again. She tapped her foot nervously against the floor. Sweat covered her skin.

She hadn't gotten that from the fun stuff.

Panic was setting in again. The enclosed space must be weighing on her mind. They'd been distracting her but had stopped, and now her anxiety was rising again if he was reading her correctly.

They'd have to do something if they didn't want her to lose it. The last thing they needed was Cassie hyperventilating or something even worse.

Leopold looked over at Aden to see if he'd noticed that Cassie was scared again, which meant they needed to do something.

Aden looked over at him when Leopold kicked his foot. He raised an eyebrow and wrapped his arms around himself.

Leopold nodded his head toward Cassie, telling him to look without speaking. Would he see what Leopold did? Aden noticed things a lot more than most. He would probably catch on quickly.

Aden looked and glanced back at Leopold. He sighed and nodded to show Leopold that he'd seen what Leopold did.

“What? Are you two communicating by telepathy or something?” She breathed out a heavy breath and put her elbows on her knees. “Or just making googly eyes?”

“No.” Aden tugged down his T-shirt. “Wondering why it got so quiet. We'd been doing a lot of talking. Now you both seem lost in silence.”

A swallow moved down Cassie's throat. She didn't say anything. Her shoulders slumped forward.

“Should I not have asked you to strip?” Leopold tried to catch her gaze but she refused to look at him. Why wouldn't she look at him? He needed to see her eyes. See what was in them. What had she thought his intentions were in asking her to do that?

“No. You were fine.” Her voice shook a little. “Let's forget about that ever happening. Pass the time until morning.”

“I shouldn't have asked you.” Leopold didn't buy her answer. She seemed too miserable to accept what she said at face value.

“Leopold.”

He liked his full name on her lips. She was the only one who called him by that moniker now. His sister had always called him Leopold. Aden had heard everyone at work call him Leo so he'd called him Leo from the time they'd first met. Most said Leopold was too much of a mouthful. He didn't mind Leo, but hearing her call him Leopold heated his blood more than he thought possible. “Yeah?”

“It wasn't you.” She finally met his gaze. Her eyes looked sad. Not angry. Which puzzled him even more. “It was me.”

Leopold scratched through his hair. “What do you mean 'it was me'? I'm the one who asked you to do this.”

“I'm never going to be on *America's Next Top Model*.” She laughed. “I'm not model material.”

Leopold snorted at the same time Aden did. They both chuckled. So that was why she'd gotten so quiet. It hadn't been him. It had been her thoughts about her own weight. "You know one of the winners of *America's Next Top Model* was considered plus-size, right?"

"Yeah, what was she a size 6?"

"Size 10. But there are a lot of plus-size models. Gabrielle Taber. Emme. There are several."

Her teeth grazed her lips. "Bet they aren't a size 20." She shook her head. "It was me being stupid. I'm usually pretty comfortable about the way I am." Her eyes look haunted with her admission.

Aden had been sitting quietly by. Now, he perked up. "What caused you to get nervous with us?"

She looked back and forth between them with an incredulous look. "You're kidding, right?"

"I'd like to know too." Leopold sat forward, opening his arms to plant them by his side. He wanted to hear this from her own mouth. He could speculate all day long. Better to know for sure what bothered her.

"Both of you."

Leopold looked to Aden to see as much puzzlement on his face as Leopold was surely showing. "Huh?"

"You both..." She laughed and red crept up her skin again. "Geesh, I never blush." She patted her cheeks. "You both are hot." Another laugh. "Real live hotties."

Blood thundered through Leopold's ears. She thought he was hot. Along with Aden. Of course she thought Aden was hot though. Everyone did. But that she included him in that terminology made his chest swell. Tighten. Among other parts of him.

"And?" Aden pursed his lips.



"I'm plus-size. I couldn't imagine dancing...stripping...whatever, in front of the two of you in this stairwell." She looked down at her feet and kicked her high heels off. "Like I said, I don't usually let stuff like that..." She shook her head. "Why I'm telling you all this, I don't know either. The claustrophobia must be affecting my brain."

"I've never talked about dancing and what it is to me, nor how I need to be more to anyone else but you two." Aden now looked down to his bare feet. "Unless I have claustrophobia too, there's something else going on."

"Maybe it's being stuck in here together. Knowing we can't get away from each other. Or the truth."

Both sets of eyes looked to Leopold before he finished speaking.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Could be." Aden rubbed a hand across his face. "Hasn't anyone ever told you that you are a beautiful woman?"

"Yes. Yes, they have."

Leopold shifted closer to her. "Well, I'm here to tell you I mean it. You are a beautiful woman." He wasn't lying. She was pretty. He'd not been this attracted to a woman in a long time. As they talked, he was finding he enjoyed her sense of humor and her teasing as much as her looks.

Aden nodded. "Most definitely."

A smile moved across her face. "Thanks." She didn't seem unsure. She needed to believe him but he wasn't sure how to reassure her.

Aden looked down at his arm. "Anyone know what time it is?" He stretched out his bicep.

Leopold looked down at his watch. "We still have a long time until morning." He didn't tell Aden the exact time because it was so long until morning. There was no sense in making her more nervous or making Aden aware.

“So, what are we going to do? Sleep?” Cassie yawned and settled down.  
“We need to kill some time. How should we do that?”

Aden snapped his fingers. The sound echoed in the air. “I think I know.”  
He looked pleased with whatever he'd thought of.

“What?”

“Let's play truth or dare.” His grin turned sneaky as his eyebrows waggled.  
“It'll be a great way to get to know each other.”

Or get Leopold slapped and quartered. One of the two.

## Chapter Four

"Truth or dare?" Cassie narrowed her eyes at Aden. "Who are we, Madonna?" Cassie didn't know if Madonna had played the game in her movie of the same name. But she wouldn't put it past the singer.

"Nah. But we can pass the time. Learn about each other." Aden lifted his eyebrow. "Or are you chicken?"

She shook her head. Had never been chicken. But what would they use for dares? What truths would they find out about each other? "Fine. We can play." Would be better than sitting there thinking about the closed in walls of the stairwell. Or about her earlier fuckup. Yes, occasionally her size did make her feel inadequate. Not often. But the idea of stripping with these two men had kicked her in the solar plexus. She shouldn't have let it get to her so much though. She had her stupid moments and that had been one. She should have gone ahead and stripped with the two buff men. Gotten her fill of eye candy and enjoyed herself. Maybe this game was a way to make that up.

Aden turned toward Leopold. "How about you, Leo?"

Maybe he'd nix the idea. He didn't seem forthcoming about himself in a lot of ways.

Leopold shrugged. "Okay."

Or maybe not.

"Before we start, I have to ask. Is anything game in truth and in dare?" Aden sat back so he could see them both. "We aren't holding anything back? Nothing is taboo?" He seemed to be challenging them to deny the statement.

A shiver raced along Cassie's spine. Either she was in or she was chicken. She'd never turned away from a challenge. "Anything goes."

Leo hesitated a minute, then nodded his agreement.

So the game was on. "Who goes first?" She pushed an errant lock of hair back from her face.

Aden folded his arms across his chest. "I will."

Both she and Leopold nodded to show their acceptance of the terms. Who would he ask first? What would he ask if truth was picked? Not to mention what would he make that person do? It all came back to the dares in the game. This could get complicated quickly.

"Leo."

Cassie couldn't help her sigh of relief. Which brought on a glare by Leopold. She giggled. "Sorry." There was no way she could manage to look sorry though, prompting an even deeper glare from Leopold.

"Oh, her turn will come soon enough." Aden straightened up, looking eager. "Truth or dare?"

Leo flexed his muscles. "Truth."

"Ohhhhhh." Aden smiled. "Tough guy. Okay." He raised a hand to tap his chin. "Here we go. Are you straight? Or gay?"

An unexpected laugh broke from Leopold's lips. He didn't seem prone to laughter so it was a surprise to her, and from the way Aden reacted, him too. "Uhh. Okay. Well. Neither." He rolled his shoulders.

They both blinked at him.

He laughed again. The baritone laugh made a shiver roll up and down her spine. To hear him do something he must do so rarely struck a chord in her. She suddenly wanted to make him laugh often this night.

"What does that mean?" Aden opened up his position by relaxing his arms. "You're bisexual?" He scooted forward as if he couldn't wait to hear the answer.

A big grin settled on Leopold's face. "It's my turn now." Aden had had his question. There were no second tries in truth or dare. Leopold's lips twitched even when the smile faded. "Cassie, truth or dare?"

Leopold had successfully dodged the question. Only it only left about two answers. Bisexual or asexual. Her gaze took him in. His cock strained against the confines of his pants. Definitely not the latter. "Truth." Her voice came out stronger than she'd intended, almost as if she yelled.

"Are you attracted to both Aden and I?"

Not a question she'd expected from him. Aden, oh yeah. He'd push them both with his questions. But Leopold? No, this line of questioning was unexpected. She bit her lip. "Yes."

Both of them looked positively mischievous at that news while her heart pounded with the announcement.

"Aden."

"Yes, Cassie?" His eyes lit up.

His eyes could spark a blaze within her. What he must look in the morning. Or after sex. Not that she'd ever know. "Truth or dare?"

"Well, I have to be different. Dare."

Yes, he had to be. She'd expected nothing less, which was why she had a dare already picked out. "Unbutton..."

His hands came up to his own polo shirt.

She couldn't help but laugh because his action proved she would surprise him. Probably few people surprised him in this life. She'd like to be one of them. "...Leopold's shirt." Her eyebrows lifted as she watched for his reaction.

Leopold cocked his head at her.

Aden dropped his hand. His face took on an air of nonchalance. Too much of it. "Oookay." He shimmied to his knees and crept a couple of spaces to Leopold. Lifted both hands and began unbuttoning Leopold's shirt. "How long does he have to keep it unbuttoned?"

She hadn't thought about that. How long would he have to leave it off? She'd never played the game before. Didn't know protocols.

Before she could answer, Leopold piped up, "I'll keep it unbuttoned while the game is going on."

Unless of course he lost his shirt in another dare. Which with her dare was a possibility. No, the unbuttoning in and of itself wasn't that big of a deal. Even adding Aden to the mix wasn't a huge thing. But she'd started them off on dares that would push their limits, as the questions that had been asked so far were designed to. This was going to be one hell of a game.

The unbuttoned shirt gaped away from Leopold's chest, exposing his flat nipples and barrel chest.

*Nice.* He was muscular, with a light smattering of blondish looking hair. Well-defined pecs and abs.

Aden turned toward her and settled down. He stayed close to Leopold. "Cassie." He straightened out his long legs.

"Yes?"

"Truth or dare?"

"Truth."

Aden scratched his chin. "What's your biggest secret sexual desire? Something you've always wanted to do. But never dared."

Oh. Dear. Lord. Her breath choked in her throat, making speaking impossible. He had to ask *that* question.

"No changing now. You picked truth. Gotta stick with it."

She managed to clear her throat. "Okay. Ever since I was in college, I've wanted to..." Her tongue ran out to lick her lips.

Both men watched the motion. She liked how captivated they both looked by her action. She did it again, and Leopold jerked.

Time to move on from torture, no matter how much she enjoyed making them react.

"I've wanted to...be a part of a threesome. One with two guys and a girl. I had a friend who had one, and she shared the...context with me. It sounded...interesting." More than interesting. It had inspired several erotic dreams over the nights afterward for Cassie. So why hadn't she pursued one? Because she hadn't known how. Or considered it a viable option for herself. Both as a good girl and as a plus-size one. She had no trouble getting guys, but hadn't dared going after two at a time.

Both the men's breathing increased noticeably as they blew out a breath almost in echo of the other.

"A threesome?" Aden didn't sound put off by that this. Nor did he sound disgusted. Or like he would run for the hills. Why did Cassie get the feeling he was intrigued?

Which made her daydreaming go into overdrive. Yes, this night was to be the things that made up her dreams for a long time. No matter when they were rescued. Cassie looked to Leopold. "Truth or dare?"

He shook his head as Aden settled back. "Truth."

"Have you ever been a part of a threesome?" What the hell. The subject was out there. Might as well capitalize on the idea.

He shook his head. "No. I've been pretty boring when it comes to sex." He shrugged broad shoulders, something he did a lot. It made the shirt gap a little, exposing more skin. She'd have to see if he could get him to shrug more often. Or just dare him to take off his shirt. "Aden."

"Truth." Aden didn't even wait for the question.

"What's the wickedest thing you've ever done sexually?"

Man oh man. Leopold didn't pull punches when it came to asking questions. She'd not expected that topic from him, just like his first question. Aden had appeared like he'd be the heavier hitter with questions, but it looked like Leopold was going to be just as probing.

She waited, sitting on her hands for Aden's answer. Her pussy, already moist, slickened more.

Aden moved his lips back and forth. "An orgy."

"Get out!" Cassie had thought her fantasy was titillating, but she'd never even done what she'd thought about. Aden had had an orgy?

"I was young. I was stupid." He smiled, an almost fond-looking expression crossed his face. "I was in love with a girl. Guys will do anything stupid for a girl." He moved his legs back under him. "Odd thing is, that was way before I ever became a stripper. Most would think being a stripper led to that moment. But it didn't. Dating a girl in my old neighborhood did."

"How many people?"

Aden seemed to consider the question. "Three girls. Three guys. Everyone was...umm...involved." He stretched. "That answer was a freebie by the way. 'Course I should make you pay for it." His voice lowered. Eyes glinted at her.

Ripples ran up Cassie's spine. He didn't sound like he was talking about more truth or dare to make her pay for asking a question out of turn.

Aden had experienced more than a threesome. He'd experienced something even beyond that dream of hers. Obviously he would have no problems with that sexual situation if it came about. Her gaze considered Leopold. Now, he'd admitted that he hadn't done a threesome. But if he were bisexual as the evidence might suggest, maybe he'd consider it? Probably a stereotype about bisexuals. But she couldn't help her heart pounding at the thought. Why, she didn't know. *We are just playing this to pass the time.* But did she believe that?

When she'd gotten locked in here with the two men, she'd never thought about her onetime fantasy. Now, it wouldn't leave her head. She couldn't get the picture of the two of them taking her between them out of her mind. Could almost feel their bodies pressed against her. Their cocks penetrating her from both sides. Her hips wanted to rock, but she stilled them.



“Leo.”

“Yeah. Dare.” Leopold leaned back against the wall. Seemed to be staring at his toes as though he couldn't look at her.

“Kiss Cassie.”

Cassie swallowed, having expected that one eventually, but still hearing it aloud was a killer. Her tongue did a quick exploration of her mouth to check for bad taste. She'd brushed before she came, so things were minty fresh. At least she didn't have to worry about bad breath. Everything was a go for a kiss. A kiss with a man she barely knew. Leopold.

Leopold's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, but other than that he didn't show any sign of emotion. He looked stoic. He moved from Aden over to Cassie. Tipped her chin up with a finger. His fingertip burned her skin where it touched. He lowered his mouth oh, so slowly.

He was giving her a chance to say no. Giving her a chance to pull out of this game before it went too far.

Like that was going to happen. Maybe the game already had gone too far. She wasn't about to stop now. Not when she had the chance to kiss Leopold. To know what his lips felt like on hers. She'd liked his lips from the start. Wanted to know what they'd feel like on hers. Now she had the chance, and unlike with stripping, she was damn well going to take this opportunity.

His lips finally met hers. Softly. Gently. He pressed his lips against hers, then took advantage as her mouth opened. He didn't French kiss her. But he tasted her just the same, exploring the nuances of her lips. He tasted of mint himself. His lips took command of hers, not letting her get the upper hand. He wasn't questioning at all like a lot of men but put himself into the kiss.

He broke off and blew out an uneasy breath. Looked down into her still upturned face. His gaze bore into her as if seeking her soul. And showed that he found it. Touched it with his genuineness.

He licked his lips as though he didn't want to give up the taste of her.

She didn't want to give up the taste of him either.

But other than that, he didn't look fazed. She'd have to try harder next time to get to him. She *would* get to him before the night was over.

Aden's breath sounded labored. Quick, like a train going into overdrive. He blew out a breath. Was he intently watching them?

Cassie knew how he felt. She felt much the same way. Leopold's lips on hers had been mesmerizing.

Leopold sat back on his heels but didn't go back to the spot by Aden. "Cassie." His voice sounded hoarse. "Truth or dare?"

Time to make a decision. What should she choose? Had she been so scared of her surroundings earlier to the point she'd been about to hyperventilate? She couldn't imagine focusing on anything but them right now. Claustrophobia seemed a fleeting concern. She hesitated, trying to decide what to do.

"Ready to end the game?" Leopold pushed back farther from her. His face remained impassive but his hand closed up into a ball.

Aden made a sound. "Don't give up now. The game's only beginning." He winked at her.

"No. I want truth." A coward's way out. If she'd picked dare, there was no telling what he'd tell her to do. Truth was marginally safer. A question she could answer had to be easier than a dare that would push her limits.

Leopold pinched his nose. "Truth. Let's see." He seemed to be thinking. Probably not a good sign for her. "How many times have you creamed your underwear in the time we've been in the stairwell?"

She gasped. "Leopold." Maybe a dare would have been a better choice. How to answer this?

He grinned at her. Didn't look apologetic in any way. If he was this adventurous during truth, what would he be like for dares? She was almost hesitant to find out.

Aden let out a big chuckle. "Answer the question. And" -- he took in a whiff -- "I bet I know what the answer *isn't*."

Her face heated all the way to her hairline. There was no way he could smell her. He was trying to make her think he could. "Three or four." Maybe more. She'd felt herself get slicker a few times since they'd been in there.

Funny, but she never thought about lying to them. It would seem wrong both for the game and for them.

Leopold let out a low humming sound, a cross between a growl and an exclamation. "When I got close, I wanted to smell you."

She shivered. She wanted so many things. Touch. Bodies. Nakedness. Everything they did seemed to be escalating this game. How far would they go? How far could they go? After all, they were strangers in a stairwell. Trapped. For the night.

"Your turn to pick." Leopold sat back, folding his hands in his lap.

She rubbed her hands together. "Aden." She was tempted to go back to Leopold because she wanted to push him but didn't want Aden to feel left out. They had all night to take this game as far as they wanted to and choose so they all had turns. She'd have the opportunity to push Leopold some more later. Now it was time to push Aden's buttons. She started thinking of scenarios.

"Dare." He sat up straighter against the wall. His breath hitched. Did he wonder what she'd ask him to do? What did he want her to order him to do?

"Take off Leopold's shirt." She'd considered her dare carefully. Debated her options. What she wanted to see from this dare. Baring Leopold would do well toward moving them forward. Not to mention she'd get to see his naked chest. Aden would get a thrill taking off Leopold's shirt.

Aden's face lit up like he'd been handed a free lottery ticket. Or a free pass to the chocolate factory. He rubbed his hands together in what looked like gleeful anticipation. Did he want to see? Or touch? Maybe even both.

Leopold didn't look averse to the situation either, but it was hard to tell because his features hardly changed. He didn't look thrilled or irritated. He did hold out his arms wide, as if saying, "Come and get me" to Aden.

When things had started between the three of them after they'd gotten stuck in the stairwell, she'd sensed something between them. A low hum of something brewing. A brief dial tone. With the game of truth or dare progressing, that low hum had grown into a growl. Maybe even a yell. She wanted to help it grow even bigger. Wanted to see what would percolate. "I wasn't finished yet. With your teeth. Remove his shirt with your teeth. Don't bite anything important though."

Aden's eyebrows rose. "My teeth, eh?" He moved his head from side to side and blew out a breath. "Of course I wouldn't bite anything important on him. Ever."

She nodded. Couldn't wait to see what he would do with this task. If only it was her in the crosshairs. But her turn would come soon enough. Her skin tingled with that thought. God, how she loved being in the crosshairs of both of them.

Why?

They'd been stuck in a stairwell together but why did she feel comfortable with them so quickly? They were strangers to her. Maybe because they'd seen her at such bad moments? The party with the vindictive bitch. The stairwell with the air drawing from her because of the claustrophobia. Her reaction to being asked to strip. Boy, they hadn't seen the best sides of her today, had they? But yet they'd reassured her at every turn. Hadn't called her fat or stupid. Instead, they seemed enamored of her charms.

Leopold didn't change his expression. Kept his arms out by his side, though, as if in invitation for Aden to begin. His breathing did speed up but it was barely noticeable. The man had stoic down to a science.

Eventually she'd have to try and make him react to her charms. She'd make him lose that cool reserve.

Aden moved over to Leopold. "Hi." He lowered long lashes over his eyes as if hiding his gaze from both of them. His body shook a little. Was that anticipation or nervousness? Or a combination of both? She couldn't wait to see this unfold.

"Hi." Leopold didn't smile or make it easy for Aden to tell if this was something he wanted to do or not.

Cassie couldn't even tell from where she sat, semi-kitty-corner with a side view of both of them.

Aden swallowed. He hesitated. He glanced over at Cassie before giving his full attention to Leopold. "Is this..."

"Get on with it." Leopold stretched up his neck as though baring himself for Aden's ministrations. "Your dare. Do it."

Cassie held her breath.

Aden lowered his head and pulled on the collar of the shirt with his teeth firmly planted in the material. He pulled it back to a certain point and released the collar. Smacked his lips together.

Leopold's thigh jerked.

Aden leaned forward, going up on his knees. He worked on the same side of the shirt he'd pulled back. He worked to pull it back farther and up over Leopold's shoulder. Before he sank his teeth into the material, his tongue darted out and caught Leopold's skin.

Lighting struck Cassie, or at least the neurological equivalent. Aden's tongue tasting Leopold would be a sight she'd see in her memory until her dying day.

Leopold tightened. His muscles spasmed before he brought himself back under control. He moved his thigh down. Grunted.

Aden had made Leopold react.

The corner of Aden's mouth turned up, but he didn't look like he smiled, so serious was his expression. He took this dare to heart. He didn't use his hands at all to move the shirt along Leopold's skin.

Cassie sat back, mesmerized by the sight of them in front of her. She'd not envisioned this would be so titillating.

Aden slipped the shirt off that one shoulder with Leopold's assistance. "One side down." He shifted his weight around. "One side to go." He scooted over to the other side of Leopold.

A position that Cassie wouldn't be able to see as well. On shaky knees, she got up and moved. She needed to be able to see everything. *Everything*.

Leopold closed his eyes. Leaned his head back.

Aden raked his teeth over the side of the shirt. Slipped it farther down over the other shoulder. His tongue went out and licked up the collarbone. Much longer contact this time than before.

More explosions erupted in Cassie. She wasn't even the one Aden touched. How would Leopold react to this interlude?

Leopold jerked again, and his eyes flew open.

"Sorry. Slipped." Aden muttered the words, but he didn't sound sorry in the slightest. His hand clenched down by his side. He shifted the shirt off Leopold's shoulder to match the other side.

What did Leopold taste like? She'd tasted his mouth. Ambrosia. But that wasn't his skin. Her hand fisted. She wanted to taste him too.

Leopold shifted his arms back and shimmied the shirt down his arms and off his body. His big, beautiful body. His muscular arms that she longed to feel wrapped around her.

His chest now lay bare before their eyes.

Muscles were at rest but hard. His stomach was like a washboard. His pecs were accentuated and gorgeous. Flat nipples were a shade darker and harder than the rest of him. A thin coating of hair didn't detract from the

smoothness of his skin. There was even a small belly button on that flat stomach.

Aden moved a hand to touch Leopold's arm. It was as if he couldn't sit so close and not touch.

Which she could understand. She felt that way herself. But she didn't want to break the moment between them. She wanted the moment between them to last as long as they wanted it to.

Mocha stroked pale. Such a contrast. It made both of the men stand out because of the difference in color between them. She liked the look of them together. Seemed natural. Serendipity. She'd come to her friend's looking for a good birthday outing. Instead, she'd found something better.

Aden's bicep flexed.

Her stomach clenched. Heart melted. The way the skin stretched across his arm made her want to sigh.

"Are you black? Or some other heritage?" Leopold looked down as if suddenly regretting the blurted out question. "I know, it's out of the game but I've always wondered."

With that, Leopold admitted he'd thought of Aden prior to this adventure. He probably wasn't aware of what he'd said. Or more importantly what it meant.

"My mother was white. My father was black." Aden pulled back his hand, not suddenly but gradually. As though he was thinking about what he was going to say next. "That made me nothing."

Cassie straightened even further at the offhand comment. She didn't like the way that sounded even though it was spoken matter-of-factly. His tone was flat. Lifeless. His gaze turned much the same way. "What?"

Leopold echoed her question. "What do you mean by that?" He didn't pull back from Aden but crept closer to him. His gaze was one of concern.

She was glad to see she wasn't overreacting to such an off-the-cuff comment. Why would Aden even say that?

Aden's throat moved in a swallow as he sat back against the wall. "It's better these days. For those of mixed race. But when I was growing up...I mean it's been what? Only forty years since blacks and whites got the right to marry in Virginia?" His mouth twisted. "I didn't belong anywhere." His head shook back and forth. "Blacks accepted me more than whites. But even they didn't always accept my mother. And she was a part of my life. Of me."

Cassie frowned. "I'm sure people can be cruel." She'd known a lot of people who didn't mean to be cruel but always were. Unintentional, but it didn't change the consequences of their behavior. She couldn't imagine what he'd been through. "I'm sorry."

He shrugged. "My family learned to get thick skins early. You have no idea what people would say. Or ask." He looked at a spot on the wall. "Even when we were kids and didn't understand all of it."

Cassie and Leopold both spoke at the same time with the same words. "You're not nothing though."

Leopold looked at her and smiled. "Listen to the woman. She makes a lot of sense." His hand reached for Aden's leg but didn't make it there. Instead, he put his hand on his own leg and looked intently at Aden.

"Listen to him." She jabbed her thumb at Leopold. "Smart man over there." Leopold was. After all, he was interested in Aden. As she was.

The smile that came didn't reach Aden's eyes. Years of pain had worked their way on Aden's psyche. She could see the pain within him, hovering right at the surface. Nothing she did could ever take away his hurt. But damn, she could give it a try. She did reach for his hand this time and held his cool fingers between her own.



Aden didn't feel as though he belonged. Probably why he wanted to try and change the world, and was going into law to do that. That was something she could understand, and she gave him props for the attempt.

She could also understand the feeling of not belonging anywhere.

Her weight had plagued her since she was a child. People had often spoken about her as though she wasn't even there. As though being large somehow ate up all her feelings or made her deaf.

*"She needs to lose weight."*

*"A healthy diet will be the thing."* Usually said with clapped hands and a false smile by her mother.

*"Should she have another cookie?"*

*"Have you seen her thighs?"*

Of course they had; she was not two feet from her mother and her aunt having the conversation about her "baby fat."

*"She's so f..."*

Cassie refused to say the F word. Even in her memories. She was healthy. Mostly happy with herself. She was definitely not that word.

Not that she was comparing her weight issues to something like race. The two were incomparable. Only it gave her heart and mind some insight as to what Aden had been through. She could never know everything, nor could anyone else. But they both had been made outsiders looking in by an uncaring, unaccepting society. So that part of the equation was something she could comprehend.

She didn't try to tell Aden it would all be okay -- or any more shitty platitudes that didn't mean anything -- but she did want to reassure him about *himself*. That was the important thing. "You're not nothing, Aden." Her fingers stroked over the warming skin on Aden's hand. "Never nothing."

Leopold nodded his agreement.

Aden shrugged. He met their gazes with troubled eyes. But they looked a little brighter than they had before.

She couldn't keep her eyes from Leopold's chest even as she tried to comfort Aden. "So, are we going to play some more?" She didn't know if they were or even if she should. But she wanted to.

Leo nodded. "I'm game for more."

Aden laughed. This time, the moment of self-reflection was gone and it was a real laugh. His expression turned back to the Aden who had come into the stairwell after her. "Are you kidding? It's my turn. I'm not about to give that up." He wagged his brows. "Now which one of you should I pick for my next probing....er...question. Or decadent dare." He looked poised as he posed.

Yes, whoever he selected would have a rocky situation no matter which they picked.

Cassie held her breath and waited.

## Chapter Five

Aden rarely felt like God. But with his turn coming up in the game of Truth or Dare, he thought he might understand a little of what that might feel like. A surge of power filled him to his core.

Cassie looked a little tense. Maybe even nervous. Did she worry about what he'd make her do?

He smiled. She had good reason to worry. He had great plans for them both in this next round of the game.

Leo looked unflappable as usual. Oh, to take that stoic face and make it reflect feelings. What would that take? He'd seen glimpses of something beyond that laconic exterior a few times this night. He wanted to see a lot more.

Aden would have fun finding out how to push Leo even further.

He sobered. He had revealed more of himself than he'd meant to earlier. He'd been almost shocked as the words popped out of him without any forethought. He never talked about race relations with anyone. Not even his family knew the harshness that growing up biracial had caused for him. Or at least, they'd never talked about the situation. He'd not give up on his life because of events in the past, but sometimes people around him had been cruel.

Aden sat back as they both looked at him expectantly. "Leo." He'd had to pick the giant of a man. Time to stop reflecting and get his ass back to the game at hand. He tried to look nonchalant but he was praying for a dare. A dare would set into motion a plan for both Cassie and Leo. One that he would enjoy watching.

“Dare.”

Aden must have looked too happy at the answer. He quickly brought his smile under control, but not quickly enough.

Leo didn't change expression, but he muttered, “Maybe I should change it to truth.” He looked cautiously over at Aden and pushed back his hair from his face. His hand dropped down to his lap. Where an erection still resided.

Good to know he was still invested in this game.

Aden rubbed his hands together. This was about to get even better. How hard would Leo get? Would he finally show some emotion? Would Cassie's nipples harden too? “I want you to strip Cassie's shirt from her.” He waited for reactions from both of them.

Leo, as usual, didn't have one.

Aden frowned. What was it going to take? He'd have to work harder to get the man to have a reaction. Before the night was over, he would get a look under Leo's mask.

Cassie gasped. “Take off my shirt?” She looked as if she didn't know whether to be offended or pleased. A laugh broke free of her mouth. She must have chosen the latter. “So you want to see my tits.”

“Duh.” He wagged brows at her. Of course he did. “Are you wearing a bra?” He blew out a breath, waiting on that answer. He hadn't known how that suggestion for a dare would go over. It seemed to have gone over better than he'd thought it would. He hadn't known if she'd have issues with stripping down in front of them like she had earlier. He wanted to beat those who'd made her feel less than a person for her weight. She was beautiful. He intended to show her with every truth she revealed and every dare she had some involvement with.

Her acceptance of the dare meant they were all back in the game after getting distracted by seriousness. It hadn't been time for the game to end. They still had many hours to kill and much to learn about each other.

He found himself more and more committed to getting to know them through truth or dare. And liking them both from what he was learning. They intrigued him. More than anyone he'd ever been involved with.

Not to mention they both turned him on. Had before getting trapped. Now that he was learning about them, he found them even more irresistible.

The song that had played for the evening stripping rang in his head. This was definitely "Another Night Another Dream." But who knew where everything would lead?

Leo moved closer to her without saying a word. Did he want to see her bared breasts too? He gave no indication. Instead, he took position to do what he'd been instructed to do. He might have been paying bills or going to the grocery store so deadpan was his face.

Wait a minute. Was that a hitch in his breath? Was his breathing faster than before? Maybe. About damn time he showed a reaction to something about this dare.

Aden watched closely to see if he could pick up on anything else that would tell him that Leo wasn't as removed from this as he tried to appear. He didn't see any other signs. Damn the man.

Her eyes cut to him then back to Aden as she finally replied to Aden's question. He'd thought she would ignore him. "Yes, by the way, I'm wearing a bra." She put her arms down by her side. "No two-for-one deals now, after you've already given the dare. You said strip the shirt only."

"My bad." He bared his teeth in a full-out grin. "I should have asked for both things." He snapped his fingers. Too bad. He hadn't thought about that until he'd asked her about the bra, which was too late.

She shrugged her shoulders but didn't seem all that upset for his missing out on seeing her bare or about having to strip. She looked as if she was having fun. Which was what he wanted. "Too late now." She flashed him a grin then turned her attention to Leo as he reached her side.

Yeah, that gave Aden another good dare to do. Or maybe Leo. How fast could one of them pull off her bra? He'd bet they could slip it off pretty damn fast. Would they get the chance? How many more turns would there be?

Leo slipped in and kept his head down to keep his gaze on Cassie. Aden couldn't see his expression. But his breathing still seemed fast. "Hi again." He moved his hand up to the bottom of her shirt. His tanned fingers locked themselves against the hem, and he hesitated for a second, resting there.

"Hi again to you." Cassie moved her arms to the side to give Leo ample access to what he needed to do.

He lifted up from the bottom and took his time pulling her shirt up. He used both hands, keeping careful track of her hair. He didn't seem to want to tug on it unnecessarily. Each movement upward revealed more skin.

Aden sat back and watched. He couldn't wait to see her skin exposed. All the creamy, beautiful expanse of her. Open to his eyes save for some small scrap of material. His breathing slowed as he waited for each morsel to be unveiled. His cock moved, needing to be a part of the action. Wanted to be touched. Preferably by them.

Leo lifted the shirt over her head. Pulled it from her body. Her hair fell back down as the shirt lost contact with it.

Aden was sure he gaped. Couldn't help himself. The sight before him was something he'd already been longing to see, and she didn't disappoint him. Quite the contrary. She set his blood to boiling.

She was beautiful.

Her off-white bra accentuated her paler skin. It hinted at the heavy treasures contained within. Her nipples were pebbled against the satin material. He could see them pushing against the confines of the cups as if straining for freedom. He wanted to see what color her nipples were. Were they rose? Pink?

Leo tossed her shirt to the side. He looked as entranced as Aden was. He didn't move away but stared at her.

Her skin was dotted with a few freckles. Her breasts were full as were her hips, which flared out from her body. Her stomach had a curve above her skirt. Her shoulders shifted back as she straightened her body.

She moved closer toward them. The change in direction made her breasts bounce. "So do you like what you see?" She didn't look at Leo or Aden. Her voice was quiet. Not as confident as it had been when they were teasing and starting this endeavor. She looked unsure of herself. She was back to being worried about her weight.

"Oh yeah." Leo's voice sounded more guttural than usual. What was his expression? Was he in as much turmoil as Aden? Aden tried to get a better look at Leo even as he answered the question.

"Yes." Aden didn't hesitate to back Leo up. "In fact, I want to see more of you. You're so gorgeous." He needed her sure of herself. Needed her to know how he thought of her, so that she could be at peace with herself. Much like she'd tried to bring him some peace about his racial identity by assuring him he wasn't nothing. His heart throbbed in his chest. She hadn't given him any bullshit. Straight talk and she'd shown him that it didn't matter to her. He had to do the same thing for her body image issues. He liked how she looked. That she was plus-size didn't matter to him. He liked her looks for the kind of woman she was.

Her genuine smile made his heart pound. Warmth spread out across his chest. "You do, huh?"

He nodded. Maybe she'd give them a free peek? If only. He'd take what he could get from her though.

Leo nodded as fast as Aden did.

"I'm sorry I keep harping on asking." Then a light, tinkling laugh pealed from her lips. "I guess we better get on with the game." She looked like a sprite

with the mischievous expression she wore. As though she was pleased with herself as well.

"Tease." Aden folded his arms in front of his chest. Tried to look grumpy but couldn't quite pull the look off. He was too thrilled and kept getting distracted by her body. Not only was he close to her but almost half of her was bare. He couldn't get his mind off getting her out of the rest of her clothes.

"Hey, I never said I was going to take off more than you asked for. In fact, I said I wasn't." She straightened up. "Now, who to pick?" Her finger tapped on her lips as she looked back and forth between them.

Before Aden could react, Leo cleared his throat. "Uh, Cassie?" He raised his eyebrows at her.

Her voice came honey sweet and thick. "Yes, Leopold?" She bit back a grin and squared her shoulders. She was back to teasing them.

He liked her like this. Liked the sure woman much better than the one who seemed to simmer over small things. He had a feeling the former was her true self and the latter had been made by society. He'd have to work to keep the former out to play with them.

She winked at Aden. She knew it wasn't her turn. Little minx. Aden couldn't help his own grin. She bore watching after this. He'd have to keep careful track of the turns so she didn't try and pull something like this when they weren't paying enough attention.

"It's my turn." Leo put his arms up and gazed down at her with a stern expression on his face. He tried to be foreboding. And succeeded.

"Oh, is it?" Now her voice sounded innocent and melodious. An act. Yes, she wasn't a cherub. Not that he wanted her to be. Unless she was a naked cherub.

Leo nodded. Seemed almost lost in thought as he stared at her torso. Was he as lost as Aden looking at her? Did thoughts of her body take over Leo's mind, making it hard to think of anything else but enjoying her?



She obviously batted her eyelashes toward Leo. "I guess I got confused with that last dare involving me." She blew out a sigh. "I'd never take your turn deliberately." Another eyelash bat.

A crock. "Maybe I'll have to not include you in my dares to him from now on." Aden kept his face as serious as he could. Wanted her to think he wasn't kidding. Truth was, he'd never be able to resist putting the two together in dares. "Right, Leo?"

There was a pause where no one spoke.

"Leo?" Aden found Leo staring at Cassie much as he'd done since her shirt had first come off.

Leo looked lost, staring at her. With as much emotion as Aden had ever seen.

Aden snapped his fingers.

"Huh?" He turned toward Aden as if hearing him speak for the first time. Yes, he had been distracted by her body. Chalk one up for Cassie making Leo lose his stoniness. "Oh. Yeah." He nodded and glanced back at Cassie with no expression. "You'll have to do that, Aden. Since Cassie can't keep straight whose turn it is."

"I don't think so." She tilted her face down and a curtain of hair spilled around her. "You don't have to do that." She didn't seem to like the idea of not being a part of Leo's dares. How far would she go to avoid that?

"But I don't want you getting confused." Aden managed to keep himself serious though it was difficult. "On whose turn it is. Or anything else."

Her head tilted again and she gave him a look that said, "Oh, really?" She didn't say any words. Said enough with her expression.

He lost it and began to laugh. Couldn't help giving up the joke too early without gaining a damn thing. He could have pushed her to take off the bra. "Fine. I won't keep you out of Leo's dares."

Leo muttered something that sounded like "Thank God."

Both of them turned toward Leo. "What?"

"Nothing." He looked down at the floor as if he couldn't meet their gazes. "So it's my turn."

"Yep." Aden nodded and sat back against the wall. He expected Leo to pick Cassie. To push her a little further and keep the game going.

"Aden."

For a minute, Aden didn't think he'd heard right. Surely Leo couldn't have called his name. But he had. He licked his lips. Time to up the ante. "Dare."

Leo didn't change expression. He did say anything either. His gaze lit Aden like a fire from within.

Aden waited through the silence. What would Leo choose for him? What would Leo make him do? Cassie's bra coming off was a good start. But what was the next step? He wasn't sure he could guess what that would be.

"Jerk yourself off. But don't come." Leo bit out the words through clenched teeth. His hands tightened into fists as well.

Aden sat there for a second. Had he heard what he'd thought he'd heard? Surely he couldn't have heard those words correctly. *Jerk yourself off?*

Cassie gasped. "Oh, wow."

He'd heard the sentence correctly. He leaned back and spread his legs far apart to give himself easier access.

Leo's body jerked. His gaze flitted down to Aden's cock as though he couldn't stop watching. They were finally getting to Leo. Boring into the unemotional man and making him feel things. Or at least demonstrate that he felt things.

He wasn't the only one affected. Cassie's gaze trained on the middle of his body. A breath blew from her lips. "Are you going to do this?"

Leo looked from her back to Aden. His jaw tightened. He seemed to be thinking of something to say.

Aden quickly moved his hand to the button on his pants. He arched a brow. "Of course. I'm not renegeing on the game. I'll do the dare he gave me."

Did both of them look relieved?

"Stripping is up to you." Leo met his gaze. "All I asked for was for you to jerk off."

It would feel so much better without pants though. Aden unbuttoned the top of the pants and spread the V. It wasn't enough. Gritted his teeth and bounded to his feet. He slipped his pants around his ankles.

He sat back down, leaving on his underwear. His cock poked up against the tighty whities. Made his erection obvious. Not that he cared.

Neither did they.

Both sets of eyes were directed at his lap as though they couldn't focus anywhere else. As though they couldn't look away.

He welcomed that attention on him. Made him burn inside to know they both were that focused on him.

He placed his hand on his stomach. Watched them and not his own actions. Slowly, he slid his hand down over his belly button. Slipped his hand into his underwear. His cock moved up to meet his fingers.

Breath escaped from him as his hand clasped around his cock. He leaned his head back against the wall, watching them from the corner of his eye.

He took his cock in a firm hand and plunged his hand down to the base before raising his hand up to the tip.

His cock jerked against the movement again. His balls tightened as though he might spill automatically.

He gritted his teeth as he fought the climax back. Normally, he wasn't on such a hair trigger. But this wasn't a normal day, was it? He'd been trapped with two attractive people and was now engaging in a game of truth or dare that had moved into sexual play. Yeah, he was close to losing himself.

But Leo had told him not to come. Not to orgasm. Wasn't going to be easy. But then a dare shouldn't be.

He slowed down his hand.

Leo pulled the bag that he carried closer to him and opened the top. He dug through the contents.

Aden tightened his hands around himself and slid down again, going as slowly as he could. It didn't help. The climax still felt too close for comfort. His hand felt so damn good. Would have only been better had it been Leo or Cassie's hand. Or both.

Or their mouths.

Their warm, welcoming mouths. With tongues that slipped around and smoothness that encompassed.

He groaned and let go of his cock again. Kept his hand nearby in his underwear but took a moment to get himself back under control.

Leo pulled a smaller bag from the backpack and pulled out an item. He said, "Aden." Acted as if he would toss the little object toward him.

Aden pulled his hand up, his cock jerked, but he caught the item being lobbed at him.

"What's that?" Cassie looked intrigued. Her gaze went down and her eyes also narrowed as she gazed at his cock.

Did she like what she saw? Was he poking out from his underwear? He didn't look down but reached with his free hand to adjust himself. His cock didn't like being in the underwear, that was for sure. He looked at the container. "Lube?"

Cassie giggled and said, "Lube?" She looked to Leo, who shrugged tight shoulders before answering.

"Yeah."

"You carry lube in that bag."

Leo shrugged again. "Yeah."

“Why?” Aden pushed the bottle back and forth in his hand. He wanted to warm it before putting it on his cock.

“You never know what you might need.”

Cassie's giggle tingled Aden in places that didn't need the extra electric punch. “A lube emergency?”

Leo didn't answer. He fingered the top of the bag. His fingers were steady and not shaky.

Aden's heart went into his throat. It pounded so loud, he could hear it through his ears. “You don't carry that stuff because they told you to.” The company they worked for had each bodyguard carry their own bag of supplies. But Aden had never seen one have lube.

Leo shook his head.

It wasn't a work issue. Was Leo thinking he might get lucky some night? Considering how often Aden and Leo worked together, and Aden had never seen him make a play for anyone, that didn't sound likely. “What else do you have in there? That isn't issued by the company or you were told to have?”

Leo fingered the zipper tab. “Crackers. A water bottle. Condoms.”

Leo had been ready to sleep with someone. Who had he thought he'd be lucky with one day? “More lube?”

Leo nodded. “Yeah. Several more bottles.”

Aden clutched the bottle of lube tight in his hand. That Leo carried this stuff around somehow did something to his insides. Aden had never guessed what extras Leo was carrying around with him. Somehow, knowing Leo carried that stuff made him seem more human to Aden. Less like an automaton.

“You're prepared, aren't you?” Cassie moved to the side.

“That's my motto. I don't think I'll have a use for them, but you never know.”

Aden looked down at the little vial of lube. He'd had a choice earlier that he hadn't taken. Leo hadn't told him how to masturbate. Aden hadn't pulled

down his underwear. Now, he wasn't sure he wanted lube all over his tighty whites. Not to mention, with that revelation about Leo, he was feeling a little more inclined to give them a show.

Taking a deep breath, he took his pants from around his ankles, careful not to drop the lube.

"How long you going to take with this dare?" Cassie humphed, sitting back. "I think you're stalling."

He didn't respond. But did put his hands on the waistband of his underwear. And bounded to his feet.

"Yeep." Her eyebrows lifted, as if daring him to do something. That he was already going to do.

Leo didn't say a word. But his breathing had picked up. Not to mention a pulse beat at the base of his throat. A reaction. Now, how much of that could he push from Leo? He'd have to see.

Aden had stripped many, many times, both privately and professionally. But he'd rarely gone down to less than his underwear. Like he was about to do now. In front of these two, it felt right though.

He tugged the waistband on the tight garment and pulled them down over his hips. He slipped them to his knees and quickly over his ankles.

He took a minute before he sat back down and looked to his audience.

## Chapter Six

Leopold didn't feel like he could breathe. He felt like air was stuck in his lungs and wouldn't push through.

Probably had something to do with the various states of undress around him. To think, two turns ago, he'd been the most undressed with his shirt off.

Now Cassie didn't have her shirt on, sitting there in front of his eyes in her bra. How he envied that bra for cupping the two treasures he wanted to hold with both hands.

And Aden was *naked*. His cock bounced around in the breeze. Big, black, and beautiful. Leopold wanted to kiss it. Wanted to kiss him.

Wanted so many things he couldn't even name them.

Aden settled down, back against the wall. Opened up the lube.

The lube Leopold had brought in the bag. Why he carried that stuff around, he didn't know. After all, he'd never used the protection. Maybe it was an unconscious way of thinking about getting lucky with Aden, though he'd never planned to be with anyone. Now, it might happen. Or at least that seemed to be the way the game was going. Did he want it to?

Aden's eyes met Leopold's. Aden looked pleased at whatever he saw there. A smile graced his full lips. He glanced to Cassie and again seemed gratified by whatever he saw there too.

'Course Cassie hadn't torn her gaze away from Aden since the button on the pants had come undone.

Not that Leopold blamed her.

Aden put down the vial and rubbed some lube in his hands. He made an elaborate production of rubbing them together and slowly lowering the rubbing hands down to his hard cock.

His. Hard. Cock.

Those big hands closed around his cock. His head dropped back as he let out an exclamation. His face contorted in an effect of total joy.

Leopold's mouth dried. He worked up some saliva so he could speak. "Don't forget. No coming."

Aden's cock jerked up against his working hands. "Uh-huh." He stroked up, down to the base, and back up to the tip. The tip pointed through his thick fingers like an exclamation. "How long?" His breathing was rapid fire.

*Until you're almost at the gate of orgasm.* Which was cruel, to take him to the edge and not let him go over. But Leopold didn't want Aden to climax by himself. He wanted Cassie or himself to be the cause. Yet, the latter couldn't ever happen. A real conundrum, because he wanted it too.

When they'd first settled down in the stairwell, Leopold would have bet they weren't headed toward sexual exploration. Not until truth or dare had started had he seen that coming. But now? Leopold would be shocked if they didn't head down some road of exploring each other. He expected they'd go further than a mere hand job.

How much further? His heart pounded. He didn't know.

Cassie would probably be the determining factor in this exploration. After all, she was the one with body issues.

Aden was the one who had experience.

All Leopold had were issues of the mental variety. Maybe he should pull out of the situation now before things went too far and his pull back hurt them. Because he could never be with them. Not in a sexual way like this. They could never be one-nighters or whores to him. They were too special for that. That made them off-limits. For everyone's sake.



He never should have entered the game. Definitely never should have gone so far with the last dare. He'd gotten carried away. But seeing Aden had brought everything that he was and would be back to him.

"Leo, how long?" Aden gritted the words past clenched teeth and lips. His hands went back to the base. His entire cock showed through his splayed fingers. Dripping with lube. Hard and shiny in the effervescent light.

"Two minutes. From now. Don't come." His voice snapped out the order like he was in charge.

Aden grumbled. "You already told me *that*." He leaned his head farther back. Rubbed his hands up and down his length over and over again.

Cassie blew out a breath. She turned to Leopold. Licked her lips and then turned back to Aden. Whatever she'd been about to say was forgotten in the view of a naked Aden with two hands on his lubed-up cock. This was better than Leopold had expected.

Aden's hand went down faster and came up quicker. He was rough against his own flesh as he jerked himself up and down. He lifted his hands away. His face strained in an apparent need to seek control. His body straightened out as well.

"You okay?" Leopold needed to make sure. Didn't want anything to go rudely in this first play. *You should call it off now. Don't lead them on.* But he couldn't make himself say the words.

Aden's cock jerked at Leopold's voice.

"Yeah. Need. More. Lube." Aden didn't sound as though he could form a coherent sentence. He grabbed for the lube and poured more in his hands. His eyes closed as he lowered his hands back to his straining cock.

Leopold couldn't look away. Couldn't see Cassie's reactions, though he could hear her breathe. Rapidly.

The man tightened one hand around the middle of his cock. Squeezed. His groan was loud and drawn out. His hand went down to the base and back up

to the tip. A small drop of come registered on the end of Aden's cock. It mingled in with the lube as his hand continued to stroke up and down.

Aden's face had sweat beaded up on his skin. His hips bucked back and forth uncontrollably.

Down and up, he slid his hand.

Leopold's breath lodged in his chest. He'd told Aden not to come. But what a sight it would be. His hips bucking. Face contorted in pleasure. Rivulets of come jetting forth in a final expression of lust.

Aden's hands went back down to the base of his cock and back up. His hand jerked down and up before he'd hardly reached the tip. He let himself go, removing his hand from the engorged member.

Cassie's voice sounded hoarse and breathless. She rustled as she moved. "Why are you stopping?"

Aden opened his eyes. They were passion hued and sparkling. "Because I'm done." His eyes centered on Leopold.

"What do you mean?" Cassie sounded almost aggravated at the end of the show. Her finger tapped the floor.

Leopold spoke up. "He's done his time." Cassie still looked confused. "I told him he had to jerk himself off for two minutes. He did that."

"Oh." She sounded disappointed. Her shoulders slumped down. But her gaze centered on Aden's still hard cock and seemed to be drawn to it like a magnet.

"Plus, I told him not to come."

"Now, that part I did hear." She licked her lips. "Are you getting dressed, Aden?" She fingered the edge of her skirt.

"Do you two want me to?" Aden's voice sounded as though he'd run in a marathon. Yet he also sounded hesitant.

"No." Aden had barely finished speaking before Cassie answered. She moved her shoulders back and forth. "My vote is no dressing. Neither I or Leopold dressed after taking off clothes."

Leopold nodded. "I agree. I think you need to stay naked."

Aden frowned. He looked back and forth. "But neither of you are naked. I say if I stay this way, I need someone else stripped."

Leopold shook his head. "You were stripped for a dare. We haven't been. To finish the game, you should stay naked." Not to mention, he wanted to keep looking at his cock and the rest of him. "It's only fair."

Aden rolled his eyes. "Uh-huh. Fair. Let's see. I'll pick Cassie." He sat up straighter but almost knocked over the lube. He quickly picked it up.

Her face lit with a quick grin. "Truth."

Aden snapped his fingers together. "Damn." He frowned. "I was hoping for a dare." He gave her a pointed look directly at her bra and skirt.

He wasn't the only one. Leopold wanted to see that bra come off too. View her bared breasts.

Her laugh came easily. "I know."

She was so free most of the time with her emotions. With her candor. Leopold's fists clenched. If only he could be.

Aden wiggled his mouth as though thinking. "Let's see. Truth." It looked as if he hadn't had anything worked up in this case.

Leopold watched the interaction of them both with unconcealed interest. He had a few questions he could ask her. Too bad it wasn't his turn. He opened his mouth but quickly shut it. Aden didn't need him. He could come up with something powerful on his own.

Aden's mouth curved. His eyes twinkled. He'd thought of something good to ask her. What would it be? "Cassie?"

“Yeah.” She flipped her hair back and stared at him with a bored expression. “Bring on the truth.” She didn't seem concerned. Maybe she should be. After all, Aden wasn't a slouch when it came to pushing people's buttons.

Leopold held his breath, awaiting whatever the question would be.

“Do you want Leo and me to be in your first threesome?”

Leopold felt slightly as though he'd been kicked in the solar plexus. Blood drained down to his cock, and his heart pounded. What a question. Even more important, what would be her answer?

Her eyes had widened upon the last word and were still wide. “What did you say?” Her tongue came out to swipe nervously at her lips. “Aden?” Her voice warbled, even with her uncertainty.

“I asked, 'Do you want Leo and me to be in your first threesome?' Do you want Leo and me to participate in fulfilling your fantasy?” Unspoken was “right now” but it was implied. Everyone knew what Aden was asking.

Did she want Aden and him to take her in the stairwell? To make her fantasy come true tonight?

Silence.

Leopold held his breath. This was a game stopper. It had to be. Aden meant the question. An answer of “no” would lead them one way. A “yes” answer would lead them down a whole different path. If he let things happen. Which he couldn't. Could he? Which way did he even want her to answer?

Her eyes glanced down at the floor as though there was something interesting lying in front of her. She seemed to be staring at a crack. “Do you want to fulfill my fantasy?” Again, unspoken was the word “tonight.” Yet, they all somehow knew what the stakes were. At least, Leopold did.

Even if he didn't like them.

Aden shook a finger. “Ah. Ah. Ah. You have to answer the truth question. You're not supposed to ask me things.” His grin grew larger. As did the

hardness of his cock. "But...umm...yes." He stared at Cassie as though she was the candy to his sweet tooth.

Her gaze sought out Leopold. "And you?"

He swallowed. He wasn't sure how to answer this question. What his heart wanted and what his mind said were two different things. How did he reconcile what he wanted to do with what he knew he shouldn't do?

Her eyes immediately narrowed and closed. "Never mind. I shouldn't be asking. No. No, I don't want..."

Leopold crawled to her side in an instant. He placed his finger over her mouth. Shook his head. "It's not that I don't want you." Her jump to that conclusion was obvious given her past history with them. No matter what else happened, he didn't want her to think that she was at fault here.

"Hey, it's okay. You probably don't want to be with two people at the same time." Her face belied her words. She didn't look okay despite what she'd said. She was trying to give him a way out.

He couldn't take it. Couldn't make life that simple. Even though he wanted to. "It's not that I don't want to be with you both."

Aden tried to interject. "Cassie..."

"No. Really, it's okay. I know you're attracted to him. You don't have to fulfill anything with me. You two can go to the top of the steps. Or after we get rescued -- it has to be almost morning -- you can get it on all on your own. Without the fa...without me." She babbled the words quickly as they burst forth from her without forethought. She wrung her hands together. "It's cool."

Leopold put his hand over hers.

She tried to jerk her hand away but he pulled her back. "Don't." He didn't want her to pull away from him. Not now. Not ever.

"It's okay." Her voice sounded as though she was struggling to hold back tears. "I understand. Completely."

"No you don't." He continued to stroke her hand. "It's not because of you that I hesitated."

Aden's and Cassie's gazes both trained on his face. Their eyes seemed to cut through him like the sharpest knife.

They made it hard to speak. How could he tell them the unexplainable? "It's not you. It's all me." He blew out a breath. "All me."

"How is that?" Cassie stopped trying to pull her hand away from him but instead held his hand tightly as if she knew an eruption was coming.

He liked the feel of her fingers wrapping around his. "I told you I've never been in a threesome before." It wasn't a question. He knew what he'd told them earlier.

They both nodded. Didn't say anything as if encouraging him to go on with his story. They could sense his reluctance to tell them anything further.

If only he could stop, or they would stop him. He'd not be that lucky. "My sister and I were...well, we were all we had growing up. There was some abuse and...physical abuse...not anything else but that was enough." He couldn't meet their gazes now. Found himself looking at the crack that Cassie had earlier. "I've never..." He put his hand to his head. "I've never been with anyone intimately." His breath was too heavy to blow out so he puffed like a loon. "My father was an abusive bastard. I never want to do anything to hurt anyone else. So...it's been easier for me to stay uninvolved."

*Until tonight.*

They'd made him get involved. Somehow in this stairwell with the games and the revelations both physically and verbally, they'd pulled him in. He'd been intimate before he'd even realized what was going on. He'd never told another soul what he'd told them. He waited for their reactions.

"You've never had sex?" Cassie looked as surprised as could be. "For real?" Her face scrunched up.

“Uh...” He wasn't explaining this right. He searched for words. “Oh, I've fucked before. Men and women. Mostly one-nighters or bought or something. Not often.” He scratched his head. “Just enough. But I've never...I've never...”

“Made love.” Aden supplied the words that he'd not been able to come up with. “With another person.”

Leopold nodded. He'd never thought there was a difference between making love and having sex. Until tonight. So many firsts.

Cassie's voice came weakly. “This would be more than fucking? We barely know each other.” Her head shook back and forth. “But it would, wouldn't it? I've never felt like this about anyone else. Like I do right now for you both.” Her breathy voice conveyed her surprise at feeling the way she did.

Leopold could concur with that emotion. “Exactly.” Leopold nodded to show her that he felt the same way. “This would be more than that. I know we just met...well, you and I met.” But there was something there. Maybe it was the circumstances. Maybe it was his own stupidity showing.

Aden shifted closer to both of them. “It's the same for me. I don't know what it is but I feel connected to you two. In ways I've never felt before.”

Odd how this chance encounter had affected them all so deeply. Aden had talked about race, a driving issue for him, and Cassie had talked about her weight, a buried issue for her. Now Leopold had revealed something he'd never talked about to anyone, not even his sister, who before now he would have ranked the most likely to understand his motives. Yet there was a certain feeling of safety in revelations to these two. “It's odd.”

Cassie clicked her tongue. “It is. I think it's the game along with everything else.” Maybe even facing her greatest fear together about being shut in had helped them all become closer too.

Leo had no illusions. Had different people been locked in with him, this night of bonding never would have happened. Aden and Cassie, along with him, had driven the process. But where would these conclusions take them?

Aden reached over and took Leopold's hand. "Is this why you're always so...damn unemotional? You almost seem stoic when dealing with anything. Anyone."

So it was noticeable to others. "My father would go into a rage about everything. No emotion was underdone with him. I've worked hard to make myself balance my emotions. I don't want to exercise my temper and flail out at everyone. Not the way he did." He'd fought hard to keep himself under a tight rein. He was determined not to be the man his father had been.

"You still have to feel though, Leopold." Cassie frowned. Her hand moved under his, fingers lifting up to touch him. "You have to let yourself experience emotions. You're not a robot."

He'd forgotten her hands were there when Aden had touched him. She'd sat so still under his hand. Now, they both were wrapped around him. Giving him more strength than he'd ever thought possible. If their hands made him feel like this, what would lovemaking with them be like? He couldn't imagine. "I feel."

"Do you?"

He rolled his shoulders. "I do when I...paint. When I draw. When I sculpt." Maybe art was his calling. Maybe it did consume him despite all of his protestations. He'd spent enough nights trying to get a picture right. But even earlier this evening, he'd tried to deny to himself that it was invested in his soul. But now, talking to these two, he couldn't deny the truth to himself. In art, whether painting or sculpting, that was where he'd previously felt whole. All because he didn't think he deserved that nor the beauty art brought with it. Now, he felt that way with them. But it didn't diminish what art was for him. Something he'd never admitted to himself, much less anyone else.

"You paint?" Cassie looked intrigued.

"You'll have to show us your art. Later." Aden's mouth trembled as he talked. From emotion?



“I do feel. Especially...with you two.” The words slipped out before Leopold could call them back. Oh, what the hell. They'd both revealed a lot to him. Why shouldn't he to them? He waited again for their reactions.

“Good.” Aden's warm fingers stroked across his skin, igniting his blood again. What would they feel like touching other places? Was he about to find out? He'd not said no to making love with them. But he hadn't said yes yet either. What should he say?

“Then show me.” Cassie turned to face him with a challenge in her eyes. “Make my fantasy come true.”

## Chapter Seven

Cassie couldn't believe what she'd said. Well, she could and she couldn't. It was about as confusing as this whole night had been. She was about to indulge in a longtime fantasy. With two men she'd just met. A fantasy she'd never once thought would be fulfilled. Her heart pounded in her chest like a freight train.

Leopold moved in and laid his lips on hers. Kissed her thoroughly. Gently. His lips slid against hers, asking access. He broke the kiss, and the loss of his lips struck her immediately. "We'll be your fantasy come true." His gaze swept to Aden. "Won't we?" His voice was hoarse, as though he couldn't control his tone.

That knowledge made her blood simmer. If she and Aden could make him lose control without even touching him...what would happen when things started? If they started. Butterflies did the dance of angels in her stomach.

"Yes, we will." Aden shifted over toward her. His body came in contact with hers. His naked body.

Her eyes swept over him yet again. He was gorgeous. Long limbed. Dark. His eyes gazed at her as though he'd eat her up.

Leopold leaned down to kiss her again. His lips were warm and inviting. Pressing. Gauging how deep he could intrude.

Hands fumbled at her back. Aden's hands. They worked on her bra clasp. The back opened and the cups loosened in front.

This was going to happen. Her breathing hitched.

Leopold moved back and reached one hand to her shoulder. He pulled down the strap over her arm. Then pulled down the second strap.

Baring her.

Her breasts were freed by his actions. She straightened her shoulders, thrusting them out. One feature she'd always gotten compliments on had been her breasts.

Leopold couldn't pull his gaze away from her. He seemed stuck on staring at her boobs with a wondrous expression. He dropped the bra on the floor and didn't even look to see where it landed.

She smiled. "Like what you see?" She didn't have to ask. She could tell by the expression on his face but wanted to hear him say the words.

Aden maneuvered around her to the front. Elbowed Leopold. "I wanna see." He spoke loudly so that it echoed. His breath hitched in his throat. "God." His tongue came out to swipe a quick lick across his lips. "Beautiful."

She bit her lip and looked down. Long as they thought so.

Leopold finally tore his gaze away and stood. He went to the bag and rustled in it. Tossed something at Aden followed by something else flung through the air.

A condom. And lube.

A spiral of nerves bundled up her neck, culminating in a long shiver that raced back down her spine.

Pictures in her head of this happening couldn't compare with the real thing. A dream couldn't rival two men unfolding her fantasy before her eyes. They were so much more than she'd ever expected.

Not that she'd ever expected this fantasy to ever be more than that. Now it was about to become reality.

Aden put down both items where he could reach them. He nodded to Leopold who nodded back to him.

Seemed to be some unspoken agreement between the two of them. Something they'd worked out without even speaking aloud. How could they work so well together? They'd admitted they barely knew each other, though they were attracted to each other. That much was apparent.

Leopold caught her eye. He moved his head up straighter. His hands went down to the waistband of his pants. He slowly undid the top button with a flourish.

Her mouth dried. Aden had been naked for a while. Now Leopold was about to take off his clothes. She'd get to see him. By the look of him, he wasn't only taking them off. He was doing a striptease for her. From what he'd said earlier, not anything he enjoyed doing. But he was doing it for her and Aden.

Intimacy.

The definition of it was parading in front of her.

Leopold had been clear that this round of sex wasn't going to be typical for him. That it went deeper than most of the sex he'd ever had. That it was more than it would seem to be on the surface and he knew that. So did she. Aden seemed to too.

Leopold was about to strip for her. She knew what that meant to him. For him. He wasn't merely going to strip. He was going to strip away his emotions like his clothing and display them. There were so many levels to what they were about to do.

Would they make him lose control? If only.

She leaned back against the wall. It was cool against her steamy skin. She felt so hot. As if she'd never be cool again. She whistled to encourage Leopold and break open the moment. "Take it off. Take it all off."

He didn't look offended by her encouragement. Instead, he grinned. He slipped down the zipper to his pants and splayed them open. His white underwear peeked through the V in his pants.

Aden clapped, startling her. He moved back to her side. Set down the lube and the condom again on the floor where he could get to them easily. "Leo! Leo!" He pumped his hand in the air as if he was at a sporting event.

Leopold shook his head but still smiled indulgently. "Cut that out." He dipped one side of his pants down.

"What? What? I can't encourage you?" Aden didn't look put off. Instead, he arched a brow.

Leo didn't answer. He rocked his hips and resumed the slow descent of his pants to his legs and farther down below. He shimmied them down along with his underwear. Until they reached his feet, and he kicked them off with his shoes.

Only Cassie somehow missed that part of the stripping. One minute the pants were sliding down his hips and the next, they seemed to have reached the floor beside him. Because her eyes became entranced by his naked cock, and they didn't follow the descent of the pants down his legs.

His big, naked cock.

It was red and straining away from his body. Heavy. Her fingers itched to hold him in her hands.

She glanced to the floor where she saw the pants and then back up to his cock. Couldn't keep her eyes away from him. It swung around as he shifted his weight. She could see the beginnings of his sac under him.

His erect, naked cock.

Now, she'd gone to college. She'd seen plenty of cocks. Leopold was not only a big man in stature. Aden wasn't exactly small. They were going to make her beg. Scream. She couldn't wait. They'd make sure it was good for her.

Leopold picked up something small from the floor. He opened the condom packet with a crinkle. He grimaced as he sheathed his cock in the rubber. His hands slipped it up to the base with some effort.

"Isn't it a little early for the condom?" Aden frowned. His gaze went from Leopold's cock to his own condom packet.

"I don't want to be tempted." Leopold looked at her and shrugged those wide shoulders. "You're the temptation, by the way. To be clear." He directed those words toward her.

She could barely swallow with that admission. "Good." Nothing else she'd rather be for him. Except maybe under him.

Leopold moved over to her. "But you're also wearing too many clothes." His gaze shot down to her skirt.

Her turn to disrobe. Her heart galloped and her stomach gave a twist. What would they think of her naked? Wasn't like she could turn out a light. Who'd want to? Not her with their buffness nearby. Surely they'd enjoy seeing the rest of her as much as they had the first piece?

Only one way to find out.

She didn't have much time to wonder because Aden's hands came to the top of her skirt. She helped him by kicking off her shoes, and then he slipped her skirt from her hips. Slowly. He eased it down, making her sit up and then back down.

Her underwear went with the skirt. So did her pantyhose. Soon, she'd be sitting on a tile floor wearing nothing but a smile. The two of them with her ensured that there would be a smile.

Coolness invaded her limbs. Invaded her soul.

Never had she felt barer before a man than she did right now. Not only from the current nakedness. But because of all she'd revealed to them this night. All they'd given her back in their own revelations.

She looked down at the ever popular crack in the floor. Couldn't chance looking up right away to see their expressions. Had to give herself a minute to get up her nerve. She followed the crack with her gaze, continuing to look away from them.

Until a firm hand grasped her chin and brought her head up so that she would be looking into their eyes. Both men were before her. With looks that would set a match to flame. Their eyes stared at her. Burning. They turned her to cinders with the flames inside of them.

There was no rebuke in their eyes. No disgust. Only lust and something else that she couldn't define.

Leopold puffed out a long breath that didn't seem to want to leave his chest. "Lay down." His voice was guttural. He eased her to the floor with his hands, helping her lay on her side facing him. With Aden at her back.

Oh God, this was going to happen.

Two men at the same time would be taking her. Her body went into spasms, as did her heart.

She rolled onto her back, disrupting what Leopold had commanded. She needed a minute to recover herself. To get herself together onboard with what would be happening. She'd thought she'd been ready. She was ready. But it was a new situation. She had to adjust.

This move didn't seem to faze either of them. Neither commented. They both lay down beside her, each facing her. Big bodies came in contact with her. Their legs negotiated flight space over her. One cock poked either thigh. "Okay." Her voice sounded high and winded. "I want this." She rushed to reassure them of her intentions. "It's moving a little fast." Like a freight train too fast. Speeding bullet. She wasn't keeping up the pace.

Aden pecked her lips with his own. "It's okay."

Leopold's lips grazed her cheek. "I know. We'll go slower." His eyes caught Aden's as he glanced down. "I want you so much."

To hear him say that filled her with even more longing. It cost him to say the words aloud. Leopold was a man that lived in his own head. To hear him revealing information aloud to them was a huge step.

She nodded, unable to speak.

His hand slipped up to pull back her hair behind her ears. He stroked her face before moving down her neck.

The slight touch rammed into her senses like the freight train she'd thought about earlier. She felt as though she'd been knocked down. Couldn't get her breath to keep up with the demands for oxygen.

Aden mirrored his movements on her other side. Again, they seemed able to work together without talking it through. Amazing how fast they'd been able to "get" each other. Some couples took years and never could predict the other's reactions. Aden and Leopold had it down after an evening.

Both touches tickled her and she couldn't help the giggle that quickly changed into a strangled moan as they reached her breasts.

Her skin was so sensitized, every movement felt like it fired her nerves, building like a rocket about to launch.

Two different hands fondled her. One was tan against her pale skin. The other was even darker.

That made her heart lurch. Her stomach fell. Two men touched her. Two men wanted her. At the same time and place.

She let her head fall back to the floor instead of watching. Couldn't keep track of them any longer. Needed to concentrate on where their hands touched.

Oh, could she ever feel. They cupped her and toyed with her nipples. Pinched them until they were elongated beyond measure.

Her skin tingled all over, radiating from the epicenter of her breasts, which was where they touched her. Earthquakes of electricity rocketed out from every nerve ending.

She moaned, closing her eyes.

Only to jerk them open as a warm wet mouth closed around one nipple. He suckled it into the lavalike heat of his mouth. It was like descending into a hot springs.



She wasn't even sure which one had acted until she looked up. Had to know who'd given her such pleasure.

*Aden.*

Not to be outdone, Leopold followed suit. Taking her nipple inside that huge mouth and wrapping his tongue around her nipple to tease her at will.

Her hips arched up in the air, rocking against their legs.

As if that wasn't enough, a hand scooted down her side to her stomach. Paused. Then it moved below her stomach, making the muscles draw in as it descended.

Her head arched back.

The hand stilled.

"Don't you dare stop." She bit out the words through clenched teeth.

Leopold chuckled immediately following her words. "Yes, ma'am."

Aden's hand marshaled himself on the other side. Slipped down her body toward her wanting pussy, following a trail on the opposite side from Leopold. His hand felt rougher than Leopold's.

Fingers slipped into her. One plucked her clit, sliding against it with delicious results. The other hand slipped fingers into her pussy and went in and out. Plunged down deep with two, then came back up and added a third, filling her up with them, but not in the way she wanted to be filled right now. Not with double cocks. Living her fantasy.

All the while, mouths continued to pleasure her breasts.

Too much.

After the whole evening of revelation and play, it was too much. She'd been centered on the brink for so long that pushing her over took minimal effort.

She creamed, screaming as her hips bucked in the throes of an orgasm that whipped her with a firm hand.

Her entire body coated with sweat and shook as the last of the climax rocked her body back and forth. Her hips spasmed as they bucked uncontrollably.

Mouths and hands slowly withdrew from her. She groaned, missing the feel of them touching her. Her pussy felt slicker than it ever had. Could feel her juices accumulating. Not to mention, her sensitivity skyrocketed. A mere breath across her made her jump.

Her world had narrowed down to these two men. These two men were all she could think of. All she could feel.

Leopold guided her onto her side again. He used those big hands to put her right where he wanted her.

The place she most wanted to be right now. She could barely move. Felt like liquid had taken over her muscles, and her body had gone floppy. Had her bones dissolved with her orgasm?

She tensed as Aden came up against her back. His body butted up against her, making contact with her skin.

This was real. As real as her life would ever get.

Two men.

Two holes.

One had been tried, the other had not. She was an anal sex virgin.

She started to tell them that. But they already knew. She didn't have to open herself up to them. She already had.

Her muscles clenched. Reality set in. Even with the joyous orgasm and what she wanted, the truth still scared her. How would this happen? Would it hurt? Would there be pleasure? How did two men take one woman? Her throat dried.

She looked up into Leopold's beautiful eyes. They reflected visions of herself that she liked to see. She looked so wonderful in his eyes, which gleamed as brightly as the sky on a spring day.

Her body relaxed. How could she not go into this act with them? These two men only wanted her pleasure. They'd take care of her. Make sure all her needs were met. All her fantasies. They'd shown that time and time again. They would now. She'd want for nothing in this ultimate act of intimacy.

Leopold kept looking into her eyes. His gaze captured hers and wouldn't let her go. "Cassie."

Aden spoke up from behind her. "I promise I will do everything in my power not to hurt you." He didn't sound one bit nervous.

She felt him moving behind her. Probably slipping on the condom. Getting himself ready for her protection. That made her feel more secure than she already did. He would never do anything to deliberately hurt her. He'd make this as good as he could. Keep her comfortable.

She swallowed. As comfortable as anal sex could make her.

A *click*. The opening of the lube.

Leopold brought her attention back to him with a kiss. "We will make this fantasy come alive for you. Promise."

He didn't have to promise. They would. They'd make this good for her. Good for both of them. But that didn't mean all her nervousness was gone because she trusted him.

She pulled his head down for another kiss. Their tongues met in a duel of the fantastic sort.

Liquid slickness poured into her back hole. It dribbled across her, cooling her, and entering her at the same time. Strange sensations rolled across her skin.

She worked to keep her muscles relaxed as Aden's fingers began to probe her. He gently went in and out with one finger briefly before adding a second. The second finger didn't hurt but it created more pressure that she had to adjust to. She shifted her hips.

Leopold's hand came up to play with her breasts. He toyed with the nipple, pinching and stroking it with deft fingers.

She found it hard to concentrate on two fronts.

Aden slipped in another finger, making it three inside her backside. "Relax." He seemed to be focused on expanding her as he widened the fingers.

Her breathing hesitated and then blew out in a windy rush. She relaxed again, allowing him to keep stretching her. Lots of pressure. But no pain. She could feel him inside of her.

He widened her for his cock.

A shudder rocked her at that thought. Two cocks would soon be inside of her, making her theirs. One in front. One in back. If she couldn't take fingers now, she wouldn't be able to take him later. She wanted to. She willed herself to relax and let him do what he needed to do.

Leopold pulled back, questions in his eyes at her shiver. He looked concerned but didn't stop his hands on her breasts.

She moved toward him and kissed him again before he could ask. Didn't want to be given a chance to back out of this. Needed him to distract her more than he had been doing. She needed to fall into the moment again.

He groaned against her lips. Pushed his hips hard against her. His hard cock pressed against her too.

She moved, positioning him at her opening. Several minutes passed with them playing with her body. Making her burn. Making her hips thrust. Taking her closer to that ever present edge that she'd already been over once.

Aden added another finger, making her rock forward. He was four fingers deep within her. He hadn't hurt her once, only put pressure on the hole. Making her tightness wedge a little more room. So he could take her.

Leopold pressed inside her, the tip of him entering her pussy. A mere millimeter of penetration.

They both hissed.

She felt so slippery butting up against his hardness. She rocked herself against him, trying to take him in deeper. Needed him seated fully inside of her. Needed to rock herself against him again and again.

The forgotten fingers withdrew from her backside.

Something bigger replaced them.

She shivered again as Aden pressed against her. She could feel the tip of his cock asking for entrance. Pressing against her opening, trying to wiggle in.

His strong hands held her sides. Rooted her in place. Not that she could move as Leopold was directly in front of her, taking her from that side. Her body tingled from his touch.

Leopold continued to push himself inside her pussy with gentle, even strokes. Entered her deeper and deeper. He took his time, inching deep within her little by little.

She felt pressure but never any pain from his ministrations. He went too slowly in a lot of ways. She wanted him to take himself deeper. To fully press himself inside of her. Needed him to be rough.

One side needed slow gentleness and the other side wanted a fast, wanton rush. Her body shivered with conflicting desires.

They never questioned her desires . Were too lost in their own pleasures. Or maybe they understood her better than she did herself.

Soon they were moving against her in tandem. One moved forward and other withdrew from her. She was penetrated from two sides. By two wildly different men.

It wasn't enough. Would never be enough. She needed more of them, with them. Needed to feel as though they were inside her soul.

Her body arched up in an effort to get closer to both of them. To become a part of the men who'd become a part of her.

Leopold bit down on his lip. His face scrunched up in an effort to hold back. To hang on to his emotions. He didn't want to lose control.

That wasn't acceptable.

"Let go." She barely got the words out before her body flaked out in a desperate act of bliss. The orgasm gripped her in a tight vise. Her entire body tightened as her world shrank down to that place between her legs. It was like a bomb at the center of her body.

Leopold let go at that moment. He cried both their names as he let loose a torrent of emotion with his climax. "Aden. Cassie. Oh God." He kept repeating the words in tune with his body's bucking toward her, keeping her around him every second of the climax.

Aden was the last to stretch his body out in the bliss of an orgasm. It gripped and his hips shuddered against her backside.

They lay in the silence of the stairwell, panting and sweating. Trying to bring their bodies back under their control.

Aden sat up first. He pulled off the condom and disposed of it. Pulled some hand sanitizer from the bag and used it, before he marched back over to Leopold and helped pull his condom from him too.

"Aren't you all tidy?" She grinned at them both.

"It pays to be safe." Aden rocked back on his heels, as he stared down at her. He looked as if he could eat her up.

A sizzling prospect. Even if she had just had sex.

Leo took out another condom.

She blinked at him. "Whatcha doing?"

His smile blazed. "Just in case."

She stretched out her legs. Felt moisture gush between her thighs. "I'm..."

Aden leaned down to curl up next to her and push her toward Leo, who lay down again too, against her. "I know. You're a little sore."

It was delicious. A wonderful feeling. But she wasn't sure she would be up to doing anything again so soon. Especially back door activities. "Yeah."

Leo tossed away the condom. "Fair enough."

Aden reached out to run his finger along her breast. "There are other things we can do. With cocks. And mouths. And many bodies."

The image of one of them with his cock in her mouth and the other with his cock in her pussy flashed across her brain.

Aden grinned. "Exactly."

Lord have mercy on her. Because they sure wouldn't.

Leo came up against the front of her. "Hi again."

She shuddered. "Hi." She looked down to see him hard again. Didn't men need recovery time? He must be fast.

But instead of doing anything sexual, he snuggled against her. Blew out a long breath.

Aden came against her, too. Cuddled her close.

What a pair they were. In tune with each other.

She could get used to this.

*No. No, you can't.*

They wouldn't fit in her life any more than she would in theirs. This was a single night. Of passion. But in the morning, it would all be gone. Wouldn't it? Surely they'd agree with her.

Cassie leaned up on her arm away from them. "Now what?" She surveyed the men candidly. So handsome. The stairwell reeked of sex.

Aden pulled clothes over to them. "Now, we try to rest I guess. I think it's a few more hours to dawn. We've passed most of the night away." He sighed. "Much as I'd like to stay naked..."

"It's chilly." Leopold sat up. "Don't want either of you getting cold." He put on his underwear first.

The way they'd taken the question wasn't how she'd meant it. But she let them think that it was.

She wasn't sure where she wanted to go from this point forward with the two of them. Morning would soon come and with it, they'd go back to their own lives. They'd shared something immeasurable. But it wasn't anything made to last the long haul.

Was it?



## Chapter Eight

Aden came awake to the sound of a voice. Sounded like it was a million miles away but it was enough to break him from his slumber. He cocked open one eye. The three of them still lay on the bottom stair landing tangled up around each other.

Cassie remained in the middle with Aden at her back. She'd snuggled her butt against his torso.

Leo lay in front of her with his long body against hers. One hand fell over toward Aden, touching him too.

Only difference from earlier in the night was that they'd dressed at some point. Only because it was chilly. Aden would have preferred to stay naked in his lovers' arms until morning. They weren't at home either, another reason to dress. Their rescuer would probably not understand why they'd needed to get naked in the stairwell.

He lifted his head and looked down at the woman next to him.

Her hair spilled over, tousled in disarray but not a rat's nest. Her cheeks looked flushed. A smile lit her lips, even though she was asleep. A soft sigh parted those full lips with a sound so contented he wanted to bottle the notion. Keep it safe for him to hang onto.

He didn't want to wake her up and disrupt this moment. Didn't want to break the magic they'd shared over the last few hours.

Last night had been the most thrilling experience of his life. He'd not kept in close contact with anyone he'd been lovers with before. But these two, he intended to keep them close. He intended to continue this exploration between

the three of them. It was obvious there was something there. He'd never imagined finding a man or a woman who would understand him like this. Much less both.

Did they feel the same way?

He didn't have time to ponder the questions swirling around in his head. Or whether it was time to break Cassie from her slumber.

The door opened on the upstairs landing. He heard the *click* as it separated from the door frame. Footsteps moving across.

Someone was coming. Probably to unlock the door chain.

The time had come too quickly to wake her up. To officially break open the moment they'd shared and face the real world that lurked outside this stairwell. He gently shook Cassie. "Someone's here."

She wiggled and opened her eyes. Brushed her hair back as she lifted her head. "Wha...?" She smacked her lips together.

Disheveled. Her makeup was gone. Her hair hadn't seen a brush last night. But she was as gorgeous to him as when they'd started.

"Someone's here." He whispered the words so that the someone wouldn't hear them. No sense in alerting him.

Footsteps sounded on the steps along with a whistle. Sounded like a Jimmy Buffet song.

Aden jumped to his feet. Hated to leave the warmth of the crook of her body but needed to see what was going on and who was coming. He felt the loss of them immediately after rising. If only they could stay there forever, tucked into the tight little space. "Who's there?"

The footsteps halted. "I might ask you the same question." The low-toned voice sounded older.

"We got locked in here last night."

Steps began again and black boots came into view. "After the party?" A wizened old man slowly ambled down the steps.

“Actually before the party ended.” Cassie stood up and stretched. “After you locked the doors. We couldn't get out either door.”

Aden found himself drawn by her curves. Wanted to lick down her body and lave the skin from head to toe. He put that desire in check. Later, hopefully they'd have a more comfortable spot and a better place to do that. No audience.

“Dang, I'm sorry about that. You three spent the night locked in, did you?” The janitor scratched his head. “Not a good way to spend a birthday, honey. I'm sorry.” He looked contrite.

Cassie didn't look at either of them but focused on the janitor. “I had a nice birthday. Good, in fact.” She continued looking away from them. “I better get my shoes on. Ack! I'm going to be so late for work.” She grabbed a shoe and struggled against the wall to pull it on.

Leo sat up finally. He yawned and stretched himself out. Looked like a cat. He handed Cassie her other shoe.

She took it from his hand without lingering or looking at him. “Thanks.” Not only didn't she look at him but she barely acknowledged him.

Leopold frowned. So did Aden. Their gazes caught each others. They'd both noticed her withdrawal. What was going on with her? They'd gotten so comfortable and cozy last night. Why would she pull away now? Was she in denial?

“Well, that's good to hear at least.” The janitor clucked his tongue. “Did ya'll have chips or something to eat?” He bent over to pick up part of a wrapper.

A condom wrapper.

Aden blanched because the man would know what had happened if he didn't already. Now that Aden thought about it, the whole stairwell did reek of sex. Not to mention Cassie looked guilty as hell. Aden wouldn't be guilty about what had happened, but he'd bet the other two would be bothered with others knowing. Which meant he needed to do whatever it took to keep them

comfortable about being together. He grabbed the shiny scrap before the other man could. "We had a few snacks. Must be a wrapper from that."

Cassie's gaze shifted to Leo's bag. "Luckily the guys had a bag of treats." Her face colored a beautiful red.

Aden swallowed. *The guys*. She was in denial about what had happened. Granted, they hadn't said they'd be doing "forever" or anything beyond this one night. But how could she deny that it affected her and would affect her beyond this one chance encounter?

The janitor moved toward the steps. "You're free now. I'd better get to working." He ambled back up the steps at the same rate he'd come down.

Cassie finished with her shoes. "I'm coming. Got to get going." She hopped up from the place by the wall. She was trying to make it up the steps before the janitor left them alone.

She didn't want to be alone with them.

Leo stood up and jumped in front of the steps, blocking her way. He folded his arms in front of his chest. He was immovable. She wouldn't get past him unless he wanted her to get by and he didn't look likely to let her go up.

Aden joined him. Blocked her way.

Intervention time.

He wouldn't lose this feeling without a fight. She was worth any trouble on their part. Last night had proved that.

She moved toward them. "Hey, I need to go, guys. Got work to do."

The janitor called down to them. "Everything all right, honey?" He didn't break stride though, continuing to head up the steps.

"Yeah, sir. Things are fine. We need a moment alone." Leo didn't lower his arms or budge his stance. He was a wall of muscle. Not likely she'd get through him without facing this inquisition.

The door shut upstairs.

"What are you two doing? I need to go. I'm going to be late for work as it is." Cassie fingered her skirt. She didn't meet their eyes. "I have to go home and change. Shower." Wipe away all that had gone on between them.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Going to work." Her expression barely changed. She seemed to be doing her impression of Leo. He looked more emotional than she did right now.

Which proved how things had changed last night in the stairwell.

Aden piped up. "Yeah. But you know we don't mean that. You're denying what happened here last night between us." He now folded his arms in front of his chest too. How could she not acknowledge what they'd been through?

"What do you mean what happened last night?" Her face reddened. "We had a good time. We had a *fantasy*. Now it's back to the real world."

"What do you mean by 'real world'?" Leo frowned, his dark eyes serious. "What happened last night was real. As real as anything I've ever experienced."

"In the real world, people don't have threesomes. Or ménage a trois or whatever you call it." A brittle laugh broke from her lips. "It was a fantasy come true for me. Really it was. And it was good. But...it's not reality. We don't live in a world where ménage a trois is the norm."

"What we had last night was not only a fantasy." Leo spoke carefully. "It was real for all of us. We could have something more. If we let ourselves. We all talked about how something was going on between us last night. Who says what's normal and what's not? Few people lead normal lives."

She shook her head, hair bobbing around it. "How can this be for us? We're three different people. We had a good night. A good time together. Last night was magical but that was last night." She shrugged. "Leave it at that." She wouldn't look them in the eye. Didn't seem capable of doing so.

"You're walking away from anything we could have together?" Aden shook his head. "I can't believe this." He wanted to sink to his knees. His heart felt

like a lead balloon in his chest. Her words were so brutal. He couldn't breathe with what she was saying. How dare she do this to them?

Leo moved out of her way. "Fine. Go. But every time you think of us, you're going to regret this." He looked stormy. It was more emotion than Aden had ever seen him show. Considering what Aden now knew about him, this was a breakthrough.

Too bad it had come about this way rather than the good way of being together. Aden's fists clenched.

She moved past Leo and up one step. "Guys, it's not personal." Her voice broke a little. "I don't think --"

Aden interrupted her. "Don't. Don't explain." He didn't want to hear trite words trying to explain her cowardice. She had been a straight talker up until now. He didn't want to hear her bullshit. He still couldn't believe she was walking away.

She pursed her lips together. "Fine." She started walking again with the click of her heels resounding in the small space. But she didn't move fast. Her gate was slow.

Leo went over to his bag and pulled something out. He followed her up two steps and stopped as she turned back toward him. She must have heard him start up the steps. "Here." He shoved a business card in her hand.

"What's this?" She looked down at the card without looking at him. Didn't seem to be able to meet his gaze.

"It has my numbers on it. My address. For when you can't live without the fantasy anymore." Leo folded his arms in front of his chest again.

She didn't discard the card. Instead, she walked the rest of the way up and left the stairwell without saying anything more. The door slammed shut behind her. Like that, she was gone.

Aden and Leo looked at each other.

Leo's eyes bore into Aden's soul with glowing vibrancy. "You going anywhere?" His voice sounded closed off. He didn't show any emotion.

"Home. But..." Aden hesitated. "I'd like to see you later. If that's okay." He held his breath. Would Leo run away from what they'd had together too?

"Yeah, that's okay." Leo slapped him on the shoulder with one meaty hand. "It's more than okay."

"I want to see your pictures. Your sculptures. Your art." Aden blew out a breath. He wanted to see where Leo's emotions had shown through before. It would be eye-opening.

Leo swallowed.

Would he deny Aden that chance to look into his soul?

"Okay."

One word, but it was enough to tell Aden that Leo wasn't backing away from this. He was going to explore things wherever they went. "Good."

Arm in arm, they went up the steps and tried not to think about the woman they'd lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Aden!" Leo panted his name as Aden slipped farther up inside of him, hitting a particularly sensitive spot. "Gahhhh." His hips bucked in thunderous thrusts as though he couldn't help himself. The couch groaned under them from their rowdiness.

Aden's arm came around his body to center on Leo's cock. He stroked the hard cock without gentleness.

Leo's body straightened out and shook as though buffeted by a winter wind. "Oh God." His breathing came in ragged gasps of air that gusted through him.

How could he have ever thought the man stoic? Every time they made love, Aden discovered a way to make Leo lose control. He had the greatest

amount of fun doing so. Leo had a hair trigger, easy to set off. Or at least, Aden had no troubles setting off Leo's pleasure points.

"Now isn't this more fun than watching TV?" Aden grinned as he pressed deeper into the man beside him. His hand continued to twiddle around Leo's cock. He wanted to hit Leo's prostate again. See if he could make Leo scream.

"Yes. Going to get...after this." Didn't make as much sense as Leo probably intended but Aden got the meaning. He'd make Aden pay for his loss of control once they were done with this round.

Aden would pay gratefully. He'd enjoy doing so. Over and over again. This was much more fun than nighttime television.

They'd spent so much time together the last three weeks, he knew Leo inside and out, likes and dislikes, almost as well as Leo did. Making him scream was Aden's latest goal. He was almost there. A few more pushes and Aden would get Leo to scream. Or maybe he would die trying.

Come leaked against Aden's hand, showing him how close Leo was to the edge. A little more work and Leo would be climaxing. He'd lose all control when that happened. Which was the way that Aden liked to see him.

The doorbell intruded on their tryst with a singsongy irritation of epic proportions. It wouldn't stop ringing. Good thing the shades were drawn. No one could see in to see what they were doing. Or maybe that was a bad thing because they couldn't see they needed to go away.

Aden frowned. "Don't answer it." This would have to happen now that he had Leo so close to his next goal. He'd never seen Leo so close to going over and so pent up at the same time.

"Like I was going to." Leo growled and his hips thrust forward, bringing his cock harder into Aden's hand. His hips bucked back and forth as though he were spasming and couldn't help the actions. "Not stupid."

Aden slammed down against him, his hips growing wilder himself. Again and again, he pressed deeper into his lover.



More distracting *dongs* from the bell from hell. A few scattered knocks. The person wasn't giving up.

"Fuck." Leo reared his head back. He muttered a few more curses toward the door. "Go away." His teeth gritted as the words bit through him. He didn't say that loud enough for anyone but Aden to hear it.

Aden seconded that sentiment. Probably a salesman. Or a surveyor. They were sure desperate to get Leo's attention though.

"Leopold!" The voice yelled against the door for the first time. A clear, distinct voice they both recognized.

Both of them froze in place. Looked at the door as though they hadn't heard what they thought they had.

*It couldn't be.* It had been weeks since they'd seen her. There'd been no contact during all that time.

Aden's heart started beating again from where it had stopped. Plunged headlong into a race. He couldn't have heard what he thought he had.

A *thump* came as if a head banged against the wood. Happened again even as more words followed. "Leopold?" A raw, emotional voice spoke that sounded like the person was close to tears.

Cassie's voice. Cassie was outside that door. On the other side, standing there, almost in tears. Looking for Leopold.

"I fucked up with you and Aden. I know that now. I need you. Please answer the goddamn door..." She broke off in what sounded like a sob.

Aden pulled out of Leo and scrambled for the door. It was her. It was *her*. She'd come back to them.

Leo went faster than he did, reaching the door first. He looked down at himself. "We're naked." He sounded as if he'd forgotten.

Aden would have forgotten anything between the sex and who was standing at the door. "So, who the fuck cares? Answer the door." Wasn't like she hadn't seen what they had. Aden couldn't believe she was here. That she

was saying she'd messed up. He'd given up that she would ever come back to him. To them.

It had been good between Aden and Leo these past few weeks. Real good. But there was always a sense of something missing. Someone missing. A part of them that was gone, and they'd both known what it was.

*Cassie.*

The door flung open, and Cassie stood in front of the door, sobbing. "Oh God, you are home. With Aden." Her eyebrows rose. "Naked." Her gaze shifted to Aden. "Really naked." Her hand came up to cover her mouth. "I interrupted. I'm so sorry." Her face looked mortified. "I should come back later."

"No!" Leo growled again and grabbed her. Pulled her inside his apartment and locked the door behind her. "Don't you dare run away. Don't be sorry. Unless you're not here to give us a try." He looked down into her upturned, tear-stained face.

Aden and Leo could have given her shit for what she'd done to them. She'd hurt both of them. But why? What they wanted was here standing in front of them. Aden wasn't about to let anything mess this up. He liked the way Leo was handling it and would act in the same manner.

More tears welled up in her eyes. "I made a big mistake. I can't get you two out of my mind. Or that night we spent together." She shook her hair back. "I miss you. I miss what we shared. I can't get away from thinking about it. I'm ready to try with you."

"So that night was real?" Aden shifted to her other side as Leo wrapped her in his arms. "Not a fantasy?" He had to hear her acknowledge the night and what it had meant for them. Hearing her deny it had brought him to his knees. It was the one selfish thing he'd do now that she'd come back.

"Not a fantasy." She sighed. "I've been miserable without you. Everything reminds me of that night..." Her eyes surveyed Leo's living room. Her mouth opened and closed. "Oh my God."

Aden's gaze shifted to where she stared.

The picture.

She moved away from Leo to get closer to the canvas. "My God, Leopold." Her breath moved out around the words as though she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"Like it?" Leo hung back as was his way. He hadn't been sure about painting it. Had been nervous for even Aden to view his handiwork.

"Yes." She scrubbed at her eyes with the back of her hand. "Did you paint this? From memory?"

He nodded. "Yep."

She kept staring at the painting as though she couldn't believe her eyes. Her hand reached out to touch it but jerked back.

The painting was of Cassie, with an oversize white shirt on, sitting on a stool. Her hair was down and framing her face. Her mouth was parted in a come-hither grin. Yet there was this vulnerability in her expression. In her eyes. Leo had captured the two sides of the woman vibrantly.

"You're good." She looked toward Leo again. "Especially as I didn't model for that. That's wonderful."

It was. Aden had been shocked at how much detail Leopold had included. The painting looked like Cassie. Exactly. He'd captured her perfectly even though she'd never modeled for him.

"You're inspiring. Remember I told you, you two and my art are what my emotion goes into."

Another tear dripped from one eye, carving a line down her cheek. "I love this painting. I can't believe you did this."

Aden couldn't resist piping up. "Wait until you see the sculpture he made of you." He grinned as Leo shot him a dirty look.

"It's not finished yet." Leo looked embarrassed at Aden even mentioning the piece.

Aden wasn't sorry. It was going to be as masterful as the painting. Leo had done better about emotion and revealing his art, but he still became hesitant every now and again.

"Leopold." She walked over and touched his arm. "I'm so sorry I left you." Her gaze sought out Aden. "Both of you."

"You're here to give us a try?" Leo pulled her back into his arms to look at her face. "A real try at a threesome? A triad?"

"Yes. Yes. I'm here to give us a try. The three of us together." Her eyebrows knitted together. "I don't know where this will go, if anywhere. But I have to see where being with you both leads me."

Both Aden and Leo broke out in a smile. "Good." They pulled her in between their bodies to the place she should have been to start with.

Somehow Aden felt complete again. The space inside of him, the something that had been missing, suddenly felt filled.

"We don't know where this will go either. But we can have fun on the journey. Together." Leo gently stroked her hair with shaking hands. "Enjoy each other while we have these moments together." His hand gripped her hair as though he'd never let her go. Neither of them would.

"Want to start now?" Aden wagged his eyebrows. It broke the somber mood of the moment. As it should. This should be celebrated, not made into something mournful. She was back together with them. None of them knew where this would go. That was all right. They could have fun learning with each other.

She looked down to Aden's condom-clad cock. "Looks like you two were well on your way." A light flush ran up her neck. Yet, desire rose up in her eyes. It sparkled in the glint of her pupils.

Leopold gently pulled her to the pillows on the floor in front of the couch. "No time like the present for you to take your place."

Aden motioned both of them down and scurried away toward Leo's bathroom. "Got to wash up and reload. Be right back." He'd spent enough time here to be comfortable and know where things were.

He heard her ask, "Reload?" as he exited the room. Leo would be glad to explain that, so he didn't stop. Couldn't stop. Had to get back to them so he could enjoy this time with them now. His cock hardened and tightened, telling him to get a move on.

He came back with a freshly washed cock and wearing a new condom. As he looked at the two of them lounging on the floor in front of Leo's couch, he knew his life had come full circle. It would never be the same.

He moved over to the couch. His legs shook just a little. Did they notice? They probably didn't care.

Cassie stared at him with eyes that gleamed. That sparkled. That let him know she was truly back into this relationship.

A good thing.

Leo reached over and tugged her to standing. He pulled on the bottom of her shirt.

Aden went to her pants. After all, they'd learned to work together the night in the stairwell. Aden and Leo had gotten good at it in the weeks past.

They both tugged at the same time, almost as if her clothes were a wishbone, pulling in opposite directions.

He'd already gotten his wish. "Welcome back. I missed you."

Tears sprang in her eyes anew. "I missed you more. I couldn't sleep. Couldn't function..."

Leo put a finger in the air. "No talking about that. You're here with us now." His mouth twisted. "We won't talk about that other time."

Her face lit up. "I am back. I don't know what will happen. But I'm here." The clothes all fell away from her body. "I want to be with you both."

That was what counted. That and he couldn't stop staring at her naked body. He'd dreamed about her. Many times. The reality was even better. "We don't know what will happen either. We'll take each day as it comes."

Aden moved in to kiss her. His mouth descended to take hers with his. Wrapped his arms around her body. Coolness enveloped his warmth. Skin moved against skin. His cock bounced.

Keeping control of this was going to be hard. Keeping control of himself was going to be even harder.

A body butted up against Cassie and touched Aden in the process.

Leo.

His hand sought out the other man's. They held each other, even as they held their woman.

They stood like that, enjoying each other for a few seconds. The warmth of them eventually warmed her so she wasn't so cool.

"Let's move this into the bedroom."

A muddle of body parts headed down the hall to Leo's bedroom. They couldn't bear to stop touching one another so they didn't. Somehow they made it to the room.

"Home sweet home." Leo waved a hand to his king-size bed and huge bedroom. His face clouded with emotion.

Neither of them could believe she was real. Not just another dream.

"Long as you're here." She reached out to touch his chest and stroke her hand down him. She paused, letting her fingers linger.

Aden swallowed. He liked seeing her hand on Leo. She had a small cut on the back of her hand. Probably from a cat. Hadn't she mentioned one that night?

He reached over to take her chin in his. Kissed her thoroughly, enjoying the sweetness of her mouth.

Aden broke from her lips and headed them toward the bed. They fell into it in another muddle of body parts. Nothing to sort out because they all wanted to be there.

Arms reached and held. Legs entwined.

Leo looked at him over her body.

Aden nodded. They didn't need words to communicate. They'd work together in tandem to take Cassie between them.

Leo took the back position and Aden took the front. Somehow that had been agreed on when they'd nodded.

Different than the first time but in many ways the same. In the ways that mattered it was the same.

Cassie stroked Aden's chest. Wove her palm around his curves.

His skin set a banking fire with her light touch.

He placed his cock at her entrance. Shook with the delight of knowing where he was. With the warmth that tempted him to plunge in.

A *snap* sounded.

Leo had opened some lube. He was getting her ready for his huge cock.

Aden knew just how big he was and how he knew how to use that appendage for maximum pleasure.

He kissed her, taking his sweet time with his mouth on hers. After all, they had all night. Maybe the rest of their lives if God was generous.

Leo must have been stretching her out because occasionally her hips butted against Aden as if she couldn't help herself. Putting his cock in the right place for penetration. Aden managed to keep himself from moving against her but he wanted to. He eventually stopped trying to prevent it and would let what would happen, happen.

She shifted forward in a move that was too quick to avoid, even if he had still been avoiding taking her. He slipped into her wet depths.

So tight. So wet. It was like sliding into a hot, wet glove.

She moaned. "Oh, God. I remember this."

So did he. In magical detail.

Leo came up against her so he was facing Aden. He must be done with his fingers and ready for the main show. He'd put on a condom at some point, which had barely registered.

Aden waited for Leo to move against her and then, so did he.

She moaned again.

Aden felt Leo as he slid into her, as he took his time to make that first slow thrust a deeply penetrating glide.

Aden's hips bucked at the meeting of their bodies inside the woman who'd been missing for so long.

He timed his moves so that he was coming against her at the same time as Leo. They slid against each other and into the woman that brought them together. In and out, in and out, meeting in the middle only to pull back. Going as deeply as they both could.

Her body stiffened and jerked. Her mouth broke its contact with his. An orgasm plowed through her.

It tempted him, but he didn't want this moment to be over so fast. He barely managed to keep control of himself.

Together they pounded her between them, going deep within her body, then pulling away at the same time.

Leo gritted his teeth.

Aden reached around to touch his shoulder.

Cassie pushed back against Leo, taking him in her way instead of letting him set the depth.

Leo's body shook and he screamed out her name as his climax roared through him.



Which sent Aden over the edge. He spurted his come until he thought he'd go blind from the sensations.

They collapsed against each other, spent, sweaty, and panting as one in deep, gulping breaths.

"I'm so glad you came back." Leo's face was wet. With sweat or tears, Aden didn't know.

"Me too." She snuggled up against them with a secretive smile on her lips.

Aden pulled them both as close as he could. It was a jumble of bodies. He wasn't sure where he stopped and they began.

Their relationship might have started out as another night, another dream, but it was the reality they all needed.

THE END

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During a rainy weekend at the beach reading several romance novels she fell in love, not with the hero, but with the genre again. So began a two-year adventure of doing what she loved most, creating worlds with strong heroines and enchanting heroes that will keep you turning pages until the end.

Using the Internet and the local Romance Writer's Association, she learned and refined her craft. Living in Virginia with a husband, kids, dog, and fish, she finds time to share her vivid imagination and ability to tell stories of adventure, love, lust, and everything in between.

Visit Mechele on the Web at <http://www.mechelearnstrong.com>, or email her at [mechele@mechelearnstrong.com](mailto:mechele@mechelearnstrong.com).