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ANNA LEIGH
KEATON

INFERNO

DOUBLE DARE

INFERNO:
Double Dare

By

Anna Leigh Keaton

Double Dare by Anna Leigh Keaton

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Double Dare

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Dedication

To my friend and often co-author Madison Layle.
Thanks for warping me. It's fun being naughty!

Inferno was hopping. Friday nights were always busy, but it seemed even livelier than usual. The low pulse of music, the hum of sexual tension thick enough to bite into.

I laid a five on the counter and took my drink from the bartender. Cranberry and seltzer. I needed to keep myself alert for what I knew was to come.

Weaving my way through the throng of dancers, I sat myself at a table in the middle of the action to await my men. Once a month I came here to meet up with Steve and Jeff.

As a professional sex therapist, I spent my days with men, women, and couples who came to me to with all their hang-ups. Through our sessions, I taught them to let go. To let their inhibitions flee and their natural tendencies take over, leading them into a world of domination and submission.

Because of my role as their teacher, I needed to assume a dominant position when my true tendencies tended toward the submissive. The stronger the Dom, the better for me. Jeff and Steve were exactly what I needed to thrive. I just wished we could get together more than once a month.

Maybe tonight, after we were done, I would ask them if we could meet every two weeks. I needed this. Needed them. My day-to-day life was too stress-filled. Dealing with the dysfunctional was too taxing for me to only have one night a month to relax and let go. To give my true self free rein.

I sipped my drink and watched the dancers gyrate against each other, letting the deep beat of the music and the lust coursing through the

air relax my stiffened muscles and prepare me for the excitement to come.

Leather and lace—mostly leather—was the apparel of choice for the patrons of Inferno. There were men covered in black, women barely covered, and a few submissives who wore nothing at all. Black, red, and pink were the favored colors, although a few true, one-hundred-percent submissives, who played the virginal role, wore white.

I had no use for virgins. I came here to get fucked, and the harder—the nastier—the better.

I learned of this private club during a convention. Obtaining entrance took a while, since it was by referral only. The patrons underwent screening for STDs, and membership was a hefty sum each year. But it had all been worth it. Now it was my playground when I needed release.

My pussy pulsed to the beat of the music, and I breathed deep the scent of arousal, which floated on the atmosphere like a soft, sensual cloud. Body heat warmed the air, and I tingled, imagining what my men would want of me tonight.

Jeff, Steve, and I met by chance here, one night a little over a year ago. My date for the evening hadn't shown, and the pair picked me up. Though it usually took me a while to warm up and trust anyone enough to head to one of the private rooms with them, these two had been different. They were dominant in a way I seldom saw. Confident yet caring. Demanding yet at the same time gentle.

I still knew little about them, since we met only for sex, not socializing in the normal sense of the word. But what I did know was enough. They knew how to please my deepest, darkest needs. They knew how to make me relinquish all control to them, and the reward was beyond any expectation I'd ever had.

Maybe I was a bit in love with them—if for no other reason than I knew there would never be another man, or men, who could satisfy me sexually the way they did. Love was out of the question, though, because what we did here was fuck, plain and simple.

I took another sip of my drink and glanced around the club, trying to locate them among the crowd. The lighting too dim to see far, I turned

back to the dance floor and waited. They'd never failed to show. I didn't worry they wouldn't.

Perhaps plain and simple wasn't the best way to describe our relationship. There was nothing simple about it. But I couldn't love them—I didn't know anything about them other than they were roommates, had college degrees, made enough money to afford club membership, and had been buddies since elementary school. Besides, I didn't do love. The heart was closed for business and had been for a very long time.

My body didn't care. I knew enough. I wanted to know more, but I wouldn't risk losing what we had by pressuring them. I had no idea what lifestyle they led outside the club. For all I knew, they could be...

I shrugged. I had no idea. I was fairly sure they weren't married. I supposed that would have to be enough. And from what went on between the two of them in the private rooms, I knew they weren't gay or bisexual. They touched me and fucked me, bound me and whipped me, but they never laid a hand on each other. Not that I would have minded if they did, but these two were as straight as arrows and as dominant as anyone I'd ever known.

"Don't move," was whispered in my ear an instant before black silk covered my eyes, blocking out the sights of the club.

I recognized the voice as Jeff's and stiffened, but in excitement, not fear. This was new. They'd never blindfolded me before. Usually they came, we had a drink while they told me in detail what they'd previously decided to do to me, and then we headed for one of the private rooms in the back of the club.

"Stand up," Jeff said, his deep voice vibrating through me, making the tiny sparks of arousal dancing along my skin grow and streak over my body.

I stood, and thick, long, callused fingers laced through mine. Steve's hand. I liked to imagine he was a steel worker. He was built for it, all bulging muscles and rough hands that made my flesh come alive when he stroked me. Jeff was taller, leaner, though his body still rippled with muscles, his abs the yummiest I've ever had the pleasure to lick and

nibble. He had a runner's body. I fancied him to win gold medals in triathlons. His hands were smoother, though not soft. Never soft.

"This way."

Steve led me by the hand, while Jeff gripped my elbow and guided me through the dancing, grinding throng. I trusted them not to run me into bodies or walls. Never had these two come close to harming me. Not only was it club policy, it was a personal creed I lived by. Safe, sane, and consensual. I never put my life in the hands of anyone I didn't believe played by the same rule.

Our first time together, the boys gave me a safe word. I had never needed to use it. Never even come close. I loved what they did to me. What they wanted from me.

The sounds of the music grew quieter as we entered a room. Then silence after the door clicked shut to the soundproof space. Though there were safeguards in place throughout the room—a panic button, and the door never locked on the inside—when one stepped inside and shut the door, with the black-painted walls, it was like walking into a void.

I smelled candles tonight. Vanilla, not the unscented beeswax usually found in the club's rooms.

"Sit," Steve said, his rough voice like a velvet glove over my nerves. His fingers tightened around mine just a bit, and I sat without question, knowing I would find a seat of some kind behind me.

A bed, the satin sheet slippery under my butt, my silk sheath sliding a bit.

Big, warm hands—Jeff's—closed around my right ankle, and the laces of my sandal, which wound up my calf, tugged then fell away.

Steve sat down next to me, still holding my hand in his. The warmth of his arm brushed against my side, and I shivered. The excitement zinging through my body was different than normal, because everything so far was abnormal. Usually, we entered a room, they commanded me to strip while they took off their own clothes, and then they were on me, in me; my mouth, my cunt, my ass. They would fuck me until I couldn't stand up, couldn't string two thoughts together. Sometimes they shackled me to the wall and tortured my nipples, my clit,

until I begged them to fuck me. Other times I was bound to the bed where they whipped me into a frenzy with the flogger before they made me suck them off.

Never had they blindfolded me. And never had they so delicately removed my shoes. Never, ever had they been so silent. They liked to talk dirty. Spur each other on.

Use me.

The other sandal was released. When my feet were bare, Jeff slid his hand up the back of my bare calves, then over my knees, and pushed the skirt of my dress up to my hips.

I sat still, waiting for their first command. What would they have me do tonight? I loved to suck their cocks. Long and thick, they filled my mouth, tasting so good. My mouth watered at just the thought.

"Stop thinking."

My lips parted in surprise at Steve's softly spoken words.

Jeff's thumbs drew gentle circles on my hipbones, his fingers curving over my sides, making me squirm. What was up with them tonight?

When warm breath brushed over my shoulder, I almost jumped in surprise. Then Steve laid an open-mouthed kiss against the tender, sensitive skin where my neck meets shoulder, and I stiffened. They'd never kissed me before. My breathing sped. My heartbeat thundered in my ears. Oh, God, was this *goodbye*?

"I believe Steve commanded you to stop thinking," Jeff said, his light touch on my hips, his thumbs rubbing those slightly ticklish, ultra-sensitive spots just above my hipbones.

"I..." My throat closed up on me. I didn't know what to say. With Steve's warm breath and silky lips against my neck, and Jeff's hands on me, too, I lost my train of thought. I didn't want this to be a farewell fuck. I loved this tenderness, craved more even though I didn't know I would, but it couldn't be the end.

"You what?" Steve whispered against my ear, his breath sending a zing of tingles down my spine, before he nibbled my earlobe.

A groan ripped from my throat. I wanted to grab them both and

hold them close, not let them go. But that wasn't part of the deal. Never had been. We were all free agents, and when it was over, it was over. So I let my head fall back heavy and closed my eyes behind the blindfold. If this was the last time, I wasn't about to waste it talking.

Jeff's deep chuckle whispered through the room, yet another thrill to my body. I wished they hadn't blindfolded me. I wanted to see them. Hell, I wanted to read their expressions. I was a therapist, after all. It was what I did for a living. Which was probably why they blinded me. They knew this. I'd been up front with them about my career and why I sought release the way I did.

Steve let go of my hand, and I almost reached out to grab for him, terrified he'd pull away from the delicious torment he wreaked on my ear, my neck. But he let go only to reach behind me and slowly lower the zipper on the back of silk sheath.

The soft material parted, letting loose its tight rein on my breasts, and then he slowly pulled it forward until the thin straps slid down my arms, leaving a goose bump-inducing tickle in its wake.

"You're so beautiful, Chloe," Steve whispered, his breath trickling against my cheek. "Have we ever told you that?"

Tears stung my eyes behind the blindfold, and I shook my head. No, they'd never said that. They'd complimented the length of my legs, how they wrapped around their waists when they took me missionary style, or how my boobs bounced when one fucked me from behind, but beautiful? No, never, and the soft, feminine side of myself I tried to keep under lock and key melted at the sentiment.

"Our mistake," Jeff said. "You are beautiful."

Fingers tugged at the dress, pulling it farther down until it bunched at my waist. And then hands, one from each man, one rough and callused, the other smooth and warm, each took a breast and plumped it, teased the nipple. I sat utterly still, hands fisted on the bed on each side of me to keep from reaching out for a...hug?

Where had this needy version of my strong, unfeeling self come from? Because of the sorrow, pain, and often anger I dealt with daily in my job, I closed off. Locked my emotions up tight and didn't let anyone

in. And when I was with these two it was about physical pleasure and release, not hearts and flowers. But tonight, for whatever reason, I felt soft and vulnerable, and I didn't like it one bit.

"You're trembling," Jeff commented in little more than a whisper. His breath was right over my nipple, warm yet cooling, making the tip of my breast pucker into a hard pebble.

"What's wrong?" Steve asked. His mouth still hovered near my cheek.

They demanded an answer. That much I knew. But what *was* my answer? That they were scaring me? That I was scaring myself? Why wouldn't they just fuck me like normal so we could all get what we needed and be done with it?

Jeff pinched my nipple hard, and I yelped. Not so much from the pain but the surprise of it.

"Answer him," Jeff commanded, and his hardened voice was something familiar.

"I don't understand what you're doing to me," I said honestly. Honesty was important in any relationship—as years of schooling to become the therapist I was had pounded into my head—but it was even more important in a D/s relationship. The partners must understand each other's needs, wants, desires, limits. Damn, they were pushing my limits right then, and it had nothing to do with sex!

"You don't like what we're doing?" Steve asked, though his fingers drawing small circles over my areola didn't stop their motion.

At first I shook my head, then I nodded. Hell, I didn't know. I just didn't know...

"You have your safe word," Jeff said, his voice back to soft and gentle. "Use it any time if you must."

No. Definitely not. Though I was scared and uncertain where this night might lead, I couldn't say the word. I needed them to touch me this way, with this gentleness. Maybe something had been lacking in my life for too long, and perhaps this was a one-time thing. Maybe they wouldn't do this again. Maybe they were tired from whatever they spent their days doing and weren't up to whipping and tying me up and fucking my

brains out.

But then Steve did something I never in my wildest dreams imagined. Something so shocking I froze. When his lips brushed mine in the most tender kiss ever given to me, my body went hot, and my heart stalled. All that came out of me was a garbled, unintelligible sound that didn't sound human.

They'd never, ever kissed me.

"That wasn't quite the response I expected from you, Chloe," Steve whispered, his lips brushing mine with each word. "Shall we try it again?"

He didn't give me time to agree or deny. This time there was a bit more pressure against my mouth. He brushed his lips over mine, and when I opened my mouth, expecting a deeper kiss, some tongue action, he gently nibbled my bottom lip until I whimpered and fisted the silk sheet in my fists to keep from grabbing him.

Jeff's warm mouth closed over the nipple he'd been teasing, and I moaned. My skin felt too tight, too hot. Jeff suckled like a kitten at my breast while Steve teased and softly tortured my lips. I couldn't take it any longer. I released the bedding and raised my hands to Steve's shoulders, gripped them, felt the soft, warm flannel he wore.

Steve pulled back at the same time Jeff released my nipple with a soft popping sound.

"Ah, ah, ah, Chloe." Steve lifted my hands from his shoulders and pulled them down. "You weren't given permission to touch."

"We don't want to bind you tonight, Chloe," Jeff said. This time his voice was somewhere in the middle. A little rough, a little gentle, a lot arousing. "Don't make us, because you know we will."

Why didn't they want to bind me? I didn't get it. They loved tying me up, making me helpless to them, to whatever they wanted to do with my body.

I fisted my hands and nodded, letting them both know I'd be still and let them do whatever it was they'd planned. Though I had questions that demanded answers, I was too interested in seeing where this night would go to do anything to ruin it. They'd never harmed me physically or

mentally, and I didn't expect them to start now, even though they were, I hoped unwittingly, sending my emotions into a hurricane of turmoil.

"Good girl," Steve said and released my wrists.

I set my hands flat on the mattress on either side of my hips, but they bumped Jeff's hands, and I jerked.

"Calm down," Jeff said, obviously seeing my jumpiness.

I nodded again and realized he was once again tugging at my dress, sliding it the rest of the way down. Steve's hands went under my armpits, and he lifted me as if I weighed nothing so Jeff could pull the dress the rest of the way off. Then I was naked.

The second time I was with these two, I'd been instructed to never wear undergarments when I met them. This came about as they'd attacked me the second we were through the door of the private room and Steve had stumbled over the complicated clasp on my bra. Not that it had been complicated. He'd just been too aroused to concentrate enough to undo the two hook and eye hooks in the back.

The satin sheet was warm under my ass when Steve set me back down, from my own body heat, I supposed, but the smooth softness felt heavenly against my skin. Steve's hands lingered a bit as he slowly pulled away, brushing the sides of my breasts as he went. More goose bumps traveled down my arms, over my thighs and breasts. God, I loved his rough hands.

Steve moved away, but an instant later, Jeff sat on the bed next to me, took my hand in his, and lifted my clenched fingers to his lips.

I sighed and wanted to lean into him, into his warmth that radiated against my side where he sat so close yet not quite touching.

"Relax, Chloe," he murmured as he used his other hand to loosen my fingers and straighten them. "You're so tense tonight."

I thought about employing some deep breathing techniques I used often to turn off my brain and relax before bed at night, but they'd probably think I was hyperventilating.

When Jeff drew my middle finger into his mouth, his tongue and lips so soft, the slight suction enough to make my pussy clench, I gasped.

Steve was back, kneeling in front of me as Jeff had been just a few

minutes earlier. His big hands splayed over my thighs, and he spread my legs and moved in close enough to lick the soft underside of one breast, then the other. He nuzzled, kissed, breathed deep as if he couldn't get enough of my scent. I wore no perfume when I met with them, either, as per their request our very first night together. Just clean, Ivory soap scent was all I wore. I had delicate skin, and it was the only soap that didn't irritate. Neither had ever complained.

"Your nails are a constant fascination to us," Jeff said after he released my finger from the soft warmth of his mouth. He bit down gently on one manicured gel nail. "You have them done differently every single time."

I did. It was the one other way I used to relax. Twice a month I spent an evening at a spa owned by a friend. Mani, pedi, nails, facial, waxing everything that needed to be waxed. And since I had to be the button-down professional for my clients, my sometimes flashy, sometimes subdued nail designs were my one bit of personality I let show through. I couldn't exactly get the dragon tattoo twining up my arm I'd always wanted.

"The red sparkles were my favorite," Steve muttered, nuzzling between my breasts. "Last Christmastime."

"Mine were the red, white, and blue for the Fourth of July," Jeff said, and I could hear the smile in his voice.

Strangely aroused by Steve's gentle nuzzles, I let out a little laugh, amazed at the train of conversation. They paid attention to my nail colors? Had favorites? I figured the only colors they cared about were my pussy and my tongue and then only because of what those body parts did to theirs.

"The little pumpkins painted on for Halloween were pretty cool, too," Jeff added. "I'm going to kiss you now."

Whoa! Change of subject, I thought as Jeff's mouth took mine. This wasn't the sweet teasing Steve had done. Nope, this was hot and deep. His tongue thrust into my mouth, already open in surprise, and I tasted something sweet and tangy, as if he'd just finished eating a piece of rhubarb pie. God, it was good.

I let his tongue caress mine, the moist skin so soft, his strength so demanding it pulled me into participation. I turned my head slightly for a better angle and slipped my tongue into his mouth for a sip. The soft growl that came out of him had my pussy clenching and my stomach tightening. His hand touched my face, cupped my cheek, and tears came to my covered eyes.

Recognition of my problem sprang quick and hard into my mind. I hadn't been kissed in...too long to remember. A couple of years at least. I hadn't been loved in longer than that. *Love*. That elusive something that the human animal searched and searched for yet rarely found. I knew it was a dream few lived, because I dealt daily with those who thought they had it at one time but somehow lost it.

This wasn't love. Jeff and Steve didn't love me, but it was as close as I'd felt in so long my heart cried out that it could be, that I wanted it to be. Sex was sex, but this tenderness they bestowed on me right now could have been...affection.

Steve still nuzzled at me, a nip here a lick there, a light tease to my nipples. I sank into the kiss with Jeff, letting myself go, letting myself *feel* for the first time in years. And it felt amazing, miraculous, freeing in a way that all the floggings and sexually induced pain had never been.

"That's it, Chloe," Jeff murmured against my lips before he took my mouth again with his in a deep, wet kiss that made me curl my toes against the tiled floor.

At that moment, Steve latched onto my right breast and suckled hard. My pussy wept with need, quivered with excitement. When he moved to my left breast, I groaned into Jeff's mouth and reached for him—one of them, it didn't matter who. I just needed to touch.

Before my hand made contact with his body, they'd both pulled away, and my wrists were locked in a hard grip behind my back. Jeff panted against my cheek as he said, "We warned you," in a low growl.

Damn. I swallowed back the retort on the tip of my tongue and waited to see what they'd do now.

I didn't wait long. Only, after a brief pause where Jeff held me still, his arms around me in almost an embrace while he clasped my hands

behind my back and I wanted nothing more than to lay my head against his shoulder, the bed dipped slightly on my other side. Jeff released me, but Steve was right there to grip my sides and pull me back onto the bed until only my feet hung over the edge. The scent of roses filled my nostrils, and I breathed deep. I didn't know where the smell came from, but it was very nice.

I remained as limp as possible, pliable to them. Steve pressed my shoulder, and I lay back against fluffy, satin-covered pillows that left me half propped up. It wasn't shackles that closed around my wrists, it was something smooth and silky, something I imagined was a necktie. Steve held my forearms in his big paws while Jeff bound my wrists, then Steve lifted my hands over my head and attached them to the hook on the headboard. One I knew how to pull out of if needed.

I didn't need to.

I'd broken the rule, and this was my punishment. I was fine with that. Though I wasn't normally bound on my back when they prepared to punish me for an infraction. No, usually it was on my belly, spread eagle, so they could flog my ass and thighs.

I licked my lips to moisten them and waited.

"Comfy?" Jeff asked.

I frowned. *Comfy? What the hell?* I was going to be punished for breaking a rule they set. Since when was comfort called into question during a punishment?

A quick, hard slap stung my thigh, making me jerk. "I asked you a question, woman."

"Uh. Yes...Sir. I'm...comfy." At least when I wasn't blindfolded I could see the pain coming.

"Good," Steve said, and then he kissed me. This wasn't the tentative nibbles of earlier. Nope. Not at all. This was as deep, as hot, as wet as Jeff's had been. I groaned and gripped the iron bar holding my hands above my head. God, that was good, and he tasted just as wonderful as Jeff had, only different. Coffee and chocolate? But dark chocolate, not sweet. A bit tangy. Yummy. I wanted more.

Jeff's hands closed over my ankles, slid up my calves then back

down. The smooth strokes had me panting into Steve's mouth. Then Steve's big, rough hand rubbed over my breasts, pinching my nipples in time to the nips at my tongue and lips.

I couldn't breathe, went a little lightheaded. His mouth left mine to travel over my cheek to my ear, where he nibbled my lobe, then down my neck where he stopped to bite a little harder. A soft cry of need came out of me, and my hips bucked because that little bite seemed to go straight to my pussy.

Jeff still rubbed my legs, up and down, up and down, each upstroke getting higher and higher until his fingers teased my inner thighs very close to my apex, but not quite close enough.

The bed dipped between my legs. Jeff had climbed on. Steve leaned over me from the side and slowly worked his way down from my neck to my upper chest, then he was there, at my breasts, licking, nibbling, nipping, suckling.

"Ahhh." It was more of a begging sound than one of pleasure when I heard it come out of me, and I arched my back, imploring for more from Steve's mouth.

Jeff lifted my legs, his hands right behind my knees, and spread them wide.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," Jeff said, a sound of reverence in his tone that caught me off guard. He'd said in the past—and Steve, too—that my cunt was "fucking gorgeous," but this statement was different, directed at *me*, not my pussy.

I bit my lip and whimpered. I prayed he'd fuck me now, sink that long, thick cock into me and fuck me hard. I was ready. I needed it.

I jerked so hard when his mouth touched my cunt, Steve lost the suction on my breast.

"Oh, God!" I cried.

Jeff's soft tongue speared into me, not his cock.

Both men laughed a little, Steve's warm breath cooling my moistened, hardened nipple; Jeff's vibrating into my clit, all the way to my...

Don't go there. No hearts. No hearts.

"Like that?" Steve asked.

"Yes, Sir," I said in an almost cry as Jeff's talented tongue flicked my clit with quick, hard motions that had me squirming.

Steve's rough palm settled over my abdomen, pressing me into the bed and stilling my motions. Jeff's fingers held my pussy lips open for his mouth. The thought that I was really glad I got the Brazilian done last time I was at the spa flew through my brain, and I laughed.

"That's a pretty sound," Steve said softly against my ear. "You don't laugh much."

Those fucking tears! My eyes stung again. Even as the climax neared from Jeff's tongue and lips, Steve struck that chord inside of me that made me want to be wrapped in his arms and cradled.

I didn't laugh much. Didn't have much to laugh about.

"You do know you're free to be whatever you want to be when you're with us," Steve said in that low rumble of a voice. "Happy or sad. Laughing or crying. We have more to give to you than our dicks and cum."

"No," I whispered, fighting the idea. No, I didn't want to lose what we *did* have. Love was fleeting. Love didn't last. Sex did. What we shared here did. It kept me going for a month at a time. Kept me sane. Release. Just release. Emotional and sexual. Let go of the reins.

"Yes," Steve said against my ear.

I shook my head in denial.

Just then, Jeff sucked hard on my clit, and my body tensed without my consent. He ripped the orgasm through me without my say-so, and it pissed me off even as a soft cry tore from my lips. And the tears escaped my eyes.

I jerked my legs off Jeff's shoulders and cried out, "*Margaritaville*." My safe word.

Within moments, my hands were freed and the blindfold pulled from my head. I rolled to the edge of the bed and jumped up, searching for my dress through eyes blurred with tears and having been covered for so long. As I bent over to retrieve my dress from the floor, I stopped, blinked, and looked at the bed. Black satin covered in red rose petals.

Candles flickered around the room, casting the two men in a golden aura.

They both sat on the bed staring at me. Jeff swiped the back of his hand over his mouth. Both looked utterly dismayed. And they were both completely clothed. Steve in jeans and a royal blue flannel that in better light would perfectly match his eyes. Jeff in black slacks and a white button down. It had been his tie that had bound my wrists, a charcoal grey snake that lay between them.

A tear trickled from my eye and dripped down my cheek. I swiped it away and stood up to face them. I owed them some kind of explanation. I couldn't run out like this, because if I did I sure as hell would never see them again.

"I don't do love." The words that came out of my mouth shocked even me. I opened my mouth again to explain, but nothing came forth except another two tears, one out of each eye. I wiped them away and turned my back on the two gorgeous men I couldn't lose but didn't know how to keep. Why had they done this to me tonight? Why couldn't they have just used my body as they always did? Given me the release I craved and been done with me?

"Which one of the three of us are you trying to convince?" Steve asked.

I stared into the flickering flame of a fat candle a few feet from me that stood on a black, wrought iron pedestal.

"A little tenderness shown to you, and you freak," Jeff said. "Why is that?"

I licked my lips as I searched for an answer in that dancing flame. Until tonight I hadn't realized how much I craved the tenderness, how badly I wanted to curl up in these magnificent men's arms and let them coddle me.

Chloe Summers was not a weak-willed woman! No, I was strong. Had to be. Closed off from these kinds of emotions. I swiped another tear that dared escape. How long had it been since I cried? Months? Years, maybe? I couldn't remember.

"This isn't what I signed up for," I said, my voice low and huskier than normal.

"Turn around and face us. Don't go coward on us."

I whirled around. "I'm not a coward." Narrowing my eyes at them, I tried to breathe through the anger those words evoked. "I know what I need, and I don't come to Inferno for cuddling and sweet talk. You're the ones who flipped the switch on me tonight."

A low headache started at the back of my skull, and I tried to force the tension out of my shoulders. It didn't work, but I kept from reaching up and rubbing the tight muscles. I wouldn't show them any more weakness. I wouldn't. I was too strong for that. I guessed this really was goodbye. The pain that thought evoked nearly brought me to my knees.

The rose petals on the bed, the two men I'd grown to...care about...over the last fourteen months. Ones who noticed my fingernail polish choice, who could bring me to sexual heights I'd previously found unattainable.

"Why?" I asked in a hoarse whisper. "Why'd you do this?"

Simultaneously, the men got off the bed and stood up, one on each side. "We thought it time to move our relationship to another level," Jeff said as they moved toward me.

"We need more of you than once a month. It's not enough," Steve added. "We want a relationship outside of Inferno with you. And we wanted to show you that there's more here than just..." He shrugged.

Both men drew up close to me, but didn't reach out to touch me. Part of me wanted their touch, the connection. The other part of me, the bigger part I prayed, was glad for the small distance.

"More than just dicks and cum," I finished for him, looking him straight in those gorgeous blue eyes.

He nodded.

"We can do twice a month," I offered. "Once a week if you're available. I wouldn't mind more time with you, either, but I didn't ask for...for what you did tonight. That's not what I need." I looked at Jeff. "Though, it felt good, I prefer when you just do what you want to do and fuck me into oblivion."

"I was doing what I wanted to do," Jeff said. "I've wanted to do it for over a year." His firm jaw seemed made of stone. His dark as night

eyes glittered with a dangerous fire. "And what I want is this side of it, too. We want all of you, not just the tie-me, flay-me, fuck-me side of you."

"You don't know me. I don't know you. Sex doesn't make a relationship." Didn't I tell my clients this on a daily basis? Sex was important, but it was only one-tenth of a real, fulfilling relationship. An important part, but there was so very much more.

"What would make a relationship between us, then?" Steve asked, drawing my attention back to him.

"How will you ever know if we are relationship material if you don't give it a try?" Jeff asked.

I shook my head. "How can we have a relationship when I don't know anything about you?" I nearly cried, then wrapped my arms around myself, a defensive move because suddenly, standing there naked having this conversation unnerved me.

Steve began unbuttoning his flannel shirt. I forced myself not to move, told myself he wasn't about to attack me even as a tiny bit of fear trickled down my spine, tightening my scalp.

"My name's Jeff Harding. I'm a chiropractor with a private practice in the Chandler Building downtown. I'm thirty-eight years old, never been married, no kids, no STDs, and own a house with Steve in Blaire Estates."

My mouth fell open. Blaire Estates was too pricy even for my not-so-modest income.

Steve swept off his shirt and wrapped it around my shoulders. "My name's Steve Harding, Jeff's cousin on our fathers' side. I'm a lapidary."

"Besides his skill with semi-precious stones, he's a damn fine metal sculptor, too, but he hates to admit to that," Jeff threw out.

"Now you know us," Steve said.

I put my arms through the sleeves of Steve's shirt and wrapped it around me like a robe. It was nearly long enough, falling to my mid thigh. It was warm and held that sweet, musky scent I knew as uniquely Steve's. I forced myself not to breathe deep.

"We're probably not even compatible out of bed," I said in futile effort to maintain the emotional distance for which I strove, but I felt it

slipping. Steve's bare chest, with its light sprinkling of curly hair over his pecs, drew my gaze. They were such perfectly, beautifully sculpted men.

"You're a sex therapist," Jeff said, snaring my gaze onto him. "What's *your* hang-up?"

Fear of intimacy.

I knew the answer. I'd been married in the past...briefly, and it hadn't been all my ex's fault the marriage didn't work. Besides the difference in our sexual needs and wants, we'd never talked, never communicated. I felt that surviving a bad marriage had helped me become a better therapist. I knew the stuff that went on in a marriage that fucked everything else up. I might have been a sex therapist, but a good portion of the counseling I gave was marriage and relationship, not sexual. To be sexually intimate, in that deep, loving way that couples craved, all the other shit needed to be dealt with first, because sex didn't solve problems.

Steve cleared his throat. I looked at him. There was no glint of lust in his eyes. No, he was filled with tenderness, and God damn me, I wanted to fall against that hard chest and bury myself in forever.

Instead, I stood up straight and tried not to think about the fact I wore his shirt and nothing else. "I don't come here for therapy. Not the mind-fuck kind. If you two can't take what I have to offer, then I guess it's over."

Jeff moved with the speed of a striking cobra. He grabbed my shoulders and pulled me against his hard, lean body and ground his mouth against mine. I gasped in shock, and he swept his tongue into my mouth. I groaned in response to the seductive invasion and grabbed the front of his shirt so I didn't land on my ass when my knees gave way. Just as fast as it started, he pulled away and turned me. Steve was there, wrapped me in a huge bear hug, and kissed me with just as much passion and Jeff had. My knees did give out then, and he held me up, against him, as he tasted me.

Passion coursed through me from just the feel of his arms and mouth, the solid thickness of his chest trapping my arms between us, and the length of his cock pressed hard against my abdomen.

When he pulled his head back, he looked into my eyes. Dazed, I stared back at him.

Then Jeff was there, behind me, pressed against me, his warm breath teasing my ear. "Do you want this to be over, Chloe? Do you want to walk out of here tonight alone? Or will you give us a chance to prove to you we'd make you good companions?"

I dropped my head forward against Steve's shoulder.

"We'll still fuck you stupid anytime you want," Steve said softly.

Jeff chuckled a little, but it sounded a slightly pained. "We're definitely not opposed to that."

Steve sighed. "We're not asking for commitment...yet."

"We just need more. Don't you sometimes go home empty inside after a night here with us? Feel as though there's something missing?"

I wanted to deny it. In fact, in direct answer to the question, no. I didn't go home feeling that way. I always felt renewed and revived after a night with them. It was the next day, or sometimes several days after, that I felt empty, lonely, filled with longing I refused to give into and admit.

Jeff petted my hair as if I were a child. "We've searched our whole lives for a woman as free with her body as you are. One who craves what we like to give. To give what we desire to take."

"We've searched together and alone for someone," Steve said softly, "and now we've found her, and she's sexually everything we've always dreamed of, but we need more than her body."

"We need her heart."

I started to shake my head again in denial, but Steve squeezed me, and Jeff tugged a lock of my hair.

"You have a heart in there, Chloe. We know you do," Jeff said. "Why not take it out for a spin? Let us in for a little while, give us a shot. If we don't fulfill you, all of you, then you walk. Easy as that. We don't want to trap you or hurt you in any way."

"Give us a chance," Steve whispered against the crown of my head. "Just a little one."

It hurt to even contemplate unlocking those barriers I'd put into place years earlier. Closed for business. But their offer was so seductive,

and if I refused and let them go, walked away from them, I might not find anyone who could fulfill any part of me, sexually, emotionally, spiritually.

I raised my head and looked up into Steve's Caribbean blue eyes. Honesty was needed here. They'd been honest, and now it was my turn. "I'm afraid I'll disappoint you. I'm not much more than what you already know. I'm a therapist. Period. It's my life, all I know. I can't cook, have a maid because I refuse to do windows, I work long hours." I glanced down at his chest, unable to maintain eye contact for this next part. "And as for commitment...I still rent even though I could afford a nice house because I'm terrified of being...trapped."

"You'll never be trapped with us," Jeff said, and I heard the promise, the sincerity, in his tone. "Not ever." He laid a gentle kiss on my cheek.

"The door will never be closed, Chloe," Steve said, rubbing his chin against my temple. "And trust me when I say that Jeff and I lead pretty busy lives ourselves. If he's not at the office, he volunteering here or there or running his stupid marathons."

A laugh burst out of me at that. Maybe not triathlons, but marathons.

"God, that's a gorgeous sound," Jeff muttered. "What's funny?"

I turned my head to look at him over my shoulder. Steve still held me in a tight embrace, as if he never intended to let go. "I always fancied you a runner."

He grinned, and the smile lit up his face and eyes. "Yeah?"

I nodded. "Yeah. You've got the body for it."

"And what do you do to keep your body so great?" Steve asked.

My face heated as I thought of my living room *furniture*. "Ah, an elliptical trainer and a Bowflex." Every morning I used them. If I didn't, I'd be as big as a house because I sat on my ass all day.

"Steve here just lifts heavy shit all the time." Jeff laughed at himself, and I found it cute. Adorable, really.

I turned back to Steve. "You make jewelry with your lapidary skills?"

He tipped his head sideways in a half nod.

Jeff reached around me slightly and turned his wrist, showing me his watch. "He made this."

The face of the watch was star sapphire. In the finely woven band of coppery colored metal were small black onyx squares.

"That's gorgeous," I said, and meant it. To be honest, I'd never bothered to notice any jewelry of any kind these men wore. I was surprised I hadn't spotted such a spectacular piece before. I loved jewelry. The more it glittered, the better.

"Thank you," Steve muttered, as if embarrassed by the compliment.

"So, enough about jewelry making," Jeff said and wrapped his arms around my waist.

"You want an answer," I stated. They deserved one. And just maybe I deserved them. They'd always seemed like wonderful men, even through the very light conversation we usually had over drinks before heading to the private rooms. Steve had once asked for advice on a wedding gift for his mother who was remarrying for the fourth time. Jeff had wanted to know what was appropriate to get his secretary for her birthday. They thought of others. They cared. I shouldn't have been surprised they'd come to care for me, but deep down I still was.

I took a deep breath, tried to clear my mind of all the black thoughts trying to push in, like the feeling of desolation when a relationship ended, the sense of failure, and said, "Okay."

They squished me between them until I squeaked from lack of breath, and then they laughed. The sound was warm and filled with happiness, and one of those padlocks on my heart clinked open and fell away. Really, what did I have to lose, other than these two men? And I'd do that by saying no.

"May we finish what we started earlier?" Jeff asked.

I turned again and looked over my shoulder at him once they gave me enough room to move. Then I nodded. "I think I'd like that."

He grinned again, and there were two little dimples in his cheeks. Maybe getting to know them better outside of the fuck-me, flay-me room could be really wonderful.

I yelped in surprise and threw my arms around Steve's neck when he scooped me up into his arms. He grinned, too, and the twinkle in his baby blues was full of mischief. He took me the few steps back to the bed and dropped me like a rag doll where I bounced and giggled. His shirt I still wore opened, and I left it that way, revealing my breasts and belly.

This time they didn't remain clothed. Slowly, as if they knew just how much I enjoyed the show, they undressed. Jeff's cuffs were rolled up nearly to his elbows, and he undid each button one by one without hurried motions, leisurely exposing his chest with its soft whorls of hair, down farther to his rippled abs. He tugged the shirt from his slacks and shrugged out of it, letting it fall to the floor at his feet.

Steve unbuttoned his jeans with a series of soft pops to the buttons. His cock was hard, straining against his navy blue briefs. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of the pants and pushed them down, toeing off his shoes at the same time.

Jeff unbuckled his belt, pulled it from the loops, and tossed it onto the bed where it lay over one of my ankles. He raised one eyebrow and smirked at me when I grinned.

This playful side of them was new to me. And I admitted I loved it. Okay, it was time to really admit it all. I did love them, in a way. Of course, I still didn't know them outside of this club, but I'd given it a chance, and suddenly I was as excited as I was terrified to see where it led. In my ten years working as a sex therapist, I'd only dealt with two triad relationships. Of course, both of those had included bisexuality, which tended to lead to jealousy because someone felt left out.

Maybe I hadn't seen more cases because they actually worked.

"She's thinking again," Steve said as he bent to pull off his socks.

"Talk to us," Jeff said as he stepped out of his pants, picked them up, and folded them neatly before laying them over a chair in the corner of the room.

"How long have you two been sharing women?" Then I realized that up until a few minutes ago, I hadn't even known they were related. They looked nothing alike outside of a similar height.

Steve shrugged when he stood up, sans underwear. "Our first was

in college.” He turned to Jeff as if for confirmation.

“Yep. We were roommates at college.” Jeff pushed his black, silk boxers down, and his cock sprang up long and proud. “She was seeing us both, and neither of us knew it until she called out Steve’s name while we were having sex.” He strode to the bed and sat down next to me, hiking a knee up so he could turn toward me.

Steve came over, fisting his cock slowly, and sat down on the other side of me. “Started off as revenge for playing us. I made a date with her, but Jeff showed up. Next time he made a date, and I showed up. Third time we both made dates for the same night and showed up together.”

“We figured she’d be pissed off, and we’d end it all,” Jeff said, running a long, slender finger around my areola. “But she turned the tables on us and had us both that night.”

I reached over to Steve, pushed his hand out of the way, and took his cock in my palm. He closed his eyes and sighed.

“So?” I asked. “What happened with her? How long did it last?”

Jeff shook his head, then let out a little embarrassed chuckle. “We weren’t such upstanding gentlemen then as we are now. We fucked her and left and never took another call from her.”

“That was mean,” I said, but agreed the witch deserved it for dating roommates—cousins—behind the other’s back.

Steve nodded. “We never did that again.”

“Um...” I bit my bottom lip, unsure if I should ask.

“Go ahead,” Jeff said. “We’re open books to you, baby.”

Another locked clinked and fell away. The endearment did it. They called me “girl” or “woman” or once in a while when they were really fucking the hell out of me, “bitch”—only because they knew it turned me on to be talked to like that in the throes of carnal bliss—but never a tender endearment like “baby”.

Steve stilled my ministrations on his cock with his hand. When I looked up at him in question, he said, “Keep that up, and I’m not going to last long. What’s your question?”

“Have the two of you been in a long-term triad relationship before?”

They both shook their heads without a second's hesitation.

"We told you," Jeff said. "We've never met anyone who did it for us the way you do."

"We have had individual long-term relationships in the past," Steve said. "Jeff even lived with a woman for about a year when I spent time in Phoenix going to trade school."

I turned back to Jeff. "Why didn't it last?"

He shrugged. "For a lot of the reasons most relationships don't. We moved in together before we knew each other well enough to take that step. She was very vanilla, and not open to trying anything new, and—" He stopped, and his brow wrinkled into a slight frown. "Are you a dog person or a cat person?"

"Uh, well, I prefer dogs, but not opposed to cats. I'm not allergic or anything."

He grinned again and resumed the tantalizing teasing of my breast. "We have two dogs. A Great Dane and a..." He looked at his cousin and smirked.

"My dog is a Chihuahua I rescued," Steve said, frowning at Jeff.

I smiled at that. Big, bad Steve designed jewelry and owned a Chihuahua.

"At least the little rat doesn't bark," Jeff said, staring at my breast he played with.

"Because some asshole fed her poison that ruined her voice box and almost killed her."

Okay, I'd heard enough, for now. I laughed and reached out to both of them. They sprawled out beside me, propping their heads on their hands. "You convinced me," I said with my throat tight with emotion. "Now, please, I could use some attention."

They both grinned at me. Steve leaned down and kissed me soft and gentle, while Jeff's hand slid down over my belly and petted my pussy. I mewled into Steve's mouth and spread my legs a little, giving Jeff more access.

Steve pulled back and smiled down at me. "Are you going to panic again if we keep it on the light side tonight? Personally, I want to make

love to you, babe. We'll fuck you stupid tomorrow, but tonight we'd like—"

I put my finger over his mouth to stop him. "I won't panic, won't freak out." I took a deep breath and admitted what was in my heart. "I think it might be just what I need. But you two knew that, didn't you?"

Both men looming over me cracked wide, teeth-bearing grins. "Maybe you'll learn to trust that in us, too, baby," Jeff said.

Steve nodded. "Now, it's my turn to taste that pretty cunt of yours." He winked before he slid down the bed, disturbing the rose petals and making the sweet scent of the flowers even stronger.

"Do you want to be bound?" Jeff asked.

I shook my head. "I'd rather hold and be held."

He nodded. "Then hold on, baby. It's about to get really good."

I laughed and wrapped my arms around his neck. At the same moment, Steve gently pressed my legs farther apart. Jeff's fingers scissored open on my pussy lips, opening me for Steve, and then Jeff leaned down and took my mouth with his.

Oh, God, these men could kiss, was my first thought. The second was that although it wasn't better than the fuck-me, flay-me, I could definitely get used to some of this tenderness once in a while.

Jeff wrapped his free arm under my shoulders and held me close as he ate at my mouth, suckled my tongue. And then Steve's mouth was on my pussy, his tongue spearing into my cunt with a smooth softness that made me melt, made me moan into Jeff's mouth. I raised my knees, spread my thighs wider.

A thick finger slid into my pussy as Steve moved up to suckle and flick my clit with the tip of his tongue. Jeff moved his hand away from my cunt and ran it up over my belly until he cupped my breast in his warm, smooth palm, slightly damp from my own heat. The little pinch he gave my nipple was just the right amount of pain to make me gasp and buck my hips, pressing Steve's face against my hot, needy pussy.

"Oh, yeah, baby," Jeff whispered against my lips, giving me time to suck in deep breaths. "Let us hear you. We want to know your pleasure."

I groaned and bucked again as Steve did something spectacular

down there that brought me right up to the edge. But then he pulled back and held off the orgasm clawing for release. Looking Jeff in the eyes, I huffed a frustrated sound and for the first time, ran my fingers through his hair. It was as silky as I'd always imagined. A little cool on the ends, his scalp warm, and his scent filled my nose, more spice than musk, opposed to Steve's scent.

He smiled at me and rubbed his thumb across my nipple. "I think I could look at you all day and night," he said softly. "You're so fucking beautiful."

My smile trembled a little, but I didn't want to cry any more. I wanted to really experience this night, wanted it more than tonight.

Jeff pecked a kiss onto my lips, nuzzled my neck, nudged Steve's shirt off my shoulder and nipped my flesh with just the slightest sting.

"Yess," I hissed, pressing my hips upward, harder against Steve's mouth. A second finger joined the first inside of me, and he curled them up to rub my G-spot.

My ass came off the bed as a small gush of moisture slickened his fingers and my pussy.

"God, yes," Steve muttered against my cunt, then latched onto my clit with teeth and lips and sucked so hard I saw stars as the orgasm tore through me, wrenching a cry out of me. Jeff pinched my nipple hard, as if he knew it was what I'd want right then, and I did. I so did!

Before the climax subsided, Steve's slick fingers found my ass and pressed through the tightly puckered opening. I cried out again and ground down on his fingers. His lips still clung to my clit, suckling as if it were the sweetest of candy. I gripped Jeff to me, holding onto him with all my might as he toyed with my breasts and teased my neck with his teeth. Sensation overload. More than when they took me from front and back at the same time. More intimate.

I rode Steve's face and his fingers with the motions of my hips. "More!" I cried. "Please don't stop. Please...."

Jeff pinched at my nipples, tugging them. Steve's mouth did wonders to my cunt, my clit, and his fingers pumped into my ass.

"You do like it rough, don't you, baby?" Jeff muttered as he moved

down and pulled one nipple into his mouth and sucked hard.

"Ohh, yesss!"

Another climax ripped through me, and I screamed, my hands buried in Jeff's hair, holding him to me. When Steve smoothed his tongue over me, soothing the pulsing aches, his fingers still buried in my ass, and when Jeff licked my nipples, teasing away the sting of his bites, I collapsed back onto the bed, every muscle in my body quivering. My heart pounded against my ribs, and my breaths sawed hard in my lungs.

Steve slowly withdrew his fingers from my ass, eliciting another moan from me, then moved off of the bed and disappeared through the door in the far wall that led to the bathroom.

Jeff gently fingered the damp tendrils of hair from my cheeks and forehead. "You want more?"

I nodded, unable to speak.

His grin was devilish and sweet at the same time. "Can you handle both of us at once? We'd like to take you together tonight."

They'd double-teamed me many times in the past year, so the fact that he was asking for permission clinked open that last lock. I reached up with a hand that felt too heavy and touched his face. "I wouldn't want it any other way tonight."

He nodded and reached across me to the small bedside table where there sat a small stack of condoms.

"Wait," I whispered, wrapping my fingers around his wrist and pulling his hand to my cheek. "We're really going to give this a try? You, me, Steve, exclusive?"

He nodded again.

"Then I want to feel all of you tonight. I'm on the pill, always have been." And because it was club policy, everyone underwent STD tests three times a year in order to maintain membership, so we were all safe.

He kissed me again, this one holding more feeling than passion. I hoped that emotion I felt pouring out of him was his heart, because I feared, no, maybe I exalted in the fact that they had mine.

Steve came out of the bathroom already hard, or still hard maybe. He came to the bed and sat down on the other side of me. "You're sure?"

he asked, obviously having heard me.

I nodded. "If it's just going to be the three of us together, then yes."

"Babe," he said, "it's only been the three of us, at least for me and Jeff, since the first night we met you."

I looked to Jeff for confirmation, and yet again he nodded.

"Me, too," I admitted.

Steve leaned over and kissed me, tasting of minty mouthwash. When he pulled back, he was smiling. Jeff let go of me and lay on his back, his cock long and hard against his belly.

"Straddle him," Steve said. "Please."

I laughed at the "please" tempering the command but did as he bid. I rolled over and threw one leg over Jeff. I rubbed my slick, wet cunt over his length, and he groaned, grabbed my hips, and pulled me forward enough so the tip of his dick rested against my pussy.

I looked over my shoulder as Steve positioned himself behind me. "I wish there were some way to do this so I could look you both in the eyes."

Steve wrapped his arms around my waist and leaned into me, dropped a kiss to my shoulder, then my neck. "I'm right here, babe. You don't need to see me to know it. Just feel."

I nodded in agreement and closed my eyes, letting myself feel. Really feel. Gentle hands touching me, soft breaths in the air, hard cocks.

Steve reached down with one hand, the other still around my middle, and glided his big fingers over my slickness, gathering it onto his fingers, then slid them back into my ass.

I arched slightly and sighed with the pleasure.

"Up a little," Jeff whispered, and I rose up on my knees just enough so he could tease the tip of his cock against my clit.

"Mmm." It was good. Gentle and soft could be very good. At least here, with these two. *My men*, I thought greedily. They were mine, and I'd work to keep them. Work really hard.

Steve's fingers slipped out, and then soft, spongy head of his cock pressed against me. I forced my muscles to relax and pushed out my ass slightly as he carefully, so carefully eased inside of me.

"Oh, yeah," Steve whispered against the back of my neck. "I love your ass. Squeeze me."

I did, tensing the muscles once I adjusted to his girth.

"Ahhh."

"My turn," Jeff said, still slapping my clit with the tip of his cock. "Sit on me, baby." He held his cock still in his fist, let me reach down and position it just right, and then I let myself collapse down over him in one hard motion.

"Fuck," the men shouted out in unison, which pulled a half-laugh, half-moan from me as they filled me up to brimming.

Steve's big hand between my shoulder blades pushed me forward, even as his other arm kept me from falling all the way over onto Jeff. I rose up, ready to start the hard, fast ride I usually got from these two, but Steve clamped his other arm around me, and Jeff anchored my thighs with his hands.

"Slow and easy, baby," Jeff said. "At least just this once."

I opened my eyes and looked down at him. His jaw was clenched, and I knew it took a lot from him to keep from fucking me hard and fast. But I said, "Okay," and forced myself to relax.

Steve moved first, withdrawing and sliding back in. Jeff's eyes practically rolled back into his head, but then he moved, picking up Steve's slow rhythm. In and out in opposition to each other, and it threw me off kilter. I was used to them pounding the same rhythm, both cocks in me at the same time, withdrawing in unison, not this back and forth that made my tummy quiver and my breath come out in harsh little pants. The orgasm came on too quickly. I didn't want it to end so fast. Slow and easy they said, but they were the ones pushing me over too fast.

Steve closed one hand over my breast and held it like a favorite toy. Jeff's long fingers ran up and down my thighs in what I suppose should have been a soothing motion, but it wasn't. I was too buzzed, too wired, too close.

I whimpered. "I... I... it's..."

"Let go, babe," Steve murmured against my neck.

I stiffened in his arms and bit back the cry, but still, strange little

noises came out of me. They didn't stop moving, kept up that same steady press and draw into my body. Another orgasm built on top of the last. I gripped Steve's arm, silently begging him to hold me grounded.

This time I bucked when it hit, taking Jeff deep enough to press my G-spot, and I screamed as moisture slickened me even more. Oh, God, they were going to kill me. And then I was sure of it when Steve, still holding my one breast, reached down with his other hand and pressed his fingertips against my clit.

"No," I cried, even as I slammed down hard on Jeff's cock yet again.

"More, Chloe," Jeff said. "Give us all you have. We want it."

"We need it," Steve added, and pinched my clit between two of his fingers as he slammed his dick deep into me.

Jeff reached up and pinched my unhindered nipple, and I jerked again. My cunt spasmed over and over. I rocked my hips hard, taking them deep again and again. I was restrained by Steve's huge arm, and it tantalized even more than the cuffs they normally placed on me.

Another orgasm, harder, quicker, zinged through me, and I screamed and threw my head back against Steve. He grunted and fucked deeper, faster. He plucked at my clit, and Jeff tweaked my nipple. I bounced like a rubber ball on Jeff's cock, and then the final climax took me over and dumped me into blackness to the sound of my screams of ecstasy echoing in my mind.

* * * * *

Hours? Minutes? Days later? I opened my eyes to the scent of sex, vanilla, and roses, and the two faces I was sure I'd fallen head over heels with looming over me.

"You okay?" Jeff asked, his brow puckered in worry.

A slow, cat-like smile curved my lips, and I sighed and stretched. "Oh yeahhh. I'm great."

Steve chuckled and brushed a few strands of hair from my forehead. "That you are. Great, I mean. Terrific, fantastic, amazing."

Double Dare by Anna Leigh Keaton

I laughed and wrapped my arms around their shoulders, pulling them down to my chest. "I think maybe I could get used to this," I muttered as sleep tried to steal me away once again.

"One question, baby," Jeff said as he slid his leg up over mine.

Steve gently rubbed my belly and kissed the top curve of my breast.

"Hmm?" I queried, then yawned.

"You working tomorrow?"

"Nope. Sundays off."

"Good," Steve said. "Because we plan to take you home tonight and spend tomorrow fucking you stupid."

I laughed and felt more relaxed, more fulfilled than I had in a lifetime. "After I rest, you can fuck me any way you want."

As I drifted off into the bliss of their warm bodies against mine, I could have sworn I heard Jeff mutter something about *forever*.

And that just might be okay with me.

The End

Author Bio

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romance for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home. Now her writing has taken on a spicier flavor and, while hubby's off at work, she lets her imagination soar.... Anna loves to hear from her readers. You can email her at anna@annaleighkeaton.com or visit her website at www.annaleighkeaton.com for all her upcoming and previously published works, and meet her alter ego at www.leannekarella.com.