

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

Stephanie
ADKINS

Seducing
REAGAN

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Stephanie Adkins

After three years of mediocre sex (he always wore white socks to bed!), Reagan breaks up with her boyfriend. Her best friend says she needs to experience some great sex – and helps out by making a call to the gorgeous guy who runs the local coffee shop. She places an order of coffee and beignets to be delivered to Reagan's house the next day. She just doesn't know that Brett's two brothers co-own the shop with him, and the three of them believe in personal service.

Much to Reagan's surprise, Brett, Derrick and Dane all show up on her doorstep with a lot more than just coffee. What happens next is wild and passionate sex, unlike anything Reagan has ever experienced.

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Seducing Reagan

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SEDUCING REAGAN

Stephanie Adkins

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Boy Scouts: Boy Scouts of America Corporation

Chapter One

Reagan Shaw rolled her eyes in disdain as she gazed down at Collin McCray's socks. Not only were they a ghastly white, but they also had thin red stripes under the heels and toes. That wasn't the worst part of it, though. They were tube socks that extended all the way up his calves.

With a disheartened sigh, she climbed on top of him and mounted his cock. Placing her palms flat on his chest, she slid down on top of him until she was fully impaled, which unfortunately didn't take much effort. Collin was a brilliant and gifted attorney, but much to Reagan's dismay, his "gifts" stopped there. If nothing else though, at least facing him on top would spare her from having to look at those infernal socks.

When he grasped her hips, she rocked her body back and forth quickly. Each time he dug his feet into the mattress and thrust his hips upward, she pushed back roughly. The sound their bodies made when they slammed together that way was what she craved to hear. There was something animalistic about it that made her pulse race with each forceful shove. This was the way she wanted it. She didn't want gentle loving, romance, or sweet words. She just wanted to be fucked. *Hard.*

"Oh!" she yelled. "Yes! Fuck me!"

Collin's small, single-sized bed shook precariously with their movements, causing the headboard to bang loudly against the bedroom wall. If she weren't trying so hard to climax, she probably would have laughed out loud. The scenario reminded her a lot of college, only it wasn't her bed that had been doing the rocking; it was her best friend Lillian's, who shared the dormitory room with her. The only way she'd been able to drown out Lillian's squeaky bed was to hold two pillows over her head.

"Yes!" Reagan moaned. "Oh *fuck!* Don't stop!"

But suddenly, without warning, Collin did just that. He stopped. *What the hell?* Gripping his chest, she caught herself from bouncing off him and falling to the floor. She looked down at him with her eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“W-what’s wrong?” she stammered, trying to catch her breath.

His gaze was disapproving. *That* certainly was no surprise.

“Would you please stop saying that word? It’s distracting me.”

Sinking her fingernails into his skin to keep from throttling him, she muttered under her breath. Surely he *must* be kidding. The socks she could handle, up to a point, but now he basically wanted her to keep quiet, and that was almost beyond her capacity. Why did he have to be so damn...boring?

Brushing it aside, she started moving again. The anger forged her onward, making her movements even quicker than before, and Collin had no choice but to match her rhythm and try to keep up. She knew he wasn’t joking, and as much as she tried to forget about it, it only added more fuel to the fire.

It wasn’t like she cursed or talked during sex *that* often. In all her twenty-six years, she could probably count on both hands how many times something had slipped past her tongue besides a moan.

“Ouch! Watch the fingernails, Reagan!”

Startled, she opened her eyes and looked down at him again. Without realizing it, she had driven her fingernails deep into his chest, breaking the skin. Horrified, she watched as a tiny drop of blood oozed from one of the cuts. Holding her breath, she waited for him to come unglued at the seams, but instead he just crawled from underneath her and got behind her on his knees, as if that position would save him from more bodily harm.

Anchoring securely to her hips, he pushed his cock inside her again, but this time his strokes were slow and easy. With a frustrated groan, she tried to move against him faster, but he held her firmly in place. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw that his head

was back, and his breathing had slowed down considerably. With a frustrated groan, she accepted that she probably wasn't going to climax...again.

Focusing on his chest, she watched as the droplet of blood slid leisurely along his skin toward his stomach. There was something fascinating about it that made her heart thump erratically. Biting her lower lip, she stopped herself from running her fingertips along the crimson trail. That would definitely piss him off.

Resting on her forearms, she reached a hand behind her and placed her fingers between the cheeks of her ass. Oblivious, Collin continued his slow and steady thrusting. His mouth was opened slightly, and he seemed content, as if lost in his own little world. She had come to *really* despise that look.

With her fingers pressed to the valley of her ass, she began moving them in a circular motion around the hole, stopping every so often to push a couple of them inside. The sensation made her breath quicken.

"Collin..."

For a long moment, he never wavered. After repeating his name louder, and for a third time, he finally opened his eyes and looked down at her. His reaction was just as she expected.

"What are you doing?" he asked incredulously.

Pushing her fingers deep inside her ass again, she gazed at him with pleading eyes.

"I want you to fuck me, Collin," she begged. "Here."

Shuddering at the "F" word, he stopped momentarily and pulled out of her just long enough to grab onto her waist and flip her over onto her back. The movement took her completely by surprise and infuriated her.

"No, Reagan," he reprimanded.

She looked up at him defiantly. By this point, she felt on the verge of something, but it sure wasn't climaxing. Her body was wound into a wretched ball of nerves, and she felt like crying. Or screaming.

“Collin,” she pleaded. “Fuck me in my ass. *Please.*”

Still he ignored her, as always. Crouching over her body, he entered her again and began the same monotonous movements as before. Angrily, Reagan dug her feet into the bed and moved rapidly against him, hoping he would mistake her aggressiveness for passion and come quickly so she could get it over with.

Fortunately, he fell in sync with her, and after several long minutes, she felt his body stiffen, which meant he was close to climaxing. That was the only way she could tell. Otherwise, he was as quiet as a church mouse and barely uttered a single grunt or groan. It was maddening.

For what seemed like an eternity, she waited for him to stop convulsing on top of her while her heart pounded in her ears. Nothing with Collin ever changed. Three years into their relationship, and everything still had to be done a certain way, even sex. The man couldn’t even have sex without his socks on, as if it posed some kind of mental block.

In the beginning, his needs had suited hers perfectly, but lately his stoic lovemaking was starting to wear on her last nerve. She wanted and needed more, but when she tried to explain it to him, he brushed it off as a “hormonal thing” that would eventually pass. What the hell did he know anyway? The man may be bright, but when it came to women, he was utterly clueless.

Collapsing beside her, Collin turned over on his side and reached for her just as she sat up on the edge of the bed.

“Where are you going?” he asked, placing a hand on the small of her back.

Refusing to look at him, she stood up and gathered her clothes that were strewn across the bedroom floor and began dressing.

“I need to get home so I can work on my column for next week’s issue.”

It was a lie, but she wasn’t about to start an argument that would get her nowhere. Sitting up in the bed, he looked at her curiously.

"Can't you do that here?"

Slipping on her shoes, she walked over to the bed and kissed him on the cheek.

"Not tonight," she replied, trying not to sound as irritated as she felt. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Reagan..."

Waving her hand in the air, she turned to leave the room before he could go any further. His voice had taken on the familiar accusing tone that threatened to make her snap, and she was in no mood to hear it. Not again.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow," she repeated before hastily retreating from the room.

Bounding down the stairway, she grabbed her briefcase from the foyer and made her way out the front door without looking back.

Perhaps she would talk to him tomorrow. Then again, maybe she wouldn't.

* * * * *

"You did *what*?" Lillian Foster exclaimed.

Reagan picked up a handful of napkins to wipe the stream of vodka and orange juice from her tabletop at Murphy's Nightclub. Perhaps telling her best friend about her breakup with Collin wasn't the best thing to do while Lillian was mid-gulp. Still, she couldn't help but laugh out loud. Just the expression on her face was priceless.

It was Friday night, and the bachelorette party was well under way for their friend and coworker, Janet Morton. The drunken bride-to-be had deserted her spot by the nightclub stage and was now on top of it, dancing alongside three half-naked male strippers. Reagan shook her head in amazement and laughed again. Leave it to Lillian to instigate the raunchiest bachelorette party in town.

"It's no big deal! Really!" she yelled over the loud music.

Just saying the words made her happier than she'd felt in a very long time. Several of the other partygoers, dressed in their fake tiaras and feather boas, lined the stage and chanted while Janet rubbed her body seductively against the strippers. Fortunately, the

room Lillian reserved was private. If their male coworkers saw the debauchery unfolding, they'd probably never hear the end of it.

"You break up with your one and only boyfriend after three years, and you say it's no big deal!" Lillian remarked. "Collin's never been one of my favorite people in the world, but what happened?"

Picking up her third margarita, Reagan tilted her head back and downed the remainder of it in one swallow. She knew there was no way to get out of the discussion. It had been almost two weeks, and she'd somehow managed to put her off that long. Reagan put her hand over her mouth and tried to stifle a giggle.

"He always wore his socks when we had sex!" she shouted.

Now it was Lillian's turn to laugh out loud. When she drunkenly swooned and almost fell out of her seat, Reagan grabbed her arm and kept her steady, which only made Lillian laugh even harder.

Maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe it was just the elation from being *free*, but Reagan felt like screaming it to the whole world. After adjusting the tiara on top of her head, she signaled the bartender for another round of drinks.

"So what are you going to do now?" Lillian asked.

Reagan shrugged her shoulders and shook her head, which made it throb painfully. For a split second, her stomach wrenched into a horrible knot, and she was afraid she might vomit. Maybe three margaritas were enough.

"I don't know!" she replied. "What do you suggest?"

She felt as if she was slurring and not making any sense at all. Lillian didn't seem to care though. Leaning closer, she looked at Reagan with glazed eyes and smiled playfully.

"I think it's time someone properly fucked you!"

Reagan broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and this time it was Lillian who stopped *her* from sliding out of her seat and crashing to the floor. Of course, only Lillian could suggest something so outrageous, and she was never one to mince words either.

"Like who? Someone from your little black book?" she asked.

Lillian put a finger to her lips and thought a moment before her eyes grew wide and expressive. Fumbling through her purse on the tabletop, she retrieved a small, worn notebook and her cell phone. Coincidentally, the book just happened to be black. Reagan shook her head and rolled her eyes. She should have known Lillian would actually *have* a little black book.

"What about those cute brothers who work next door at the coffee shop? Aren't they friends of yours?"

Reagan grinned before taking a swig of her fourth margarita the bartender had brought over to their table. The twins and their older brother were single and very good-looking, but given that she had been in a relationship with Collin for so long, she'd never thought of them as more than just acquaintances.

Still, every Tuesday evening when she visited Morgan's Coffee Shop & Poetry Lounge for the readings that took place there, all three of them made no qualms about flirting with her at the same time. Obviously they weren't the jealous sibling types. She never took them seriously, though. It was just in their nature to be overly charming.

"We're *just* friends! Nothing more!" she responded. The music was so loud she could barely hear herself talk, and it was starting to give her a massive headache. Lillian downed the last of her drink before slapping her hand down on top of the table dramatically.

"That's perfect! Sex amongst friends is the best kind!" she said. "No strings attached!"

The music finally died down to a slower number, just as Lillian began pressing buttons on her cell phone. Before Reagan had time to comprehend what she was doing,

she heard her speaking into the phone in that rich southern drawl that usually left the men around her catatonic.

"Hello. May I speak to the owner, please?" she cooed. "Hi Brett. This is Lillian Foster from the Lincoln Sentinel... I'm doing great, thank you."

Reagan's shocked expression didn't stop her, but rather encouraged her. When she tried to take the phone away, Lillian held her at arm's length and laughed.

"I'm hosting a small get-together with some girlfriends at my coworker Reagan's house tomorrow. You know Reagan Shaw, don't you?" she asked coyly, giving Reagan a wink. "Yes, that's her, the gorgeous brunette in the front office. Well, she wanted me to call and order some beignets for the party tomorrow. She's always bragging to people about how yours are the best in town."

Reagan opened her mouth to shout an objection, but in the blink of an eye, Lillian had her hand over her mouth. She attempted to pry it off, but the woman had a viselike grip.

"And you know, just between the two of us, I can barely get a word in edgewise when we're together because she's always rattling on and on about the gorgeous brothers who work next door. Don't you dare tell her I said that, though. She can be *so* shy," she whispered. "You know, I bet she'd love to go out with you sometime. I mean, if you're not currently attached, of course."

When Lillian turned to wink at her again, she panicked. He couldn't possibly be agreeing to it. Maybe he was mistaking her for someone else. Flirting was one thing, but an actual date was something entirely different.

"That sounds great. Would it be possible for you to deliver them to her house tomorrow...say, around noon? The address is 43 West Townsend Street." She continued, "Oh, and you should ask her about her poetry sometime. She's wanted to do a reading at your shop for several months now, but like I said, she can be *very* shy."

As soon as Lillian giggled provocatively into the phone, Reagan knew it was all over. He'd fallen for it, hook, line and sinker. For a split second, she thought for sure

she *was* going to vomit. After a few more words, Lillian hung up, and Reagan sat back in her seat, bewildered.

“Why did you do that? There’s no party going on at my house tomorrow. Besides that, I barely even know him!” she exclaimed.

Lillian put the notebook and phone back in her purse before taking a big gulp of her third vodka and orange juice.

“Have you not noticed the way Brett looks at you when he delivers our boss man’s coffee and beignets *every* Monday morning?” she teased. “Good grief! Where have you been, Reagan? Under a rock?”

Honestly, she really *hadn’t* noticed. For three years her life had revolved around Collin and working on her column, so there hadn’t been much time to pay attention to anything else. Sure, she’d seen Brett and the twins in the office from time to time, but she’d never given much thought to why they were there. Dozens of people filed through their office doors on a daily basis. It was easy not to grasp every little thing that took place.

“Anyway, that’s not important. What’s important right now is the fact that *you* need a man, and a real man at that.” Lillian continued. “If he keeps his socks on while he’s fucking you, then I’ll take the blame.”

When she started laughing hysterically again, Reagan grabbed hold of the table and jumped up from her seat, almost knocking the drinks onto the floor.

“Where are you going?” Lillian asked.

Without a word, Reagan put a hand to her stomach, the other hand over her mouth and raced for the restroom.

* * * * *

When the sunlight beamed through Reagan’s bedroom curtains the next morning, she groaned and rolled over onto her back on the bed, but even that subtle movement made her head throb and her stomach revolt. Glancing around the room, she noticed

right away that she still had on the same clothes she'd worn to Janet's bachelorette party, right down to her high heels.

There were few things she could remember other than the margaritas and Cynthia, their coworker and designated driver, taking people home afterward. Everything else was a blur, and even the blur made her nauseous. Glimpsing at the alarm clock beside the bed, she groaned again when she saw it was almost noon.

Rising slowly from the bed, she kicked off her shoes and made her way to the adjoining bathroom, stripping off her clothes along the way. A cold shower was what she needed – that and numerous cups of coffee.

For a long time, she stood under the showerhead and let the cool water wash over her body. When she felt more revived, she washed her long brown hair and scrubbed her body from head to toe, being extra careful not to lean too far to the left or right. Unfortunately, the wooziness would probably take another hour or two to wear off.

Stepping from the shower, she picked up a large bath towel from the vanity and patted herself dry before wrapping it around her hair. It would just have to air dry this time because she wasn't about to place a loud hairdryer anywhere close to her head. Even the steady stream of water that trickled down the tub and into the drain made too much noise.

Once she brushed her teeth and got dressed again, Reagan walked cautiously down the stairway, grasping tightly to the handrail to keep her balance. Stepping inside the kitchen, she set the coffeemaker to brew and fumbled in an overhead cabinet for some aspirin. After pouring a small glass of water, and downing the pills in one swallow, she leaned against the counter and closed her eyes.

Now she remembered why she rarely drank alcohol. Yes, it was fun, but the end result was hell. Thankfully, there was nothing on her agenda for the day, since all she felt like doing was curling up on the sofa and nursing her aching head. She would have to call Lillian later to find out how the party went since she was having trouble filling in

the missing pieces. Then again, knowing Lillian, she'd probably gone home with someone.

The sound of the doorbell ringing jarred her from her thoughts and made her wince. Why did everything have to be so *loud*?

Padding down the hallway, she moved the curtain on the front door window to the side so she could peer outside. The moment she did, her breath caught. There, on her doorstep, were the three Morgan brothers who worked at the coffee shop next door to the Sentinel. For a split second, she thought she was imagining things. What in the world could they possibly want?

Her eyes darted quickly to her t-shirt, shorts and slippers. Reagan grimaced. Of course, the trio *would* show up when she looked and felt her worst. Unfortunately, there wasn't anything she could do about it. More than likely, they weren't there on a social call anyway. Rolling her eyes in defeat, she took a deep breath before opening the door.

The sun was blinding. Squinting her eyes against it, she looked up at the brothers and tried to smile, but even that hurt. They were dressed casually in jeans and short-sleeved shirts, and they were all grinning like little boys whose hands had just gotten caught in the cookie jar.

One of the twins gave her a charming smile. She believed it was Derrick, but he and his brother Dane were so identical it bordered on eerie, and there was really no way to distinguish between the two. He slid a small backpack off his right shoulder before leaning against the doorframe.

"Hello, Reagan."

The way her name rolled off his tongue sent an unexpected chill down her spine. Standing up straight and squaring her shoulders, she looked back and forth between them all, confused. Obviously they were there for a reason, though she couldn't for the life of her figure out what it was.

"Hello," she replied. "Can I help you?"

Now it was their turn to look confused. The older brother, Brett, stepped forward, and when he did, Reagan caught the faint woodsy scent of his cologne, which made her head spin. Grabbing the doorknob, she fought to steady her wobbly knees.

Brett's black hair was cut short in the back, but hung low around his hazel eyes, which made him appear all the more mysterious. All three of them were tanned and muscular, and standing so close to them was...unsettling. In his hands, he held four coffee cups nestled inside a cardboard carrier.

"Lillian called us last night about delivering some beignets for your party," he said softly. Dane held up a paper bag that had their coffee shop emblem on the front. The scent of freshly baked beignets wafted on the breeze and made her stomach rumble. *Dear God, please don't let me get sick. Not now.*

"I bet you could probably use some of this right now too," Brett said.

Pulling one of the cups from the carrier, he handed it to her and smiled. Reagan took the cup from his hand and squinted her eyebrows. Either she was more hung over than she realized, or nothing was making any sense at all.

"How...how did you know I needed...wait...a party?" she stammered. "I'm not having a party here today."

All three of them grinned in unison. Brett dropped his head and took another step closer, as if he had a big secret to share.

"I kind of suspected that by the way Lillian was slurring her words. And I overheard the cheesy retro music in the background. There's only one nightclub in town that plays that kind of music."

Reagan rolled her eyes and shook her head. Now things were starting to make sense. She should have known Lillian would play some part in this. Vaguely, she remembered her mentioning the brothers but little else.

"Ah, I see," she replied. "I can just imagine what she must have told you."

Brett put his hand over his chest and flashed her a playful smile.

"All good things," he drawled. "Boy Scout's honor."

She looked speculatively at the twins. A couple of inches taller than their elder sibling, they stood a little over six feet tall with tousled dark brown hair, but both had the same haunting hazel eyes as Brett. Yet, where he had a somewhat laid-back demeanor, the twins resembled Cheshire cats with their mischievous grins.

"Somehow I find it hard to believe that any of you were ever Boy Scouts."

The three of them laughed and it was a deep, husky sound that instantly resonated all around her, but just then the timer on her coffeemaker beeped, startling her. Reagan looked up at them shyly.

"I guess we had the same idea," she explained. "Come on in. We have a lot of coffee to drink."

Chapter Two

The trio smiled again before following her inside and closing the door behind them. When she turned to walk toward the den, the sudden movement made her lightheaded and caught her off guard, causing her to sway precariously on her feet. Derrick reached out and wrapped his arms around her waist to keep her steady.

"Whoa," he chuckled. "Looks like someone *did* have a good time last night. Are you okay?"

The strength in his arms took her by surprise and made her almost as woozy as the hangover. Being so close to his body, she felt the ripple of his chest against her back, which made her shudder involuntarily. *Damn*. He smelled good too.

"Yes. I'm sorry," she replied timidly. "I don't drink very often, and this is one of the reasons why. It leaves me with two left feet the next day. I should have stopped at two margaritas instead of four."

The three of them laughed, and once she steadied herself, they continued following her into the den. Normally, her home always seemed a bit too spacious with her living alone, but now with three towering men in her presence, it felt very small.

When they gathered their coffee cups from the carrier, the twins sat down on the sofa while Brett walked around the room, looking at the various portraits she had placed on the fireplace mantel and on the walls. She sat down in the chair across from the twins and watched as Brett shuffled from picture to picture.

"So tell me, what exactly did Lillian say to you?" she asked him.

He stopped walking and grinned as he turned to look at her. For an instant, she could have sworn she saw him blush. That couldn't be, though. Maybe it was just the lighting in the room making it appear that way.

"She asked to speak to the owner, so I took the call. Actually though, all three of us own the shop," he explained.

Dane leaned forward and placed his cup on a coaster on top of the coffee table in front of him. When he sat back, he gave her a very disarming smile that made her shift in her seat.

"She also let slip that you think we're good-looking," he said with a wink.

Reagan felt the heat rush to her cheeks and she looked down at her lap briefly, hoping they wouldn't notice. She'd never wanted to throttle Lillian so much in her life! There was no telling what else she might have told them while Reagan had been too drunk to defend herself.

The problem wasn't so much that they made her nervous. Actually, having the three of them in her home made her feel totally at ease. What bothered her was the fact that she hadn't known they were going to visit. If she had, she would've been able to make herself much more presentable.

"It seems you have me at a disadvantage today," she said shyly, glancing down at her attire. "I had no idea you were coming over."

Dane's gaze lingered over her body for the longest moment, and when he looked into her eyes, it felt as if he had reached out and brushed his fingertips lightly against her skin.

"You look beautiful," he replied softly.

Fidgeting in her seat once again, Reagan cleared her throat and tried to think of something to say to ease her embarrassment. She wasn't used to men being so open with their compliments. Collin had never been one to comment on anything, whether good or bad. When she'd cut her hair or bought something new to wear on one of their dates, he'd rarely even noticed. As the brothers smiled at her, she crossed her legs and settled comfortably in her seat before returning their smile.

Perhaps Lillian's drunken phone call wasn't such a bad thing after all.

* * * * *

Two hours and several cups of coffee later, the dizziness and nausea had finally worn off and Reagan felt much steadier on her feet. While the brothers kept her entertained with stories from their childhood, she could barely get a word in edgewise, but she didn't mind, and she hated to interrupt them anyway. Besides, they had far more interesting stories to tell than she did, and she hated to bore them with details from her very ordinary childhood.

"Lillian mentioned that you write poetry," Brett said. "You should come by the shop sometime and do a reading."

Caught off guard by his remark, Reagan looked at him, puzzled. For the life of her, she couldn't remember Lillian mentioning her poetry the night before. She couldn't remember the last time they *had* talked about it. It was one of Lillian's least favorite subjects—right up there with monogamous relationships.

"All those times you've been to our shop," Dane remarked. "How come you've never read for us?"

Reagan shrugged her shoulders and sighed.

"I guess because...it's such a personal thing for me," she replied. "I was afraid someone might try to dissect it and criticize every word."

Derrick shook his head and scooted forward in his seat so that they were face-to-face.

"We'd never allow someone to do that," he explained. "That's one of the rules we enforce when people want to take part in our readings. It's for enjoyment only. Everyone has different tastes when it comes to poetry, so we don't allow critics."

Reagan tried to smile at him, but at the moment all she could focus on was how close he was. His hands were mere inches from her bare legs, and her pulse raced at the thought of him trailing his fingertips over her knees, along her inner thighs, and then upward toward her...

"Do you write poetry about Collin?" Brett asked.

The instant he said his name, Reagan's back stiffened, which didn't go unnoticed by any of them, from the expressions on their faces. She wanted to answer him, but it was a rather personal question, and she honestly didn't know how, or even if she should.

"Would any of you like some more coffee?" she asked.

Before they could reply, Reagan gathered their cups on a tray and quietly retreated to the kitchen. Brett fell in step behind her, but she couldn't look at him. She didn't *want* to look at him. Suddenly, she felt very embarrassed.

While she poured their drinks, he stood by and remained unusually quiet, which didn't help matters. It was the quietest he'd been since she'd opened her front door and invited them all inside. When he took a cautious step toward her and placed a hand on her arm, she inhaled sharply from the warmth of his touch.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "I thought that... I mean...Collin won't get angry with us being here, will he?"

Reagan took a step away from him and braced herself against the kitchen counter. Why would he ask such a thing? Why should it matter what Collin thought?

"We're not together anymore."

Squinting his eyes, he gazed down at her, apparently just as confused.

"Well, I thought so, but I saw the picture of you two in the den, and I just assumed that..."

Reagan put a hand up to stop him from going any further.

"Wait. What picture?" she asked.

When he turned to walk back to the den, Reagan quickly followed him. She thought she had packed away everything that had to do with Collin. Every picture, every piece of clothing...everything that had any reference to their time together, she had stored inside a box, which now resided in the attic.

The twins were standing by the fireplace, and when Brett walked toward them, she noticed the small picture on the mantel behind them. *Damn it.* She's forgotten *that*

picture somehow, perhaps because it was so small and it was half obscured by the bigger picture of her parents in front of it.

The tiny photo had been taken on their last vacation to Florida several months before. She and Collin had been walking along the beach early one morning when she'd stopped a passerby and asked him to take the picture of them together.

It was strange how she'd never really noticed how...detached...they looked in the portrait. There was no touching or smiling—just two people standing awkwardly on the beach together.

By the expression on their faces, she could tell the brothers were apparently thinking the same thing. Frowning, she picked up the picture and walked over to her desk where she placed it inside the top drawer, out of sight.

"I must have forgotten that one."

They were all looking at her as if waiting for an explanation. How could she give one, though? To this day she still had a hard time trying to understand why she and Collin had stayed together so long. Maybe they had just grown accustomed to each other. Or maybe it was just her fear that no one else would come along.

"The two of you didn't have much in common, did you?" Dane asked. Yet, it came out more as a statement rather than a question. Reagan smiled halfheartedly and walked back to her seat.

"Was it that obvious?" she asked.

Dane followed her, but before she could sit down, he reached out and grabbed her hand. Closing her eyes briefly, Reagan steadied herself before turning around to look at him.

"Perhaps not to everyone else, but we could see that you have a passion about you that makes your personality very different from his," he remarked.

Reagan gave him a questioning look as Brett and Derrick walked over to join them. His comment came as a surprise. She'd never really thought of herself as passionate

before, but she could see what he meant. Collin had never gotten excited over anything unless it had to do with work. Toward the end of their relationship, their differences *had* become more apparent—especially in bed.

The thought made her blush, and she gazed down at the floor until it passed. When she looked up at the brothers again, she was suddenly aware of how close they were. The room seemed much smaller with the three of them towering over her, but it wasn't frightening.

The twins tilted their heads simultaneously and gave her a curious look. Once again, the similarity between the two of them caught her off guard and muddled her train of thought. Their eyes were the same eerie shade, and they were exactly the same height and build. Their body movements mirrored each other's perfectly, and their hair was cut the same. Even the curls seemed to match. It was a spooky resemblance.

"What's wrong?" Derrick asked.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Reagan smiled timidly at them.

"I was just thinking how uncanny it is that you two look *so* much alike. I don't see how your own mother can tell you apart."

In one quick movement that took her completely by surprise, Dane gripped his shirt with both hands and slid it deftly over his head. When he stood bare-chested before her, she thought for sure her heart had stopped beating.

"Dane has that scar," Derrick said. "He got it from a motorcycle accident when we were seventeen years old."

True, there was a long, jagged scar that extended from Dane's chest all the way down to his navel. She couldn't imagine how horrifying the accident must have been to leave such a ghastly reminder. Still, at the moment, the scar was far less intimidating than the rest of him. Every ripple of his muscles caught her attention, and she clenched her fists by her side to keep from reaching out and touching them.

"But...you don't walk around with your shirts off," she replied, trying to keep her voice calm. "That's not a fair way for people to tell the two of you apart."

Dane stepped closer and reached for one of her hands. After gently uncurling her tightly wound fingers, he placed them against his scar. She could feel his heart beating beneath her fingers, and she smiled when she noticed the way it started thumping precariously the moment she touched him and looked into his eyes.

His skin was hot to the touch, which mesmerized her. She had no memory of Collin's body ever feeling as though it were on fire.

"What are you thinking about?" Brett asked.

His voice was low, deep, and sunk directly into her bones. He moved so that he stood behind her now, and his mouth was so close to her ear that she could feel the warmth of his breath against it. She wanted to turn and look at him, but for the life of her, she couldn't tear her gaze away from Dane's.

Something in her conscious screamed for her to run, but another bigger part of her begged to stay right where she was. There was no denying how the atmosphere in the room had suddenly changed, and even though she probably should have been terrified, she felt strangely at ease being surrounded by the three of them.

"I was thinking about how...I don't recall ever feeling someone's skin so hot before."

Dane rested his hand against hers once again and began moving it slowly down the length of his scar. While her fingertips slid along the jagged trail, she tried to control her composure, but even that was a useless attempt.

"Didn't your body feel this way when Collin touched you?" Derrick asked. "Like it was on fire?"

He came and stood beside her, and the electricity in the room climbed to a fevered pitch. They were so close now. The scent of their cologne evaded her senses, making her knees wobbly, and the heat that emanated from the three of them was undeniable.

When Dane let go of her hand, she continued moving it up and down along his scar. She felt as though she were in a trance. A thousand reasons why she should walk

away from them coursed through her mind, but her feet remained firmly planted where she stood.

“No, never,” she admitted. It was the truth, and there was no use denying it.

Brett moved her long, brown tendrils away from her neck. When his fingers grazed her skin, she shivered from her head straight down to the tips of her toes. The force of it made her moan.

Closing her eyes, she reveled in the feel of his breath against her ear and her neck. The sheer excitement from it was intoxicating and made her lightheaded. When she swooned against him, he wrapped his strong arms around her waist to keep her steady. They were all in such close proximity that there was barely any space left between them.

Brett slid his fingers down the side of her neck, stopping at the vein that now pulsed furiously. Leaning closer, he nuzzled his lips against her ear, making her quiver.

“Do you want to know what it feels like, Reagan?”

Chapter Three

Perhaps the logical answer should have been “no”, but Reagan was so far gone at the moment she couldn’t possibly have turned away from them. Her body was weak and the sheer *need* that raced through her blood was overthrowing any coherent judgments that threatened to intervene. Not trusting herself to speak, she nodded her head and tried to keep from collapsing. Tentatively, her fingers came to rest on the waistband of Dane’s jeans. While her thumb circled the silver button above his zipper, she struggled against the urge to rip them open. His cock was noticeably erect and strained against the fabric, and there was no denying the size of it.

“Do it,” Dane whispered, as if reading her thoughts.

Embarrassed, she attempted to remove her hand, but Dane was much quicker. With a secure grip on her hand, he placed it against the button on his jeans. Nervously, she laced her fingers around it and snapped it open before sliding the zipper down. Then she watched eagerly as he pulled his pants and briefs down over his hips, setting his cock free from its confines. She gasped. He was bigger than she expected.

Cradling her head in his hands, Dane tilted her face up so he could look into her eyes. His grip was firm, but his gaze was gentle.

“Touch me,” he murmured.

Swallowing past the enormous lump in her throat, Reagan wrapped her hand around his cock. For a brief moment, he closed his eyes. When she started moving her hand up and down slowly, she noticed instantly the way his jaw tensed and the way he grasped her tighter. My God, he felt *so* good.

Loosening her hold, she traced her crimson fingernails along the bulging veins toward the crown, where she grazed over it with the lightest of touches, causing him to shudder and groan. When he finally opened his eyes, she saw how they were glazed

over, and when he tilted his head and leaned toward her, she held her breath. As soon as his lips touched her own, she knew there was no turning back. She couldn't have even if she'd wanted to. His kiss was soft and comforting, and when his tongue slid languidly across hers, she couldn't help but moan softly into his mouth. His lips were so tender, but at the same time she could also feel the power behind them that he was holding at bay, perhaps to keep from frightening her.

She felt Brett's hands as he moved them from her waist to underneath her shirt. Everything was gentle and easy, from the way they touched her skin, to the way they held her. Nothing was rushed. Standing between the three of them was like being enveloped in a pool of warmth that flowed through her veins and slowly unraveled her.

Brett's fingertips left a heated trail along her spine just as she felt his mouth against the side of her throat. Now there were two sets of lips that were causing her undoing, and they felt *so* wonderful.

When Dane released her mouth, she grasped on to his arms to keep from swooning. Every one of her senses became acutely aware of each touch, the sound of their breaths mingling together, the sight of their muscles rippling with their movements, and especially the way their cologne combined into one strong and heady fragrance that made her all the more aroused. It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

Dane moved his hands leisurely along her jaw and down the length of her throat while she tilted her head back and rested it against Brett's chest. When Dane lifted her shirt and unhooked the front closure of her bra, he brushed his palms lightly over her hardened nipples, causing her to gasp softly and close her eyes against the sensation.

"Let us stay here with you, Reagan," Brett whispered in her ear. "Let us show you what it feels like when your body is completely satisfied. We'll give you anything you want – and everything you could possibly need."

Before she could answer, Dane closed his mouth around one of her nipples and tugged at it with his teeth. The feeling made her wince. Placing her hands on his head, she pulled him closer, forcing him to suck harder.

She couldn't speak. She didn't trust herself to say anything intelligible at the moment. Every nerve in her body had come to life, and the effect made her dazed and disoriented. All she could do was nod her head weakly.

"If you ever start to feel uncomfortable or frightened, we'll stop. I promise. All we want to do is please you, Reagan," Derrick whispered. "We'd never dream of hurting you."

Brett dropped to his knees behind her just as Derrick placed a hand under her chin and turned her head to look at him. His hazel eyes were glowing with a fiery passion she'd never witnessed in a man, and it made her tremble in response. Just as Brett looped his fingers around the waistband of her shorts and panties and pulled them down, Derrick leaned forward and captured her mouth.

His kiss was the exact opposite of his twin. Where Dane's had been slow and easy, Derrick's overflowed with a ferocity that would have alarmed her if she hadn't wanted it so much. When his tongue plunged inside her mouth, she accepted it with the same eagerness.

Brett removed her shorts and panties just as Dane began teasing her other nipple, only this time his teeth were less forgiving. When he bit down on it, her cry was instantly muffled by Derrick's mouth. Yet, it wasn't painful. Instead, it resembled more of a burn that radiated throughout her body and left her wanting more of the same.

Once Derrick broke their kiss, Dane grasped her shirt and slid it agilely over her head while she tried to catch her breath and stop the room from spinning. Could it be possible that everything happened so quickly but in slow motion? It was like being caught in one fleeting moment that lasted an eternity.

He slipped the straps of her bra over her shoulders where Brett grasped the bra from behind and removed it. She could feel Brett's breath, hot and ragged, against her bare ass, and she inhaled sharply when he suddenly nipped one of the cheeks with his teeth. Just as it began to sting, he placed a hand against the same spot and began kneading it to erase the pain.

"Lie down for us," Derrick said.

Before she could question where, he pushed the coffee table out of the way and motioned for her to lie down on the carpet. Once she did, she watched as they began disrobing. When each item of clothing was quickly discarded, she felt her heartbeat escalate. Their bodies were tanned and smooth. Each muscle stood out prominently, making them appear larger than life. Within moments they were all naked and on their knees surrounding her. Instinctively, her gaze roamed to their cocks, and for an instant she felt like cowering, or better still, running.

Though she'd never had anyone else to compare him to, she knew Collin wasn't well endowed by the way Lillian gushed about some of the men she'd been with. The way her eyes nearly bulged out of her head while talking about their massive cocks made her realize that Collin was definitely not on the receiving end of such a gift.

When Brett parted her legs and moved to settle between them, she panicked. It was all happening too fast. Reagan glanced quickly toward the front door, but no sooner had she considered bolting when Derrick lay down beside her and gently placed a hand against her cheek. She turned her head to look at him, but his hands were so warm on her skin that she closed her eyes and sighed the moment he touched her.

Dane lay down on her other side and lightly brushed a palm against one of her nipples, making her shiver. Then, all at once, their lips were upon her. Before she even had the chance to breathe in deeply and try to relax, her body was encompassed in a veil of liquid fire that radiated through every muscle and nerve. Derrick's lips touched her forehead just as Dane closed his mouth around one of her nipples and began teasing it with an agonizing tenderness that made her whimper.

As if that wasn't enough, Brett was steadily blazing a heated trail with his lips along her inner thighs. He was close...so close. Writhing beneath their touch, she tried valiantly to remain calm, but just as quickly as their seduction had started, she felt it overpower and threaten to consume her soul. She wanted to beg Brett to take her that

instant, but he must have known that waiting would drive her to the brink of insanity. Every movement was slow and easy. It was maddening to the point of being painful.

Derrick's lips traveled to her ear where he murmured soft sentiments that were probably meant to calm her, but instead they stoked the raging fire that was already threatening to swallow her.

"You're so beautiful, Reagan," he whispered repeatedly.

Just as she opened her mouth to plead in desperation, Brett lowered his head and dipped his tongue between her swollen lips. The instant he glided it against her clit, she arched her back and moaned deeply. The forcefulness of it was greater than she anticipated. Wrapping her fingers in the plush carpet, she held on tightly while he licked her in slow, languid strokes that were almost too much to take, but not nearly enough.

Dane continued his playful torment by nipping at her breasts with his teeth while Derrick ran his fingers through her hair. His breath was steady and warm against her skin, and when she bit down on her bottom lip to keep from crying out, he slid his fingertips over her mouth to coax it back open.

"We want to listen to you, Reagan," he said softly.

He didn't have to say it twice. When Brett moved her legs further apart and shoved his tongue deep inside her pussy, a guttural moan pushed its way from her lungs and reverberated hard against the den walls. It was all she could do to keep from rising off the floor.

"That's it," Derrick soothed. "Let us hear you, angel."

Gently he pressed his lips to her closed eyelids while she rocked her hips in rhythm with Brett's movements. She'd never felt anything like it. Her body was so hot. Every time she tried to breathe normally, one of them would do the slightest thing that would spark a nerve and send her into another breath-stopping convulsion. She was used to lovemaking ending as quickly as it began. Now here were three men slowly turning her body inside out at every turn, and it was just the beginning.

When she felt her muscles start to constrict, Brett stopped what he was doing and placed a thumb against her clit. Finally able to open her eyes, she looked down at him to find him propped up on his elbows, smiling at her. His hazel eyes had taken on a glazed expression, and his breathing was labored. He moved his thumb methodically, with great concentration, while watching her reaction.

“Does that feel good?” he asked. His voice was low and husky and made her shiver.

She couldn’t have spoken a single word even if she’d wanted to. Her heart raced so wildly that she couldn’t even manage to catch her breath long enough to do anything but pant. Nodding her head weakly, she whimpered when he pressed his thumb harder against her clit and continued rubbing it in a mesmerizing circular motion.

“Watch me, Reagan,” he said.

Derrick and Dane moved away from her slightly so she could rise up on her elbows. While Dane stayed in his position beside her, Derrick got on his knees behind her. Even bracing her body on her arms took effort. She had unraveled to the point where her bones felt soft and rubbery.

Removing his hand, Brett lowered his head between her legs again while she looked on. When he extended his tongue and slid it leisurely over her clit, she bucked against him and gripped the carpet tighter. The strength of each sensation made her increasingly lightheaded. He never quickened his strokes. On and on, he continued with his slow and easy loving while she writhed against him and they all gazed on her undoing.

“Yes...oh God...” she moaned.

It was starting again. An anguished moan escaped her lips as she tilted her head back and rested it against Derrick’s legs. Her stomach tightened into a knot while her breath came in ragged, sharp gasps. It was like something deep inside was steadily clawing its way out.

Derrick put his hands against her throat to keep her head back so he could look at her. She gazed up into his hazel eyes and saw the passion burning there.

"That's it, Reagan" he whispered. "Come for us, angel."

Without warning, Brett wrapped his mouth around her clit and sucked hard, making her cry out. It was a heady mixture of pleasure and pain that left her reeling. She tried to move away from it, but Brett held on to her legs firmly, not allowing her to go anywhere.

"Oh...oh!"

While Derrick continued watching her, Dane placed his hand against her stomach to try to keep her still, but it was a useless attempt. Closing her eyes, she finally let go and surrendered to it. When the release took over, and her body began shaking uncontrollably, Brett never loosened his hold on her. She wanted to scream, but nothing came out. For a moment, she wondered if she had stopped breathing.

The intensity of it was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. While she trembled violently in their arms, the brothers held on tightly until she could finally catch her breath. Her body had weakened to the point of exhaustion. It was like the fire in her blood had melted every muscle, every joint, until nothing remained.

When she relaxed again, Brett moved from his stance between her legs to her side where he kissed her gently on the lips. As his tongue coaxed her mouth open, she could taste her juices on his lips and tongue, causing her to moan softly into his mouth. His kisses were slow and easy. Even in the heat of the moment, he never rushed.

When Derrick moved from behind her, Brett put his hand behind her neck and laid her head carefully back down on the floor. She was so weakened that even resting took effort. Once their lips parted, he never looked away while Dane nestled between her legs and Derrick took his place on the floor next to her opposite Brett.

When she felt Dane's cock against her clit, she shuddered involuntarily from the sensitivity of it. He was so hard and he felt *so* damn good. Instinctively, she dug her feet into the carpet and arched her hips so she could move against him. She was ready. She'd never wanted anything so much in her life as she wanted to be fucked by these men.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Please."

Moving away from her slightly, Dane reached for the small backpack Derrick had dropped beside the sofa when they'd first entered the room. Unzipping it quickly, he emptied its contents on the floor. Through half-closed eyelids, she saw him pick up a package of condoms and what appeared to be a bottle of lube. Any other time she might have been shocked at how prepared they were, but at the moment she didn't care. She *wanted* it. Damn any rational thoughts that tried to interrupt.

With her heart racing, she watched as he unwrapped one of the condoms and rolled it down over his cock before cautiously pressing it to her pussy and sliding inside.

Reagan's breath caught. He was so big that she was almost afraid to breathe. It came out as a pant and nothing more. Very slowly, he began a steady rhythm while Brett and Derrick ran their warm hands along her body.

She closed her eyes and reveled in it all. This is what Lillian meant. This was what it felt like to be the center of someone's attention, where the sole focus was your complete satisfaction.

Reaching up, she held on to Dane's shoulders while digging her feet deeper into the carpet. As her body adjusted to his size, the desire to move faster took control. It felt *so* good. She wanted more...*needed* more. They were all looking at her with those hazel eyes that sent shivers coursing through her. Arching her head back, she pressed her lips tightly together.

"Reagan, don't," Brett whispered in her ear. "Please."

She wasn't used to someone actually wanting to *listen* to her cries of passion. For two years, she'd kept it bottled inside during Collin's stoic lovemaking, afraid that if she uttered the wrong word it would anger him. When Brett ran his fingertips along her lips, she opened her mouth and let out a loud, deep moan.

"Oh *fuck!*" she screamed.

When she dug her fingernails into Dane's shoulders, she heard his sharp intake of breath, but she never stopped. She was past the point of stopping for anyone or

anything. She needed to feel. She needed the release these men were so expertly drawing from her.

“Yes, that’s it,” Brett murmured against her skin.

With the same exasperating restraint as his older sibling, Dane took his time and never hurried his strokes while she steadily came apart at the seams with every passing second. When it became too overwhelming, and she attempted to move faster against him, Derrick would place his hand on her lower stomach to stop her.

Dane leaned forward until their lips were almost touching. The sensation from her nipples rubbing against his hardened chest made her breath quicken. Reagan waited expectantly for him to plunge his tongue inside her mouth, but instead he lightly brushed his lips against her own just once before pulling away. She growled at him in return.

“Dane...” she begged. “Please...”

Lowering his head, he pressed his lips very tenderly against hers once more before moving them along her jaw and down the side of her throat. When she groaned and trembled hard beneath him, he pulled back slightly so he could look into her eyes.

“Tell me what you want,” he said softly.

His gaze was taunting, even challenging. Grasping his hips, she pierced his skin with her fingernails, but still he never faltered. It was maddening.

“I don’t want you to be gentle. Not yet,” she replied honestly. “I want to be *fucked*—hard and fast.”

With an impish grin, Dane rose on his hands and toes and began pummeling her body. There was no other way to describe it. Spreading her pussy wide with each stroke, he fucked her with such force that she had to hold on tightly to his hips to keep from being ripped apart. It was *amazing*. With each powerful thrust, their bodies slammed together so violently that the sound echoed heavily against the walls.

She couldn't utter a word. When she opened her mouth, all that escaped were soul-wrenching moans that made her lips and body shake uncontrollably. With each shudder, Brett and Derrick would place their warm hands and lips against her skin as if their touch would stop her from coming undone, but it only made the surrender more intense.

Reagan closed her eyes and soaked everything in, from the sound of Dane's guttural moans above her to the way Brett's and Derrick's fingers teased and tugged at her nipples. Each movement fed the flames that were already threatening to melt her slowly from the inside out. It was exquisite, and she never wanted it to end. So when Dane suddenly pulled out of her and sat back on his heels, her eyes flew open and she looked up at him anxiously.

"No. No," Reagan pleaded, flailing her head from side to side. "Please don't stop."

When she reached for him, Dane grasped her hands and brought them to his lips. His breath was hot and labored against her skin, and his chest heaved from exertion while tiny beads of sweat dotted his forehead.

"Get on top of me, Reagan," he murmured.

When Dane rolled over onto his back, she got up on weakened limbs and followed. At this point, her mind and body were so wrought with need that she would have moved heaven and earth just to give them whatever they desired.

Once she straddled his hips, she reached between them and positioned his cock so that she could take him inside quickly. Even in the few seconds that had passed, her body had mourned the loss of warmth. As she slid back onto his cock, she bit down on her bottom lip and winced. The three of them were so different, but yet their size and their body heat, she was beginning to learn those were all the same.

"Did I hurt you?" Dane asked. When he reached up and cradled her head in his hands, she looked down into his worried eyes and shook her head.

"No," she replied breathlessly. "I'm all right."

With her palms flat against his chest, she rode him, slow and easy at first. Brett had moved to their side and was now running his hands along her breasts and throat, while Derrick moved between Dane's open legs and grabbed on to her hips from behind. If she quickened her pace, he would grip her tight and keep her movements calm and steady.

"No rushing this time, angel," Dane said softly.

There was no need to try to struggle against their hold, not that she wanted to. It was obvious they knew all too well what they were doing. They were insistent on drawing out the moment and making it last as long as possible, and there was nothing she wanted more. Just the thought of it ending brought tears to her eyes.

"Oh...oh...yes..."

When Dane wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her down on top of his chest to keep her immobile, she sighed contentedly when he began thrusting upward inside of her—*very* slowly. Inch by inch, he filled her before withdrawing again just as slowly. It was a dizzying sensation that left her gasping. If she squirmed against him, he would tighten his viselike grip around her waist.

Derrick's hands left her hips and traveled down to the cheeks of her ass where he squeezed and kneaded them with his palms. She noticed Brett's hands weren't on her anymore, and when she opened her eyes, she spotted him sitting in the chair a few feet away, watching them closely. His massive cock was standing fully erect, and she licked her lips at the sight of it, which made him smile.

Just then, Derrick spread her cheeks wide and slid his hardened tongue along the valley of her ass, causing her to jump almost completely out of Dane's arms. When he stopped at her hole and pushed the tip of his tongue inside, she cried out and squirmed violently, but Dane never released his powerful grip.

She'd never felt anyone's mouth there, let alone someone driving their tongue inside her ass while being fucked at the same time. It was indescribable. Derrick's tongue was hot, wet, and unmerciful. When he teased her hole with slow, circular

motions, she grunted and growled like an animal in heat until he spread her cheeks wider with his hands and shoved his tongue hard and deep inside her again.

For several minutes, they continued their torment on her body, while she gnashed her teeth together and pleaded with them for more. They never rushed. Expertly, they took their time and drew every sigh and moan from her body, leaving her weakened and at their mercy.

When they both stopped, she looked down at Dane just as he let go of her waist. His cock remained fully impaled within her, but he didn't move. His eyes were glassy, and even beyond the tenderness she could see the lust in his gaze. She tried to glance at Brett, but Dane put his hands around her head and kept her still.

"Look at me, Reagan," he whispered. "And don't hold your breath."

She gave him a questioning look just as she heard Derrick retrieve a condom from the package and unwrap it, followed by the sound of him opening the bottle that had fallen from his backpack. Moments later he was pressing the moistened tip of his cock to her ass. Gasping from the realization of what was about to happen, she tried to move away from it, but Derrick dug his fingers into her hips and kept her still. As much as the thought of having them both inside of her at the same time excited her, it also terrified her.

Closing her eyes, she took a couple of deep breaths to relax her body, which was next to impossible given that every nerve was on fire and her heart raced so fiercely she feared she might spontaneously combust in their arms.

"Don't close your eyes, angel," Dane said softly. "Look at me."

Just as she opened her eyes, Derrick gripped her hips tighter and pushed the tip of his cock inside her ass, causing her to inhale sharply. The sting of it lasted only a few seconds, and was quickly replaced by a euphoria that swept through her body and melted her bones.

Cautiously, he continued while Reagan sank her fingernails into the carpet and whimpered. While Dane murmured soothing sentiments against her lips, she struggled

to keep her eyes open, but it felt *so* wonderful. All she wanted to do was close her eyes and lose herself in the fire that radiated throughout her entire body. It was unlike anything she'd ever dreamed of.

Pushing his feet into the carpet, Dane thrust upward just as Derrick pushed deeper inside her ass. She wanted to move with them, but they both kept her so still there was little she could do but just hold on. When Dane released his hold on her head, he moved his arms down her body and wrapped them around her waist, pressing her tightly against him. Reagan rested her cheek against his chest and sighed contentedly as they continued to spread her open and fuck her, slow and easy.

When she stole a glance at Brett, she smiled when she saw him watching so intently that his gaze took on a faraway expression and the veins bulged along the length of his cock, making her mouth water. She wanted these men more now than she needed the air to breathe. She *had* to have them all.

Extending a hand toward Brett, she ran her fingertips along his leg, breaking his concentration and making him jump. He grinned at her, and within seconds he was on his knees beside them. When Dane loosened his hold around her waist, she leaned up slightly so she could brace her upper body on her hands. Her mouth ached to feel his cock and her tongue throbbed at the thought of it.

Wetting her lips, she wrapped her mouth around Brett's cock, causing him to groan loudly. Even though she wanted to, there was no conceivable way to take all of him inside. Relaxing her throat, she slowly devoured as much of him as she could while he tangled his hands in her hair to guide her.

Now the three of them had her wide open completely for their taking. Moving her tongue along the throbbing veins of Brett's cock, she hungrily fucked him with her mouth while he gripped her hair tightly to slow her down. It was no use. She had far surpassed trying to control her emotions from the moment they laid their hands on her.

"Oh...*fuck!*" Brett moaned.

Their moans only encouraged her to go faster. As the four of them moved in sync with each other, the brothers arched their hips and began pumping their cocks rapidly inside her body. Repeatedly they assaulted her body while she writhed excitedly in their arms.

Grasping her head firmly, Brett withdrew his cock suddenly, just as Dane grabbed her breasts and began pummeling her pussy with such intensity she had to dig her fingers into the carpet to keep from tilting over.

It was rough. It was animalistic. And it was just what she craved. They were losing control. *Finally*. When she felt Brett's hand slide down her stomach, toward her pussy, she closed her eyes and waited eagerly. The moment he pressed his fingers to her clit and started rubbing it, she groaned and moved faster.

"Yes!" she yelled. "Yes!"

The twins drove harder and deeper inside her body while she moaned in their arms. The growls that rumbled from their chests grew in intensity. Within minutes, she could feel another release steadily trying to climb its way out of her body. Her skin tingled and her muscles tightened, while the breath rushed from her body in short, anguished gasps.

At the same moment, she felt Derrick grip her hips tighter. When she glanced back at him, she saw the tiny droplets of sweat as they slid down his muscular chest toward his navel. He was close...so close. Brett's fingers closed roughly around her clit, taking her by surprise and making her cry out. Ferociously, he rubbed and stroked while watching her with the intent of a jungle cat waiting to pounce on its prey.

Her body began to constrict just as Derrick shoved his cock deep in her ass and came with such force it almost knocked her over. His groans were loud and echoed all around her. Dane stopped moving just long enough for Derrick to spill his seed inside of her, but no sooner had Derrick pulled out, when Dane started thrusting inside her pussy again, this time slower and easier.

With expert precision, he and Brett continued to draw the release from her body while she closed her eyes and prepared to let it go. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't move. All she could do was dig her fingernails into the carpet and wait for it to take over.

"Oh... Oh..." she moaned. "*Fuck!*"

When her body began to convulse, he stopped thrusting. Still gripping her firmly in his hands, he pushed her back until his cock was completely buried inside her. With each tremble, she found it harder and harder to catch her breath. The rush of the release took her by surprise and was even more powerful than the one before it, leaving her weakened and unable to move. Brett removed his hand and, even with her eyes closed, she could feel him stand up and move away from them.

"Do you want more?" he asked.

His voice was distant, like an echo. Perhaps it was the fierce beating of her heart drowning out everything else around her, but his voice sounded far away, as if in a dream. Dane continued to hold her steady, but he didn't start moving inside her again. She had no idea where Derrick was, but she could faintly hear his labored breathing close by.

There was no way she could take any more. Her body was on the verge of exhaustion. They had succeeded in satiating her just as they'd promised. She didn't need anything else. At the moment, all she wanted to do was crumple to the floor and sleep.

"Come here," Brett whispered.

Wearily, she opened her eyes to find him sitting in the chair again. He had taken a condom with him, which he rolled down over his cock while never taking his eyes off her. When Derrick handed him the bottle of lube, he flipped the top open and squeezed some of it onto his hand, and she watched with hungry eyes as he covered his swollen tip with the oil before coating the rest of his cock. He was gazing down upon her with

an eagerness that sent another quiver racing along her spine. But how could he possibly ask her to move when she could barely even breathe?

As if reading her thoughts, Dane put his hands around her waist and lifted her off him effortlessly. With rubbery limbs, she crawled over to Brett while Derrick and Dane stood up and followed her.

"Stand up and turn around," Brett gently commanded.

Too weak to argue with him, she placed her hands on top of his knees and forced herself to stand up straight. When she wobbled precariously on her feet, Dane rushed to her side and held her steady while she turned around between Brett's opened legs.

When Brett put his hands on her hips, Dane tilted his head and kissed her lips so softly it felt almost like a breeze instead of an actual kiss. Before she had time to fully comprehend what was going on, Brett was gripping her tightly and easing her down onto his cock. When the engorged crown slipped inside her ass, her breath caught and held for several seconds.

With her hands gripping the chair arms, she balanced her body over his and slid down on top of his cock very slowly until she was completely impaled upon it. Circling his arms around her waist, Brett pulled her back to rest against his body.

"Just relax, angel," he murmured as she closed her eyes.

Dane remained standing between Brett's legs and she thought nothing of it when he put his hands on her knees and pushed her legs up and over the sides of the chair. With her in this position, Brett could hold on to the chair, sink his feet into the carpet, and thrust upward inside her ass with as little or as much speed as he wanted.

At first, he moved at a slow and gentle pace while the twins took their time caressing every inch of her skin from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. It was very much how it began. Their movements were once again masterfully controlled, sending her hurling to the edge, only to be pulled back at the moment she felt she would surely let go and fall. The heat that resonated from the three of them made her body tingle and left her mind reeling from the exhilaration of it.

"You're so beautiful, Reagan," Dane said softly.

She wanted to open her eyes and watch as they skillfully unwound her again, but her eyelids were so heavy. They had thoroughly exhausted her, body and soul, and now all she wanted was to bask in the warmth that emanated from each thrust, each touch, each whisper.

In a drunken euphoria, she moaned deeply when Brett stopped thrusting and pushed her down hard on his cock. His breath was labored against her skin as she tightened her muscles around him, causing him to groan and tremble beneath her.

But then, without warning, Dane dropped to his knees and put his mouth on her clit, making her cry out and flail wildly in their arms. Her eyelids sprang open when his tongue slipped between the swollen lips, and she gritted her teeth together from the intense mixture of pleasure and pain that it caused.

"No...no..." she pleaded. "I can't... Please stop."

She struggled to get up, but instantly Brett wrapped her in his arms to keep her still while Derrick spread her legs open even wider for Dane's assault.

"Shh," Brett soothed. "Relax, angel."

When Dane nipped at her clit with his teeth, she nearly jumped out of their grasp. They couldn't possibly expect her to give them anything more. They had weakened her to the point where she had nothing left to offer them, and she couldn't climax again. Her body was too weak, leaving it next to impossible.

While Dane brushed his tongue against her clit, he watched her with a passion that spoke volumes. He wouldn't stop until she came for them again. That was obvious. Flinching from the sting of his touch, she inhaled sharply when he drew her clit inside his mouth and sucked. *Hard.*

"Oh God. No...no," she begged. "I can't."

Brett braced his feet on the carpet and began his slow and steady thrusting once again while Derrick gripped her legs tightly, not allowing her to close them. She was

laid bare for their taking, and there was nothing she could do but ride out each tinge of pain that intermingled with the ecstasy and left her dazed and disoriented.

Brett's strokes became more urgent as Dane's tongue grew all the more unmerciful. She could feel each of Brett's ragged breaths as he climbed higher and higher toward a release while she struggled to do the very opposite. Dane's scorching hazel eyes never left her face as he licked and sucked with such force that her cries ultimately became cries for mercy.

When her muscles began to tighten and revolt, she bit down hard on her lower lip to muffle her screams. The heady mixture of pleasure and pain began to take over and it rocked her to her core. Derrick's hold on her legs never wavered and she had no choice but to succumb to every current that coursed rapidly through her body.

Dane released his hold with his mouth and quickly stood up. Within seconds, his cock was inside her pussy, and they were both fucking her with such abandon that she could barely catch her breath. It was *wonderful*. The heat that encompassed her body replaced the pain, and she started gyrating her hips in a frenzied motion to reach the release that was just beyond her grasp.

Their moans intensified just as Brett tensed beneath her and shot his cum deep inside her ass. Her own climax took hold and ravaged her whole body. Her lips quivered, every limb convulsed wildly, and the fire consumed each nerve until she could barely move.

Dane's body grew rigid as a deep growl rolled past his lips when his own release left him trembling and gasping for air. Desperately, the three of them clung to each other while each violent jolt that consumed them seemed to last an eternity.

For the longest moment, they stayed as they were and held each other until they were able to take a normal breath. When Dane pulled out and crumpled on to the carpet, Derrick let her go so she could climb off Brett and stretch out on the floor. Brett remained in the chair with his head resting against the back of it and his eyes closed, taking deep breaths while Derrick sat down on the floor beside him.

Reagan was spent and every fiber of her being ached from the experience. She was sore, but not in a bad way, and she wouldn't have traded the feeling for anything in the world. Now she could honestly say she knew what Lillian meant about being satisfied like a woman *should* be satisfied.

"Are you okay?" Dane asked as he ran his fingertips down the length of her back. Sighing softly, she nodded her head and smiled at him. There was no way to describe how she felt. She was more than okay. She was thoroughly spent and at peace.

When Brett sat up in his seat, the realization that it was over struck her all at once. More than likely, they would get dressed and leave, and Monday morning they would return to being friends who worked next door to each other, nothing more. She didn't want the moment to end. Just thinking about it brought tears to her eyes.

"Stay with me," she whispered. "Please."

The three of them looked at her at the same time, but it was Brett who made the first move. Sliding from the chair, he came to rest beside her on the floor. When he pulled her into his warm embrace, she closed her eyes and nestled against him.

"We're not going anywhere," he replied softly.

* * * * *

The following Monday at the Sentinel, while Reagan gazed longingly out her office window, she could just faintly hear the activities taking place beyond her closed door. It had been such a busy morning, not even Lillian could pry away from work to sneak inside her office to gossip.

She smiled.

Lillian had rushed over to greet her mere seconds after she'd walked through the front door that morning. It didn't come as a surprise. She knew her best friend would pounce the moment she saw her. Dear Lillian, always the drama queen.

"Where have you been all weekend?" she'd asked, trying to keep her voice low around their coworkers. "I must have called your house and cell phone at least a hundred times!"

Thankfully, their boss interrupted before Reagan was subjected to any more questions or theatrics. The remainder of the morning, while Lillian attended a meeting, she'd aimlessly shuffled paperwork around on her desk. There was no use in trying to concentrate on anything. Every minute that passed, her thoughts drifted back to the weekend—and the many ways the brothers had satisfied her every need.

As the heat rushed to her cheeks from the memory, Reagan spun her chair around so she could gaze out the office window. Her body was sore. Her nerves were unwound. Her mind was at ease. It was unmistakably the *best* she'd felt in a very long time.

The rapid click-click-clicking of high heels outside her office caught her attention, and she could smell Lillian's perfume long before she opened the door. Slowly, she turned around in her chair to face her. The expression on Lillian's face was priceless. She knew the suspense was probably driving her mad, because she looked ready to leap from her skin.

"You never answered my question," she exclaimed, out of breath. "Where were you all weekend? I kept calling and calling."

Reagan crossed her arms on top of the desk and grinned.

"I know you did," she replied coyly.

Lillian walked quickly toward her desk with a knowing finger pointed in her direction.

"Oh my God! That look! I know that look!" she said. "Tell me *everything*!"

Before Reagan could answer, there was a knock on the door. Both she and Lillian turned at the same time, and Reagan's heart skipped a beat when she saw Brett, Derrick and Dane standing in the doorway.

"Ready for some lunch?" Brett asked.

When the three of them smiled at her, she hurriedly grabbed her purse and stood up, but Lillian was by her side in an instant, blocking her way. For a moment, Reagan wondered if Lillian would be able to pick her jaw off the floor long enough to form a coherent sentence.

"Oh no you don't!" Lillian remarked, keeping her voice low so the men wouldn't overhear. Her eyes were wide and seemed to almost bulge out of her head. "You're not leaving me hanging again. You've *got* to tell me *something*!"

Reagan paused just long enough to gaze at the three gorgeous men filling her doorway. Once again, her knees weakened in their presence, and it was next to impossible to breathe like a normal human being.

As her body flooded with warmth, she gave her best friend a playful grin and leaned in close to whisper in her ear.

"No socks."

About the Author

Growing up in a household that consisted of four brothers and no sisters, Stephanie Adkins spent most of her childhood locked in her bedroom, escaping the testosterone by filling page after page of her diaries with short stories and poetry.

Now, surrounded by more men in her life—her husband of fifteen years and two sons—she still enjoys the “great escape” by turning her childhood dreams into reality one story at a time.

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

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